

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Ink-Slings.

The effectual remedy for all public ailments, is sweeping Repudiation!

The late Spanish dependency of Cuba is doing a spanking new suit of republicanism.

Of our late Minister to Spain, it is not thought that the American Government can say, "Hale, good and faithful servant!"

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that we shall see no more of Ruffin, simply because the Curtin is about to drop upon her.

Grant's relatives have substantial reasons for believing him a gifted man. He gives them all gifts, in the shape of fat offices.

The question of the hour—shall negroes set type in printing offices? We guess they'll not set many outside of printing offices.

Since the desertion of 100 nigger soldiers from the Spanish army in Cuba, we have heard very little about how the colored troops fought nobly.

Reports show that Massachusetts paid \$3,500,782 for educational purposes last year, and facts prove that that was but one way of "teaching pearls before swine."

Dick Busted, Mr. Lincoln's disbarred Judge of Mobile, is threatened with impeachment for receiving gifts. This looks as if Busted would indeed soon be busteed!

If the "conservatives" of Virginia are defeated at the polls on the 12th of July next, they can blame them for nominating a "Whig" when they could have elected a candidate to run.

An exchange says "a household is like an aristocratic house; each has high stools." But the trouble is, the house has the "stool" in front, the lady, the "stool" behind.

The "good times" farmers and others were to be blessed with, for voting the mongrel ticket, seems to be the sad times they are having trying to raise money enough to pay the radical tax levied upon them.

The last ditch the one from which Zack Cassinell, the shirt tail Senator from Michigan, was hauled out of, dead drunk, in Washington, was crossed before he left for Europe. "Oh, baby! Oh, baby!"

Political railroad and other iron schemes are, more properly, money-raising for political pluckers, the object of which are the treasury vaults, and which are being hatched out rapidly by the old roosters who sit in Congress.

An actor from Europe, by name of Lewis is coming to this country to play "Halstad." We do not know whether he is a temperance man or not, but it is generally understood that he is a paragon of things after the London model.

A member of Grant's cabinet is reported to have said, speaking in reference to Cuban affairs, "His administration will have its hands full if it attends properly to the affairs of our own country." But the trouble with the administration is, it is not satisfied with its hands full, it wants its pockets full, and the pockets of all its relations full also.

Mitter, the wind bar of the New York Dispatch, is wanting to be recognized as a candidate for State Senator from that district. We heard him at length to crow, at the last editorial convention in Harrisburg, and from the character of the squeaks, concluded that he'd do, for one of the cheap "roosters," in either branch of the Legislature. He'd better be nominated.

A beautiful young lady of San Francisco, somewhat unbecomingly disposed, was lately found perambulating the streets in the early grey of morning, clad in the simple garb of a shawl about her shoulders, and carrying a looking glass in her hand. Some unbecomingly is catching in such cases, were the thing not suppressed by anxious parents, how many other sympathizing somnams might catch themselves on their bent!

Politics are getting funny. But that's because our present politics are of a light order—a sort of yaller-backed, bovel politics. The other day, Sumner called to see His Imperial Highness U. S. G.—alena. He was told by that old errand-boy, lackey, and chamberlain, Gen. Dent, that he would have to wait about 15 minutes. This made Sumner mad, and he told Dent to tell Grant to go to hell—that he wouldn't wait 15 minutes to see Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon, nor anybody else, and so he took his hat and left in a huff. That's twice Grant has been told by leading Republicans to go home to his father's house, where there are many warm things waiting for him!

What We Saw.

We noticed, on Monday afternoon, a one footed soldier grinding a hand organ on the street corners. Every "once-in-a-while" some sympathizing individual or some delighted little boy or girl would drop a penny or perhaps two pennies, or, maybe, even a five or ten cent shinpilaster, into his money box; among whom, we are happy to say, we noticed one or two, or perhaps a trio of the more humane of our Radical friends.

But, looking at it all and listening to the music, we caught ourselves asking the question: And is this the reward which the "Union" soldier—the crippled veteran—gets for perching his life upon the field of battle? Is this the consummation of his hopes of glory? Is this the grand result of his struggles and privations? Is this the gratitude of the Republic? Is this the fruition of those golden promises which the Radical party held out to the brave men who left home and kindred to fight the battle which Radical wickedness had made inevitable?

