

In order to give us time to attend to our out-door business, and to assist in through the arduous duties of the coming campaign, we have secured the services of Mr. Joe W. Furry, whose name this day appears, in connection with our own, at the head of our editorial columns. By this management we shall be able to attend to the building of our new office, and at the same time keep up the usual variety and attractiveness of the WATCHMAN.

P. G. MEKE.

Ink-Slings.

"Never sport with poverty." If you do, you poke fun at a good many editors.

GRANT is said to be disappointed with his nigger office-holders. Nobody else is.

"Chicago rents umbrellas." A fellow rented ours once and never paid the rent; either, darn him.

"Beecher has five cats." And the whole five don't caterwaul as much as Beecher does.

"Silent deeds are better than unprofitable words." Yes—we'll sooner take a man's money than his promise any day.

ROBERT J. WALKER has a swelling in the knee." That accounts for the way he has limped about in politics lately.

Vice-President COLFAX has been to see Miss LINA LEWIS, at Newport. Lina should be careful about the company she keeps.

A son of President GRANT rescued his cousin from drowning the other day. Some good can come out of Nazareth after all.

Three niggers have been elected to Congress by the Virginia radicals. Radicalism couldn't have any more nigger representatives.

The Sunbury Democrat says that "beauty is the flower of virtue." If that be the case, what a lot of loose women there must be in Sunbury!

JOHN COVODE, chairman of the Radical State committee, spells God with a little "g" and two "d's." Hence his title, "glory to gold Covode."

ANANDA CRAIG will get \$10,000 in lieu of Mr. SPRAGUE. The \$100,000 award has been compromised in this way. Fortunate CRAIG! Happy SPRAGUE!

Did our radical friends hear anything from Virginia recently? We don't hear them say anything. We guess in that State for their things did not go so well.

The Quil Nunc is the greatest neat little daily, just started in Lock Haven, by the Kinsloe brothers. It is central in politics and edited with spirit. Success to it.

There is a great deal said in England just now about the Irish church question. Wouldn't it be more to the point to say something about the Irish bread question?

In a late conversation with a correspondent of the New York Herald, ANDY JOHNSON excoriated GRANT unmercifully. Either GRANT or JOHNSON ought to be ashamed of himself.

The Huntington Monitor editor thinks we are next thing to a black-guard. We only remember of being in that position once, and that was when we sat beside him at an editorial convention.

The city of Omaha, the eastern terminus of the Pacific railroad, is now a democratic city having elected a Democratic mayor and a majority of Democratic councilmen. Good for Democratic Omaha!

The fellow who said that "paper makers were the greatest ungodlians of the age, because they transformed the beggar's rags into sheets for editors to be on," libeled the fraternity. He ought to have his head hooped.

NAPOLEON is said to be willing to abandon arbitrary power and share the burden of government with the country and the Legislature. He is willing, probably, because he is forced to be. The French elections were significant.

With PACKER as our candidate, we shall pack the ballot-boxes so full of honest Democratic votes that GRAY will certainly realize, the morning after the election, that he is really as JOHN COVODE says, "the dumbeggedest governor" in existence.

Judge DENT, a brother-in-law of Gen. GRANT, is the conservative candidate for Governor of Mississippi. If he can make as big a dent in carpetbagging as WALKER did in Virginia, it will be so much toward the regeneration of that commonwealth. We don't like his connection, however.

Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 14.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1869.

NO. 28.

Parallel Government, and a Parallel Fate.

There is, unfortunately, a strong resemblance in the principles of government which have always existed in Spain and those which have lately been established in this country. The bayonet has always been the argument in Spain and for eight years has been the power in this country, and one cannot fail to observe the striking parallel in the spirit which actuates the government in each, and to reflect upon the fate which belongs to both.

Spain ruled always with the bayonet, and by the bayonet has her old bayonet-ruling government been overthrown, and at the same time we find the whole Western world, once her subservient provinces, now in arms against the parent country. The revolution in Cuba is spreading over the whole Southern world—Central and South America and Spanish Oceania are rising against her with alarming unanimity. All of these petty mongrel powers are anxious for a tilt with the parent country; and to secure war if possible, they have availed themselves of the opportunity of recognizing Cuban belligerency.

In our own country, the same "principles" of government have had, and must continue to have, a like effect.

If the bayonet is an argument, it may be used often and by all nations.

If blood is a panacea for the ills of nations in one case, it will be used in other cases.

