Bellefonte Democratic Watchman.

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Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Ink-Slings.

——"The home of the oppressed"—the Southern States under the rule of radicalism.

——QUEEN VICTORIA is to take a trip to Greece. That, of course will be a greasy-an trip.

——Ex-Senator MORRILL is talked of as a temperance candidate for Governor of Maine. Does this make him a *moral* candidate?

——Bishop UPFOLD, of Indiana, is so old that he can't stand on his own legs. When he tries to do so, there is generally a downfold.

——The young lady who refused to ride the velocipede gave as a reason: "She'd be darned if she'd get astride of anything that wouldn't stand alone!"

——The Washington city riots are a fitting commentary on the present administration. Where is the peace which GRANT promised the country?

——Gov. JEWELL, of Connecticut, received the members of the Legislature one evening last week. We suppose they thought him a "jewel" of a man.

——The wife of JOHN F. COYLE, one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington, is dead. The poor lady has at last "shuffled off her mortal Coyle."

——The *Patriot* wants to know who'll grind for GEARY now, since the *State Guards* demise? Likely he can find some one on State street, to do that little matter for him.

——The firm which has aided the Republican party to success most of all others, is Sholderbitter & Bockstupher without their aid, the jacobin party is a failure.

——A boy named GEORGE DOLF, in Chicago, tied a pony's halter to his foot, and came near losing his life for his thoughtlessness—which would have been a doleful story.

——PEABODY, the London banker, has arrived in this country once more. We have often wondered whether it wasn't the body of this pea that rendered it so valuable.

——PATRICK and JAMES CHEEVER have been arrrested for killing JOHN GOOD, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. In this case, the murderers, although they killed good, made a bad thing of it.

——An exchange suggests that there are some screws loose in the Government printing office. If reports be correct, we guess there are some loose screws in the treasury department, also.

——*Dr. Wood is night editor of the* New York *Sun*. In this case the natural order of things is reversed, for instead of the Sun illuminating the Wood the Wood illuminates the Sun, and this at night, too.

——MISS EMILY HARRIS is to read the Declaration of Independence at Boston, on the 4th of July. Good for Emily! We wonder if the dear creature is too independent to receive a declaration herself.

——It is said the lawyers of Scranton wear swallow tailed coats, to distinguish them from the rest of mankind. Here, no such badge is necessary—we can tell all suspicious characters by the "cut of their jobs."

——An exchange says, GRANT intends throwing himself upon the Democratic party. If he does, the party will be in about the same fix that a farm wagon is when it has too much dung aboard—it'll break down.

——"CHARLES SHAY was swindled by JOHN WILSON, of No. 184 West street, out of $30, by the bogus jewelry game," says a New York paper. He must have been a sort of a "one horse Shay."

——"Brick" Pomeroy's paper, the *New York Democrat*, says: "The dressmakers of Schenectady are about to strike. Dresses are expected to go up in consequence." The dirty, nasty man!"

——There are signs of life around the New Market House once more.—*Altoona Vindicator*

If its anything like it was when we were there last, the maggots in the meat and the butter old enough to run alone, would no doubt give it a very lively appearance.

——Hon. JOHN JAY, American Minister to the court of Vienna, has had a suit of clothes made in London, with which the English papers are in ecstacy. We can't see any sense in making so much fuss over the fine feathers of this poor little jay.

——An English paper states that CHARLES DICKENS will be created a peer in case the bill establishing life peerages becomes a law. Of course, then, it may be considered as pretty certain that one of these peerages will go to the d—ickens!

A New Dodge.

Telegraphic dispatches have for the past two weeks announced in all parts of the country that, a new issue is to be sprung by the Republican party of Pennsylvania in the campaign now before us. That issue is to be an enforcement of the Alabama claims, or, in other words, a *war with England*; with a view of forcing the Democratic party to follow in its wake, or be charged with British toryism, or sympathy with England. This is the dodge, and the wisest heads of the Jacobin party of the country have been gathered together in hatching out the programme. A meeting of some of these oversmart fellows was lately held in Philadelphia, including our townsman CURTIN, SUMNER, and others.

It is a weak attempt to get up a false issue, behind which they hope to hide, in deceiving the people into a quasi indorsement of the TRUE ISSUE—NEGRO EQUALITY!

But we say to them. You shall not dodge nor evade that issue. They may beat their drums, and cry aloud, attempting to distract public attention to any other question, while they are at their devilish work, but it will avail not—the issue in this campaign is the infamous action of the last Republican Legislature of Pennsylvania which dared to barter away the birthright and liberty of Pennsylvanians at the bidding of a corrupt and revolutionary power outside the Commonwealth.

