

Ink-Slings.

GRANT had his pergrinating cabinet paid a visit to Washington city this week.

There wasn't a Radical member of the last Pennsylvania legislature but what was good at drawing his pay.

An editor who wants to be witty, asks, "Is a marriage license a bill of attained her?" No, it's a bill of expense.

Democrats, don't fail to see that you are all Registered! Neglect of this important matter may deprive you of your votes.

Radicals in this county have objected to our new jail; but that hasn't prevented a good many of them from getting into it.

The New York Democratic State Convention will meet at Syracuse on the 22d instant. We hope wise counsels will prevail.

Kansas receives a thousand settlers a day. And the Radical party of Pennsylvania will receive a "settler" in October next.

Over the pulpitless forms of some four thousand dead soldiers the Radical, under GEARY, held a terpsichorean performance last week.

GEARY had a dispute with SLOCUM at Gettysburg, last week, about the position of some troops, and, as usual, got worsted. Poor GEARY.

Susan B. ANTHONY objects to married persons sleeping together. As a consequence single bedsteads have been dubbed "Susanthonies."

MARK TWAIN is writing a new drama to be entitled "One night in ten bar-rooms." MARK will be pretty well obfuscated by the time he gets through them all.

The high prices the farmers are now receiving for their produce, together with the low prices of store goods and groceries will, we think, be sufficient to induce them to vote the Radical ticket!

A number of the Radical "roosters" of the last legislature will be allowed to crow nowhere this winter, save upon their own dunghills. The people have become tired of seeing them strut about the public barnyard.

STOKES, the defeated Radical candidate for Governor of Tennessee, has gone to Washington to get GRANT to overvet the Tennessee election. The less overvetting either he or STOKES attempts, the better it will be for them.

BOYD HENDERSON, of the Lock Haven Independent, states in his salutation that he will exercise a fatherly care over Bellefonte. He will have to be careful in that town or he will be obliged to exercise a fatherly care over something else, nearer home! Selah.

The Democracy intend to force the Radical jackasses up to the trough of negro suffrage this fall, and make them meet the issue or "crawlfish." They have either got to swallow their own dirty mixture or throw it out. That's what's the matter!

An exchange says: "An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections." We know some old bachelors in this town who are travelers on the turnpike to make some very improper connections!

During the Gettysburg farce, last week, there was a Radical "Dance of Death" over the grave of the gallant REYNOLDS. GEARY'S name was on the bills as chief manager. For a year, there, also, tripping the light fantastic toe above the dead heart of the gallant general.

An infant in a state of decomposition, was found in a carpet-bag in Cambria county the other day.

And it has since transpired that the owner of the carpet-bag was a Radical, who was just leaving for Florida, when the police caught him. Query—Is that what all the carpet-baggers carry?

Mrs. Stowe's attempt to bring herself into notoriety by slandering the BYRON family, has recoiled, most fearfully, upon her own head. She made all she could out of the nigger question in her lying and detestable "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and now she digs down into Byron's grave and accuses him of incest with his sister. She's a dirty, old hussy.

Judge PACKER made his twenty millions by a long life of hard manual and brain labor. JAY COOKS, the great Radical lard seller, has made as much as that during the last five or six years. Which of the two is likely to be the more honest man—PACKER, who made twenty millions in 40 years, or JAY COOKS, who made twenty millions in five years?

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NO. 35

The Case of Geo. H. Twitchell!

HE IS NOT DEAD BUT PARDONED BY GOVERNOR GEARY!

The Governor Receives a Price for his Pardon!

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES!

The astounding fact which is revealed to the public in the letter which we attach below, is another evidence of the corrupt venality of the man who is now the Governor of Pennsylvania. For months, the people of this country have been under the impression that GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, sentenced to death for the murder of his mother-in-law, had only escaped the penalty of his crime by taking poison the night previous to the day set for his execution; but the letter of our correspondent discloses the fact that the public have been deceived in this respect, and that GEORGE S. TWITCHELL is now a living, Cain-marked wanderer on the face of the earth.

According to our correspondent, who is a gentleman of truth and veracity, a former citizen of this place, and well known to many of our people, TWITCHELL was seen only a short time since in Fort Shaw, Montana, where he exhibited to our correspondent, who had a long talk with him, the pardon of Gov. Geary, signed on the 6th day of April last. In that conversation, TWITCHELL stated that he had to pay so much for the pardon, that it took nearly all of his means, and that he was now a poor man, dependant entirely on his own exertions to secure a livelihood. Our correspondent also states that latterly he has left for the Flat Head regions, beyond the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose, we presume, of hiding himself from the gaze of men, as we can conceive of no other reason that would take a man so far beyond the bounds of civilization.