And Spain has sown the seed of her own dissolution. It has sprung up and overthrown a mighty dynasty—a Bourbon throne.

It has disintegrated the provinces, and destroyed the power of a nation which once swept the seas and the continents.

It has set perpetual volcanoes in motion, which no earthly power can arrest—the mongrelization of the races.

It has made the sword the arbiter, and by the sword Spain is dying, and with her, all the governments and peoples which have spread a pitiful blood upon the earth.

Amalgamation is death to peace and civilization. It has poisoned the earth, and leaves misery only to mankind.

The path which Spain has trodden the government of the United States is now traveling. It is a winding path, leading through grave mounds and sad, weeping mementoes, to the vault where dead nations lie in State, awaiting only the recording pen of the historian.

The parallel is too startling not to be observed by thinking men.

Bayonet rule and mongrel citizenship! They go hand in hand in the downward path. They are the proof of our decay and the departure of our civilization and national glory.

In the name of God! let the people think and act in time, ere it be too late and we leave to our posterity the legacy of incurable moral and physical leprosy.

When President GRANT was in New York city lately he visited Niblo's theatre, where a lot of half-naked women were dancing the can-can, and refused to go to church on Sunday. Ulysses likes bare legs better than pulpits, and in this respect he is not unlike his predecessor, the "late lamented." LYDIA THOMPSON, the actress, we believe made a speech to him, in which she appealed to his patriotism in behalf of

Cuba, fair Isle of the far sunny South, Sweet land of romance and renown.

but GRANT was so occupied in watching the fair LYDIA's beautifully turned ankle that he forgot to make a response. This impoliteness on the part of the President his party organs have attributed to his diplomacy, but we must confess to an inability to "see" any statesmanship in the matter. LYDIA may have had a very handsome little foot, but then that is no reason why she should be stared out of countenance by the President of the United States or "any other man."

We acknowledge an invitation to be present at the inaugural ball of the Stockton Hotel, at Cape May, New Jersey, on the 8th instant. Other engagements, however, prevented our attendance.

Treason to the Republic.

A dispatch to the Louisville Daily Times from New York is to this effect: That a secret society exists in New York, Boston and Washington, with branch societies in all the leading cities of the Union, having in view the promotion of an Imperial Government and the overthrow of the present form. Its members are sworn to promote what is termed "Free Empire." It is proposed to establish an aristocracy of wealth and also of merit, with the executive power at first in the hands of a consul, with one man at the head, who shall hold the position for life, and whose office for a time shall be known as "Consul of the Free Empire of the United States."

This term of consul is to be abandoned as soon as public opinion will admit the quiet reception of the title of Emperor. The Emperor's oldest male or female child is to succeed the father; this being a concession to the female suffragists, as in France the female offspring is barred the succession on account of sex, and it is permitted only under British laws where no legitimate male prince of the line can be found. It is also stated that the sovereign is to be selected, and it is believed to be a member of the American Bonaparte family or Gen. GRANT. The story is given with much plausibility, and the facts are apparently true as to the existence of such society.

Certain it is, that some very prominent men in this country quietly favor a change of government. The present President of the United States, so far as the people know from anything said by him to the contrary, may be a full-blooded imperialist. We do know that General SHERMAN, who is commander-in-chief of the armies of the Union, is more than an imperialist—he is an avowed monarchist, in favor of the adoption of a son of European royalty, as King. It has been charged, and never denied, that BORTWELL furnished the money to publish an "Imperialist" newspaper, of which he is believed to be the actual editor. Other circumstances and facts go to prove that there is not a genuine Republican-Democrat in the cabinet—that the sympathizers of the whole Government are actually anti-republican. First approves a recognition of even belligerency for the Cubans, although they have not only abolished slavery and established a republic, but have whipped the Spaniards, having about 70,000 men in the field, to 32,000 Spaniards. But the government opposes the recognition of any more "republics." The radicals in power, who are undoubted monarchists and imperialists, give the prestige of this government against the patriot Cubans in their attempt to set up a republic over an old form of government under Bourbon rule.

It is plain that there is a strong anti-republican government in the Republic of the United States, and that high treason is rife at Washington.

Pennsylvanians, we ask you to ponder these facts. Republicans, we appeal to you in the name of universal liberty and the hopes of unborn millions, to look whether ye are being led blindly.

Democrats, by the sacred deal who gave you liberty in the new world, we conjure you to be vigilant and sleepless. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Let us swear anew the oaths of our patriotic fathers—our glorious rebel fore-fathers—to be true and steadfast to the institutions left us by WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HENRY, CLAY and WEBSTER.

