

Ink-Slings.

Judge GAMBLE is holding Court this week, in Williamsport, in spite of HERDIT and his Legislature. How now, PETER?

The Hollidaysburg Standard man calls us a "swill-barrel." That's "personal." We'll sue you for libel.

Radical greenbacks have bought JEWELL's election in Connecticut by a small majority. It was rather insignificant game to waste so much powder on.

A Radical editor who takes his meals in Bellefonte, affects to sneer at the new jail and says it is not strong enough to hold the prisoners. The old one was strong enough to hold him.

The papers are making a deal of fuss over a million dollar robbery that occurred in Philadelphia the other day. Greater robberies than this are perpetrated upon the people by the Radical party every hour.

A vector Emanuel is said to be the best shot of all the European monarchs, and Napoleon is best horseman—Er.

And yet Victor can run away the fastest and Napoleon bring down the most game.

GROPEL D. PRENTICE says that LOVINGSTREET'S cause was defeated in the war. He accepted the situation. He has been offered the New Orleans survivorship. Again he accepts the situation. Just so.

Radical journals are taking up the inquiry of a Louisville paper: "Have we a Democratic party among us?" You have, gentlemen Africans, and you will find that out to your cost, next October.

The editor of the Standard, in his last issue, spit out considerable venom against us, and has since felt better. We thought it would do that. 'Trough good to be cleaned out once.

An African organ in town is urging a great ado over the fact that a couple of prisoners picked their way out of the new jail through the fire escape. We'll give them something of more importance to talk about after while.

Wendell Phillips wants Congress to cover the South with cannons, banners and scaffolds—Er.

It ought to be covered with the bones of about a hundred thousand just such infernal scoundrels as WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A negro named WILDER, former slave, has been confirmed by the Senate as postmaster of Columbia, South Carolina. The people of that city ought to tar and feather the black rascal and send him out of town on a rail.

The county seat of Mifflin county is to be a God for saken place. The chief item of news in many of our exchanges for the last two weeks is to the effect that "burglars still ply their vocation in Lewistown." How is it, Messrs. FRYSTENGER?

BLANC T. JOUBERT, a negro, has been confirmed as Assessor of the first district of Louisiana, and O. J. B. WALL, another negro, to be a Justice of the Peace, for the district of Columbia. This is the radical illustration of a "great moral idea."

What is most likely to become a woman's little girl? Why, to be a man's little girl. Because it grows down.

The individual who perpetrated the above "goalks" has had his head bandaged with hoop iron, to keep it from "bursting."

GRANT has been presented with a cigar six feet long. He is now looking about him for an office wherever to reward the donor. He is afraid that his relations have taken them all up. If not, however, the presenter of the cigar will be made a happy man.

A pair of radical editors, not a thousand miles from Bellefonte, remark as follows: "How—What has become of the hog law? No grunter should be permitted to run at large."

The above is a funny instance of a couple of animals advising their own incarceration. Take 'em up.

Gov. GEARY told the people last fall at Sunbury that negro suffrage would not be forced upon the people without first giving them a chance to decide whether they would have it or not. The recent action of our Radical Legislature is a sufficient commentary upon the Governor's veracity.

Two editors in Chicago undertook to produce a velocipede on a new and improved pattern. One was to furnish the money, and the other the inventive skill. A large three-wheeled affair was secretly constructed in a basement, and when finished it was found to be several inches wider than the doorway. The two editors are consulting whether to tear down the house or the velocipede—Er.

The above we believe to be a dirty slander on the brotherhood. Nevertheless, if it be true, we advise tearing down the house, as we are anxious to know the result of the creative genius of these two editorial Salons.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 14.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY APRIL 9, 1869.

NO. 15.

Three Wonders.

