

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P GRAY MEEK.

Terms, \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

BELLEVILLE, PA.

Friday Morning, April 23, 1869.

The Ballot-Box Subverted.

The present position of those who are opposed to negro suffrage in this country is a proof, as well of the craft and unscrupulous cunning of the revolutionary party in power, as of the weakness and cowardice of the majority out of power. From the time of the inauguration of LINCOLN, in March 1861, up to the present moment, every movement of the party which elected him has been a revolutionary one, and the cunning use of the forms of law which our fathers devised for the protection of liberty has been allowed to protect the inveterate foe of our form of government in their assaults upon it. The mighty weapons which were intended to be used in our defence are being wielded for our destruction, and those who fully realize this fact go into elections with the foe, and play into their hands, by keeping up the delusion in the minds of the people that all things are moving as the framers of the government meant they should, and that if a bad measure is the result, it is the fault of the fundamental principles of the government itself. The time is at hand when this sort of cowardly work must cease or else we may as well fold our arms and let the enemy do his will, without pretending to offer resistance.

Things have arrived at such a pass that nothing can save us but forcible revolution. We do not write this word without consideration of its full import. We must revolutionize, not the system of government devised by our fathers—the grand and beneficent system which gave us the greatness and happiness we enjoyed for so many years—but the foul, pernicious, and tyrannical system which holds its place by usurpation, and which gave us the sundry calamities, the hate and bitterness, the green graves, the broken hearts, the crippled men, the blood and tears, the misery and crushing taxation of the past eight terrible years. We say we must overturn this system by force. There is one other thing we can do. We can tamely submit to despotism, but we can never restore the country to its lost liberty and happiness at the ballot-box, and every election we assist the tyrants to hold only increases their power, without the remotest hope of accomplishing any good. This must be plain to every reflecting man. But some who do not think as deeply as they should upon the great questions, they must assist to solve, may say that this is a strange position for a Democratic journal to assume. For their benefit we will try to make it more plain.

It is a favorite saying of the revolutionary Radicals that the "majority ought to rule," and this cry has deluded many. As the enemies of Israel used to take advantage of the regard the people of God had for the Sabbath to make their attacks on that day, so the enemies of Democratic institutions have taken advantage of the love of the people for the forms of law established by the fathers to use those very forms themselves to overturn the institutions they were meant to preserve. In the first place, it never was a Democratic maxim that the majority should rule, otherwise than in strict conformity with the constitution, and certainly never with the declared purpose of subverting the very instrument by which alone they attained a right to rule at all. In the next place, Monarchical never have had a majority of the people to support it, and in the very sense that they themselves use this well worn maxim of the "majority rule," they are now holding their position of power by usurpation. But we can best illustrate what we mean when we say that elections can do no good in our present situation by a brief glance at the steps which have taken the Radicals to the position they now occupy.

They first attacked the ties which held the union together and snapped them asunder. They then secured the election of a half baboon to the office of President by the votes of one of the fragments of the broken union. They next inaugurated a terrible and bloody war, succeeded in engaging the people in it, and worked unceasingly while it raged to perpetuate their own power by destroying the citadel by which the forms under which they acted were, only the gendarmes. When the din of arms ceased the work was done. When the patriots under LINCOLN laid their arms at Appomattox, there was no organized force on earth contending

for Democratic principles. New England by means of the war had advanced far beyond all other parts of the country and held in her hands the means of maintaining her position. The States of the South were erected into despotisms and placed in the hands of negroes. Senators and Representatives were elected to Congress by negro votes while white men were driven from the polls. Money was wrung from the people by taxation to be used in carrying the Northern States against them. A Congress thus elected, suggests an amendment to the constitution making suffrage universal and Legislatures elected by negroes; bayonets and bayonets are to force it through against the known wishes of a vast majority of the people. If it goes through, all is over, the government is subverted from its foundation, and we must degenerate to the condition of Mexico. To talk of meeting this measure at the ballot-box is perfect folly. The ballot-box itself, the once great protector of the people's rights is wholly in the hands of the foe. They know they dare not consult the will of the people and they do not mean to. The helmet of steel, which in its proper place could be an ample defence against sword or axe or spear; if held in the hands of the foe would serve as a fearful weapon to beat upon the head from which it had been torn. Just so it is now with the ballot-box. The Radicals hold it by force and use it against those who as yet employ no force.