The republic of Pennsylvania forever, and death to traitors to Pennsylvania.

The 29th Judicial District.

The law passed last winter by the Legislature, at the instance of PERK HARRIS, legislating Judge GRANT, of the 29th judicial district, out of his seat, and merging the district into the 4th, has been declared by a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court, to be unconstitutional, and the law has consequently been set aside. Judge GRANT, therefore, will continue to exercise his judicial functions as President-Judge of that district to the great chagrin of the HERRICK faction, which has been most ingloriously defeated. Thus has a most unrighteous transaction been remedied, and truth and justice vindicated.

FOR THE WATCHMAN. UNDER THE MAPLES.

BY JOE W. FURRY.

You ask me why I sing no more
The songs that you and I have sung—
Why, little, on the piling floor,
My harp, neglected, lies unstrung?

Al, Jon, those songs are sadder now
Than all things which on this sad earth,
And my poor heart would break, I trow,
Did I recall those hours of mirth.

'Tis but a few short years, and yet
It seems to me an age of woe
Since but he said "I'll not forget,"
And, "darling—oh, I love you so."

You knew him, Jon—a noble man—
Ah, yes, I see your eyes are wet.
They say "forget him, if you can"—
But, Jon, I never can forget.

Just over yonder where the hill
Is shaded by those maple trees,
He lies so white and cold and still—
Shut down the window, Jennie, please!

For oft I seem to hear his voice
Come to me on the whispering leaves,
And though it smacks my heart and roars,
It still the more I'll love to hear.

And, Jon, I sometimes think that God
Takes him before me, home to rest,
To teach me with His chastening rod
Because I loved the creature best.

But yet, I know it won't be long
Till I shall join him up above,
And sing the everlasting song,
Endorsed in the arms of love.

And this is why I sing no more
The songs, dear Jon, we've often sung,
And why, upon the piling floor,
My harp, neglected, lies unstrung.

HALLOWEEN, July 17, 1869.

Busted Again!

That cabinet has gone to pieces again. Governmental furniture made by the Galien cow-skin cleaner won't hold together, no matter how well smeared at the joints by "the cohesive power of public plunder."

The sour skin vat and tanbark map is now "dry distal," and all the fools who lately paraded in the "leather-petted brigades" are busted.

BORTWELL found out that he was what we told him at the time, a natural old fool, and the only lingering evidence of reason he has shown since he went in to office, was to write out his resignation.

And the public is resigned, too, to a much greater extent.

BORTWELL is going to leave, also. And HOAR, that masculine prostitute from Puritan Massachusetts, he, thank the stars, has learned that he is an incompetent. In profound disgust of national affairs, like a snail, he draws in his little bogged head, and hides himself away in that obscurity from which he lately ventured.

HOAR! BORTWELL! ye gods! what classic nomenclature for a proud nationality! But they are going, going, gone!

And then, there is that disaster, BORTWELL, who made himself famous throughout the world as a first-class jackass and rascal—a jackass to suppose that by reducing the volume of currency, he could lower the price of gold—and a rascal, because he was the poor, voluntary tool of the money thieves.

The third "cabinet" is shivered to pieces, and such a cabinet as it was—King Kammehamnehaw's great-great-grandfather would have died in disgust with such counselors about him.

There are now only about a regiment of fools left at the White House, and old chamber-pot-cleaner DENT is their colonel commanding. No wonder the cow-skin-soaker is in ill-health. Fat else could happen.

Now, if Ulysses would throw that piscatorial old ass FISH into the Potomac, and then himself die in disgust, there might be a hope of ultimate relief. Of all the "Administrations" that ever were got together the last one is the most laughable. Inebecility was at a high premium. Fools were sought. Jackasses ruled the market.

No. 4. Who are to be the central figures in cabinet No. 4? Clean out your stables and back-yards! Drive the odds and ends into Washington?

Four cabinets in four months! Timber is wanted. Close your insane asylums; open your penitentiaries—the government must be run if it takes every fool in the country to Washington!—every thief—every black-guard—every rascal!

Busted monthly. Who are the figures in No. 4? Trot out your crazy old asses and first-class fools!

Help circulate the WATCHMAN—ii will be helping to redeem Pennsylvania from the ruinous rule of radicalism.

At the Springs.

