

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, May 21, 1869.

Seward's Little Bell.—A Dead Republic and a Live Monarchy.

A British diplomatist, who visited Mr. Seward, on one occasion, during the earlier part of the war, asserts that the American premier boasted to him that he possessed greater power than any king or emperor of Europe. To illustrate and prove the truth of this not idle boast, Seward said: "My lord, you observe that little bell within my reach. Now, sir, I can ring that little bell four times and have any four persons I please arrested, within fifteen minutes, time, in any four quarters of this great country, and sent on their way to Federal prisons. If, my lord, you have that time, I will illustrate" saying which, the ambassador signified his desire to observe the workings of the principle of American liberty under Red Republican rule, Mr. Seward rang the bell four times, at brief intervals, being at each interval immediately waited upon by a voiceless automaton, to each of whom he gave a slip of paper, upon which had been written the names of prominent Democrats, with their residence, and the indorsement: "Arrest and forward to Fort Lafayette." W. A. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Remarkable as it will appear to the reader who is not posted in the details of the inside workings of the machinery of power, which, set in motion, so thoroughly and effectually, instituted that reign of terror which filled this broad land with an undefined but no less real cause of alarm, at the expiration of the fifteen minutes from the appearance of the first voiceless automaton, he reappeared and delivered into the Secretary's hand a brief telegraphic message which read: "With H. Seward, Secretary of State. Information just received at this department is here by transmitted to you of the arrest of — at — ordered by your excellency at 3:30 this afternoon. (Signed) Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

Again, came the automaton and his sealed package, and again, and again. No wonder that the ambassador from a European monarchy expressed his surprise, when there before his eyes was enacted what, to have been executed in Great Britain, would have taken six days of time and the strictest and closest formality of law. But such is the truth—the American Jacobin exercised, by the right of usurpation, a power which no Constitutional Monarchy of Europe would have dared to indulge in, in any emergency whatever.

Nor does it astonish us, who have felt the strong hand of usurpation, that the ambassador who witnessed the performance of our Republican Secretary, should have pondered the probabilities likely to follow such a bold stroke of power in England, where, under Magna Charta, every man's home is his castle, and where to be arrested, a specific charge must be made by a citizen before a law officer, a civil law warrant issued, a fair and speedy trial being guaranteed. He replied: "Sir: Her Majesty possesses no such power. Were she to attempt the arrest of a citizen without warrant of law, the consequences would doubtless involve the kingdom in a popular uprising."

True, England is only a hateful monarchy, which the tens of thousands of our flowery Fourth-of-July orators have taught the people from tens of thousands of stands to regard as a despotism, ruled by a royal personage, and compared with which our land was an earthly paradise. And yet—and yet, the law is secure in England, and uneasy would lie the crowned head which would dare to trample the rights of the humblest of her subjects.

Oh, will the people never learn what they have lost, and are losing, and by whom and what set of tues?
In the name of human freedom, God, and your children, ye yeomen of Pennsylvania, awake!—awake to realize your true condition, and whitherway ye are going!

There is hope only when the people awake. Remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and that if ye lose it, eternal slavery is your doom!

What it was when Seward rang his little bell, it is to-day. Morally, there is no longer any law in this country which is a bulwark that may not be thrown down, and from bad we are going to worse; from ruin to ruin; from decay to death; from republicanism to monarchy; from liberty to slavery;

from faint hope to hopeless despair; from heaven to hell!

Arise! Awake! As a WATCHMAN of the night of your political gloom, we appeal to you and cry aloud: SLEEPERS! AWAKE!

Signs of the Times.

These are not propitious of good to the people.

One of the signs of the times is that the people—those who toil and produce something—are getting poorer, while the wealthy are becoming millionaires.

Another sign of the times is that labor and honest industry are being regarded with dislike and aversion by the rising generation, who promise to become drones and paupers.

Another is that politicians distrust the people, and, by law and the influence of unscrupulous and corrupt means, hedge themselves in from the vulgar eye.

Another is that the very government of the people, is changing, or preparing to change, from popular republicanism to a select and powerful oligarchy, with overgrown wealth as the corner stone of the new empire.

