

Ink-Slings.

GRANT is peregrinating over the country at the people's expense. A royal family, truly.

The Tennessee election is a mighty lick at Radicalism. The Democracy said "let's lick 'er," and they did.

The Radicals have at last come to the solemn conclusion that GRAY can't be elected. Brethren, let us pray.

The Radical press of Virginia, since the election, call the colored population "niggers." Go 'way, black man!

The Democracy of Montana are "bound on the goose." And they've elected CAVANAUGH—a regular Democratic gauger.

BOTWELL failed to control the Tennessee election. BOTWELL can't control anything—not even his temper or the next presidency.

It is said that Queen VICTORIA is "not so well as could be expected." We hope she is not again—my, how warm it is since the eclipse!

For the information of those whom it may concern, we would just state that, in order to go into the country, one is obliged to go out of town.

The Democratic majority in Kentucky is only 49,525. Out of 86 members of the House of Representatives the Radicals only had five. (Good! Hully!)

Radical papers are bragging over the reduction of the public debt. The Radicals have done more to reduce the public credit than they ever did to reduce the public debt.

Hon Geo. H. PENDELTON has been nominated for Governor of Ohio, in place of Gen. ROSECRANS, resigned. Mr. PENDELTON has the hearts of the people, and will carry the State by a tremendous majority.

The Radical candidate for sheriff, immediately after his nomination, sent up to Sheriff KLINE for the keys of the jail. Don't be in too much of a hurry, JEREMIAH. We rather guess Mr. WOODRUFF will butt you off the track before you get your fingers on those keys. D'e mind, now?

FOR THE WATCHMAN TWO LOVERS.

One lover has lands and gold - And ships on every sea, The treasures of earth are his to hold - And he offers them all to me. He says his ships shall bring - Jewels to deck my hair - And birds of sweetest note to sing - Around me in the air. He'll build a palace for me - Of the marble's purest white - With stars of gold, and my eyes shall see - Things to entrance my sight. Another lover of mine - Is king in the realms of art - And genius, God-like and divine, - Dwells in his sunlit heart. He comes to me with a face - Glowing with high desire - A mixture of manly and boyish grace - And his fine grey eye of fire. So bright in his radiance - So eager and rash, but true, While the honied drops of eloquence - Hang on his lips like dew. He tells me of sunny lands - Wrapped up in a cloudless sky, - Where the sea waves break on golden sands - And the zephyrs go to die - Of an island far away - Over a glossy sea, - Where happy lovers go to stay - Through time's eternity. Of a place for lover's sours, - Some where in the bright, soft west, - Far down those plains where sunset rolls - Into a river of rest. Of other wondrous things - All new and strange delights - Reached by imagination's wings - And fancy's soaring flights. If I will go with him - And reign a queen in those lands, - He says our eyes shall never grow dim - With looking on earthly things. And how can I withhold - The love he has stolen away - I have given my hand to the man of gold - But my heart with him shall stay. - MONROE, July 27, 1869.

Gen. ROSECRANS has declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio. He does this for reasons of a private nature, and not because of any lack of sympathy with the principles of the Democratic party. The General was on the Pacific coast when he was nominated, and consequently knew nothing of it. He telegraphed to Judge THURMAN as follows: "After the war I resigned a very desirable position in the army, and left my State to secure at least the possibility of fulfilling the duties deemed sacred to my creditors and family. These duties forbid me the honor of leading the Democracy of Ohio in the pending canvass for Governor. The declination of Gen. ROSECRANS renders the assembling of another State Convention in Ohio necessary. It would have been well for the leaders of the party in that State to have ascertained whether Gen. ROSECRANS would accept before they put him in nomination.

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The Triumph in Tennessee.