All the thieves who have plundered and impoverished the masses are now at the various watering places enjoying themselves in abundance, while you, laboring white man, are toiling, day by day, in the scorching heat, to earn sufficient depreciated currency to buy food for your poor family. They are enjoying themselves luxuriously, with all the comforts and conveniences that art and nature combined can give. They are not troubled as to your fate. They likely do not give it a thought, for they think you are fools and will be happy to learn that they are comfortable even though their comforts are bought with money robbed from you.

Yes, they are all now at the springs, or equally, as comfortably situated, away from the heat, and steam, and perspiratory influences of the heated term. Laying back in their great arm chairs in the shade of cool foliage, dozing and smoking, drinking red wines, and chatting lazily and hopefully of the new Empire which they have in view, and how it will be peacefully accomplished—how, in fact, it is going to be carried ultimately by your assent!

Tail on, "poor white trash." Gather in your yellow-grained wheat, then steadily, but over-heated reaper; speculate upon the number of bushels to the acre, and multiply by the number of your acres; ascertain the aggregate, and the probable price which it will command; then deduct your crop interest for bond-holders to pay their summer expenses at the springs, the cost of your hire, the expenses of the crop, and the balance is yours!

Glorious country this! Oh! who would not sooner be a good, honest, hard working Black Republican voter, than to be a rich man at the springs!

Four in your liquid metal, ye star-wart iron-ores! Let the furnace glow all the fiercer that the sun's rays are piercing. A pittance is yours for the day's work, but from that pittance you must pay a tribute into the bond-holder's pocket, in the enhanced price of your food, raiment and shelter. Tariffs are collected from you, but what care you; isn't this a great Black Republican country, and why may not the bond-holder and land-rover summer at the springs, if he has the means, no matter whether he got it from you or not!

"Hurrah for the Union!" "Rally round the flag, boys!" That's the way to do it! Heap in the anthracite and pour out the lava from the red-nar's womb—at a dollar or two a day!

In the meantime, the bond-holder jolls about the cool places—he is happy, and you and the niggers can continue to work for him.

Virginia Election.

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, the Virginia election came off according to appointment, and resulted in the complete defeat of carpet-bagging. The radicals were routed horse, foot and dragons, the conservatives carrying the State by about 50,000 majority. The only trophies of the contest which the radicals have to show are the election of three negroes to Congress, an achievement of which we do not envy them; but of which they are, no doubt, quite proud.

This lucky result in the old Dominion gives the State into the hands of the Democrats and conservatives, and insures the sudden exodus of the carpet-bag element from that commonwealth. It also insures the election of two conservative United States Senators, and the enfranchisement of a host of heretofore disfranchised white citizens. The Legislature is overwhelmingly conservative, their being a majority on joint ballot of about sixty-one.

This is truly a magnificent victory over Radicalism, and is indicative of what will be the result all over the South when bayonets are withdrawn from the breasts of the people. All they want is a chance at the ballot-box, and they will reassert the dignity of the citizen, and trample under foot the detestable principles of modern despotism. The result of this election is a stern rebuke to the men who have been endeavoring to destroy the inherent rights of the people. We hail it as the auspicious morn of a brighter day.

Pennsylvania.

The Mayor of Harrisburg is fighting the gamblers.

A farmer in Sinking Valley, Blair county, caught a snake trying to milk one of his cows.

There is great enthusiasm all over the State for Tacker. The signs of the times are propitious.

The furnaces in the Lehigh valley annually consume 600,000 tons of iron ore and 240,000 tons of limestone.

A grain of coffee lodging in the windpipe of a child of Mr. Bartley, of Altoona, strangled the child to death.

Harrisburg is troubled with a war-like cow which haunts the river bank. Whereat, the boys are greatly afflicted.

Mr. Cooper has relieved the Valley Spirit, and is succeeded by two competent gentlemen. Good luck to them.

An eagle measuring six feet and six inches from tip to tip of his wings was recently shot in the vicinity of Easton.

The Athletic base ball club of Philadelphia beat the Atlantic of Brooklyn on the 12th instant. The score stood 31 to 25.

Some heartless scoundrels in Altoona got a young boy intoxicated by giving him lager beer. He is now a helpless maniac.

Whaley & Orth last week issued the first number of the Clinton Democrat, since its re-organization under their jurisdiction. It looked well.

Wilson Henry, a mail agent on the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, while in a fit of indignity, shot himself through the heart.

Mrs. David Mitchell, near Newville, Indiana county, gave birth, on the 11th last, to two boys and one girl. Mother and children are doing well.