When we look back to the position we occupied in 1860, and trace the progress of events up to the present, and then behold the condition of our country after eight years of sinistral rule, there are three wonders presented to our minds. It is wonderful that so much evil could be perpetrated with the sanction of so large a number of citizens, wonderful that so much violence could be done to our Democratic institutions without hurling all into chaos, and wonderful above all that a majority should quietly submit to the most nefarious outrages ever perpetrated upon any people. The first of these wonders is perhaps accounted for by the fact, that, for more than a generation, the infidel, iniquitous, revolutionary yankees of New England were allowed to monopolize all sources through which instruction and information reached the people, and thus a whole generation has grown up filled with false and pernicious ideas of the rights of men and of government. The second manifests the almost superhuman wisdom of our fathers in erecting a system of free government to bear a strain which would have wrecked a monarchy. But there is no accounting for the third. The more we think about it the more we are astounded. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that the American people would tamely bear what no tyrant in Europe would dare to impose upon his serfs. Yet that is the very position we now occupy. The class of citizens who are not deluded by false teachings, who see with undimmed eyes the full enormity of the crimes being perpetrated against us, and who grow under the load they bear, with a full knowledge of the injustice which imposes it, and who fully realize the curse which blights us and threatens our children, is the most numerous, the most intelligent and the most powerful, in every element of strength, that exists in the country.

We sicken at the sight. We are sorry that we are not as weak as our servile and miserable condition beneath the feet of a most contemptible and puny despotism would imply. Our strength is our shame. Oh, for such a tyrant as CROWWELL, to make our failing weakness respectable! Oh, for a tyrannical Congress having some of the power of the Barbonesque Parliament, that we might excuse our own contemptible supineness! Oh, for a despotism which would couch with the iron grasp of CHARLES V. or a PHILLIP, that we might not despise ourselves as the self-abused slaves of a brood of pignies! Shame! shame! upon the number of those who bow in servile submission to a despotism having for its head such a whiskey-sucking, cigar-sucking, blundering, pulpy, blubbering, weak kneed, weak hearted imbecile as GRANT!

The whole mob which runs the ruin of our government, which has usurped the place of our government does not contain a single man of even third rate ability. There is not a man among them possessed of real power. They murder, plunder, ravish, burn, destroy, rule tyrannically and subvert our splendid system of free government, as the cowardly, sneaking, hyena commits his depredations and mangles his prey, because no man seeks to hinder. The first shout of a firm, united handful of men, who loved liberty and were sworn to overthrow tyranny or die, would drive the cowardly, bloody-minded despots from their work and send them covering to the obscure jungles from whence they came.

Look over the list of Radical Congressmen. Since THOMAS STEVENS went to his own, there is not a man among them who would not disgrace the weakest Bar in Pennsylvania. An Indian council in the Rocky mountains would display more intellectual ability than the whole herd of Radical swine who disgrace the capital.

Then look upon their fighting men. MILLER! SCHENCK! GEARY! LOGAN! BURNSIDE! and a whole host whose names are festering in infamy and disgracing the name of an American general.

What power have they? Why do we slumber?

What have we to fear? They are cowardly, murderous, sneaking wretches, all of them! Look at our own strength! Our WOODWARDS, our VALLANDIGHAM, our SEYMOURS, our PENDLETONS, our DOOLITTLES, our HENDRICKS and a thousand others whose statesmanship would shine with any array that the world ever saw.

Among our military men we find enrolled the names of LEE! HANCOCK! HAMPTON! ROSECRANS! HILL! BULL! JOHNSTON! McCANDLESS! McCLELLAN and a long list of heroes whose names will live forever on the scroll of military fame. In point of numbers, we can overwhelm the enemy which is destroying us. In skill, in intelligence, in all that constitutes power, we have the whole balance in our favor, and yet, here we lie, idly looking on or playing like children. The old forms of law our fathers made, while the foe is stealing from us all that our father's blood secured for their unworthy children!

Will we ever move on! Will patriots North and South never rise and inspire for the work the people who are ready, waiting and watching while none appear brave enough to lead them forward to the rescue!

Surely our third wonder is as shameful to us as it is astounding!

Temperance.

At present there is a good deal of talk about temperance. Now, temperance is a good thing, and we are decidedly sorry that it is not more prevalent. We have always been of the opinion that our people were too fast, that they lived too much in a specified number of years. Any reformation, therefore, that may be effected, in this regard, we have considered would be to the general advantage.

By the proceedings of a temperance meeting held in the Court House, in this place, last Monday night, we are notified that an effort is to be made to prevent the general and indiscriminate selling of intoxicating liquors. The means to be used to effect this, we believe, are to be concentrated in the shape of remonstrances to the Court against licensing the numerous saloons that have sprung up, like mushrooms, in different localities, and there is also conveyed to our understanding an indistinct idea of future prohibition. Moral suasion is also to be used, and we have, in fact, laid out before us, a kind of skeleton plan of a grand campaign against King Alcohol.

