

Ink-Slings.

GRANT don't want a second term. In a pig's eye. The most ardent Radical out West is YATES, of Illinois. Yes; aqua ardent. VINCIE REAR is now busting Father HYACINTHE. We'd like to be hoaxed by her-ourself. A \$55,000 equestrian statue of GRANT is talked about. Let it be all talk, for heaven's sake. BEN-BUTLER was robbed the other day. Which shows that there is not always honor among thieves. Minnesota people indulge in hot soda water. We guess that's what makes some of them so gassy. BEN WADE has retired to private life. Nobody will regret it when BEN retires from life altogether. We have it from Radical sources that GRAY ought to be impeached. We think he ought to be kicked. Pittsburg has a woman with three husbands. We'd rather be the woman than either of the husbands. A correspondent took tea at Salt Lake city, where six wives poured out the coffee and twenty-seven children asked for "gravy." Oh, Lordy! Grant, it is said, is spending sleepless nights over his message to Congress—trying to study who to get to write it for him, "Brick" says. This is the season of the sere and yellow leaf—and of no leaves at all, says our devil, "but the leave of my girl's mother to see her daughter home." The New York Express says that "honor inspectors" are men of taste. What a compliment that is to our friends of the Nationall. GRANT has been lowering the salaries of some of the Government clerks. But he likes to higher his own, and he has done it, too, after the presentation style. Mr. A. R. CANNY, editor of the Urbana Union, was married to Miss ARMSTRONG, at Galion, Ohio, a short time ago. Miss ARMSTRONG had no objection to being canoned. "An International Dog show is to be held in New York." We propose to enter our editorial contemporaries of the National and Republican, on account of their growl. The wife of a clerk in the Louisville Courier Journal office has fallen heir to a fortune of \$300,000. This is better than if an heir had fallen to her. At least there is more money in it. In the South they call poor whisky the fifteenth amendment, because it is hard to get down. In Pennsylvania the Radicals call it nectar, because they love both the taste and smell of it. A traveling conjuror by the name of RIBINI has been daddling printers and hotel keepers out of their bills. If he ever comes to Bellefonte he'll find a couple of customers that he can't diddle. Mr. J. R. DONOHOO, late of the Fulton Democrat, has purchased the Indiana Democrat, and will hereafter conduct that paper, vice Mr. J. B. SANSOM, retired. We dun kno' who'd make a better editor. A man named GARDNER died at Amherst, Va., from glanders which he took from a horse. Well, what did he take them for? A man that'll take glanders or anything else that don't belong to him ought to be punished for it. Bishop DOANE says that no clergyman's salary ought to be less than \$1,000 a year. Then no congregation ought to listen to a preacher, incapable of giving them an annual thousand dollars worth of his hire, but no more. Old HIRSH WALKBRIDGE, the spokesman of the Southern commercial convention, in an address to GRANT, nominated him for President in 1872. Modest GRANT said he didn't want it again (!) If anybody has an old wall or bridge to build, better send for HIRSH. That whisky is a peaceful beverage is proved by the fact that when the internal revenue assessor, in Kansas city, ran out of stamps the other day, and not a barrel could be opened without one, he had to send all the way to Leavenworth for stamps, in order to prevent a riot. BELKNAP, the new Secretary of War, is said to have a "commanding figure." Whether this relates to his personal appearance or to the amount he has in bank, we don't know; but, from GRANT's antecedents, we judge he excelled a "commanding figure" before he made the appointment.

Democratic Watchman

VOL. 14. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 12, 1869. NO. 45.