We are glad to learn that Hon. Jeremiah S. Black is recovering rapidly from his late accident in Kentucky. He is now at his home in York, Pa.

Andrew Hopkins, Esq., has purchased a half interest in the Williamsport Daily and Weekly Standard, and will hereafter be connected with that paper.

Septia, a daughter of Mr. C. Miller of Huntington township, aged 16 years, died suddenly on the 20th last, from the effects of eating cherries together with the seeds.

The Lynn, of the Carbon Democrat, has become connected with Walter H. Hibbs in the publication and editorship of the Lancaster Union. They intend to start a daily.

A bear weighing 400 pounds was recently brought to grief by several ounces of lead, applied while the bear was making a brief sojourn in Gregg township, Union county.

A lad named Kyle, on a last day recently spent in swimming near Huntington, while in a fatigued and peevish condition, caught chills and fever, and died in a week after.

Martin Bilymer and N. Ulman, two wealthy citizens of Williamsport, have each been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for violating the revenue laws in relation to distilling.

A miserly old man in Philadelphia, named Thomas Cronley, was nearly killed by death by three burglars on Monday night last. The only booty the robbers found, however, was a gold watch.

A son of John Corbin, of Juniata township, Huntingdon county, slipped from a fence upon the handle of a corn hoe, which passed into his abdomen, causing a painful and perhaps fatal wound.

A lad 12 or 14 years of age, named Benjamin Young, residing in Altoona, was recently held in the sum of \$2,000 to answer the charge of arson in attempting to burn one of the churches in that city.

A girl named Margaret Jane Flower, of Richland township, Cambria county, while in a field where three "wren" song-sparrows, was kicked by one of them in the back of the neck, and almost instantly killed.

A young man named Jacob Shaffer died suddenly about one o'clock Monday afternoon near the water works at Harrisburg. He ate a hearty dinner, and proceeded to the direction of the water house, where he was taken with a fit and instantly expired.

Mr. M. Dehm, of Reading, has a white robin which was caught in Berks county. It is perfectly white, with red eyes, and is a beautiful bird. It was taken from a nest containing several other young robins, all of which, with the old bird, were of the usual color.

The stock of the new proposed bridge across the Delaware, between Philadelphia and Camden, is said, has been taken to the amount of \$250,000, ten per cent of which has been paid in. The projectors are sanguine of the commencement of the work at an early day.

Mark M. Pomeroy, familiarly known as "Blick," editor of the New York Democrat, was stopping at the Bolton House in Harrisburg, during the session of the Democratic State Convention. Pomeroy is an able editor, and his Democrat should be in every Democrat's hands.

An Erie paper says Mr. Apfelbaum, the noted Pittsburgh toner, was in town yesterday and was made the recipient of a glass beer mug, appropriately inscribed, and big enough for the whole Liedertafel society of Erie to drink from, without refilling. It is to be used on gala occasions.

On the 11th inst., a little daughter of Mr. Robinson, of Dunncanville, Bedford Co., came to her untimely death from the effects of poison, which had been mixed with butter, and spread on bread for the purpose of killing rats. Two of the little girls found the bread and ate it—one died and the other is lying in a critical condition.

The Pittsburg Post of Tuesday, with just says: "Yesterday three women of the town, Sadie Williams, Ella Bennett and Sadie McKinley amused themselves by getting drunk, and setting in a poisonous manner in the Twelfth ward. A policeman in endeavoring to arrest them was put to flight by a volley of stones. He obtained assistance, however, and the jolly trio are fastening their 'mark' in the watch house."

Albert Wyeth, of Chambersburg, was among the Cuban patriots shot to death on the 21st ultimo, at Santiago de Cuba, by the Spanish authorities. He was a telegraph operator. The following letter was written by him, during his last hours, to a friend in New York:

Santiago de Cuba, June 21, 1869.—Dear Genl. Good-bye. I will be shot at seven o'clock this morn. It is now about three a. m. I was wakened about twelve o'clock last night. I have just been baptised in the Catholic church chapel here, and will pass the few hours of life that yet remain to me here with the good priests. Tell George Dyer, and Nermal, and all my other friends of my fate. All who came on the vessel have been shot. There are three others who were with me on the vessel who die with me. There is no hope whatever, and he assured you will never see me on earth. My love to Nermal and George. Please send my trunk and contents to my mother, Mrs. E. J. Wyeth, Chambersburg, Pa. Good-bye. He prepared to meet me in Heaven, whither I trust I am going. Your friend till the last. A.