

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

Terms, \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, June 11, 1869.

Whither are we Drifting?

It is profitable always to look back over our history and to mark the progress or retrogression made, and to carefully observe whither we are drifting. If the thinking men of this day, who are at all familiar with the earlier history of the formation of our Federal constitution and the institution of popular freedom in this country, will look back over the misty and cobwebbed pages of the past, they cannot fail to see that we, as a people, have moved off from the landmarks of our fathers and that we are virtually in an open sea as to the future, and by no means as to the past, and by no means as to the future, and by no means as to the past, and by no means as to the future...

The powers granted to a Federal Government in ambiguous terms, in the Constitution, have encouraged the enemies of the people to set up claim of power for the Federal government, which have overlapped and overridden all the reserved rights of the people, and to violate express prohibitions.

This is the cause of all our troubles, for had there been no excuse or grounds upon which to get up a defense for the thousand usurpations, it is idle to believe that any party would have dared to put its foot upon the cherished precedents of the past, which with a vast proportion of the people, had come to be regarded as fixed principles of constitutional law.

It was the ambiguity of portions of the constitution, susceptible of erroneous interpretations, which gave excuse to a revolutionary party to throw down the old barriers and to set up a new order of administration.

No wonder with such a state of affairs—license following license, and the successes of innovation and final usurpation, that the whole instrument should come to be regarded as an exploded or worthless congregation of verbs and punctuation points, valuable only as a relief of a time when verdant virtue and the youth with the historic hatchet ruled a happy but rather more verdant people!

And so it has gone on. The constitution which had withstood the shocks of a portion of a revolutionary war, then the trials and tests of the war of 1812, then of frequent insurrections and interior wars, and with the famous three years war with Mexico, was found to be entirely inadequate of the fundamental law of a people in the last war at home and among ourselves!

Once trampled, forever crushed and irreparable, it exists more out of respect for its past worthless innocence, apparently, than from any real or valuable efficacy which it may possess.

With such a state of affairs—without a chart—without a compass—our ship at sea, wandering with any chance breeze which may spring up—no haven that may be reached in safety, is it not time that the very security of the people—the hopes of mankind for the future—should urge some speedy mode by which something like substantial organic law should be enacted?

piecing pieces, and making up a conglomerate work of confusion and opposites, why do not the people move for a Supreme Sovereign Convention to reform and re-institute a constitution for the people—something in which all the people will have a voice in its construction—not the patched patch of a party, which has a new amendment to offer for each new rascality conceived.

If the sacred and beloved Constitution of our fathers is important to fulfill the functions of a fundamental law, let the people so decide. Its revision by the people can but add to the marvellous power of its reinstitution.

Surely the country cannot endure without a fundamental law which shall have its strength in the hearts and veneration of the people. A law which is not respected is a law insulted, and therefore worthless, and as follows, mischievous. The old Constitution was good enough for us; but it seems that its goodness is just what vitiates it in the estimation of people who are now the worshippers of party, not of principle, law, or precedent! But good or bad, we must have a Constitution respected, if liberty, or any moiety of it, is to be saved from utter annihilation in this country. It would be dangerous to any people to be left to the will of party even with virtue as the cornerstone of party; but with such villainy as now rules the dominant party in this unhappy land, a Constitution of some bold and explicit character must be made the law, and the sooner the better. The history of the world is proof that a constitution, no matter how good and perfect, once trampled and set aside, is a constitution never after to be fully and completely respected.

The extreme character of the villainy which has become the supreme rule of the Federal Government, cannot be more clearly set forth than in the fact that it has made practically worthless the organic law of the land—that it has made obsolete the fundamental law—that it has poisoned the magna charta of the people—that it was set up a power greater than the Constitution.

Whither are we drifting? God only knows. But without a firm resolve to go back to first principles—to re-establish a law for all the people—to renew our State and National obligations—to assume ourselves and our rulers that law as enacted and established in force and must be respected anew—it is safe to say that we cannot long enjoy even the hollow form of Democratic government still left. It will disappear and the republic go down in the irreparable grave of IMPERIALISM to which we are hurrying slowly with drunken footstep and bawdy song.

National Scandals.

When we told the Republican party that they were not competent, either by nature or education, to become governors, administrators, legislators, judges, or rulers of the American people, there were many of them who thought that we said so because of our Democratic prejudices against them as opponents. But we have been spared to witness the trial and the failure, and to point to the proof in thousands of cases—may in every case, for who will dare to say that there is a single Republican in office to-day, from the Federal cabinet down to the most thoroughly God-forsaken and ignorant cross-roads postmaster, who is competent to fill the position occupied by him? Not one of a single one in the grand army of office holders can be found, name him—point him out!