The Byron Scandal.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," is one of the precepts enjoined by the Decalogue. The crime which it denounces and forbade was held to be of a nature so heinous as to call for separate and special condemnation on the tablets of Mount Sinai. But, how shall we measure the breadth and depth of that perfidy and baseless, which, solely for the love of gain, violates the obligations of honour and friendship, to bear false witness against the dead? Against those whose voices, hushed in the deep stillness of death, are powerless to utter the words of denial against the blighting infamy which slander seeks to throw around their names? For a much lesser crime than this Sapphira of old paid for her culpability with her life. But the Ghoul of New England Puritanism lives to illustrate the damning effects of religious hypocrisy blended with the cupidity of Mammon. Who, possessed of the least sense of honour and truth, would this day occupy the position which HARRIET BECKER STOWE fills in the estimation of the world, in reference to her slander on the lips of Lord Byron and his sister. What will be the verdict of mankind on that Puritanism which, like the jackall of the forest, tears open the graves of a household in its search for the carrion of falsehood and slander? That Lord Byron was, in many respects, a bad man, no one at all conversant with the records of his life and character, will for a moment deny. Reared amid adverse circumstances, his mind took its bias from the domestic dissensions and troubles of his family. Under the influence of other surroundings, there is every reason to suppose that his character would have been different to what it proved. Let those lesser souls, who delight to blazon the faults of the great, have a care to record, at the same time, the temptations encountered—and balance the sins committed against the temptations resisted. Inheriting the ardent, romantic and impetuous temperament of his mother, Byron was left to the care of his guardian, Lord HOLLAND. While under the care of this nobleman, keep and his sensitive mind realized the friendliness and peculiarity of his position. About this time commenced his attachment for MARY CHAWORTH—and it is conceded that the fate of this attachment was decisive of his future existence. Had she married him, his life would have been one of happiness—but the world would have lost a great poet. MARY CHAWORTH rejected the "lame boy," and Byron became vicious and a misanthrope. Those two words from her he loved (they were unceasing for, his lameness being so slight, as to render it almost imperceptible)—those two words were never forgotten. At length Byron attained his majority. He published his "Hours of Idleness." The critics assailed him. He demolished them in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and then sailed for the continent. Two years spent in Spain and amid the classic scenes of Greece and Italy, and he returned to England, giving to the world the first cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." His fame as a poet was now established. "I awoke," said he, "and found myself famous." It was now that he married the daughter of Sir RALPH MILLBANKE. She had previously rejected him. But he was now famous—and, let it be ever remembered that it was she who made the first overtures in this latter instance. That was a bitter day for Byron. The marriage was ill-advised and ill-starred. The ardent, impetuous temperament of the poet, was little adapted to the cold, concentrated disposition of his wife. For a while they lived in harmony. A report was spread alleging Byron's insanity. Physicians, unknown to him, were set to watch his movements. Extravagance and mismanagement had involved him in debt. His wife, at the advice of her family, forsook him. He sold Newstead Abbey. He received fifty thousand pounds with his wife. He gave her one hundred thousand. His own country denying him a home he resolved once again to leave his home, and pass his

life in Italy. Proud, sensitive, impetuous—conscious of the possession of immeasurably higher powers than the herd who carried him, yet withal miserable and forsaken—he left England. In Italy he formed acquaintance of the Countess Guicciotti—and from that time his was a downward course, morally and intellectually. The revolution in Greece aroused him from his sensual lethargy, and he sought to acquire, in the cause of Grecian liberty, that fame in arms, which he had already earned in the field of literature. But his race was run. Disipation and mental suffering had done their work on his brain—and at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, at the age of thirty-eight years—the greatest Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant but miserable existence. Whatever may have been the faults of Byron, there is not the slightest ground for Mrs. STOWE's slander concerning his alleged connexion with his sister. The assertion bears upon it the evidence of its own falsity. Had such a crime as incest been committed by Lord Byron and his sister, it would have transpired before this day; or were such a thing possible as that the secret could be kept for more than forty years, (as the MILLBANKEs, who hated the Byron family, would certainly have blazoned it forth to the world) were such a thing possible, why would not Lady BYRON have confided the secret to MOORE, the friend and only confidant of her husband? THOMAS MOORE would have known of this thing, of all others, relatives or friends—the only person whom BYRON could trust as the custodian of his posthumous memoirs. MOORE would certainly have been cognizant of this blot on the poet's life. Why, too, should Lady Byron have confided to Mrs. STOWE, that which she would not disclose to her nearest and dearest relatives? Why did she not confide this story of her husband's guilt to the surviving members of his and her father's family who stood around her death bed? More than all this, since Lady Byron's pity for her husband prompted her, during a long life, to hide from the world this story of his damning guilt—why should she, at her last hour, seek to blacken his memory by breathing the recital of his infamy in the ear of HARRIET BECKER STOWE? The real cause of Lady Byron's estrangement from her husband was, first, that pecuniary embarrassment which ultimately led to the sale of Newstead Abbey; and second, the evil courses into which the poet subsequently fell; and thirdly, his alleged insanity. "After it became apparent that his strange conduct toward me was not the result of unsound mind, but of willfulness, I felt justified in leaving him." In this strife, the verdict of the world, as in all such cases, was given, right or wrong, in favour of the woman. Popular applause, ever as uncertain as the winds of heaven, turned to detestation and disgust. Men hated him, without knowing why. He was accused of crimes of which he could not possibly have been guilty. His actions were misrepresented, his motives belied. The baser herd, who envied his literary fame, gladly joined in the general howl—and he thus became cognizant of the depth, and meanness of human malice. But that proud soul rose superior to it all. In that hour when the popular clamour was at its height—when she who, whatever might have been his failings, should have been the last to forsake him, had left him for her father's house—then it was that, like the lion at bay against a herd of jackals, he hurled defiance and contempt at the sycophants around him. Pity that he had not opposed the same unbroken front to the temptations of sensuality and dissipation! But the reaction came. Mankind began to ask themselves what it was that he had done to merit their hate and obloquy. The tide of popular favour was now stronger for him than it had ever been against him; and on receipt of the tidings of his death, "there was mourning in every hamlet through Europe." It was in allusion to these trials and triumphs of his life that he wrote those immortal words: When I am asked, for how shall I weep The deep, prophetic follies of this verse— On human follies leads the mountain of my

