

Ink-Slings.

Women's rights and women's rights now occupy a deal of public attention.

"GRANT'S message," says an exchange, "will be brief." The briefer the better.

Mad dogs are plenty in the South. We had rather they would be plenty there than here.

A man at Cave City, Ky., has a dog that crows three times every morning, like a rooster.

What a dog-goned lie!

Somebody stole about three-fourths of the money raised for the relief of the Avondale Sufferers. Infamous!

Writing "ink slings" with the tooth ache, is the grimmest amusement we've indulged in for some time.

A paper states that about half a dozen women confined in the Chicago jail fell out. But it doesn't say they fell out of jail.

Madison, Indiana, has a young and handsome lady preacher. We should like to sit under the droppings of her sanctuary.

A Boston missionary went to the Cannibal Islands and came back in his, done up in a barrel. Just the toughest bits, however.

One of the survivors of the Stone-wall disaster was saved by clinging to a crate of cabbages. Their cabbages were a crate assistance.

A smart young man advertises in The Day for a situation as a wagon driver. Does he mean by "smart" that he would drive fast?

ANDY ARMSTRONG, a former member of the State Senate, has sued Fisher & Abraham for libel. ANDY will find that it don't pay to sue editors.

Mrs Vice President COLBY has left her husband and gone back to her parents. She says the smiling SCHILLER is willing to let her visit the old folks.

TRAVELER of the Holiday Standard gets up a nice paper, but then he has such a sloppish name - WATSON.

In a pig's eye - Standard.

We suppose the editor of the Standard alludes to his paternal progenitor.

We are told that General SPINNEY is getting well again. In the goodness of our heart we are glad to hear it, although we didn't, really, know that he was sick.

Typoid fever is prevailing in Berks county. At the risk of being thought selfish we will say that we would rather have it prevailing there than here.

We hear talk about the "Byron mystery." We can't think what is meant. Did Mrs. STOWZ unveil something of that description, some time since?

Tennessee, it seems, is likely to reject the 15th amendment. It has already failed in the House, and will hardly get through the Senate. Good for Tennessee.

The editors of the Bellefonte Watchman and The National are after one another with sharp words. It looks as if Meek was after Gough, and Fair after Brainard - Columbia Herald.

Supposed to be very sharp. We publish it for the world to wonder at.

A Mrs. MORRIS, in Ohio county, Indiana, read her husband's letters, got jealous, and committed a dose of poison. But a stomach pump showed her what an ass she had made of herself.

California has a town named Purgatory, which is said to be full of pretty girls. That's the purgatory we would like to go to, and we wouldn't want any prayers for our release from it, either.

A Miss JULIA NODDING has been elected a superintendent of public schools in Iowa. If Miss JULIA expects to make an efficient officer, she will have to leave her nodding off till after school hours.

Young lady clerks in the Treasury Department, at Washington, are called "revenue cutters" by the beaux. All young ladies are revenue cutters, because if a man marries one of them, she is certain to cut up his revenue, muchly.

A lady wishes a situation as housekeeper for a respectable gentleman. Ah, indeed. We have in our mind's eye, at present, quite a number of young ladies in this town who have been wishing for a situation of that kind for several years past.

Old JESSIE GRANT, the father of the originator of the American Gift Enterprise Concern, has threatened to thrash the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial. If he had thrashed JESSIE a little more he might have made a better President.

GRANT'S message is reported, to our regret, to be unimportant. What a sad state of affairs!

Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 26, 1869.

NO. 47.

The Huntingdon Murder.

Only last week or week before a quartette of murderers were convicted before the Huntingdon county court, and sentenced to pay the death penalty. But scarcely had the public begun to congratulate itself on the final safe disposition of those evil throats, when they were again startled by the horrible details of another bloody affair at Pleasant Grove, in the same county. Two villains, lured by the lust of gold, stole unawares upon an unsuspecting family, and slew them while at supper. A man, his wife and a boy fell beneath their bloody hands—went directly from the enjoyment of a happy home to render their final account at the bar of their Maker.

The name of the family killed was PRIGGAL, and the names of the murderers BENDER and BOWLER. The scoundrels, however, did not escape with their booty, for immediately upon the discovery of the burning house, which they had set fire to in order to cover their crime, it was recollect that a couple of suspicious characters had been seen lurking in the neighborhood, and a telegram was sent to Altoona for their arrest. On their arrival at Altoona, the officers of the law seized them, and they now await their trial between the strong walls of the Huntingdon jail.

Crimes of this kind are becoming fearfully common. Savage beasts, tearing the form and visage of men, are roaming the country everywhere, seeking whom they may devour. The passions generated and awakened by the late war, have not subsided with the cessation of hostilities, they seem to have taken refuge in the breasts of individuals, and all the horrors of warfare, on a miniature scale, are being perpetrated at home. The lesson of murder, which the dominant party taught its adherents has been well learned and is daily repeated in the unprovoked and cold blooded slaughter of innocent men, women and children.