Let us arise at once, resorting to that other right so dear to lovers of freedom, which our fathers once employed to give us a free government, and wrest from the foe which now tramples it underfoot, the heritage they left us.

We are not writing merely to see what we can say, not to fill columns, but are stating our deliberate convictions upon a great and important question with which the American people have to grapple.

Epitaph of Longstreet.

Could anything more reproachful, stand against man than this epitaph of Longstreet by the Southern Opinion.

"Swift in recantation and swifter still in search of the spoils of office, 'that wait upon apostasy, he has sold 'his birthright and turned to the flesh-pots of Egypt. To poverty and immortality he has preferred ostracism 'and wealth; he has accepted the 'smile of his enemies to court the 'frown of his late Confederates. Let 'him go. By the star of Lee, and over 'the grave of Jackson, alongside of 'Davis and Breckinridge and early, he 'became enmial to invisibility, and for 'feats the past. Like Peter, he hath 'denied the cause which he espoused 'sword in hand, and in whose vindication

"He led his serried columns on 'But unlike Peter, he will not repent 'and weep bitterly. Like Judas, he 'has been paid the bribe that rewarded 'his treachery; but unlike Judas, he 'will not go out and kill himself."

A Little too Soon.

The apathy with which the people regard the progress of events threatening their future peace and liberties is truly fearful and alarming. It reminds us of the apathy of an old vagrant who once lived in Southern Kentucky, and we can but hope that they may yet awake to a realization such as he awoke to on one occasion, and to make the same answer to the buzzards at Washington which he made to the buzzards that picked at his eye balls. Old Joz was a notorious drunkard, and had no home to call his own. Having got his hide full of mean whiskey at Madisonville, he essayed to walk to Henderson, but becoming entangled, and being exceedingly drowsy, he fell by the wayside and went to sleep. Here he remained it is said for two days, when an old buzzard who had been soaring above him all of the second day, alit upon Joz's head, and commenced pecking away at his eyes, supposing him to be a cawion. This awoke the old toper to a realization of the truth, but it did not alarm him. On the contrary, he took it as a consequence, and waving his arm majestically, merely said: 'S-h-e-w! S-h-e-w, old buzzy; you're just a little too soon! Oh! if the apathetic masses may yet awake to realize that the buzzards are preparing to feast upon their heart strings, and that there will then be life enough in the old land to tell them quietly, but earnestly: 'You're just a little too soon, ye buzzards!

"Go to H--H."

It may be that some of our readers have heard this most intelligent expression of contemplated defiance—it is probable, at all events. There are those who have believed that the salvation belongs to a class of men no better than they should be morally; but a late circumstance proves that it is used also in the most elevated society.

The telegraph and Washington papers record that, at a late tele message between a noble Senator and His Imperial Lowness URYSSES I, the Senator being insulted by the words, tone and manner of the "ruling stamp," he informed his most unroyal excellence that he could, or probably would, or should "Go to H--H."

Whereupon, it is said, URYSSES, not liking any reference to the future, which promises him such warm quarters, informed the noble Senator that his presence would not longer be tolerated at the Barn of the late Presidents.

"Go to H--H" is thought by many heretofore, to be an impolite request to make, but we are not shocked to see that the question is being discussed by those most deeply interested.

If any set of men, by the way, have ever succeeded in going to hell, we are morally sure that they carried with them in their over coat pockets the Black Republican platform and moral code, and if any more conclude to go, we hope they will not fail to take along with them their credentials, to Mr. LINCOLN and his warm-hearted friends.

But what a reunion there will be, some day (or night) when the tarrying members of the Martyr's party all get home!

And in the meantime, that our rebelled country may ultimately be rescued from their vandalism and prostitution, we extend to them all, affectionately, the invitation of one of their chief Senators and Representatives—"Go to Hell," and go fast!

A Victory for Butler!

Rejoice and be glad Oh, ye of little faith! Shout aloud for joy ye unbelievers! Blow your trumpets ye followers of the brave! beat your hew-gags—rattle your buzzy-guzzys, and sing for joy, for BUTLER, BUTLER the Beast, BENJAMIN BUTLER the Beast with the bear eye, has won a victory—a victory such as could be won only by a chieftain such as BENJAMIN has proved himself to be. He has no need of glory farther. Laurels will entwine themselves about his noble brow and gallantry will henceforth be written upon every feature.