That on so shallow forgiveness Have I not wept, my mother's death! Behold it, Heaven! Have I not had to wrestle with my lot? Have I not suffered things to be forgotten? Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven? From mighty wrongs to petty petty, Have I not seen what human things can do? From the bold roar of rushing caduquy, To the base envy of the aspidochelone? But I have lived, and have not lived in vain, My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire, And my frame perish even in conquering pain. But there is that within me which will fire Torture and time, and live when I expire. Some thing unearthly which they deem not of Like the remembered tone of a native lyre, Shall on their softened spirits sink and more In hearts all too busy now, the late remembrance of love. But amid all the obloquy cast upon his name, at that time when he was living, there were none who accused him of the crime of incest. This was reserved for the Puritan Ghoul, who, wanting gold, hesitated not to speak by violating the graves and attempting to blacken the memory of one unhappy being, and blast the fair fame of another whose life was ever blameless. This turpitude, pitiable and despicable as it is, can but be regarded as an outgrowth of that social and political school in which Mrs. STOWE has been educated. That heterogeneous mixture of hypocrisy, and hollow political and religious ultraism, which is cancering and rotting the morals and principles of the New England communities, and spreading its blight over the whole country—that admixture is the fruitful source, the legitimate soil, of those instincts and aspirations discovered by Mrs. STOWE in the attempt to acquire profit and gain by darkening the character of Lord Byron and stabbing that of his sister. That morality which, while it shudders at the literal infringement of the Decalogue, yet smiles complacently at the violation of its spirit—this morality is the fruitful source of that decadence in individual probity and integrity now so common to New England; of that deceit, subterfuge and commercial chicanery which, while it erects churches and seminaries, fills its money-bags by the sweat and toil of the poor; of that Puritanical cant and nasal whine, larded with Scripture, which led the profound MONTESQUIEU to exclaim, "The Tree of Knowledge is not the Tree of Life"—which found the Puritan of Salem, in Massachusetts, "Hanging of his cat upon a Monday, For killing of a rat upon a Sunday,"—and which now finds HARRIET BECKER STOWE endeavouring, for the sake of gain, to tarnish the already too dark character of that being, whose imperishable renown will, nevertheless, be dear to learning and to fame, long after the Stowes has mingled with other unremembered dust. New York and Victory. The late defeat of the Radicals in New York, was we hope, the death blow to Radicalism in that State. HORACE GREELLY, one of the founders and greatest leaders of the Radical party, was a candidate, and his overwhelming defeat shows that neither he nor his principles are popular with the people of the great empire State. The Democratic victory tells us, in thunder tones, that the doctrines of the Tribune are not the doctrines of the people, nor is the prophet of the Tribune the prophet of the people. We look upon this emphatic condemnation of the Radical party in general and the administration of Gen. GRANT, in particular by the people of the State of New York, as the mighty stroke that has cut off the last head of the Radical hydra in that State. Henceforth it will rear its horrid front no more, and the people can now breathe freer and easier. The election of JOHN T. HOFFMAN as Governor was the first blow at the monster, and one which weakened its power and unsettled its dominion. The final blow was given in the late contest, and today Radicalism in New York is crawling on its belly in the dust, with the heel of the victorious Democracy planted upon its neck. The Right is triumphant—the people are free. Oh, that we might but say the same for Pennsylvania. But here, we are yet in darkness. The hour of triumph is delayed. It will come in time, but we must yet suffer a little more—bear a little more, before our people will be ready to declare against the common enemy and assert their God-given right to rule, according to the eternal principles of truth and justice and the requirements of constitutional law.