And then, somehow our thoughts wandered off toward the Gulf of Mexico, and in imagination, we set us down in the city of New Orleans. Looking up from the stoop where, weary and travel stained, we had set down to rest, we saw, directly before us, an imposing building, upon whose imperial front, was written the legend, "Custom House." Ascending the aristocratic steps, as we looked, we saw a man of noble presence, the flash of whose eagle eye gave token that he was accustomed to the homage of the people, and whose firm, military tread told of the dread glances of "glorious war."

"Who is this man?" we asked of a sorrowful looking being, clad in tattered rags, whose eyes, like our own, were riveted upon this commanding person. "That, sir," said he, "is JAMES LEAK, started, once the veteran warrior, but now the Southern Levee, who sells his bright light for a mess of pottage. Quick as thought, the imposing looking building, the kingly personage, and the veteran in tattered gray had disappeared from our mental vision, and back again on the streets of Bellefonte, we were listening to the melancholy tones of the hand organ, as ground out by the one footed soldier, into whose money box, every "once in a while," some sympathizing individual or some delighted little boy or girl would drop a penny or perhaps two pennies, or, maybe, even a five or ten cent shinpilaster.

And then we mused again, and across our mental vision comes a shrieking, gibbering goblin, like the ghost of some tarnished chid, pointing its skinny finger at us and asking questions. "Why," it asks, "was not this one footed soldier given an office?" And then it dabbed its bony finger at us until our eyes winked and blinked in the sunshine and our head knocked on the brick wall against which we were sitting. Rubbing our eyes to see clearer, we saw the same goblin dancing and grinning before us, as it continued. "Was he, not a brave soldier, and did he not lose his foot fighting for the Union?" And then it darted its long finger at us again as if it would pinion us to the wall against which we slunk shudderingly back for protection. And still the goblin shrieked. "Who was LEAKSTREET? Did he fight for the Union? Why has he got an office, and this one footed soldier left to starve in the streets? Did you Democrats do that, you—you—here the goblin made straight for our eyes, and, in trying to avoid that horrible finger, we slid off our seat on the cellar door to the pavement, which had the effect of bringing us to a realizing sense of our true position, and we again heard the mournful strains of the hand organ, as ground out by the one footed soldier, into whose money box, every "once-in-a-while," some sympathizing individual or some delighted little boy or girl would drop a penny or perhaps two pennies, or, maybe, even a five or ten cent shinpilaster.

And, wide awake again, we did really ask can it be possible that the man whom the Radicals denounced as the vilest of rebel traitors is holding a ten thousand dollars a year office, in New Orleans, while the man whom they praised and petted, as the "country's defender," as the "noble boy in blue," is grinding out a miserable pittance, on a

hand organ in the streets of Bellefonte? Grind away, oh, blue coated soldier! They who petted you and patted you, when the fear of the hosts which LEAKSTREET commanded yet shook their craven hearts, now pass you by with contempt, forgetting that to your brave arms and the arms of other brave men like you, they owe the lives and the property they possess at this moment. Grind away, oh blue coated soldier, for Radical sympathy and Radical help go to the men who fought against you.

Frank P. Blair's Prophecy.

Before the issue of the late Presidential election, FRANK P. BLAIR, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, put himself upon record in a prophecy, believed by some, regarded as possible by many, but utterly repudiated by the masses. That prophecy was, that General ULYSSES S. GRANT, being a deep, mute, and designing man, would, if elected President, ultimately become Emperor, changing the form of Government from a Bayonet Republic to a Musket Empire. Gen. BLAIR took the ground that GRANT possessed greater abilities than his opponents were disposed to accord to him, but that he was a cold, selfish and designing demagogue, who had the disposition and the nerve to do what he originally intended to do—to overthrow our republican form of government and establish himself upon its ruins.

The time may come when Blair's prophecy will assume great importance. Indeed the subject of that prophecy is apparently developing itself. The tendency of things by no means clear to the reflecting patriot, seems to point to something behind the scenes—a wheel within a wheel—a man not understood—a national conundrum, baffling solution—a sphinx to the world, a problem to friends and a dangerous man in Washington's chair.

The administration of GRANT has operated the government of the country, but a few months, and yet the American people are threatened with war—first with one country, then another, and still another—and finally with a struggle against a triple alliance!

The immediate relations and most trusty personal friends of the PROTECTOR are placed in leading responsible positions.

A known and unquestioned MONARCHIST—General SHERMAN—is the commander in chief of the Army.

The army itself is largely made up of foreigners, with foreign ideas of government.