Now, our best wishes are with the temperance folks. Indeed, we have not the least idea that there is a single individual in Bellefonte who desires to see the prevalence of intemperance in our midst. Such a sentiment would be barbarous and unnatural, fit only to actuate the minds of a set of hashish on opium eaters. But, in order to carry their humane intentions into effect, our temperance friends must act with wisdom as well as zeal. The experience of the past should be a beacon to warn them off the breakers on which all temperance movements heretofore have split. They should be careful not to connect with the one great object they have in view any outside considerations, or attempt to advance their cause by attaching it to the car of partizanship. This has been the rock on which the temperance barque has always hitherto been dashed to pieces, and, unless it is hereafter avoided, it will just as certainly wreck and ruin as it has done in the past. Temperance and politics are two different matters, and it is not possible to connect them with advantage to the former.

We greatly regret the extreme intemperance that now prevails, and yet can but put it down as the consequence of the loose age in which we live. The morals of the country generally are at a low ebb, and the tide of wickedness rushes along with a sound and a roar that seems to preclude the possibility of resistance. Such has always been the case after the prevalence of great civil commotions. Society becomes disestablished—uprooted from its base, and all its different elements, which, under the control of settled laws and regulations, acted together for the general good, go shooting off unchained, into base and vicious channels of their own. Time will aid, however in remedying the evil; in the

meantime, let the temperance people and all good christians act wisely and well together.

Vive l'Imperator!

We publish, in another column, an article from an exchange of a tendency somewhat alarming, and which seems to foreshadow the ultimate overthrow of Republican institutions in this country. We commend it to the careful attention of our readers, and trust they will reflect seriously on what is therein set forth.

President GRANT as Emperor, would be the realization of FRANK BLAIR'S prediction that he would declare himself Dictator before the expiration of his term of office. That the arbitrary powers of an autocrat would be more in accordance with Mr. GRANT'S military ideas of government, there is not the least doubt; nor do we believe he would greatly regret the occurrence of circumstances that would make the Presidential Chair an Imperial Throne. And yet, we are hardly prepared to believe that the President would deliberately go to work to destroy this great edifice of civil and religious liberty, reared at such tremendous cost by the fathers of the Republic. We can hardly bring ourselves to listen with patience to such an intimation of diabolical treachery, and yet the evidence contained in the article to which we have alluded is very strong in favor of the conclusion that such an idea is entertained by the magnates of the land. Over the consideration of what is therein stated, our blood boils with indignation and our heart grows sick with horror. Can it be possible that the traitors who contemplate such a crime against the best interests of civilization, now wield the sceptre of power among us? Have we yielded the destinies of the country into hands that are already endeavoring to stain themselves with the blood of the Republic?

These are fearful questions to ask of ourselves, and we would to God they could be clearly and satisfactorily answered in the negative. But they cannot be so answered. There is too much of mystery about some of the acts of the present administration to admit of calm confidence in its integrity, in view of the damning charges that have been made against it. The people have need to be watchful and sleepless. The party in power is covered all over with crime. It has murdered the Constitution, and trampled upon the dearest rights of a free people, and would not hesitate to take the last great step toward permanent ascendancy by overturning our Republican form of government and erecting upon its ruins the throne of an Emperor.

The great smoker and prospective emperor, it is said, is as hard to see as NAPOLEON or QUEEN VICTORIA. This is something unusual in our republican government and does not at all tally with our republican ideas. But how to get to see GRANT now is told us by the New York Star, as follows:

After passing the servants the visitor encounters Brigadier-general Dent, who does the heavy furniture business, takes the name, talks about the crops, and if well-dressed, pays the visitor on to the next room. There he meets Brigadier-general Babcock, who sternly regards him with a critic's eye. He questions the visitor about politics, the Indian war, the probability of a frolic at Rochester, and warns him of the particular weakness of his shield, the somewhat mystified visitor asks by this time stands as straight as a ramrod and feels as if he had a pair of epaulettes on his shoulder—to "go on" to the next room, where he beholds the serene presence and gold-bowed glasses of Brigadier-general Adam Badeau. Badeau is a screw-up on scientific principles, and what he can't find out isn't there. He leads the exhausted visitor up and down the flowery paths of literature, talks with him about Grant's early days, gets from him, gently but surely, precisely what he came for, and, if entirely satisfied, tells him he will call next day at one o'clock precisely he can be admitted to the Presidential presence at the same time with the other unfortunate, who have, like him, survived the borings of three full-fledged first-class brigadier-generals.