It is, however, a matter of less importance to the people of Pennsylvania that Geo. S. TWITCHELL is alive than that their Governor should receive a bribe to pardon a man found guilty, by a legally constituted court of the State, of the awful crime of murder. And especially does the matter become of vast consequence, when we reflect that this same man is again a candidate for the same position, and is asking the people to once more give him their support to the attainment of his end. It has recently transpired that Gov. GEARY is the most corrupt executive that has ever occupied the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania, and day by day is that fact becoming more strongly and conclusively verified. It is but lately that we find him taking money from HESTER VAUGHN, the poor, friendless English girl and sending her across the ocean as the condition of her release, and now the more damning truth comes to light that an undoubted MURDERER, for an enormous price, has received the benefit of his clemency! Can such a man have the face to ask the people to support him for the highest office in their gift, and dare he show his Judas countenance among the honest men of the land? Will he not, O, people of Pennsylvania, betray you again, just as he has done before, and will you, dare you ever put confidence in such a treacherous, designing, corrupt and ignominious officer? Think seriously before you cast your votes for him, and recollect that such an opportunity as is now presented to show your abhorrence of such conduct and your condemnation of

such inexcusable guilt, may not soon again occur.

Read our correspondent's letter, which, we may remark, we are ready to show to any who may choose to call for that purpose:

FORT SHAW, MONTANA TERRITORY, August 21st, 1869.

P. GRAY MEEK, Esq.,—Enclosed you will find eight dollars (\$8) which please place to the credit of the Watchman. Have the kindness to acknowledge receipt by return of mail and if your time will permit, let me know what is now about my old home and all the news that would interest a Bellefonter in the wilds of Montana. There are but few Pennsylvanians here whom I have become acquainted with as yet, and on Wednesday last the few who are here, whom I have become acquainted with, had quite a sensation created among them, by the introduction to us of another Pennsylvanian, who, if not known to you personally, is familiar to yourself and readers, by the name of TWITCHELL, who gained for himself in Philadelphia by the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hill and the reports of the manner in which he escaped hanging by cutting his throat or poisoning himself, I don't remember which, the night before his execution. You will doubtless be as much surprised to hear that GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, who every reader of newspapers believes to be in eternity, is still alive and was on Wednesday last, the 13th inst. at this place, as I was to see and converse with him. Surprising as it is, it is a fact, and I signed by the Governor of my native State, John W. Geary. He looked rough, broken down and dejected. He told me he was lost out of prison on the 4th of April, 1860, and that another prisoner who had died that day was carried into his cell and the next day was taken out of it and the public, and most of his own friends left under the impression that it was his corpse that was buried. He said he had traveled under assumed names until he reached this territory, had worked his way from Chicago, and that if the Governor would pardon such a big price for his pardon, he might have had money enough to start in business of some kind, but as it was, he was poor as a church mouse, and didn't know what to do. He left this place the same day I saw him for the Flat-head regions. If I can get time and paper enough I will give you a description of the man, and how he got to do. In the course of a week or two, remember me kindly to my friends in Bellefonte. Respectfully yours

P. S.—For reasons that I will give you at some other time, I would rather you would not mention my name in connection with this Twitchell matter at present, but if it becomes necessary you can do it.

The Byron Story.

The papers are full of comments on an article contributed to the Atlantic Monthly by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in which she charges Lord Byron with the crime of incest with his half sister. It is hardly necessary to say that no article that has ever appeared in a public print, has met with such universal condemnation. Mrs. STOWE is censured in all quarters, and ROBERT BONNER, of the New York Ledger, has stated in a card, over his own signature, that he would not have published it in his paper for a million of dollars. He characterizes it as "gross and indecent" and as "a morbid, terrible and unnatural hallucination." He further says, "I know of no article published in my lifetime calculated to exert a more injurious and demoralizing influence on the rising generation. Such is the venetian pronounced upon this miserable invention of Mrs. Stowe, who gives as an excuse for inflicting it upon the public, that it was told her by Lady Byron, the poet's wife, in 1856. This assertion may go for what it is worth, but for our part we are convinced that a woman who would slander her own country, its institutions and its people, as she did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the sake of money, would not hesitate, for the same inducement, to circulate the terrible story which stamps her as the most infamous of all living slanderers. Like the vampire which gorges itself upon the blood of a living victim, so also does Mrs. Stowe delight in clutching at the heart-strings of the dead poet's living and loving friends. Let her be anatomized, and all the respect that she may hereafter get come from those who, like her, are sunk so low in moral turpitude, as to delight in the infamy and obloquy which she has attempted to heap upon the dead.