The election in Tennessee, says the Lancaster Intelligencer, furnishes most substantial cause for rejoicing. The Radicals had established there a system of disfranchisement which was so sweeping and so rigid in its provisions that there seemed to be little hope of breaking their power by State action. A large majority of the whites, comprising nearly all the intelligence and wealth of the State, were kept from the polls, while the voting was chiefly done by ignorant negroes marshaled under the leadership of scallywags and carpet-baggers. Galling as such a state of things was, the only hope of the white property holders seemed to be that the Supreme Court of the United States would decide the infamous disfranchisement acts to be unconstitutional. So strong was the folk which the Radicals had managed to secure that there seemed to be little prospect of breaking it in any other way for years to come.

Less than half the people of the State were voters. Those who were enfranchised numbered about 95,000, while not less than 110,000 white men were disfranchised. Of the enfranchised citizens 60,000 were white men and 35,000 negroes. Of the 60,000 whites about 35,000 were Conservative Union men. The Radical whites and negroes numbered 60,000, and they had a reliable majority of not less than 25,000. Such was the estimate made by the best informed of the Conservative Union men when we were in East Tennessee last April. They were not hopeful of so speedy a deliverance from the hateful thralldom to which they had been subjected. The bitter quarrel between the contending Radical factions opened up a chance, of which the Conservative Union men gladly availed themselves. They all voted for Senter, who is pledged to the repeal of the disfranchisement acts, and repeatedly has made sure by the defection of a majority of Democrats and Conservatives to the State Legislature.

The political status of Tennessee will be still better when the disfranchisement law is wiped out. To the 35,000 white Conservatives will be added 110,000 disfranchised whites. If all the negroes should continue to vote with the white Radicals the status of parties in the State would be as follows: White Conservatives, Democrats, 115,000; White and Black Radicals, 60,000; Democratic majority, 55,000. But the negroes will not all vote with the Radicals hereafter. Thousands of them voted for Senter, and a very large proportion of them will vote with their employers in future. Overwhelming as was the defeat of Radicalism in Virginia it is still more complete in Tennessee. The home of the old Democratic hero, Andrew Jackson, has been redeemed, and the reign of the carpet baggers and scallywags is forever at an end in that gallant State.

As it is in Tennessee and Virginia, so it will be everywhere throughout the South. The negroes will only help to swell the Democratic majorities. Thus have all the schemes of the Radicals for controlling that section been suddenly thwarted and broken up forever. The fabric which Congress spent so much time in rearing, has crumbled to pieces, and every Southern State can be relied upon for a Democratic majority at the next Presidential election. The election of ASA PACKER in Pennsylvania, and Gen. ROSECRANS in Ohio are the next great conservative victories to be recorded. That we will chronicle them in due time we have no doubt.

The Great Eastern, says the Post, through a blunder as a passenger steamer, is the very thing needed for laying ocean telegraph cables. After completing the laying of the French cable, she immediately returned to Liverpool, where she is now being put in order for another enterprise. As soon as refitted she will take on board the cable to be laid from Aden to Bombay. The Red sea section will be put down by other vessels. "It is reported that the whole line will be laid by May 1, 1870. When opened, communication with Calcutta and Singapore will be as prompt as with London or Paris. At this rate, soon the whole world will be brought within that wonderful inter-communication that annihilates times and distance.

History of a One-Legged Soldier.

AS TOLD BY A HAND ORGAN.

Tink-a-link-link! "Say, Paddy, does and did you hear. The news that's going round."

Much obliged for the pennies—it's a day, and pennies are scarce. Have a history? Of course I have. A hand organ that has been carried about from place to place since '66 has seen and felt enough to fill a volume. If you ain't ashamed to sit down here on this curbstone beside a poor one-legged soldier that does nothing but turn my crank all day, sometimes singing when he sees some look at me and smile. I'll tell you our history, for I've come to be a part of the soldier, and he often tells me that he should come near starvation if it weren't for the times I play. The sun is hot and don't you see how it has blistered the varnish around my corners, and burned the face and hands of the old veteran? But beggars can't be choosers, and Ned sometimes tells me that the organ business is but a higher step of beggary.