A few days ago a young girl, whose labor at the desk, earned bread for an aged mother and clothing for a sick sister, noticing the doughty Knight in the same street car with herself in the city of Washington, remarked quietly to the gentleman accompanying her to "watch his spoons." BENJAMIN heard the remark. He has a weakness for spoons—a kind of a natural inclination to "go for them," when they lie in his way, and the advice of the young lady might, as he thought, have some reference to himself. So, noble man that he is, pure, brave, gallant as he is known to be, he said nothing in return, but quietly followed her to her house, ascertained her name and that she was a clerk in one of the departments, and with all the nobility of his nature—his great eyes sparkling with generous manhood, and with a feeling, such as few great men have been allowed to possess, had her removed and a negro vouch appointed in her place.

Who now will dare to say that BUTLER is not a man! Where is your BONAPART'S, your WELLINGTON'S, your WASHINGTON'S, or heroes of the present day. Who but the hero of New Orleans, Dutch Gap or Fort Fisher could win such a victory.

Great is BUTLER!

Laboring Men Beware!

Let the toiling masses, who are those who ought to feel most deeply interested in the preservation of Democratic government and popular liberty, bear ever in mind, that strong governments are the sort of governments against which poor men have rebelled ever since creation. Accordingly as a government is strong it protects capital and oppresses labor. It were better that every politician in America had his lying throat cut from ear to ear, than that they should live to delude the masses of their greater slavery, that the aristocracy of wealth may reap a future harvest from the sufferings of the poor! It is the poor man's misfortune to be poor, but it is his crime to be deluded.

—If any one can beat the following for depth of pathos and soul-stirring sentiment, we would like to give the effort a place in the WATCHMAN:

"Here Pize and kakos and Bier T soil, And Osters wood & in the soil, And tried was low for them that above, And with despatch black boots and shoes."

Responsibilities of the Republican Party.

The Republican party has been in power in this country about ten years, and yet in that brief time it has achieved more infamous and damnable results than any other political organization which has existed in any quarter of the globe since the first flash of light fell athwart creation. What are the results of Republican rule, and for which the Republican party is responsible to history and mankind? We have not the space to give more than a very brief and meagre outline of the principal wrongs, and darker deeds which have been committed against God and man.

Ten years ago, the people of the United States were united, happy and prosperous under a government of wisdom and intelligence. To day the people are divided in sentiment and sympathy, whelmed in debt, and are neither happy nor prosperous. This is the work of the Republican party.

Ten years ago, the standard of public morals in this country, was the highest of any people—the masses were God fearing and law-respecting, virtue was the rule, vice the exception, the religion of the people was CHRIST'S sermon on the Mount, and the preacher talked of the coming millennium with hope and assurance. To day the whole land is reeking with crime, prostitution, murder, rape, suicide, mayhem, ligan—all the vices of a depth below the lowest depth—fills our once happy land in mourning, and the Christian's heart turns away from the contemplation in sadness unutterable. This is the work of the Republican party.

It has caused a great and useless loss of life and treasure. Millions have had their throats, have had their homes burned over their heads, their lands devastated, their families outraged, and a reign of hell set up in lieu of peace—all this that had men might get power, and having secured power, that they might hold it forever—all this that intelligence, and wisdom, and nobility might be de-throned to make room for bigots, agitators, fanatics, devils. For all of this the Republican party is responsible.

It has turned loose upon the country a horde of paupers and vagrants. It has destroyed the usefulness of a race, and made four millions of civilized laborers, four millions of lazy, profligate, aimless slaves. It has robbed the people of the South of ten thousand millions of dollars in absolute property—all this that it might re-engage the death of the murderer and thief, JOHN BROWN, and fill the land with rulers as much lower than JOHN BROWN, as this wild beast was below a christian man. For all of these grievous wrongs—these unparalleled crimes—these unprecedented felonies, the Republican party is solely responsible.

It has torn the written chart of the liberties of the people into a thousand fragments, thrown them to the winds, and with arms in its impious hands is now menacing the people with a new form of government. It has defied the will of the people, where it could not corrupt the masses with bribes or drive them by threats. It has raked the bottomless pits for moral lepers and slimy creatures to make statesmen of, and the lower the standard of a tool's character the higher the rewards that are his.