The navy is commanded by a man whose character of politics—whether Republican or Monarchical—is not known to the people.

The navy is made up largely of foreigners and a hap hazard set of roasters.

When General GRANT is himself not known to be a Democrat or Republican—Never has he said that he was not an imperialist or a monarchist.

He is a seven years man with a seven year's record, and he has never had time or inclination to tell the people whether he approved of, much less earnestly and zealously loved, the republican form of government.

Then, again, he was elected by the money and means of the aristocracy of the country, with STEWART at their head. He is the protégé of wall street, and Wall street is the enemy of the people, the poison to the republic, the menace of popular liberty, and the trampler of the principle of American freedom—that corner stone of our old temple of equality—the COMMONWEALTH!

The very air is filled with strange voices. On the streets of our metropolis the shout of "Imperialist" rings out from the clear, sharp throat of the newsboy! Strange sound, this, for the air of our once happy republic to be burdened with!

All this means something! What does it mean? Was FRANK P. BLAIR a prophet indeed, who appeared upon the great stage a day to give a note of warning, and then to be ever remembered for the fearful accuracy of that note unheeded!

One by one, we shall note the signs of the times, and await the unfolding of the scroll in the mute hands of the Sphinx, and its retainers and heralds.

—Our financial schemes are more practical than practical.

For the WATCHMAN.]

HIGH AND LOW.

BY N. K. IDE.

The storms of winter roar around The mountains barren top, The suns of summer scorch the ground, That never bore a crop, But in the valleys and the vales, The herbs and grasses grow, And loving nature never fails, Her generous gifts to show.

And so in life—the lofty ones, Are dearer than a splinter: Their hearts are withered by the suns, And by misfortunes winter, While those that dwell beneath the hills, Like meads beside a river, Are watered by affections rills, That keep them green forever.

And is there one who does not know The truth of what I tell— That all the heaven there is below In humble bosoms dwell? And if so wish for joys of worth, We must not look too high, But in the valleys of the earth, Contented live and die MOONSHINE, PA.

Sick of It.

It is written and published daily that GRANT is sick, over worked, and is falling away. His household are anxious—respite from his labors is demanded for the summer. His wife, it is said, watches her husband's failing health with great solicitude, and as he is in the habit of sitting for hours napping and smoking in blank isolation, she thinks she sees her husband fallen into mental exhaustion and imbecility—that his mind is unable to bear the great strain upon it—in fact, that he is a victim of his country.

Mrs. Grant is no doubt a very excellent, sensible, and affectionate wife, but she is certainly wrong in supposing that her husband is a victim of his country. On the contrary, if he is over worked and exhausted—run down and wearing away—he is simply a victim to a party and a vice.

Gen. GRANT may be a victim to party thus. He is the President of the United States, as the office has been manipulated by party for party use. It is no longer the position held by the statesman under the constitution it is no longer the executive branch of the Federal Government—but the whole Government itself—it is executive, legislative all. Who has made the office of President an unbearable infliction but the Jacobin plotters, in extending Federal power, overruling State prerogatives, and building up an army of office holders as large as the Federal army.

It is equal to the strength of any human man to be bored with, to fill, to garrison, to control the hundreds of thousands of hungry and desperate offices which have been created to live upon and bleed the people. In the times of our former Presidents these leeches were fewer—where now thousands he set the President for favors and places, hundreds only then bored him. No wonder that Grant is worn out—the labor is enough to kill a man of positive ability to select his army of office holders, to say nothing of the proper executive duties of the President's office. But he is not the victim of his country—he is only the victim of his party, the office-creators, and his vice of inordinate smoking.

He will die, of course; that is sure. No man of brains and great physical ability could expect to grow robust on the performance of such duties. In GRANT'S case, it is too apparent. Here we observe another of those coming divine Providences, to save the people from disaster.

There is but one chance for GRANT to live out his term, and that is to fall back on the ad interim principle, and put in office a President ad interim while he slips out to rest.

But when he dies, let it never be said that he was a martyr to his country. His country demands no such labor. It is a party that demands the existence of a hundred thousand office holders to rob the people. He is the victim of party.

—The velocipede mania is wild in the country everywhere. In France, they have got up one of the darned things to run over water. What a pity the whole republican party was not mounted on them for a trip over the seas to Africa. The point in this joke is, that they would burden themselves so heavily with plunder as to make this trip a benefit to the country, by riding the country of themselves.