The issue of the campaign is—*The Negro Suffrage and Negro Equality outrage of the last General Assembly, and no dodging or effort to introduce* any other issue will avail!

The settlement or non-settlement of the Alabama claims is as nothing to Pennsylvanians compared to the outrageous action of the late Legislative conspirators.

The Democracy of the old Keystone will insist on holding the profligates of Pennsylvania to their dark record, nor will they swerve from the duty of fastening that responsibility upon its daring authors till they are overthrown, *and the people are free from their touch* of insult and wrong.

To the devil with your Alabama claims! what is it to the great body of Pennsylvanians? It cannot be made an issue in this State or any where else.

Liberty from conspirators!

The overthrow of thieves!

The overwhelming defeat of those who have dared to give the consent of the people to Negro suffrage and Negro Equality!

The unpressurectable burial of the Traitors of Pennsylvania!

The political slaughter of the devilish *Mongrels*!

This is the cause of the people. This is the issue. This, alone, will enter into the merits of the campaign now upon us.

Beside which the Alabama claims and a war with England are as nothing.

Down with those who have dared to distrust the people!

Down with the rascals who have robbed and plundered the freemen of Pennsylvania!

Down with a Mongrelism of the races!

Down with Negro Suffrage and Negro Equality!

Down with the Aristocracy of Money!

Down with the Revolutionary, Jacobinical, IMPERIALIST PARTY!

Down with the party which seeks to overthrow the Republic, by degrading Suffrage and making it worthless!

Down with Bond holders and gold-robbers!

Up with the old Democratic Republic of Jefferson, and the old-fashioned Commonwealth of Pennsylvania!

Up with the Poor Man!

Up with the Honest Farmer!

Up with the Producing People, the Skilled Artisans, the Trades, the Industrial Interests!

To the Devil with all who oppose them and the Democracy of the Masses!

A Republic is good enough for Democratic-Republicans; a simple, plain and unostentatious form of Government is good enough for poor, honest, industrious white men, and by the Eternal God, we intend to have no other!

Build up your Aristocratic Temples—we'll pull them down!

Build up your Empire and set upon his throne your Emperor—we'll tear the one down and hang the other!

Build up a government of Many Oppressions—we'll dissolve it, and cast it to the winds!

Build up your graven image—your paper-money God—we'll tear him down and rear above his ruins, the Everlasting God of the Universe.

There is one great issue in Pennsylvania, and that issue embraces all others. It is the issue of the people *against* those who have conspired against their liberties and rights, and no other issue can be magnified to hide that great issue from view.

Poor Old Tennessee.

The South! the South! the South!
Poor, poor old Tennessee,
Where the white man's a serf,
And the negro is free,
Where a thing if its black,
With a vote in its hand,
Can crush the Caucasian,
And rule o'er the land.

It is there where one may find examples of the devilishness of Radicalism, Negro Supremacy, and Mongrelism in their most revolting forms. We observe that the campaign in Tennessee opened out last Saturday, between the *champions of Loyalty* split in two. The infamous STOKES—cruel, vindictive, tyrannical cowardly, jacobinical STOKES, backed with his horde of unlettered and untutored African pagans, presented his platform; and SENTER, a more moderate rascal, followed with his. STOKES is for nothing charitable or christian, and seems to desire a perpetual reign of blood and turmoil in the State which tolerates him. He is opposed to granting the franchise to the disfranchised white men of Tennessee, except in rare cases. He longs to imitate Brownjowism when BROWNLOW was meanest and wickedest, and strives *even to out do that charlatan in his* palmiest day of barbarity. SENTER, STOKES opponent, is the present Governor of Tennessee, having been elected Lieut Governor under BROWNLOW; but he is much more moderate, he seems to believe that it would be no great wrong to mankind or himself to enfranchise his own race, and in his campaign he made the promise that, if elected he would urge upon the Legislature the enfranchisement of the white men of the State, in other words that he would favor the elevation of the white man to the present high standard of privileges enjoyed by the *negroes of Tennessee*. But this is more an expression brought about by the peculiar circumstances of the campaign *than an honest purpose to do* right and to aid in giving peace to that distracted negro oeracy. SENTER is pandering to the conservative element, which is unrepresented on the stump. With the Radicals now supporting him, he believes that the conservatives can elect him over STOKES, whose platform repels the conservatives. Hence, it is a race between a devilish charlatan and a demagogue. Strange as it may appear, BROWNLOW supports SENTER against STOKES—not from any *principle at stake*, but because he hates STOKES more than he loves SENTER.