We have said that no other party of politicians or combination of men has ever yet been formed which has done so much evil and so little good, as the rotten, corrupt, infamous, bloody, and damnable association known as the Republican party. Compared with its achievements the Jacobins of the French revolution were as hopeless imbeciles. Compared with it, the bands of corsairs and piratical combinations of southern Europe, the arch-pelago, the southern and Asiatic corsets and seas, may assume a decency and claim a moral character on the pages of the world's history.

In fact, the whole movement of Black Republicanism, from its incipency to the present hour, has been one of monstrous piracy—the piracy and overthrow of rights, liberties, and the franchises of the people. And this afflicted land of Washington is not yet rid of it, or likely to be rid of it. The last act, however, which is to prove the beginning of its end, is now maturing. The Republic of the United States is to be overthrown, and the empire set up. Scrutinize every act which has marked the 39th, the 40th and which has, so far, marked the 41st Congress. Centralization, the obliteration of State rights and lines, Federal railroad and telegraph schemes, the usurpation of the right to grant the elective franchise, and the bonding of the robber debt, degradation of suffrage by giving it to negroes and the grinding down of the poor, absorption of large landed estates by the wealthier classes, the combination of capital against labor, and

the thousand other powers at work, all beoken a preparation for the empire. Then we have a man placed in the executive chair, who has never yet uttered one syllable favorable to the Democratic idea of government, who has the army and navy at his back; the treasury in his hands, and a demoralized white and black population to draw upon.

The end is coming. Go grant that, when the hour comes, the people will be able to sustain their liberties, their country, and themselves!

—Of course all that is told is not true, but any one who has ever lived in the country and knows the "hankerin'" that traveling preachers have after chickens, and the evident horror chickens have of any one wearing a white cravat and a sanctified appearance, can vouch for the truth of the following:

When the conference assembled in Danville a few months since, on the last day of the session, a lad, whose father had entertained some half-dozen preachers, entered the room where the ministers were seated, in a terrible state of excitement.

"What's the matter here?" asked one, "you seem excited."

"I yelled!" he cried: "I'm mad all over."

"What are you mad about, Isaac? Don't you know it's wrong to suffer yourself to become angry?"

"Wrong or no wrong, it's enough to make anybody mad but a preacher. Here's every chicken on the place out up, except the old rooster, and just as he happened to see you fellows and sang out, 'And must this feeble body die, and dropped over stone dead.'"

State News.

—The Legislature adjourned on Friday last. The people feel relieved.

—Columbia county is troubled with horse thieves.

—Altoona lost over \$10,000 by fire on Thursday night last.

—Harrisburg is to have the next State Fair and Bellefonte the next one.

—Columbia county boasts of a four legged chicken.

—There are in this State 631 lodges of Good Templars, with a membership of 46,000.

—The office of the Valley, Susquehanna and Shippenburg News was both destroyed by fire on Saturday night last.

—John Lawlor, founder and senior editor of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, died on Sunday last.

—There is some talk now of building a railroad from Rochester, New York, to Jersey Shore in this State.

—The bill to prevent the sale of liquor in the borough of Milton was defeated in the House.

—Mr. Bistline, steward of the Perry County Poor House, died after a short illness, on Saturday last.

—Beware of inquisitive people; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with a great an itch to tell it again.

—The hoorn erected in the West Branch last fall at Jersey Shore gave way, the other day, and rendered it entirely useless.

—Pennsylvania has 466 office holders in Washington, and twenty times that number who would like to be.

—John Hughes, of Altoona, was run over by a freight car a few days ago, and so badly cut up as to cause his death.

—The house of Thomas Rodgers, built Top township, Bedford county, with all its contents, was recently destroyed by fire.

—H. Stinson, Esq., was elected ad interim Speaker of the Senate. The Democrats voted for W. W. Randall.

—During the year 1868, there were 424 persons killed and 720 wounded on the railroads of Pennsylvania.

—A female pickpocket who has been plying her rotation in Danville for some time was arrested in that place a few days ago, while in the act of picking a pocket.

—At the Empire House, in Titusville, a difficulty occurred between John Gilson and Jim Austin, when Gilson stabbed Austin five times.

—The old Bloccin House, built in 1805, and the first frame dwelling erected within the present city limits of Scranton, Pa., was destroyed by fire last Saturday evening.

—A young fellow over in Fulton county tried to cure a love fit by taking a dose of strychnine, and would probably have succeeded had not a physician been called to his relief.