A state of affairs like this, is always the result of a civil war. Society becomes the prey of the scoundrel, and the prey of the scoundrel is blood, and murder, and hold up and fearful carnage. Such is especially the case in this country, at the present time. The best passions were engendered during our civil conflict, and though years have elapsed since the close of the strife, they have not yet spent their force. Who is Robbed in comes to be judged at the bar of Him who is no respecter of persons, it will have much to answer for. Not only are the lives of the scores of thousands slain during the war, and the tears and groans of widows, maidens and children, set over against their record, but the outcroppings of that war—the infamy and crime that have since been the result—are all to be ascribed to the teachings of Rebellion, and will swell the awful clarion against it. Let that party pause and tremble.

Baden-Baden.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S wife, Mrs. Abraham, it is stated, is going to be married in December to an attack of the Grand Duke of Baden. He is as Dutch as water krad, and as short as a man with the toothache. JIM SUSS, of the Eastern Argus, says that Mrs. LINCOLN is having some of the late lamented's old clothes cut down to fit her new cara sposa, who will become, by his marriage with her, a brevet ex-President. FURBER says that the prospective bridegroom has already taught Mrs. Lincoln to use bologna sausages as a beverage, in return, we suppose, for the kind consideration which prompted the widow to remodel her late partner's old clothes. It is, we understand, entirely a love affair, as the embryo husband is as poor as a church mouse, and the lady has nothing save what she managed to realize from the sale of her old petticoats and things before she left this country. Every patriotic American will of course rejoice that the wife of the dead President has made such a brilliant engagement, and congratulate himself on the honor that attaches to the nation from her alliance with the illustrious and illustrious of Baden. (Grand Duke)

—GEN. SHERIDAN seems to have nothing particular to do except to run over the country, attending fairs, eating big dinners, and washing them down with good liquor. His latest movement was to go to Louisville to attend what is called the reunion of the army of the Tennessee, but which is nothing more nor less than a great big drunk, from which all private are excluded. Feathers and epaulets are all that are admitted to these reunions. The men who did the fighting, the brave, self-sacrificing common soldiers, are never invited to participate. SHERIDAN and other brainless politicians like him, enjoy high positions and get big wages for doing just such silly things, while the men who "tramped" through marsh and bog, and came home minus legs or arms, or with bullet wounds in their lungs, are left to starve and die, neglected by grunting hand organs in the streets, or playing the highly necessary part of knife grinder and scissors sharpener. Oh, Patriotism! Patriotism!

—BRICK POMEROY says: "The editor of the Tribune takes his defecation in a blood pig takes its milk, without a grunt or squeal. We like Horace, God didn't make that noble head of his for nothing. The Democratic majority that rained down upon him in this city didn't startle him a wink—no more than trickling molasses over a stove griddle or a warm rain would set in a tremor the statue of Washington at Union Square."

—HON. BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK, died at his residence in Elmore county, Alabama, on Sunday last, having reached the age of 67 years. Mr. FITZPATRICK was a prominent Democratic statesman, and was nominated for Vice President of the United States on the ticket with DOUGLAS. This honor he however declined, and Mr. HERSHEL V. JOHNSON was substituted in his stead. Mr. FITZPATRICK served about ten years in the United States Senate, where he was always recognized as an able member. Prior to his Senatorship he was elected Governor of Alabama.

For the Watchman POLITYKLE OBSERVASHENS.

BY GILBY GAMMON

His many Untold Occurrences, Mr. Gammon at length reaches Washington, and presents his Credentials to the High Council of Redoubt—Havened Intercourse with Grant and his Cabinet Conversations, Reminiscences, &c.

DATED FROM THE GARRET (BY) WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D.C., NOV. 19, 1869.

That truthful cynic, the immortal DeFoe, "what is bred into the bone cannot be got out in the flesh," is strikingly illustrated in the instructions at that factious, my wish, by reason of my hard necessities, I wuz indoopt to become a member.

Having long done the dirty work of the party and received nothing for my services—but I nacherally expected that, in my offishal capacity, at least, I should find sumthin like a politykle recognition. Filled with this pee, I showed my credenshels to the conducter of a train wch I heard wuz a gonn to Washington, thinkin that he woud take me throo. Alas! "put not your trust in princes," much less in Radlike politshens. Lookin at my credenshels with a smile of contempt, he sed "Git off at the next station."

But I wuz not to be bawken in this way. When we arriv at the next station, I notish a cattle train lying on the switch. My resoloooshen wuz taken. The darkness favored me. Goin around to the other side, I found a cur wch wuz empty. Gettin into this, I closed the door, and laid down—the eow dung beam two inches thick. In a few minutes the train startid, upon wch I fell into a profound slumber. It tuk that train two days and a half to reach Washinton—but I had pervishens enuff with me to last that length of time.