Another is that there is a wide spread apathy by the people, the very effect intended by the party of revolutionists to be brought about—concerning the affairs and administration of government. This is certainly the most dangerous sign of the times.

Another is that the spirit of profligacy in the use of the public moneys has reached the point of national bankruptcy and general business demoralization, so thorough and monstrous as to alarm even the public plunderers in power.

Another is that a sort of latent contempt is manifested among the people for the government of our fathers, now, alas, prostituted to the exclusive uses and ends of a vile and despicable party. That contempt is alike the fruit of wrongs committed and endured in the name of the government.

Another is that the friends of republican government and the enemies of usurpation and change are disheartened and not as determined as they should be to resist the common enemy by all means, by nature and human skill placed in their hands.

Another is that public morals are so fallen and the standard of personal obligation so low, that the people fear to trust even themselves.

Another is the mistaken idea that government and governors are a remedy for all ills and a panacea for all wounds, and that its powers can be enlarged and contracted according to the exigencies and emergencies of the times.

Another is that the triumph of party is the aim and end of patriotism and the solution of every question.

But why extend and illustrate the dark side of our national hope? They are omnipresent, here, there, every where. Alas! if the people would only awake, and behold the evils surrounding, not only themselves as a free people, but our American common humanity!

There was a conflict of Federal and State authority at Louisville the other day. A negro named Conley was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for murder, in the State Criminal Court of Jefferson county, under the laws of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, which do not permit the accused to give testimony in his own behalf, be he white or black. The Sheriff was ordered to execute the murderer; but in the attempt to perform his duties, a mandamus from the Federal District Court was served upon him, restraining and forbidding the execution. The reason of this is, that in the Federal Courts the right of negroes to give testimony in their own behalf is permitted under the Civil Rights law, and as the negro murderer had been denied this, under the State law, a new trial was granted. The question as it now stands, gives a decided advantage to negroes in the commission of crime, for if a white man is on trial he cannot testify in his own behalf, but a negro can, and of course will swear himself clear! What a happy state of affairs this Radical patching up has brought about!

A large armed expedition left New York a few days ago on board the Arago for Cuba. The government knew all about it, and permitted it. This is a fine comment on the consistency of the Republican pirates in power. "We believe" they are making a great fuss about some claim for damages on account of a similar permission by the British Cabinet a few years ago in the shape of the "Alabama" craft. What a delocatable position this country will be placed in, in an administration of four years of piracy, if we are to judge by what has been done in so many weeks!

One Radical Gone Home.

Radicalism is in mourning. Its under lip hangs down like the flap on a pair of broad fall pants. Its great soul gusheth forth tears like dirty suds from a washerwoman's kettle. It sighs, it sorrows, and, like Rachel, "refuses to be comforted." It has lost one of its leaders—one of its lights—JOHN HENRY FOY, clerk in the Executive Department at Atlanta, Ga., correspondent of the New York Tribune—keeper of a negro paramour, and general overseer of radicalism in that region. The Atlanta Constitution, of the 10th inst., gives the evidence of the wench—his paramour—whom he attempted to shoot before killing himself; it is as follows:

Epsy Hart testified that on Tuesday last she went to a picnic. On Saturday night Mr. Foy returned home from a picnic and commenced quarreling with her, accusing her of going to the depot to meet another man. Foy was drinking, and kept up quarreling with her about this other man all night, and charged her with being in the room with him. Foy continued to drink during the night and Sunday morning, and to quarrel with her, witness told him, as they could not agree, they had better separate. Foy replied that he was not going to separate. About eight o'clock Sunday morning, witness started to get up out of bed; Foy struck her on one side of the face and pushed her back on the bed. Witness asked him what he meant. Foy said he had a right to knock her down, and stepped to a table near by and took a drink. Foy then tried to force witness to drink. Witness refused, when Foy poured the liquor into her mouth and over her face while she was yet in bed. Foy would not let witness get up. Witness said she was compelled to get up and go with her mother to church. Foy said that that was not the reason she wanted to get up. She wished to get up to go and meet the man he was quarreling about. Foy locked the door and took out the key. Witness then got up, when Foy asked her if she was still in the notion of having the other man. Witness said she had never spoken to him. Foy replied, "you are a liar," and that he had several witnesses; but on being asked who they were, would not give their names. Foy then took a pistol from under the head of his bed, put one of his hands around the waist of witness and shot her in the side, remarking "You and (this other man) spoken of just help yourselves." Foy then shot himself twice, and said, "I have shot myself. Come and kiss me, I am dying."