—Lyonsburg county is a judicial district and Judge C. C. is the Judge. Peter Heide, Henry M. Miller and R. A. Adams are generally the contrary notes on the stand.

—Miss Annie Dickinson lectured in Lock Haven, the other night. The Republican is as much in love with her as he was with Olive Logan.

—A H. Strayer is a candidate for re-election to the County Superintendency in Clinton county. Mr. Strayer is a competent teacher and a gentleman.

—The officers of the Northumberland County Agricultural Society have fixed upon the 29th day of September next, for the commencement of their Fair at Turbittville, to continue three days.

—Franklin B. Gowen, Esq., of Philadelphia, formerly of Potsville, was on Thursday elected President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, in place of Charles E. Smith, Esq., resigned.

—The Clarion Democrat says but little ploughing has as yet been done in that county. We guess it don't matter much whether they plough any out there—they can raise but little anyway.

—A cotemporary says the bill giving the Governor the power to commute the death penalty was rushed through the Legislature with lightning speed. "Jersey lightning," probably.

—An Old Postmaster.—Mr. James Reed, Postmaster at Potsgrove, has held that position continuously since the administration of Gen. Jackson in 1863—a period of nearly forty years. We doubt if there are many older officials in the United States.—Miltonian.

—The libel suit of one Bower against W. W. Keenan of the Greensburg Democrat, has been quashed by the quashing of the indictment, and poor Bower is no better off in character or cash than he "used to be."

—A double track is now being laid on the Northern Central Railway between Harrisburg and Hagerstown. Most of the road bed for the second track is completed, and it is thought the rails will be laid by next fall.

The Treasurer of the Anphletyonic Lyceum in Huntingdon, accompanied by the funds of the society, and invested them in Orange for himself and a coup of young attorneys. It must have been a "noisy" treasury.

—Judge Herben of Columbia county was found dead in the case of his suit on Thursday last week. The wounds about his head had led to the supposition that he was foully dealt with.

—A large force of workmen are now engaged on the railroad between the towns of Lebanon and Manheim, and it is the intention of the officers of the road to complete it as early as a day, a possible.

—Miss Tillie Watson, dress-maker of Lock Haven, had \$231.14 money stolen from her trunk on Saturday evening, the 13th instant. She had taken the money from the bank in the morning, and deposited it in her trunk with the knowledge of only two or three friends. Stopping out a few moments, she found on her return that the money was gone.

—Some sounder entered the Union church in Fayetteville, Franklin county, on Saturday night of last week, and completely demolished the chandeliers and lamps, with a single exception of one in a. The Bible, a large and costly one, was thrown down and trampled upon.

—The Philadelphia A. says: "We are asked, what offense was committed by the person who furnished poison to Twitohel! Was an ever, that to furnish poison to any one with the purpose of enabling him to commit suicide or to die, is to become an accessory before the fact to a murder in the first degree. The offense is punishable with death in Pennsylvania."

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

Shrewd Simon Short sowed some seventeen summers, spreading sunshine, speeding storms, successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon a self-same squeaking sign still swinging, loudly, exultingly: "Simon Short, Smith held sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry, scilicet spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Saul sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Sam sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe-strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed staying, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung sever at serenades, slyly. Simon stumped, scolded severely, said Sam seemed to sily singing such shameful, sneaking songs. Strange Sam should slight and splendid summer sales! "Shatter brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally Short. "Sam's smitten. Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy," snarled Simon. "Smitten! Not such stuff." Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, and scattered her oral spoils. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall succumb!"

Snowing Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sunny spot streaks, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously; stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades—stop short. Sell and dles, sunny, sell saddles sensible, see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable, so solicit, see secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon, surely," Sally smiling, "especially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, eaunted slowly, shaking stuporously. Sam soliloquizes:

"Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should any—she! she! 'shunt' she ehant!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia standing smart, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching, saluted Sam, smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Sp! sp! splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar martin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam."

"Sar-sur-tain," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sultry," said Sam, stealthily stanching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartio," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty! shot?" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such still silence.

"Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally."

"Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall stence secret sighings; super angelic sylphs shall.'"—Sophia snickered, so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly. "Sam," said Sophia. "Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere, Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

Sophia stood silent. "Speak, Sophia, speak! such spur pence speculates sorrow!"

"Beck sire, Sam, seek sire." "So Sam sought sire Spriggs; sire Sprigg said "Sartin."