No changes in the cabinet this week, although there have been rumors to the effect that Mr. FISK, the Secretary of State, would retire from that position to accept an important foreign mission. This may or may not be true, and it interests the people only so far as his successor may be concerned, who might be a worse man. We believe Mr. FISK is generally looked upon as being more of a safe than a brilliant man, and in this case it might be well enough to have him in the cabinet if only to watch GRANT'S ambitious aspirations after Imperial Purple!

Yesterday we had March wear

"DEATH IS OURS."

BY JOHN F. MITCHELL.

She is gone, she is gone, we shall see her no more. For the boat she is in never returns to the shore. And the grasp which now holds her, remorseless and cold, At the bidding of man was never known to unfold.

We know that the grim, cold destroyer was nigh. That the hour was at hand when our loved one must die. That the boatman was waiting her last labored breath. To ferry her over the Jordan of death.

Then we laid her adieu as we saw her depart. With the hand of despair coldly grasping our heart. And the earth had no joy when the loved was not there. And we thought of its pleasures with bitter despair.

Death but mocks when we call for the victim he loved. Laughing back in our faces eternal adieu. The cold charnel house opens not for our grief. And the wisdom of man can provide no relief.

Are we then at the mercy of cold, cruel death. Who stops at his will to deprive us of breath? Must we see the dark monster remorselessly slay. With no one to help us resist his grim way?

Ah, once he approached, in more terrible form Than he wears in red war or assumes in the storm. And exultingly smote, with his conquering rod. The pain-riven form of the loved Son of God!

Then his away, which for ages, no man had denied. Sealed established forever, since Jesus had died. And the heav'n grew dark, as portending the doom Of the race whose last hope had gone down "in the tomb."

Day succeeded to night and night followed the day. Till three days and nights of death's reign slipped away. And no hope had appeared from the cold, charnel grave. And God's only begotten seemed powerless to save.

On the eve of the Sabbath, the victim's cold clay. In the ivory of death, still acknowledged his sway. "In the midst of the Sabbath," no victim was there. And the wail was redeemed from the grasp of despair.

The dominions of death have been robbed of their gloom. For the conquering Jesus arose from the tomb. And Satan and death of their power have been shorn. And from out their red hands has the sceptre been torn.

Subjected forever to him whom they slew. They secretly perform what he wills they do. And death acts as porter to open the door. That the saints may pass in where they'll sorrow no more.

For the way is wide open which Jesus passed through. And the shadow of death brings the light into view. Then let us not shrink from the path which he trod. Since his windings lead up to the presence of God!

And although the dark grave has received her. And the spirit we loved has been wafted away. By faith we should look to the glory on high. And reflect that 'tis life for a Christian to die. MICHX, Lit., Dec. 14, '68.

An Empire to be Established on the Ruins of the Republic.

The New York Citizen, of a recent date, shows up the leading sentiments of the Loyal League:

"Many of the ablest men of the present day have for the last three or four years, expressed their belief that the Republican leaders, in their efforts for centralization of power, were gradually paving the way for transforming this Republic into an Empire, that, while pretending to base their notion upon the will of the people, they are, under that cover, directing all their efforts towards a revolution which will enable them to insure the ruin of our Republic and its institutions, and establish in its place an Empire, with its crowned Emperor, title of nobility and aristocratic rule. Few imagined that there would be any so bold as to publicly announce this as their intention, and proclaim this doctrine at so openly a stage in the movement. It is, however, fortunate that the mask is about to be removed, the real objects snatched from the eyes of the people, and to realize the danger which threatens them."

Hardly had Gen. Grant been sworn in as President, before there were rumors in political circles, that a paper was soon to be started in Philadelphia, advocating the establishment of an Empire in this country, and in favor of proclaiming Grant, Emperor. This was at first looked upon as a mere rumor, but it is now proving to be something more. A gentleman purporting to represent those engaged in the movement, recently visited New York and Albany, to see how far the Republican leaders would lend their sympathy. This person stated that leading men of the Union League of Philadelphia, were enlisted in this programme, and had furnished the means to establish a paper to advocate it; also, to establish secret societies for the promulgation of that doctrine. Further, that a paper would soon be published in that city to be called the Empire, the motto of which would be, in the words of Napoleon and Grant, "The Empire is Peace," and "Let us have Peace," while its columns would be devoted to arguments and proofs showing, that this Republic had proved a failure, urging the necessity of establishing an Empire, and advocating Grant as the

man for Emperor. This sheet, we understand, is ready to appear, and only waiting the moment to arrive when those engaged in the work of organizing societies announce that the time has come to remove the mask.