SENTER, as we have said, is the acting Governor of Tennessee and by a law of the Legislature, passed to give BROWNLOW the opportunity of keeping himself in office permanently, SENTER *may elect himself over* STOKES; for he has the power to throw out all precincts or counties which dare to vote against him. This *is fortunate for the* SENTER party, and a very unhealthy state of affairs for STOKES. So it matters little how the nigger Radicals vote, SENTER is already elected, if he desires to be.

In view of this fact, and the further one that STOKES is a fair representative of a Mongrel revolutionist, it is not unlikely that after the election is over an appeal may be made, *a la Mexicaine*, *to bullets and bludgeons*, and a lively revolution be the consequence. But again SENTER will have the advantage as *Governor*.

Viewing the case thus, we can but hope that our fears will be fully realized and that the Negroes and Radicals fairly divided, well armed, and arrayed and encouraged, will go for each other in the finest South American style, and that the close of the campaign will leave the corpses of the whole devilish crew for the buzzards and jackals!

Missouri---A Radical Leader.

If there is one State more than another, crushed, oppressed and outraged, by the rule of unannointed villians, that State is Missouri. It has been the camping ground of the thieves and cut-throats of the Mongrel party, ever since the days of "bleeding Kansas." And in place of getting better as time wore on, it has been growing worse and worse, under the reign of *radicalism, until, in outlawry, crime* and villiany, hell "cannot hold a candle to it." For officials, it has the *most brazzen set of devils, that ever* run unhung—outlaws, cut-throats, convicts, footpads, pirates, thieves, and any and every kind of villians, that the good LORD ever allowed to live, to curse the earth and disgrace humanity. From TOM FLETCHER, down to his pettiest appointee, the whole host of officials are of the same ilk—covered with crimes,—daubed over with deviltry and pregnant with all manner of offences against God and man. Tennessee under the rule of man—planting BROWNLOW is rough enough, but Missouri under TOM FLETCHER is worse.

In order that our readers may have an opportunity of judging who rules and holds sway in that radical be deviled state, we publish the following confession of one of the band Jo. LITTLE, whom justice in the shape of a halter, overtook a few days ago at Little Rock, Arkansas. It must be remembered that MONKS to whom he refers, is one Major WILLIAM MONKS, one of FLETCHER'S militia Major's, who is now acting as peace preserver in Howell and Shannon counties, Missouri, and who, during the winter of 1867-8, was a leading radical member of the Legislature of that State. Some six months since he was at the head of a *band of brigands* under Gov. CLAYTON of Arkansas and still retained his head quarters in Missouri. It was during this time, that LITTLE went with him, as stated. Here is the confession:

I came from Missouri with Upham and Monks. We belonged to a band of horse thieves that had connections all over the country. I am still a member of it. Upham is the captain and Monks was the treasurer. When we started from Missouri, they said that we would come down into Arkansas, and that under the pretense of hunting out Ku-klux we could kill a few men and get all the horses and money we wanted. We have been engaged in this ever since we came here. I have acted under Upham's orders in everything. When I killed Davis I was acting under his private orders. These orders were the best sort, for we were never punished for anything done under them. I was sure I would be protected in it. When I was arrested I was offered my choice of a trial either civil or military. Upham told me, and so did others that it would only be a form anyway, and that I would be acquitted, so I felt easy and choose the military, as I could not believe they would go back on me this way. You see they have, though. They told me all along, since I have been in here that it was all a blind and that I would be released pretty soon. They were afraid to tell me that I was going to be hung, for fear that I would tell what I knew. I am murdered because I know to much. I see it all—fool, blind fool that I am. Boys, all of you, these are my dying words. They are true, so help me God."

Another Victory for Radicalism.

It is not always the biggest victories that cause the greatest rejoicing, or the most startling events, that are most largely heralded. Modesty often prevents an organization from chronicling successes, and it is the "native modesty" of radicalism that keeps it from crowing, often when circumstances would give occasion for it.—It is only a certain kind of victories that it crows much over—they are victories of "policy," victories of the principles of radicalism—a successful carrying out of the teachings of that party,—but little are said about. Its papers have a peculiar prospensity for remaining silent, when the great work of that oganization is being prosecuted with the most vigor, and is being crowned with truly, wonderful triumphs. Below we give, just as we get it, from the South east corner of one of our exchanges, the fact of a most overwhelming and substantial victory of the principles—the teachings—of that party. It takes but few lines to chronicle the facts, but they carry with them a world of thought and meaning. Here it is.

In Franklin county, Va., on Sunday, Mrs. Stump, a widow, was outraged, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, by a negro named John Price.