Democrats will vote the ticket, the whole ticket, and nothing but the ticket. Radicals can split as much as they please, but Democrats don't indulge in that kind of amusement.

The split in the Radical party in this county in reference to the BUTTS and BARR matter has, been smoothed over a little. Nevertheless, it is still a festering sore.

A Radical editor writes an election article which he hands "Go to Work!" That is good advice to the Radical banner who have for eight long years been living off the sweat and toil of the people. But it won't help!

The Story of a Crutch as it Told it to the Stars.

So hot our day's tramp is over! Will has climbed to his bed in the garret, laid himself in the straw, and I am to stand in this corner till the blinking stars that look down with wondering eyes through the skylight are chased away by the hot sun of to-morrow. It has been a hot day. Whew! how close the air is up here; and the musty straw gives out a smell that even disgusts me—an old wooden crutch. I belong to Will—or, rather, Will belongs to me. That's him there in the bed, and he's a veteran. He was a soldier, and once thought the name "honored a man, but since the change he don't own the name any more. He now calls himself a recruit—round recruiting old clothes and coppers. When he flings himself around on the straw, just fear that wooden leg of his go thumping on the floor. He generally takes it off after counting his day's work, but he had nothing to count to day, and he must have forgotten. He don't look well to-night. I think he is ill. I don't think he will live long. Hear him moan! How I should like to open a window to give him air. It's little such as he gets but air or air.

Look down on me now, as straight as you can, twinkling stars, for I'm going to tell you a story. A plain, simple story. You and I never sleep, and the day will come sooner if we talk. I must speak low, for old Gripe, the landlord, charges Will only a dollar a week for his lodgings, and it is agreed that he shall not make a noise stamping over the floor, or stand me up, that I shall fall down and alarm his paying lodgers. I'll just sing a little to clear my throat, but softly, though:

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night, No sound save the rush of the river"

Yes, all quiet now. But, don't you remember when the clear water ran red with the blood of the blue and the gray? When shells hissed and screamed? When the banks trembled under the rush of squadrons? It was not so long ago that you have forgot, for you stood guard with the sentinels, and you may have wept at the shrieks and groans that floated up to you with the night breeze.

"We are coming Father Abraham, Six hundred thousand more."

And Will was one of the six hundred thousand more. I guess he's one of the six hundred thousand cripples now tramping about the country, but we won't talk of that just now. He was young, then. It was easy to tell him that the war was for the Union, and to make him believe. The beating drums and flying flags roused his nature. And, besides, didn't the village banker make a big speech—a patriotic speech—and declare that the boys were heroes, and we must have the Union, right or wrong, and that there would be high old times in town when we got home?

"The rebel flag is but a rag, Pull it down—pull it down."

Will has found his "high" old time, up four flights of stairs on a straw bed. And the "rebel rag" came down at last. And to-night there is but one flag, it's a glorious old flag, the flag of the brave and the free.

"Oh! the star spangled banner!"

It floats all over the South, because the Union is restored. I beg pardon; I was only joking; I meant to say that the carpet-baggers and negroes are making things hot down there for the boys in gray. It isn't a fair fight, or matter might be different, for Will, even with a leg left down there, will tell you that he respects the men who stood boldly up to their guns in a thousand battles for their cause. I have got the word I wanted before—"policy"; its "policy" that keeps the States divided—keeps up ill-feeling—keeps Northern scoundrels in office to prey upon a people chained down. It wouldn't do not to have the ballot-box hedged round by bayonets—rebel votes—disloyalty—treason, and all that. It's all pure and honorable up North; no stealing or swindling—no reason.

"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty."

And who ever heard of Northern men that didn't go for their sweet country, and see that the treasury didn't get too full of taxpayers' greenbacks? I needn't tell you of Will's neighbors, and I don't want to look down on every field, saw how boldly he chewed

his way where the fight was hottest. Don't you remember how he laid down in his blanket in the cold-Southern dews, marched, fought, cheered, his comrades, starved and suffered, and how fast his heart beat when he thought of the end—of a great captivity—a friendly hand-shake between the sections—of the many away back home who were waiting to honor him with place and office? Didn't you look down through a rent in the canvas hospital at the Wilderness, and see the great drops of sweat stand on his forehead when the cruel steel struck the bone of his shattered leg?