Death of Mr. Peabody.

GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., the great American and English banker, died in London, at his residence, on the 11th inst. Mr. PEABODY had just reached England from this country, where, it will be remembered, he was on a visit only a few months ago. His death has caused great regret both in England and in this country, for he was a citizen of both and in both was equally beloved and esteemed. Mr. PEABODY possessed an immense fortune, which he used for the benefit of his race, and his noble charity in behalf of Southern education in this country will forever remain as a lasting memorial of his virtue and goodness. Mr. PEABODY was a native of Baltimore. The following, in allusion to his decease, will show the feeling in England: London, Nov. 6.—The death of Mr. Peabody occurred so late on Thursday evening (half-past seven o'clock) that the fact could not be widely published until to-day. His death is universally regretted. Flashes of light from his manifold buildings draped in mourning in various parts of the city, and other evidences of public grief attest the universal sorrow. The news of this morning, in an ordinary article, says "Mr. Peabody was not a man of impulsive emotional benevolence, but rather of a more judicious and beneficent. His charity was not posthumous. He gave from his own substance. He did not surrender what death wrested from him. His services, both fittingly and generously recognized in royal letters and the thanks of Congress. The merchants in passing his statue daily do not need to learn from the conventional man of business how to gain money. His career may teach them how it may be wisely spent. In GRANT's cabinet are three men from the States of New York, New Jersey and Maryland, namely FISK, ROBEY and CRESSWELL. All these gentlemen were at home canvassing their respective States, before the late elections, in the interest of the administration, and yet all of those three States gave overwhelming Democratic majorities. In New York the people have shown their appreciation of GRANT's course by electing a large Democratic majority to the Legislature, besides the whole State ticket. In New Jersey the Democratic majority is increased, and in Maryland not a single county gave a Radical majority, and there isn't a Radical member in either branch of the Legislature. How is this? Are FISK, ROBEY and CRESSWELL entirely destitute of influence, or are the people of their States disgusted with GRANT and his contemptible administration? The latter is, of course, true, and accounts for the stinging condemnation which these men have received. "Fighting not Sicily" now-a-days don't amount to quite so large a figure as it did during the days of the nigger war. The people have something to say about the matter now, and they have decided that, while Sicily might do well enough to lead a lot of plunderers in a war for cotton and niggers, he won't do lead in the front when the struggle is for the advancement of the civilization and glory of the country. The following is the opinion of a disgusted old Dutchman in the matter: I have voted mit der Sigel: Mit der Sigel I did right. I was frightened like der tayfel. Der fam tang vasat right. Der Sigel he was beaten. End Greely, so was he. De next time van I goes to fight I leads dem fellers be. It isn't no use talking. Dem Democrats ish brinks. I rights no more mit Sigel—I quita dem bolliers. The State constitutional convention of Illinois stands as follows: Republicans, 47. Democrats, 40. Conservatives, 2. Independents, 1. This is a tolerable fair division of the political elements, and, if the object be to revise and amend the constitution of that State, ought to give a pretty accurate expression of the sentiment of the people. If the Democrats and conservatives will pull together, they can check the wild schemes of the Radicals very effectually. W. H. SWARTZ, recently connected with the Altoona Watchman, has assumed the editorial direction of the Beaver Local. Mr. SWARTZ is a good writer and has some literary reputation. The Elk Democrat has been taken in charge by Mr. EVERTS J. MILLER, a Harrisburg typo. We trust Mr. MILLER will make it an efficient Democratic weapon.