Commencing with the White House—that ancient barn of brains—who now fill its halls and occupy positions to which they are neither by nature, blood, brains, or education qualified? Grant is President—what is he? A mere country plodder—a man utterly without principle—a gambler, a horse-fancier—once a cleaner of cow skins, then a pawnbroker; formerly a lieutenant in the army, dismissed for incurable drunkenness—an unknown circumstance of a seven years' war, floated up to the surface, buoyed up by his patron Washburn, a stool pigeon for the New York gold robber interest—STEWART'S protegee—the weak creature of a day—rewarded for rewards extended—a man having a vast amount of ambition, as dangerous to the future of this country as would be the executive service of LOUIS NAPOLEON, barring his ability. What can we say of him, this Republican President of the United States, that is his due, and yet write the truth? Five members of a Republican cabinet, over their own signatures proclaimed ULYSSES S. GRANT, then Secretary of war Ad Interim, to be a falsifier and liar! And the fact that he was proved to be a liar and was so branded by leading officers of the government, was his recommendation to the Jacobins, and they made him President because he was a liar! Then there is that poor old consequential ass DENT, from Galena—another member

of the White House family. General DENT is the but of the country—a mate for old daddy GRANT—the whimpering old baby, who made himself ridiculous in his old age, writing about his precious soft youth as a "hoss-boy." But why remain longer here? Look at the whole country.

In the cabinet, who do we find as the ministers of government. The position once so ably filled by both JEREMY BENTHAM and Wm. L. MARCY is now occupied by an individual dubbed RAWLINS—Gen. RAWLINS—late the lackey-boy of ULYSSES in the field—a general without ever having had a command—the clerk of GRANT who wrote orders, furnished cigars and held the reins of his master's horse for several years. Then there is that antiquated old imbecile FISH—the boss of the "piscatorial establishment," once honorably filled by the great Statesmen and diplomats of the new world—secretary of State. This man is one of the resuscitated mummies of the past, who never before aspired to be leader of more than a faction in a county convention in New York. But worst of all—the most wicked of all—the most scandalous—was the appointment of a man notoriously and scandalously incompetent into the office of secretary of the navy. GRANT made BORIE secretary of the navy because BORIE had made GRANT a valuable present, and he was wicked enough to take the position to the great scandal of the country, and to gratify his unaccountable vanity, he has also humiliated himself and his friends and party. He is secretary and yet he is not secretary. But in either case Admiral PORTER is. All orders are now issued by PORTER, "for the secretary of the Navy," for the poor uncompoop doesn't know a jibboom from a sea serpent.

It is so throughout the whole government. Competency is no question. What did he give? that is the important thing—what will he give? If men, thoroughly and scandalously incompetent, could not be found to order, then the next "best hold" of the new President seems to be, "what great crime did he commit," what did he steal, "how many and whom did he cheat and swindle," "is he a dead beat, gambler loafer or thief," "how little character does he possess?" If any or all these questions are answered to the satisfaction of the President, there is certainty of favor and appointment at once. Look at the new foreign ministers—were ever such a set of rascals liberated from the prisons for office before? Look at the new collectors and assessors—swindlers, confidence-men, loafers, drunkards, blackguards—any body, who could be found utterly characterless—are generally the appointees. So it is all down to the lowest.

This is a "national" scandal, and the greatest misfortune which could befall us as a people. When the new ministers abroad get to their places, we shall not be astonished to hear of protests of slights to the flag, of thefts, of more smugglings, and of all manner of disgraces and misfortunes.

With such a thing as WASHINGTON at the French Court, with Blount at the Brazil Court, and with the national blackguards and loafers scattered over the world, we may expect to be rid of nuisances at home but will we really be improved in the final result?

It is a mentionable and remarkable fact, that our new foreign ministers left, with but very few exceptions, their native land immediately on receiving their commissions to avoid arrests for thefts, robberies, or debts.

Many of them go abroad, bearing with them the "blessings," of swindled and sold friends, of cheated landlords, and of hopeless washerwomen.

The next fourth of July comes on Sunday. It is an unfortunate day, now that Jacobinism has waned. It is well enough for it that on the decline of liberty and the overthrow of the institutions, to secure which, it was made a memorial day it seeks rest in its insulted old age in the Sabbath.