And he went back—limped home to his native village, where the banker, who, strange enough, had had so much to do that he had never had time to put on the blouse and shoulder a musket, was going to give him a reception. There was a vacancy in the post-office just then, and the county nominations were to be made, and the banker was in want of a clerk, and between them all Will was hard put to decide which to take. Well, he had a public reception, or he probably would have had, but he was crossing the street just as the banker rode by in his silver-plated carriage, and the wooden leg was not quite quick enough to avoid a collision and a bad hurt—that wasn't strange though, for that was the point from the first—to let the bankers and bondholders ride over the soldiers. People shook Will by the hand, and asked after his health, and they said they were sorry to see a leg gone, because a one-legged man wasn't good for much. And they would pass on, and the nominations went wrong, and the banker didn't know Will, well enough to trust him with money, and the Johnson copperhead in the post-office had to give his place to a Brigadier-General, and—

But you know the rest—a war, a promise, a wound, a peace, a beggar. Yes, there lies a beggar, an ex soldier, who crutches with me about the street, asking for pennies and food. He used to blush, and the tears of shame would come, but, after fine-dressed ladies pushed him off the walk, and men called him a cursed cripple, and told him that the poor-house was kept for such vagabonds, his heart got harder. He might have gone to the poor-house; that would be a good place for a soldier to end his days, because there are so many there no one could be lonesome.

"Oh the day it came at last, When the glorious tramp was heard."

Yes, you can hear the glorious tramp of the returned veteran, but it has a stumping sound that makes rich men—men who speculated in shoddy and provisions, and shaved bounty bonds—turn down the other way. And air it fun to see that long procession of maimed men file past with hand organs on their backs. It's a parade, you know. I think they call it the Radical progress parade. Good-night, little stars, I won't bother you any more. I wish you would look down through that cold shadow which has crept over Will's face, and tell me why he lies so still, and why he don't moan and toss about any more.

"A thump from the thicket bursts out on the air, And the picket's off duty forever."

The sun played strange freaks with his lights and shadows across the dead man's face. Higher and higher, and the great clock struck twelve. The men came up—the corner and his injury. The body was viewed, put in its pine coffin, and the day went rattling over the pavement toward the shallow grave in the strangers' cemetery.

"We, the undersigned jurors, do hereby agree that the said deceased came to his death by a disease contracted while serving as a soldier, and which, from exposure and neglect brought on quick consumption, of which we agree he deceased."

I say, Gripe, you'd better sling that old crutch through the window; 'twill fall down some night, and you'll be thinking that a ghost is tramping about up here. Young fellow must a' died easy; won't be no one round inquiring after him. Give 'em a!

"Huzrah for the soldier as true, Huzrah for the red, white and blue!"

But never mind—simply the story of a crutch, and there are thousands of them talking to the workmen and the landlord.—Breck Palmer.

Great fire at Cape May on the 31st ultimo, which destroyed three hotels and a number of cottages. Loss estimated at \$1,000,000 and \$50,000,000.

Pennsylvania.

John Fields is now on trial at Williamsport for the murder of George Mathews, something in May last.

Mrs. Everett, of Long Valley, Monroe county, was found dead in a field where she had gone to dig for potatoes. Heart disease.

An employee of the Allegheny Valley railroad was killed at Kittanning, on Monday last, by falling upon the track between two cars. His name was Wm. Coffey.

Mr. Stable, editor of the Gettysburg Compiler, has been proprietor of that paper for twenty-four years. He completed the 24th year of his proprietorship, on the 19th instant.

Adam Titus is under sentence of death at Carlisle, the Governor to fix the day. Titus plead guilty to the murder of Henry Stamm, in the "Pines," near Shippenburg, last winter.

A Luzerne county wag, at a Sheriff sale the other day, bid "one hundred and one dollar and three cents, and a postage stamp that had been used but once," and the bid is so recorded.

A very brilliant meteor was observed at Mauch Chunk, the other evening which looked not unlike an ascending sky rocket. An Apollo-like omen for the Democracy, whose candidate lives in Mauch Chunk.

At the camp meeting at Lehighton some young villians attempted to commit a rape upon the person of a young girl living in the vicinity. Happily, they did not succeed, and were arrested and held for trial.

Bitfeld in Shippenburg.—About two weeks ago Dornelles Van Lovering was found hanging to a cross-beam in the stable loft of Mr. David Crowell. He was a native of Holland and house painter by trade.