Terrible Ku-Klux Outrage—"Reconstruction" Needed in Lock Haven—One of "the Coming Men" Shot—A Radical Voter With a Sword Rump.

Early on Monday morning last, one of the "coming men"—a full fledged radical voter, with a skin as black as a tar-bucket—a "man an brudder"—one of the "wards ob de nashun"—a member "ob de colod troops"—a sweet scented far smelling citizen;—in short a nigger, in the employ of Mr. DAVID KAKSKADDEN of Lock Haven, entered the sleeping room of Mr. C.'s hired girl—a very respectable white girl, and attempted to commit a rape. The screams of the girl attracted Mr. C. to the room, when the black scamp ran and took refuge behind a heater in the cellar. His enraged employer, followed him with a revolver, blazing away but with no effect. From the cellar the nigger got out into the street, when Mr. Carkskadden taking deliberate aim, fired, hitting the darkey in a place that makes it very painful for him to sit down. These are the facts just as we have learned them, and publish them, in order that our radical friends may see, the urgent necessity for a "congressional plaster" to be applied to that darkey's rump—that they may know that Ku Kluxism is rampant, not only in the rebellious South, but here, in the "loil" North—that "reconstruction" is needed—that protection to the poor, oppressed, disappointed, shot at darkey is demanded, and that there is work for CONGRESS, GRANT, and the whole Radical party to do to see that "the coming man" is protected in his right, to outrage white males, and do as he pleases generally. Alas, for the radical tears that will be shed in vain over the blood of that Lock Haven nigger!

Plan of Operation.

The plan of operations in the South this summer, as we see it laid down by Gen. RAWLINS, Secretary of war, is to send troops into the South, to proclaim martial law in spots, here, there and everywhere; to demand the arrest of white men in all cases of murder by negroes, and if these are not forthcoming, to arrest a certain number of influential citizens as hostages, to be shot, if no white man volunteers as murderer. What a glorious time this will be for the carpet baggers, who may then arrest, rob, shoot down, or burn up all their decent opponents, by authority and encouragement of the "noble" government of the United States.

This is worse than the secondness of McNEIL in Missouri, or of FAYNE or BURBANKER, in Kentucky, for in their time actual war existed.

A "plan of operations" for a time of profound peace is a new kick in military science and practice. But the people know what is meant by it. Reconstruction is dead as a nail, and a spirit of revenge fills the hearts of the devils incarnate at Washington, and for failing to humiliate themselves, the people of the South are to be persecuted, outraged, trampled.

The curses of outraged freedom on a government so unscrupulous, tyrannical, infamous, and hell born!

The other day the dead soldiers who sleep in the cemetery here and in the cemeteries after the land had their graves strewn with flowers. A fitting tribute to their bravery and worth, but one which these same dead soldiers, if they could arise out of their graves and speak, would willingly and joyfully forego, could the same pains and means that are taken to decorate their graves be taken to make comfortable and happy the lives and homes of the wandering and maimed companions of their struggles upon the battle field.

—Some of the Southern journals, which aspire to the notoriety of disliking Pollard, the Southern historian, are endeavoring to "write down" that individual. One of them terms Pollard "of all dead-beats, the deadiest." Now we do not think this is proper. Pollard is an eccentric and perhaps a cynical, and wordy man, but he is hardly a "dead-beat." The application of such terms, promiscuously and at random by the press is disrespectful. An unhappy and it may be unpopular old man is to say as much as this case will warrant.

Pennsylvania.

Lawberries are retelling at ten cents a quart in Harrisburg.

Sheriff Murtin of Lancaster, died in the city Saturday last.

Illerson township, Huntingdon county, has three spring colts.

The construction of the Insane Asylum, at Park Hill is progressing slowly.

The Pennsylvania State Dental Society met at Harrisburg on Tuesday last.

Bundling is troubled with hotel thieves. They must have some of Butlers relations down there!

The Sunday Mercury has got its "back up" at Market Fox and is going for him in a heavy manner.

A German emigrant was robbed of 4,000 francs, on his way between Huntingdon and Altoona, on Friday week.

A hiker by name Lehar, was drowned at Marietta on Sunday last while out boat riding. Another loss for radicalism!

Dr. Paul H. Kipp, of Carlisle, tried last week for poisoning Miss Blincoe, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Juniata county is going to erect a monument in honor of her deceased soldiers—better feed and care for her crippled live ones.