It now appears that they have found sympathy here, and that one week from to-day, a paper is to be issued in this city to be called the Imperialist, the prospectus of which has already been issued, in which it is announced that "this long expected journal, although the matter had been in secret contemplation even during the last Presidential campaign, will appear in April. Still further along we are told that "the creed of the Imperialist is revolutionary; its mission is to prepare the minds of the American people for the revolution that has already begun throughout the country"—thus announcing that the work has been progressing for a long time, and that it has finally reached a stage where the objects and aims can be openly proclaimed. Another paragraph in this prospectus indicates that either the bondholders are in the movement, or else their sympathy and aid are sought, and that it is also the intention to make this class the nobility; for it states that "We believe that the national faith, if left in the keeping of the populace, will be sullied by sure repudiation of the national debt, and that an Imperial Government can alone protect the rights of national creditors." They, again, it is stated that "the Republic means lawlessness, corruption, insubordination to person and property, robbery of the public creditors and civil war; that the Empire means law, order, security, public faith and peace." This journal is likewise to advocate making Grant Emperor.—These facts prove that the movement is not a mere ephemeral affair, but an earnest and determined one; that it has already made great headway in this city and Philadelphia, and if the whole secret was known it might also appear in Boston, Chicago, and other cities, advocating the same programme. One thing is quite certain, it is not confined to a few individuals, as a sensation sufficient has transpired to show that it is a bona fide movement; and that it is backed as a strong, secret organization, bearing the mysterious title of the O. This is the same which has been adopted by the societies which are now being started in different parts of the country.

Our information comes from a gentleman who was invited to join one of those societies—a gentleman who was an applicant for an office under Grant. He was told by becoming a member it would assist him in obtaining the office; also, that its recommendation was the best card he could have with the President. It was claimed that Gen. Grant was in full sympathy and accord with the movement. As an illustration of this fact, was cited the circumstances of his appointing his relatives and intimate personal friends to office, in order that, when the time came for the coup d'etat, he could have men in position who would be found by him to be double ties—those of office and blood. How far this assertion may be true we have no more evidence than the public generally, who all see that President Grant, like the crowned heads of Europe is placing his family and relatives, even to the most distant, as well as those bound to him by personal ties, in public office. During the late Presidential Campaign, Francis P. Blair, Jr., announced that if Grant was elected President, he would proclaim himself dictator before the end of his term. Can it be that he had an inkling of this scheme which is now being known to the public, or that his words are to prove prophetic? If not, then what does all these mysterious movements, and secret organizations, backed up, as we are told they are, by leading and influential members of the Union League in this city and Philadelphia, mean? Is this not treason, and are not those engaged in it rendering themselves liable to prosecution under that head?

We see that Congress adjourns on the 10th instant (tomorrow.) Glad of it. Have long been of the opinion that it ought to have adjourned some time ago. Its legislation partakes of nothing beneficial to the country. The negro seems to be the whole end and aim of its assembling. White men are tired of it. Their hearts have grown sick of this everlasting cry about "manhood suffrage." They sent representatives and senators to Washington to legislate for the good of the country, but have only received a return in the shape of tenure-of-office bills and amendments for the enfranchisement of the negro. They are disgusted with this. They look to the coming adjournment on Saturday as a relief from constant worry, as one would look for peace and quietness after the departure of a mischief making companion.

Let it adjourn. No tears will be shed. Less infamy will perhaps be perpetrated during its disbandment than since its assembling, and even this negative blessing will be a matter of congratulation. Heart sick, we say let it go. Its adjournment will be the breaking up of a band of radical thieves, whose power to do evil will be lessened, inasmuch as they will be unable to work together, as now.

We publish, in another place a poem by JOHN F. MITCHELL, Esq., which recently appeared in the American Christian Epitome. Mr. MITCHELL's poetical contributions have frequently appeared in our columns, and we are glad to see that after so long a silence, he is again courting the muse.