The first thing I remember was being in a big room in New York, piled atop of other organs until I almost touched the floor above. I guess there must have been a thousand of us in that room. It was only once in a long time that the door of the room was ever opened; once in a while a surly-looking Italian would come in and try some of my companions, and perhaps buy one; but I often heard my builder complain of dull times, and wish he had us all his hands. I very well remember when the war broke out, men who came in would talk about it, and once I heard a "copperhead" tell my owner, who was a truly loyal man, that he needn't worry about the loss of stock, that the hand-organ business would be mighty brisk after the war—I heard my owner threaten him with arrest, and boast that his party were going to reward the soldiers for their patriotism.

Trump, trump, trump! The boys are marching.

That was a splendid time once, but after the boys got to tramping around with hand-organs on their backs it didn't draw at all. One morning after I had heard that peace was declared, my owner came in, and he looked so jolly, rubbed his hands so often, that we wondered what good news had come to him. He commenced taking us down, one after another, until he had a hundred sitting on the floor, and then he gave directions to have us boxed up and sent West. When I saw daylight again, Ned had been standing waiting to hear me play. He looked pale and wan, and I wondered if losing a leg made people look that way in ten years afterward. After he had given me a long trial, and tried in vain to lower my price he finally signed over his pension papers and took me away on his back. He sat down by the roadside to rest after a while and he told me something of his history. He was one of the first to enlist, he believed in the Union, right through. Men shook his hand, four ladies smiled on him, and he was promoted to many offices, when he should return, that he used to often think while lying in the hospital blankets down on the Potomac, how he could decline a few of them and not hurt the feelings of his Republican friends.

Then hurrah for the soldier so true.

There ain't so much hurrahing now as there was once, but perhaps the sight of cripples and hand-organs don't breed enthusiasm. When Ned came home wounded every body praised his devotion to the flag, and you ought to have seen the resolutions of thank which the next Republican caucus passed. Ned was poor, and when he got about again, his dollars were mighty scarce. It ain't much he could with one leg, and so he naturally thought of the promised office. They were making up the list of nominations, and, ambitious as they were, just enough men who had been really prominent at home to keep the "copperheads" from revolting, to fill every nomination except one constable.

As the nominee on the other ticket was a man who had refused to reenlist just when the country wanted him most, and wouldn't sell his State bounty at seventy cents on the dollar, Ned's chances were thought to be certain. He had been fairly nominated, when his party declared for a gentleman who had been promised the office for throwing mud in the face of a little boy who was selling a copperhead's hat and so Ned was requested to withdraw for the sake of harmony in the party.

Tell the tailors all around you - That their cruel words we know. In a humble shop I often wonder why I don't hear the word any more. And every time Ned tried for office it seemed that he was in the way. He wasn't in the way quite so much down at the front, but holding a musket, has not got anything to do with holding an office. They used to put him off with an excuse, and promise better things; but at last they come to tell him there was no use in trying for office. Wait a minute.

And the Star Spangled Banner.

I was trying to catch the ear of that man who just got out of his carriage. Ned used to know him; he made army contracts, sold shoddy clothing, bought bonds, and now returns a big income. But he would not see me. Perhaps Ned's old blue over coat reminded him of something. And besides, there ain't so much enthusiasm about the flag as there was when volunteers had to go willingly, or rich men stand the draft. And the bonds are more secure than they were when Lee's troops were

picking corn up in Pennsylvania. Ain't it odd how the Radicals have fixed this bond matter? You wouldn't hardly believe that it costs Ned ten dollars a year for the privilege of grinding me, and the rich men have fifty thousand dollars in bonds without a cent of taxation. But then— "My country 'tis of thee - Sweet land of liberty."

And the loss of Ned's leg at Gettysburg was only a little thing compared to that man's assistance to the country in buying bonds at forty-five cents on the dollar, so that the national debt might be confined to our own people. We've seen some hard times lately. We used to make a good living in the start for the "copperhead" papers picked up the hand organ business and held it up as the result of Jacobin promises, and men seemed ashamed, and hardly one passed by without dropping a penny into the box. But it's an old thing now. Men go by without a halt; indeed the sweetest tunes I play seem to hurry them to bed, and you can see for yourself that Ned must wear old shoes.