Among his papers was found the following:—WASHINGTON, April 18 1869. "MY DEAR SIR—I have already pressed to the extent of my ability a colored man for Georgia. I should be glad to see Mr. Turner made Minister to Hayti, but a colored man has already been sent there, Mr. Dumas, of New Orleans, on my recommendation.

Yours truly, BENJ. F. BUTLER. J. H. Foy, Esq., Atlanta."

The U. S. Government has appropriated \$5,000 to be expended looking at the Sun in Liberia, next August, during the eclipse.

State News.

Toga county has a medical society.

Editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer, is writing "editorial notes" of his late trip south.

Ligonis valley, Westmoreland county, is moving for a railroad to connect Ligonis and Latrobe.

W. H. Schwartz has mounted the tripod, and now holds forth as "ye local" of the Altoona Visited.

Fresh shad are worth from \$18 to \$20 per hundred in Lancaster. Up here they cost about 75 cents each.

A Free Trade League has been formed in Philadelphia. We hope it may have the most unbounded success.

Father LEBER, of the Greenburg Argus, is a candidate for Recorder of Westmoreland county. Hope he'll make it.

Lancaster city was tickled with a row a few nights since—the first sign of life in that debilitated town for some time.

Jonas Ludwig was killed at Allentown a few days ago, by a negro named James Peterson. Another victory for Radicalism!

Mr. Jos. D. Pynch, of Lancaster, is shortly to assume the duties of editor of the Wayne Citizen, a nigger rose rag in Fonesdale.

Newport, Perry county, is to be blessed with two new churches the present summer,—one a Methodist, the other a German Reformed.

The Pennsylvania railroad company will make a semi-annual "dividend" of 5 per cent on the 30th instant. Would like to be in that "ring."

The Columbia Herald suggests Hon. Isaac E. Hester, of Lancaster county, for the Democratic nomination for Governor. He could beat Geary.

A brakeman, by the name of Dippery, on the Centre and Mifflin county railroad, had his leg broken by being caught by the cow-catcher the other day.

Gettysburg is beginning to turn up its nose at other small towns because a hotel is being built there to accommodate summer boarders at the springs.

On Tuesday of last week a mad dog was shot in Lock Haven. Won't the Chief Burgess of Bellefonte please issue his order requiring that the dogs about this place be muzzled?

The Selingsgrove Times and Perry County Democrat are both having new offices built. Workmen will commence on a new three story brick for the WATCHMAN on the 17th instant.

The Montrose Democrat gives an account of the poisoning of an entire family in that county by using baking soda, which had been mixed with sugar-of-lead. One of the family died.

The family of Cyrus Mabeer, residing near Williamsburg, Blair county, were poisoned last week by eating canned rhubarb, but have all since recovered. They rued eating that rhubarb, we'll bet.

The Altoona Visited is urging the nomination of Hon. THOMAS BAXTER, as a candidate for the Legislature from that county. Radicalism would have to stand back in Blair county if he was on the ticket.

There are five Democrats who want to be prothonotary, ten who would like to be treasurer, eight after the sheriffally, six for poor directors, and two for auditors, over in Bedford county.

The editor of the Lewistown Democrat wants to sell a copy of Webster's Dictionary. From the general appearance of his paper, we always thought he hadn't much interest in dictionaries or books of any kind.

On Saturday night a fire occurred at McKeesport, Pa., which destroyed a square of the business portion of the town. The National Hotel, Dr. Kuhn's residence, Hill's drug store, Seybold's hardware store and residence were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$20,000; insured for \$16,000.