——The Alabama Democracy are going into the present campaign there in good spirits and with high hopes. We trust that victory may perch upon their banners, and the whole people be at last enabled to say, "Here we rest!"

——Gen. CANBY, has appointed one of his officers sheriff of the city of Richmond. "Let us have peace!"

Our Coal Fields---"Strike" for Liberty.

Notwithstanding the beauties supposed to be at the bottom of the "protective tariffs" for Workingmen, so shamefully are they robbed, that the scales are falling from their eyes in the Pennsylvania coal fields, and great strikes are the consequence. The deluded masses now begin to see that protective tariffs have built up great monopolies and impoverished the laborer. The operatives now are beginning to see that they are little more than slaves, owned by wealthy lords of the coal fields and iron beds—mere chattels, who labor incessantly to keep life in their bodies, while the *monopolists are possessing* themselves of the whole country, its money, houses and lands. We thank God that the people—the toilers—are awaking from the fatal sleep they have fallen into. "Srikes," however, are no remedy for the evils. Vote right—vote every time and always against these monopolists and their demands—that is the road to liberty. Vote right and unanimously and the chains on your limbs, ye toilers, will drop off of their own rotten weight, and your bodies will be *free*. Vote this year for a Democrat for Governor—vote for Democrats for office—vote for Liberty—and you may yet be free. Don't strike, but VOTE RIGHT. One correctly polled vote will go down into the festering corruption and cause an eruption. One good vote will break your shackles. One good vote will fill your houses with cheap comforts. One good vote will drive your enemies to the wall—but that vote must be unanimous and determined.

One great *strike now* for Liberty.

One great *strike* now to break the shackles on your limbs.

One great *strike* now for your homes and free firesides—free lands and free food—free clothing, and freedom of person.

One great *strike* now for freedom and happiness—for plenty and peace.

One great *strike* now in the right direction—armed only with a tyrant—terrifying ballot, and you will be free ever more.

Yes, Workingmen *strike*—but *strike* in the right direction. *Strike* for your families, your happiness, your future, your liberty, and your country!

Strike!—strike!—strike to be free from monopolists, aristocrats, and tyrants!

And let the "strike" be altogether—one and all—now or never.

"Moral Feelings."

Mrs Nancy B Nadan has been found guilty of murder in the first degree at Dedham, Mass. Exceptions have been taken, but if these are overruled, what is the State of Massachusetts to do with this woman? Hang her? Certainly not. The *moral feeling of the Commonwealth would not bear it.—New York Tribune.*

"Moral feeling" of Massachusetts is good! It's a kind of moon-struck moral feeling, acting at different times in entirely different ways. But a few years ago, this same "moral feeling" gloated over the outraging of Southern women, by Northern beasts,—the ravishing of young girls, throughout the Confederacy by fiends in blue coats, and the murder of helpless babes, in "honor of the flag." When poor, innocent Mrs. SURRATT was hung in Washington, for a crime she knew *nothing about, this same* "moral feeling" turned up its eyes to Heaven and prayed that more "rebels in peticoats" *might share the same fate; now the* moon that controls the "moral feeling" of Massachusetts has changed, and it "*will not bear*" the *hanging of a cold* blooded, murderess, because she can sing through her nose, eat clam chowder and "punkin pies," and believes that Plymouth rock, is the "rock of ages," and that ALMIGHTY GOD is a full blooded African. "Moral feeling," O, ye Gods! Play your jewsharps O, ye self sanctified!

——In high aristocratic circles the palate is refining. Shoddy must have the daintiest of delicacies to reduce and refine his gross nature. The following we would suggest: Boned fleas, fried gnats, musketo soup, humming birds fricassed, grasshopper livers a la mode, cock's-combs toasted, stewed frog's flips, crow's toes in flea sauce, pine shavings fried in tar, horse-hair gum-drops, acorn pudding, etc., to such extent is the desire to imitate French style.

Pennsylvania.

—Altoona is troubled with incendiaries, and radical thieves.

—Huntingdon county is again complaining of horse thieves.

—Oil is going up again, the price along the creek being from $5 to $5.60.

—Berks county has three men who return an aggregate income of $164,171.

—A Lewistown fisherman caught a five-and-a-half pound catfish the other morning.

—Robert L. Brown of Kittanning, has been appointed U. S. Assessor for that district.

—The Democrats of Cambria county will hold their nominating convention on the 28th inst.

—The lawyers of Scranton wear swallow-tailed coats to distinguish them from the rest of mankind.

—The zinc works, near Birmingham, are being remodeled and repaired, and will be put in blast soon.

—The radicals are beginning to dig up that old "rebel yell" preparatory to the approaching campaign.