Still with angels I'll go marching - With bright laurels on my brow.

Do you s'pose Ned will ever go up there among the angels? I sometimes think that one-legged soldiers will have no business in Heaven. At least having turned me so many times in the last three years, Ned will care nothing for music. But he's got to march around with me on his back, and his back, and his old hat there is all the laurels he's ever received for the loss of his leg.

You're getting tired. My! how the sun comes down. If Ned could only step in after a glass of soda once in a while, how cool and refreshing it would be. But five cents would often drain the box, and besides, people don't want one-legged soldiers hobnobbing around the gentry.

Was I at the Jubilee? No. Strange enough, hand-organs were not called for, and the men who went down to the front weren't wanted to sing of the peace they helped to conquer. It would have been a grand thing to have opened the programme with music from the ten thousand hand-organs being ground by ex-soldiers, but I am afraid the Jubilee would have been a failure. Must you go? Well—

Then conquer we must - For our cause it is just - And this for our motto to hand organ we trust.

—Detroit Free Press.

FOR THE WATCHMAN GO, IDLE FLATTERER, GO!

BY MISS SPILL MARCHETT.

Go, idle flatterer, go - And don't hold here again - My soul is weary of the flow - Of empty words and vain. I long to live some higher life - Than the poetry I know - With care and pain forever rif - Go, idle flatterer, go! Go breathe the fragrant, sweet air - Those empty words and vain - They hold no charms on earth, for me, I'd far prefer my pain - Yes, pain and poignant sorrow - Then listen to the flow - Of foolish words you breathe to break - Go, idle flatterer, go! Go from me now, for "all-time lends - Enchantment to the view" - And though I doubt that when thou'rt near - May I think that true - At least to this old trait of thine - To breathe in endless flow - The foolish words you do not mean - Go, idle flatterer, go! - LOUISVILLE, Ky., 1869.

Judge Packer's Letter

Nothing will better satisfy the people of Pennsylvania as to the ability of the Democratic candidate for Governor than his letter of acceptance. Judge PACKER makes no pretensions to oratory and very frankly says that his pursuits and training have not qualified him for speech making, but it is evident to any unbiased mind that he is not deficient in the art of composition. He has boiled down into a few short sentences the great principles which he announces for his guidance in case he is entrusted with Executive power. He shows that he has a just appreciation of the real wants of the State, and that he has his eyes wide open to the abuses which have crept into the State Administration. All good men will see in this enunciation of principles the comprehensive grasp of a statesman and the devotion of a noble Pennsylvanian to the interests of his adopted Commonwealth. A Conservative citizen of Pennsylvania, look at the ends for which this honest man says he will labor. He has crystallized his principles into gems of perfect beauty and utility. Here they are:

The preservation of the State credit.

And again:

The reduction of the expenses of the State government to their lowest practicable point, thereby lessening the burdens and taxation of the people.

And again:

The encouragement of a liberal system of improvements for intercourse and trade, in order that production may

be increased, labor more amply rewarded, and general prosperity secured.

And again: "The just execution of the laws (involving a cautious and sparing use of the power to pardon offenders) so that good faith shall be kept among the people, and crime be repressed.

And again: "The promotion of the education of our youth by a general system of organized schools, and by special institutions of learning, so that knowledge and virtue shall become more and more the solid foundations of our free political system.

And again: "The restoration of purity and character to our government by the putting down or preventing of special and corrupt legislation, and of all improper uses or management of the public funds.

And, lastly: "To these general objects, however, should be added a careful attention by government to the interests of labor. Having earned my bread by the labor of my hands during many, and I may add, the happiest years of my life, and owing whatever I possess (under the providence of God) to patient and honest toil, I can never be unmindful of the interests of those with whom my entire life has been associated.