Philip Tibble was convicted in the Blair county court, week before last, of assault and battery, with intent to commit a rape upon his little step-daughter, a child only six years old. Three years in the penitentiary and the balance of eternity in hell—would have been a proper sentence in that case.

The Franklin county Republican committee has chosen A. F. Schofield to delegate to the State Convention, and instructed him to vote for Geary for Governor. Heaver county has done the same. This is pretty good evidence that the Radicals of these two counties desire the election of a Democrat.

Three-fourths of the delegates to the Radical State Convention, from Philadelphia, are instructed to vote for Geary. The two beauties who run the Republics, on Bishop street, and control the mongrel organization in this county, will have to swallow him, at last.

A little boy by the name of Bulb, while out fishing the other day in the neighborhood of Chambersburg, got his hook caught in his jaw and, before assistance could be procured, died in agonies. He was carried to a neighboring house, and went out to his parents, who were brutal enough to refuse to go and see their dead child. He was recently interred by strangers, his parents refusing to go to the funeral. It would hardly be sufficient punishment for such unfeeling wretches to chew them up for hash for a cheap boarding house.

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Our Fashions.

DEAR WATCHMAN An old bachelor did up the following, I hope, for there is no other specimen of the genus homo who would dare to commit the unpardonable crime of writing such plain truths about the fashions of this fastest of all fast ages. And he not only writes it, but has the audacity to put it in verse. It is my opinion that he has entirely forgotten how, in his young days, he balanced his head between the unfolding wings of his stand-up collar, and how his sisters—well, never mind about the past. Just imagine the fellow seated at his dingy window,—perhaps on the fourth floor of some cheap hotel,—gazing down on the busy thoroughfare. Around him are all the effluences of bachelordom. His table is the common receptacle of cigar stumps, burnt matches, old letters, soiled collars, &c. In yonder corner a boot keeps company with a spittoon, while its mate sits in the embrace of the boot-jack opposite. The ceiling is festooned with cobwebs—a regular spider's paradise. And there he sits and gazes upon the gay and happy throng of youths and maidens who promenade up and down the street, and, gazing, he mutters:—

"It seems to me the girls these days
Dress up most awful queer,
In narrow skirts and little hoops
How funny they appear.
Their hair they fix in fancy shapes,
I've laughed and laughed again
To see how queer these girls appear
With chignon on the brain."

No one but an "old bach" would dare to express himself thus. Evidently he never intends proposing, and therefore has no fear of hearing "No" pronounced emphatically by the ruby lips of a loved one. But listen—he don't seem to care one bit what he says.

Last night I met a little miss,
Rigged up in wondrous style,
She had a little bonnet on,
That really made me smile,
'Twas smaller than a cabbage-leaf
Dried up for want of rain—
How very queer these girls appear
With bonnets on the brain."

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a lover of the truth. I know people are prone to laugh at the fashions of the day, but the unbecoming audacity of putting into print, and in verse at that, such horrible flings as the following:

"I saw her funny walk, and stare'd, ungallantly,
By a know,
But if I did she need not get her back up at me
For when she pass'd beyond my sight I laugh'd
and laugh'd again
To see how queer these girls appear with
Chignon on the brain."

Just here, doubtless, memory called up an image of "the latest of other days," and, as he gazes on some fair young face that used to wear a sweet smile for him, long years ago, his manner is softened, as is evidenced by the last two lines. He says:

"Oh, well, this is a curious world,—false teeth,
false hair, and oh,
False colors worn and beneath, put on with
rings, you know,
But let them wear whatever they will, remain
strange is in vain,
And they are really charming with the fashion
on the brain."

Now, doubtless the "genus involuntaria" will enjoy the above "chugly," as they express it, and say "good for the girls." But, in all probability, "a dapper gent in lavender kids" passed that dingy window just then, dressed in a mode, for we had the author's thoughts turned in an entirely different direction. We must give him credit for honesty, for he speaks not even his own sex. He applies the lash to all alike. Listen!

"It seems to me the girls these days,
Dress up most awful queer,
'In pants so very, very tight,
How funny they appear!
Their coats have such untimely ends
That they all appear again
To see how queer these girls appear
With tails on the brain."