—Mr. Andrew Furry, of South Woodbury township, Bedford county, hung himself in his cellar, a few days since.

—The Reading *Eagle* has hoisted the name of GEN. HANCOCK as its choice for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

—The editor of the *Montour American* has been removed from the assistant assessorship of his division in the 12th district.

—Geo. J. Bolton, of the "Bolton House," Harrisburg, will take charge of the Columbia House, at Cape May on the 24th of June.

—A mare belonging to Mr. J. C. Smith of Bloomsburg, died a few days ago, aged thirty-five years. She had raised sixteen colts.

—The papers in several of the towns on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, speak in glowing terms of the present grass crop.

—A man named Edward Frazier, from Allendale, Butler county, was fleeced out of $500 by a confidence man in Pittsburgh, the other day.

—The Lancaster *Examiner*, the organ of the Radicals of Lancaster county, is out hot and heavy against the renomination of Gov. Geary.

—The Altoona *Vindicator* says the Good Will Fire Company of that place is a "nursery of crime and immorality and a curse to young men."

—The Clinton *Republican* is terribly troubled about the shot rump, of the nigger who attempted to outrage a white girl in that place last week.

—D D. Dewitt is the senatorial delegate to the Democratic State Convention from the district composed of Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming.

—John Brookbanke, Jr. of Ebbensburg, was killed, by falling off the cars on the New York & Erie road while asleep, on Thursday night of last week.

—Another of the supposed Clearfield Bank robbers was arrested on the 4th inst., in St. Louis, and lodged in the Clearfield jail on Monday of last week.

—John T. Richards, late member of the House, is announced as a candidate for Senatorial honors, in the Bedford district. He'd make a "hefty" Senator.

—Some $2,500 of the money stolen by the Clearfield bank robbers, has been found scattered along the road, when the two first were taken in Bedford county.

—A little girl, aged ten, named Maggie Girard, was drowned at Williamsport, whilst attempting to get some wood off the logs in a mill-pond, on Saturday last.

—A negro at Harrisburg gave the following toast "De gobernor ob de state—de illustrious Geary—He comes in wid berry little opposition—he go out wid none at all."

—Thomas Osterhout and C. M. Gere have been agreed upon as representative delegates to the Democratic State Convention from Susquehanna and Wyoming counties.

—The newly organized society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Philadelphia, commenced operations yesterday by arresting the city car drivers for overloading their cars.

—A dog with symptoms of hydrophobia, was shot the other day in Lewistown. Bellefonte had a mad dog the other day too, but is was one our devil kicked out of the office for sticking his nose into the "pi" box.

—A German paper published at Doylestown, in a late issue, contained a poem of sixty-four lines, singing the praises of sourkrout, and preferring it, if properly prepared, to boiled sweet corn and sweet corn pudding.

—A man named Samuel Morrow, about 55 years of age residing 8 miles from West Newton, Westmoreland county, in a moment of passion or insanity, beat out his wife's brains with a club, last Monday, and then escaped.

—On Thursday last an alderman in Pittsburg tied a double-knot, and a queer knot it was. A mother and daughter were married to two brothers, and with an utter disregard of good taste, the younger brother took the old woman.

—The Ministers of Williamsport have resolved not to attend funerals on Sunday. We suppose it's because it threatens to leave them without a calling as most of their hearers prefer going to funerals, to being bored by their sermons.

—New postoffices have been established at Morell, Huntingdon county, Clarkstown, Lycoming county; Weishample and Cake, Schuylkill county, and Bristonia, Halbrook and Big Tree, Green county, during the past week.—These are but small troughs for the little pigs in the radical pen to drink from.

—The Cambria county Rads, through their county committee, have declared for Geary for Governor. Another evidence that radicalism is insane. They have no more hopes of electing GEARY than Pluto has of making a Paradise of perdition, or a Bellefonter has of living without being fleeced by exhorbitant taxation.

—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—*Save Time and Money*

If you have anything to sell,
If you have lost anything,
If you have found anything,
If you have a house to rent,
If you want to rent a house,
If you want boarding,
If you want anything,

Tell Ten Thousand People at once, by advertising in the WATCHMAN.

—John W. McCarty, President of the Irish Republican Association of Western Pennsylvania, has issued an address, calling upon all Irishmen in the State, who favor universal suffrage, the protection of American industry, and the liberation of Ireland, to meet in each Congressional District, and elect one delegate and alternative, to attend the Irish Republican Convention in Chicago, on the Fourth of July. And he'll get about as many true Irishmen to join him, as he would to disgrace themselves and their oppressed countrymen, by joining England's oppressors.