Who can read this platform, on which ASA PACKER stands as a candidate, and not subscribe to it? One of the most trying evils which have fallen upon us is that of special legislation. To this GRAY is committed. He is in league with the corrupt Ring which originates and passes all the low "jobs" which disgrace our statute books. He cannot refuse to consummate their corrupt schemes for he has sold him self, body and soul, to these political wolves.

But JUDGE PACKER will not live in such an atmosphere. These lobbyists will not dare to taunt their air-breathes. Honest himself, he will insist upon honesty in others. Consequently, all those corrupt schemes, which have for their object the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many, will find in him an uncompromising foe. Like Governor Hoffman, of New York, he will set his face against special legislation, and give the Legislature an opportunity to pay attention to the interests of the whole people, instead of consuming the time and spending the money of the public for the benefit of individuals and private corporations. Good people of Pennsylvania, such a Governor it is that we need. Will you help to put him in the Executive chair? —E.

The Late Elections.

The result of last week's elections in the Southern States, indicates most unmistakably that the deliverance of the people from radical domination and oppression is at hand.

KENTUCKY.—The election in Kentucky resulted in a Democratic victory of about 50,000; the Radicals electing only a baker's dozen to the Legislature.

MISSISSIPPI.—The staunch and invincible democrats of the territory of Montana send greeting to their brethren of the States, with a majority of 2,000 for J. M. Cavanaugh, their candidate for delegate to Congress, just double that at the last election.

TENNESSEE.—The defeat of the radicals in Tennessee is overwhelming. The majority for Senter, the conservative candidate for Governor, is variously estimated at from 25,000 to 50,000. The democrats proper have elected a majority of the Legislature, and Andrew Johnson, or Emerson Etheridge, will be elected U. S. Senator in place of Fowler, radical.

ALABAMA.—In Alabama, from which returns come in very tardily, the six members of Congress elected appear to be equally divided between the two contending parties.

NORTH CAROLINA.—At a special election in Wilmington, N. C., for a member of the Legislature, the Radicals have succeeded in electing a negro, named Eagles, by a majority of about 400!

ASA PACKER is by trade a house carpenter, and worked at the business many years: Having been a laboring man, a man who was not afraid nor ashamed to use his hands at honest labor, he appreciates the wants and necessities of laboring men, and is in full sympathy with every movement for the advancement of the interests of labor. For this reason, every farmer, mechanic and laborer, should vote for him, and thus aid in the annihilation of their own condition.

Pennsylvania.

J. Irvin Steel has received the Democratic nomination for the Legislature, in Schuylkill county.

On a big drunk—the Philadelphia fire when it swallowed nearly forty thousand barrels of whiskey.

Martin Gilligan, of Ansonville, Clearfield county, had his neck broken by a tree falling upon him that he was falling.

A colored woman named Mary Godwin died in Carlisle, last week, aged 38 years, who weighed almost four hundred pounds.

One of the servant girls employed at the Crosson Mountain House lost five hundred and some thirty odd dollars one night last week.

The barrel factory at Warren is in operation again, furnishing a fine quality of barrels. They are floated to Oil City and other markets.

Mr. William Hintz, of Lawrenceville, Chester county, found a wonderful clover stalk the other day. It contained eighty-one distinct heads.

Felix Smoker, a farmer residing near Lewisburg, raised 50 bushels and 3 pecks of white wheat on less than an acre and a half of ground.

The Dauphin county soldiers' monument at Harrisburg, is going up gradually. When completed it will be one hundred and fifteen feet high.

Prof. S. S. Thurston, the aerial navigator proposes to make a trip in his balloon from Meadville to New York, distance 325 miles, in thirty-six hours.

Rev. J. P. Linn, charged before an ecclesiastical court at Pittsburg with ministerial indiscretion, was acquitted. The offence was "kissing one or two young ladies."

The Mt. Joy Herald states that Henry Kurtz, of that borough, has 22 acres of splendid tobacco; one leaf measured 10 by 22 inches. He also has a corn stalk 11 feet in height.

The Lewistown, Pa., Gazette publishes the names of thirty residents of that place, who are over 70 years of age. One of them, a colored man named Richard Barnes, claims to be 104.