He is honest and no mistake. Listen again!

Last night I met a funny gent, rigged up with
wondrous pains,
Five dollars' worth of beaver on five pennies
worth of hair,
With "fixes" all of latest cut he twirled a fancy
cane,
To see how queer these gents appear with
beaver on the brain."

I'm inclined to believe this fearless fellow (for he seems to fear nobody) lives in Lock Haven, for that man Leisher down there is just simple enough to sell a man any kind of a hat he wants. Be that as it may, he talks to the point. Listen again!

"With whiskers trimmed just a la mode with
beneath each ear,
Chin-whiskers and a moustache, too, of course
they all appear again
Whenever I meet them on the street a smug
"I can't restrain
To see how queer these gents appear with
beaver on the brain."

A pretty plain way of talking, I should say. Wonder if certain young men in town will not be enabled to "see themselves as others see them?" But here again memory seems to have pictured him a young man again, and his mood seems to have become softened, for he says:

"Oh, well, this is a curious world, young men are
rigged up most awful queer,
They spend their earnings on their backs, be-
fore King Tailor bow,
But let them wear whatever they will, remain
strange is in vain,
And they are really charming with the fashion
on the brain."

And here we leave him giving him credit for honesty and fearless truth telling. Does he not draw a faithful picture of certain young ladies and gentlemen of your acquaintance? We will leave them to answer.

Yours truly,
J. C. R.

Taxes on Sugar, Tea, and Coffee.

In 1868 there were 30,500,000 pounds of tea imported into this country. The duty upon it was about thirty cents a pound, which would be \$10,000,000.

In addition there was a tariff of twenty-five per cent in value, which would be equal to \$5,000,000 more. The total annual tea duty is \$15,000,000. The taxes upon tea are more than equal to the cost of it in China, with the exportation from there added. When a person buys a pound of tea, half of the price goes to the merchant, and half to the Government.

We imported, last year 250,000,000 pounds of coffee. The duty, at 5 cents per pound, amounted to \$12,500,000. We also imported about 200,000,000 pounds of sugar in 1868. The duty was 4 cents a pound, and amounted in the aggregate to \$8,000,000. Thus, upon tea, coffee, and sugar the people of the United States are taxed, through the custom-house alone, \$35,000,000. This is equal to nearly \$50,000,000 in greenbacks.

If the Government would abolish the National Banks, call in their circulation, and issue greenbacks in their stead, it would save more than half of this oppressive tax. Those who are in favor of cheaper tea, coffee and sugar, should insist upon the abolition of National Banks, and the supplanting of their notes by greenbacks. Then, with that saving of \$50,000,000, we could admit tea, coffee and sugar free of duty, with but little loss to the revenue. —Pittsburgh Enquirer.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE.—By W. Stewart French. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Duffield Ashmead, Philadelphia.

This is one of the "Handy Volume Series," which the publishers are issuing in season for summer tourists. The present volume is neat and pretty, good typography—a very important item—and interesting contents, true stories of Irish life. "Alice McMahony" is a good specimen of the stories.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERY-BODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the best book for every body that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading room, library, and place of business.—Golden Era.

The Hearth and Home, Potting-ill & Bates' new paper, started on the 1st of January last, is proving itself to be one of the best household papers in the country. It is beautifully printed, highly instructive, and of more than ordinary interest. It is published by Potting-ill & Bates. Publication office is No. 37, Park Row, New York.

More Radical Victories.—Citizens Whipped and Hung by Federal Soldiers.

Radical peace to the South is such as the wolf gives to the fold. Our boasted liberty and form of government to the contrary, we are now living under the hugest and most meretricious despotism on the face of the earth. Acts are daily perpetrated by subalterns in every portion of the South, that the Czar of Russia would not dare do, even in Poland, and so revealing in detail, that King Theodore himself would hesitate in their commission. It is useless for us to go into the details of the outrage provoking these expressions. The late is told in the heading, and it is the old, old story of wrong and oppression reiterated. It is useless to say, too, that no one believes the man so severely punished to have had the remotest connection with stealing of the horses, which the soldiers claim to have lost