The jewelry store of O. A. Aughenbaugh, Harrisburg was robbed of over \$5,000 worth of jewelry and watches on the night of the 4th last.

The annual Convention of the teachers of Pennsylvania, is announced to be held at Pittsburgh commencing on the 12th of August next.

An editor of a nigger news paper over in Huntingdon is trying to buy subscribers for his paper, by offering tickets in a five cent gift enterprise.

A A. Purman, Esq. of Waynesburg, has been nominated by the Democracy of Greene county, to represent that District in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

A young German was instantly killed on the Penna. R. R. at Blair's Gap, a short distance below Lewisport a few days since, by the Day Express east.

Mr. David Stewart, a prominent and well known iron master, died at his residence, at Colerain Forge, Huntingdon county, on the 19th ult, aged 77 years.

The new United Brethren Church, Johnstown was dedicated on the 10th ult. It cost \$15,190, and is said to be one of the finest churches of that denomination in the State.

It is now stated that Gen Hancock will accept the Democratic nomination for governor of this State is tendered to him. He'd make a strong man if nominated.

Those who go to the woods for game should bear in mind that the New Game Law forbids the killing of any squirrels from the first of January to the first of August.

Mr. Samuel Hoffman, of Paper's Run Huntingdon county, has in his possession a black mare about seven years old, that was found in the woods lately on a tree.

The Warwick Oil Company on the Byad farm in Venango county, on the 27th of May struck an oil well, yielding over one hundred and fifty barrels a day—a great strike that!

A young man named, Wm. Metzbaugh was drowned in the Susquehanna at Bancroft on Thursday last, while attempting to recover a skiff which had drifted from its mooring.

Township assessors are required by law to make the new assessment under the restrictive law return the blanks to the County assessors office on or before the first day of July.

Gen. Grant has accepted an invitation to meet a number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia at a public dinner on the 12th of June, a few days before his departure for Russia.

The Scot Guards claim that Geary has two thirds of the delegates to the Radical State Convention instructed for him. That's just the proportion of his party vote that he'll get if nominated.

By an edict of Lancaster's council, itinerant vagabonds vending soap, waxes, medicine, tooth washes, and all sorts of stuff to kill or cure, are not allowed to operate in the streets or the squares.

Fred. H. Braggine, Esq. formerly connected with the Commonwealth Record, and for years past editor of the Greenville Argus, is announced as a Republican candidate for Assembly in Mercer county.

Levi Dubois of Abbottstown, York county has an orange tree with over two hundred oranges upon it, some of which measure 15 inches in circumference, and a lemon tree containing 128 lemons, some measuring 1 1/2 inches.

The Radicals of Allegheny county are fighting like cats and dogs over the county offices, on account of the local divisions there. Radicalism will not be able to pull more than about half its usual majority in the "banner" county this fall.

The U. S. Creek and Shenango Valley Railroad will be in operation this summer. The iron for the track is now all on the ground and a considerable amount of the rolling stock is ready for use. Of this stock, the Erie car works supplies fifty coal cars.

The Democracy of Bedford county have nominated the following ticket. Prothonotary, John P. Reed; Sheriff, William Kesper, Treasurer, Hugo Moore; Commissioner, George Elder; Poor Director, Adam K. Penry; Auditor, Owen McEir; Coroner, J. B. Butts.

It is reported that Geo. W. Cass Esq. has resigned his position as president of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago rail road. What will radicalism do for something to show about now, if he should happen to secure the Democratic nomination for governor?

The Pennsylvania State Medical Society will hold its annual meeting at Erie on the 9th of June. The County Association of Erie has arranged a programme for the entertainment and pleasure of visitors, which cannot fail to render the occasion highly enjoyable.

A lady in Crawford county recently killed a rooster two years old and found a gold dollar in the fourth crop. The coin had been lost 12 years before. We wouldn't advise our readers to kill all their chickens in expectation of finding gold dollars in their crops.

Mrs. Mary Ann Eston, of Harrisburg, cut her throat with a razor, while laboring under a temporary derangement of mind on Saturday last. If some of the public thieves about Harrisburg would become derailed and do likewise, it would be a great blessing to the State.

The Titusville Herald says, a portion of the track of the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railway, between Elytown and Tryonville, went down in a bed of quicksand on Sunday last. Three freight cars standing on the track also sank, one of them going out of sight. A large gang of laborers was immediately put to work and trains were delayed but a few hours.