A lady, residing in Reading, recently administered a severe thrashing to her unfaithful husband, whom she caught in bed company. She blackened both his eyes, and otherwise injured his frontispiece, with her State.

The Headquarters of the Democratic State Central Committee have been established at the Rooms of the Democratic Association, corner of Ninth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. The new Chairman has entered upon the campaign with vigor, and with the highest hopes of success.

Dr. Shupee Sentenced to Be Hung.—Dr. Shupee, tried and convicted of the murder of Mrs. Stone, at Carlisle, was last week sentenced by the Court to be hanged the following day. During the delivery of the sentence, Wm. Gould, the Court Crier, fell and was killed.

The Bradford Argus says: "Andrew Nicholson, of Smithfield township, was recently indicted in jail, charged with drowning his own child, only eight months old. We understand he expressed the crime. Family difficulties, we hear, was the cause of the commission of the horrible deed."

The Newport accommodation train on the Lehigh Valley railroad ran over a man recently near Wyoming Valley manufacturing works, without injuring him a particle. He was thrown into the middle of the track, but the trucks of the cars were sufficiently high enough to clear him easily. A narrow escape.

We learn from the Williamsport Gazette, of Saturday last, that Mr. Martin Billinger, of Monticou county, recently sentenced to a term of six months imprisonment, had a fine of \$1,000 for an alleged violation of the internal revenue laws, in the manufacture of whisky, committed suicide by stabbing himself and cutting his throat with a bonaparte pocket knife.

Last Monday morning Peter Bergant, employed in a woolen mill in Northumberland county, opposite Salisbury, was caught in the gearing of the machinery and killed around a shaft revolving at 100 times a minute. His head, arms and legs were twisted and dashed to pieces and scattered all over the building.

A singular spectacle of the funeral of Orville Fox, executed at Woodbury, was attended by upwards of a thousand persons. At the ceremony, the sheriff yielded to the popular wish and exposed the flow of the corpse to the curiosity seekers. A line was formed, and each person took a "last gaze" at the departed.

Hokendauqua, Pa., Aug. 27.—While the party consisting of Hon. Asa Packer, Mayor Fox, and the Councils of Philadelphia and Allentown, were visiting the Thomas Iron works Robert A. P. Moore, special officer of Philadelphia was struck on the head with a heavy log and dangerously injured. There are no hopes of his recovery. The accident cast a gloom over the whole party.

Says the Cambria Freeman of the 24th inst: "A prominent member of the radical party in Blair county and an equally prominent member of the same party in Washington county, were in this place last week, and avowed themselves as strong and decided friends of the election of Judge Packer. There will be quite a large and respectable array of this kind of recruits when the second Tuesday of October arrives."

A young man sued out a writ of habeas corpus in Pittsburg, the other day, for his wife, whom he declared to be restrained of her liberty by her father. It appears that they were married clandestinely one evening, and the young girl returned to her father's house. Her father alleged that his daughter was entirely free to follow her own inclination, and the daughter said that she was led to marry the petitioner by his threats to shoot her if she did not consent. The wife is under age, and the court ordered the writ to be dismissed at the cost of the petitioner.

A singular case of poisoning has occurred in Pittsburg. On or about the 14th inst., Mr. Robt. L. Whitten, an insurance agent, was shaved in the barber-shop attached to the Monongahela House. He was wiped with a towel which had been used in the application of arsenic to whiten the complexion. Soon after leaving the shop, Mr. Whitten complained of severe pain about the legs, and Dr. King was immediately consulted. Notwithstanding the "aid" of experienced medical skill, Mr. Whitten became totally blind, and remains so to the present; Dr. King is of the opinion that the poison may extend to the brain, and that termination of the unfortunate gentleman's life.

Railroad Accident.—On Saturday last the passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad that drives here at noon was coming this side of Dunsmuir, about one-half past one o'clock, a man driving a horse and wagon, was noticed on the track. The whistle was immediately sounded, but it was not heeded. The engine then endeavored to stop the train, but could not do so in time to avoid the accident. The locomotive struck the wagon, breaking it into many pieces, killing the man, and leaving the "reck" down a high embankment. The body of the man on being taken up, was found to be that of George W. Whelan, a laborer from Dunsmuir. As a consequence of this fatal result, the train was stopped, and a serious accident, which would have resulted in the loss of many lives, was avoided. The train was then allowed to proceed, and the man's body was buried in the cemetery.

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