To make silk which has been printed and "tumbled" appear exactly like raw, spunked and on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.

A little daughter of David Poppel, of Cambria township, Cambria county, had one of her legs broken by a horse, and she was taken by a moving machine, with which her father was cutting grass.

The Radical press in this State is in a great strait for something to say against Judge Packer. However, they possess a large fountain of falsehood upon which they are beginning to draw liberally.

Colonel Dan Rife is building a barn at Girard, which is expected to cost about \$20,000. The walls are edged with cut stone, and the structure will be a better one than fifty fine out of every hundred dwellings.

Jay Cooke, the celebrated Government financier, built and carries on at his own expense an Episcopal church near his summer residence, on Lake Erie. The irreverent in the neighborhood call it the Church of the Holy Five Twenties.

A dog belonging to David Dunning, of Black Rock, 1 per Providence, went out one day since, and bit four lady sons of the owner and of Isaac Yurkes, Joseph Brunner and Daniel Boelter. The boys were put under the treatment of Dr. Fry who barely saved a calf.

A man supposed to be William Pritchard, was discovered lying on the breast of the Conshohocken dam on Saturday, July 31. He left the place on the 17th of the month on board of a canal boat and was not heard of since, until discovered lying on the breast of the dam.

J. Gorsuch, blacksmith at Tyrone Forge, and his hand, James Carey, made fifty horse shoes cutting twenty-eight of them from the bar in two hours and twenty minutes. So says the correspondent of the Tyrone Herald "Call any of the 'sons of Vulcan' hereabouts bent it."

A paper, with "a turn" for statistics, computes that the amount of whiskey destroyed in Philadelphia by the recent fire would have made 64,000,000 "straight" drinks, and at 15 cents a glass the whole would amount to \$960,000,000, or a sum sufficient to extinguish a large part of the National debt.

Pardoned—Elizabeth Allison, convicted in Chester county, and sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for ten years, from the 8th of February, 1861, for murder in the second degree, by poisoning with arsenic, a daughter of her husband by a former wife, has recently been pardoned by Governor Geary.

A new party, calling itself "the Independent Reform Party," declaring in favor of temperance and morality, and denouncing the corruption, selfishness and dishonesty of all other parties, and repudiating the nominations already made, met in Philadelphia on Wednesday last, and placed in nomination a ticket to be supported at the coming election.

A sad case of poisoning occurred near Blairville Intersection last week. One of the family of Mr. M. Moore gathered and cooked what she supposed was a mass of mushrooms, from eating which the mother and three children were prostrated, and two of the latter died in about six hours thereafter. The mother and the other child are recovering.

Mr. Solomon Canfield, of Bradford county, was going to a funeral in a carriage, in company with his father, sister and daughter. The horses became frightened, while going down a hill, and ran away, overturning the carriage against the roadside, causing the almost instant death of his father, Fairchild Canfield, and severely injuring his sister and daughter. The latter had her arm broken.

Last week, while engaged in mowing his meadow with a "Union" mower, Mr. Levi Young, of Centre township, Dauphin county, lost a valuable horse. Mr. Young was driving at the time, and becoming somewhat impatient, struck the "lead" horse a blow with the whip, causing him to spring forward, jerking the "off-horse" back against the cutter bar of the machine, which, in an instant, almost severed his leg.

An ANTI-SLAVER CORNER PUNISHED.—The Philadelphia Press has a telegram stating that "William K. Lamphear, a school-teacher, residing at 25 Seneca street, Cleveland, Ohio, suspecting some intimacy between one of his employees named George Stanley, who boarded at his house, and Mrs. Lamphear, went to work at an early hour the morning of the 4th inst., and returning unexpectedly, found Stanley and Mrs. Lamphear in bed together. Lamphear attacked both with a knife, inflicting a wound in his wife's abdomen, which will probably prove fatal. Stanley was wounded in the shoulder. Lamphear is under arrest." We are informed that the parties to this tragedy formerly resided in Lancaster and are well known to many of our citizens.