Pennsylvania. Allegheny city has six thousand school children. The apple crop in Chester county is very large. The population of W. Mansport is estimated at 25,000. Chester county pays its nineteen school teachers an average salary of \$415. A Reading woman sought her husband with a naughty girl, and begged him. Edin Forest performed at Erie last Monday and Tuesday nights. Pittsburg has the champion ragmat in the State. He has been committed to the jail house annually since 1843. Erie has the largest debt of any city in the United States. Of course it is incurred by Radicals. Susquehanna county has over ten thousand children, of whom but eight hundred attend Sunday school. A new Methodist Church was recently dedicated in Johnstown, Cambria county. It cost \$7,000. The county treasurer of Erie, who was maliciously poisoned a few weeks ago, is now slowly recovering. They have a new style of table up at Altoona, according to one of the local reporters, called the "octagonal." A young man named John Jennings was run over and killed by a train of cars, near Greensburg, on last Monday night a week. The new Pittsburg high-school building will cost \$100,000, which enthusiastic Pittsburg believers establishes its claim as a great city. Erie and Pittsburg want a ship canal between the two towns. Mr. Peabody's great city ought to be able to accomplish the work alone. The Mayor of Oil City lately gave the gamblers of that place twenty-four hours' notice to quit. They left in a body for Pittsburg. The Philadelphia Sunday Mercury is in favor of nominating Furman Sheppard, for Judge, in place of Paxson appointed by Geary to succeed Brewster. Near Dornville, lately, three boys caught another boy, built a fire, and held him over it until he was almost roasted, to punish him for telling that they had robbed a spring house. Governor Geary has set another of his friends at liberty. He last week pardoned young Parr, a fellow who was sentenced to two years imprisonment for entering the residence of Commodore Selfridge, and stealing clothing. "Smor.—Mr. John Arms, of Pughtown, was shot in the head and breast, on the 21st ult., by the careless handling of a gun by another, who supposed it to be without a charge. Fortunately Mr. Arms was not dangerously wounded. The Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, at the time of the Avondale disaster, subscribed \$40,000 for the relief of the bereaved families of its miners. Mr. Gaylord, treasurer of the fund, says not one cent of the subscription has been paid. It is authoritatively announced that two-thirds of the Presbyterians have ratified the union of the Presbyterian Churches by the required majority. The General Assembly met at Pittsburg on November the 10th, to count the votes and announce the result. The Downingtown Journal says that another unsuccessful effort was made on Monday night of last week, to rob the residence of Joshua Dumes, Esq. Mrs. Dumes heard the burglar pry off a bolt from the window shutters, and making a noise they were frightened off. Two teachers of one of the public schools in Franklin were prosecuted the other day for assault and battery for flogging a pupil aged twelve years. The action was brought before Justice Daily, and the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and persecutor to pay costs. Two brothers, Hamlet and John Van Vorce, the one aged eleven and the other fourteen years, in Williamsport, were handling their father's navy revolver on last Saturday morning, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball passing entirely through the body of the younger boy, causing his immediate death. A singular wedding recently took place at Philadelphia. A man over one hundred years old married a woman aged seventy-eight. The "gamins" in the neighborhood celebrated the occasion by bonfires, beating old tin pans, and by giving the contracting parties generally a cabalistician serenade. Pedestrians are decided to have some rights on the streets, as an injured one has just recovered fifteen hundred dollars in Philadelphia, for three ribs broken by a wagon as he was attempting to cross a thoroughfare. When the drivers understand that every rib is worth five hundred dollars, they will be apt to have more care. Rowden Houch was killed the other day while feeding a threshing machine in Slippery Rock township, Lawrence county. A pit-fork which had slipped off the handle was thrown into the machine with the sheaf of wheat in which it was striking, when it was instantly broke to pieces, a fragment striking Mr. H. in the forehead and penetrating the brain. States.—The Columbia Spy says, "a few days ago Mr. Jacob Saylor, of Washington, in tearing up an old floor found nearly 25,000 in silver, which had fallen through the openings in the floor during the long "lapse of ages." Five and ten cent pieces, quarters and halves were among them. Mr. J. L. Shuman is the happy possessor of some of these pieces, some of which are old, and some much worn, as to be quite smooth. Philadelphia city is considerably exercised over the developments in the case of Emerson, the autograph forger. The fact that the plate for many years exhibited in Independence Hall as a genuine production of George Washington turns out to be the work of this autographical genius will no doubt cause a feeling of disappointment and disgust in the hearts of all, from the President down, who have gazed with tearful eyes upon the supposed sacred relic. A Philadelphian, arrested on suspicion of drunkenness and fined therefor, related his experience to the magistrate: "There was the greatest do I ever saw, I was sure there was an earthquake, for the houses and steeples were all staggering about, and the streets were just rocking like a cradle. It was a most sublime spectacle; so I fetched up against a pump and held on, while I took a good look at the magnificent scene. No panorama could come up to it, houses, trees, fences, all rearing and plunging like wild horses. The sight was worth a dollar and a half."