When Canada is gobbled up by this country, it would be well to change its name to Freedman's Asylum. Third of July the persecuted from the wild license and oppressions of our Black Republican rulers in times olden.

Old Zach Chandler—the drunkard of Michigan in the U. S. Senate—is going to Europe. What a reputation abroad this country is preparing to establish. But we are content, since there is hope that the ship may sink.

A finance speech in congress is an evanescent bubble concerning tissue paper promises, based on a very precarious faith.

If you want to know what radicalism is doing and what time it makes, on its race-course to the A—, send us two dollars and get the WATCHMAN for a year.

Late Publications.

Deep Down; A Tale of the Cornish Mines. By R. M. Bullantyne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869. The surface of the earth and of the water having been pretty well occupied by the host of novelists, who swarm in these latter days as frogs once did in Egypt, it is an agreeable variety to come across a story the chief interest which is subterranean.

The story, as a story, is pleasing enough in its way; but the descriptions of the strange scenes in those vast artificial caverns which man's industry has wrought, extending even under the very sea itself, of the perils encountered by the miners, the constant hand-to-hand fight with the forces of Nature that here assail them in strange and terrible forms, of the singular habits and characteristics of these burrowers of the earth,—are in a high degree instructive and entertaining. It is like reading a story of travel in unknown lands, where all is new and strange.

We grow familiar with things in daily use, that we rarely pause to consider— even if we know—the labor and the knowledge that have been necessary before they could be brought and fashioned to our hands, or the hazards that have been encountered and sufferings endured to contribute to our daily comforts. But after reading about the wonders of patient skill displayed, and the frightful risks daily encountered, as mere things of course, by these rough brave Cornish miners, the plain homely metal tin, acquires in our eyes an interest, not attaching to those more precious productions of the earth, whose acquisition may rather be called a caprice of fortune than a triumph of man's courage and skill.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK; by Charles Dickens. Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street, N. Y.

It may be remembered that Mr. Dickens commenced in 1840 the publication of a serial work under the above title. Master Humphrey was the principal character—an old gentleman of a prating turn of mind, who acted as a sort of chairman of an antiquated club, whose meetings were held under the shadow of his tall clock, out of the case of which came manuscript rolls of stories. Mr. Pickwick reappears, and so do Sam Weller and his father, and even a third Weller in the person of Sam's small son Tony, who is a miniature likeness of his grandfather, and very early, under the tuition of that patriarch, displays an interest in puns and quarts. It seemed to be the author's intention to incorporate in this framework various short stories, but after a while, getting warmed with the tale of the "Old Curiosity Shop," the voices of Master Humphrey and his friends died away, revived only occasionally to remind of the original plan, and thus explain the title. The "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" were both included thus in "Master Humphrey's Clock," but are entirely independent of it. The fiction of Master Humphrey was then dropped, and the portions printed have never until now been published in collections of Mr. Dickens' Works. Here they are to be found, and will be read with interest as if forming a new novel by the great author.

The second portion of the book consists of the various Christmas Stories, which the author has written since the publication of the older and better known Christmas Stories.

There is presented what to many will be the most valuable portion of the book—an exhaustive Index of all the characters named in Dickens' Works, with a few characterizing epithets, and the name of the story in which they appear, with a list of all the pages in which their words and actions may be found. This really great Index strikes one at once with astonishment at the multitude of people whom Mr. Dickens has created. No wonder they need a Directory of their residences. Who can keep in his head the number of all is a curious list of Familiar Sayings from Dickens' Works, which illustrates well the indebtedness of the world to this master of felicitous phrases.

This volume gives to Hurd and Houghton's four editions a completeness which no other editions in America or England possess; and the purchaser may take his choice, according to his taste and his pocket, between the cheap, compact, readable "Globe," the illustrated, elegant "Riverside," the voluminous, graceful "Household," and the superb "Large Paper," with its illustrations, pictures, its wide margin, and its limited edition of one hundred copies only to subscribers.

Items for the Ladies.

Black Crime-line over Black is still much worn.

Belted mantillas of Thibet cloth are the most stylish wraps for cool days. Still in use wear Thibet cloth shawls widely faced with silk. Later in the season grenadine shawls with faced hems will be worn.

A very pretty village spotted suit may be made of white linen spotted with pink. It should be a simple gown of short dress and be trimmed with a ruffe-headed and a puff. A sash should be added or a puffed poplin. The other wash is called Japanese linen. It is too airy and stiff to be made with two skirts and basque. A single skirt and Don Parasol casaque, with pleated ruffles bound with black or white blue silk, will make it stylish and serviceable.

Lady readers may thank us for a pattern for a garter made of black silk elastic cord, blue fleecy wool, blue silk ribbon, four-fifths of an inch wide. It is doubtless very pretty, but how the mischief are we to know that it is fashionable? It would be wrong to inquire, much worse to attempt to ascertain in any other method, and yet so carefully and wonderfully we are made, and that the milliner knoweth right well. We are told, however, that the garter in question is composed of four pieces of flat black silk elastic, folded in half their width, and darned closely with fleecy wool. Draw the wool alternately once above and once underneath two elastic cords. The garter is then sewn together, the seam is hidden under a rowette of blue silk ribbon. Instead of darned the elastic they can be joined on to one another by button-hole loops of fleecy wool.

The foundation for a screen is merely a framework of wood covered with thin canvas stretched, which can be done by any carpenter. A useful size for a small room is three leaves of four feet eight inches by two feet, three inches; for a large room of good height, six feet by three feet will be found in suitable proportion.

tion. The canvases should first be covered with newspapers, using thin flour paste, and taking care not to leave any bubbles or to use too large sheets of papers. The design should be arranged and planned on to the canvases about a quarter of a yard at a time, to try the effect before pasting it on, always beginning with a small strip of sky at the top, and using small figures, increasing gradually in size to the bottom of the screen, and introducing buildings and scenery according to the taste of the worker, and so as to form a continuous picture.

A silk mosaic window screen is made in a sort of mosaic of different colored pieces of silk, the edges of which are button-hole attached with white silk twist and overseamed together. It is stretched in a reel frame consisting of five strong reeds. At the points where the reeds cross cut them out at one side, and, in joining, lay the cut sides together and wind them with coarse green silk. The silk mosaic is sewed into the frame with the same silk.

Virtuous Indignation.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men, who, during the late civil war, were as blood thirsty as wolves, and treacherous as leopards. Who does not remember their acts of tyranny and oppression? Who fails to remember the midnight visits of the hell-born and devil inspired wretches, dubbed loyalists, to the houses of those who refused to recognize in them anything more than hypocrisy and fraud; the dragging from their beds of honest men, and their incarceration in dungeons and bastiles? We remember it well. We remember their boldness with the timid, and their pitiful cowardice, when they chanced to meet with a man who had the courage to face them; to board them in their rage. We remember the insolence of the secondarily held, who, bolstered by the madness of the hour, ran a-muck, against the peace of society. We remember those, who under the cloak of loyalty, vented their spite against the innocent and helpless, and though we hope that we forgive, we cannot forget their villainy and brutality. These things are all forgotten by a false and hypocritical press, now delighting itself in belching out its indignation against those who believe that crime should be punished. The details of the flogging and other punishments inflicted by our neighbors, are dealt out with great gusto, as though no such things had ever been done by the superior and highly moral people of the North. Whilst these smoothed faced hypocrites cry out against what they are pleased to term the barbarity of Delaware law, they take every occasion to show a more than barbarian spite and hatred against a people, a thousand times their superiors in honesty and bravery. They impose upon the people of the South the most oppressive and unjust laws ever known to man. No matter how unjust the grounds upon which they took up the sword, the fact of having submitted to such necessity, should enlist in their behalf the sympathy of all generous and good men. But that would be contrary to the very nature of Radicalism. It is simply devilish in character, and whilst glittering its vengeance takes care to fill its purse. Let us have no more of the pillory and whipping-post cut from men whose instincts are both cowardly and bloody. If the people of Delaware choose to punish thieves with the lash, we say with all our heart, let her do it, for in the eternal fitness of things, that is more in accordance with the moral law, than would be the elevation of such creatures to places of dignity and profit. We have no sympathy with that manly humanity who have framed laws to steal away in taxes the substance of the poor, and then whine or whine over the just infliction of punishment for crime.—Columba Herald.

The Radical press, great and small, is wonderfully excited over the existence of the pillory and whipping-post, in our little sister State, Delaware. That Radical generally should object to the severe punishment of thieves, and plunderers, is but natural, but it is not slightly intemperate to make so much display of their sympathies? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," said somebody, and thus expression of Radical feeling verifies the apothegm. The assumption of the role of humanity, is, we humbly submit, out of place in men