Arrivin in Washinton at eleven o'clock in the nite, I immediately proceeded to Willard's Hotel. After I got there, it wuz two hours before I could git either the landlord or any of his clerks to look at me. At length the gentlemanly Boniface sed-to-me: "What are yob doin here?" "I be out from the Great Moral

Ijee Klub uv Noo York, to consult with the Government," sed I. "Wish to lodge here to-nite." Sayin this, I handed him my credenshels, and commint a vigorous attack onto the crowdin wch adhered to me like Spaldin's Prepared Gloo.

A yooiversal showt uv lafter greetid me ez I riz from the cheer—this, no doubt, was the effect of my personal appearance, wch, somehow, hez been allaz agin me.

"Well," sed the gentlemanly proprietor, after surveyin me for a long minuit, "well, if yoo like to sleep in the garret and eat after the guests hev retired, we can accommodate—we shell never git anything for it."

"I accept the sitchoooshen, and close with them condishens," sed I.

"Show him up," sed the landlord. Upon wch a callered waiter brot me up into the cock loft. A few minuts after I wuz into a profound slumber, from wch I awoko thurruerly refreshed after gettin uv my breakfast with the callered servants, I proceeded to the White House, and stated the object uv my mission to one of the numerous ushers who wuz a din around the doors. At first they left me to skorn; but on showin them my credenshels, one of them went in and shortly returned, sayin that His Eggecellency wuz gradually pleezed to grant me an audience. With awe and tremblin I ascended the steps, and wuz ushered into the recepshen room.

The consishens that I was standin in the presence of the nation's high intellect, wuz too much for my nerves, and my knees commint to strike agin each other. Bontwell, notish this, and told me to take a chair, remarkin: "No," sed I, "but I am awed at the sady presence wch I am in."

"Take this," sed he, givin me a glass uv Otard whiskey from one of several decanters wch wuz ranged onto the mantel piece.

That draft restored my enridge, and venerated to tender my credenshels and state the object of my mission.

Bontwell handed the paper to His Eggecellency, who, after perousin it, lookt at me and sed:

"I shall be glad to give you all the information I can in regard to the course uv nekaken to be pursued by your klub onto the leadin shooshen of the day—but how wuz it that yoo couldnt put on a clean kote before comin here?"

Before I had time to reply to His Eggecellency, Secretary Fish remarket that a clean shirt woud also grately improve my personal appearance.

This appargl to be the yooananimous consishen uv the hull Cabinet, and His Eggecellency askt me if I woudn't like to hev a noo suit uv clothes onto me, to wch I replied:

"I hev yooosed this soot ever since I wuz a privt in the Noo York Dookstruk twis, dooin the last centort—but I am in your Eggecellency's hands, do with me as yoo please."

Upon this His Eggecellency tuk me into a ante chamber, and arrayed me from head to foot. A attendant took my old clothes—so I do not know their uv their end.

Presto! What a change! I wuz now clothed like Josef when he woud before Pharo—and so stood I before His Eggecellency.

When I returned to the recepshen room, the hull Cabinet but into a laff, after the subsidens uv wch, His Eggecellency, puttin hix Havana onto the mantel-piece, and takin a mity draft uv Otard whiskey, commint to ejoekt the scuntillashens uv hix intellect like the arms uv Brierias.

"With regard to the politykle sitchoooshen," remarket His Eggecellency "I do not know exactly how to treat it. Havin no polisy but that uv the people, it is necessary that I should be directed by their leaders—and the polisy of the leaders distracts me. Onto the queschen uv nigger ekality we will have to play a fast and loose game lgt onto the subject uv the bonds, we shall, sooner or later, hev to take some stand, as this queschen will hev much to do with the eleeckshen uv 1872. In this conneshen, I shall be content to flote with the current. It will be the safest course for to adopt, as a candidate for the suffragus uv the people. He eleeckshen woud be a desirable event to me—but I should like it to appear in the shap of a showt onto me agin

my will, ez the crown wuz forest onto Richard the Third. This haz a grate moral effect on the people, and, should I be onable to govern satisfactorily, the blame will not fall so hevily onto me. Therefore, on the queschen uv sochel nigger ekality yoo can pursue a temporisin polisy. Cajole the nigger with promises, these will cost yoo nothin, and will accomplish our purpose jint ez well. But onto the queschen uv the bonds, we will hev to be more careful. Our party iz already divided on the queschen. Some favor the reducshen uv the interest, ez a means uv satisfiyin the masses—but this woud never do—it woud work our ruin in 1872. The people woud vote for that platform wch guaranteed the paymunt uv the bonds in greenbacks. On avry side I look at this queschen, it gives me trubbel. I hope that our finanshel Secretary will be able to help us out uv our difficulty before next eleeckshen."

His Eggecellency havin delivered his self uv this loocid peroushshen, the lite uv wch proved benefishal onto all uv us—the grate man got down, and commint a stroku uv hix chin. He had made an impreschen.

Bontwell now gev a few remarkes onto the bond queschen.

"It is clear," sed he, "that something needs to be done—but what shall it be? Ez a party, we are pledged to paymunt uv the bonds in gold. This must be the cheet plank in our platform for 1872, unless we woud stultify ourselves, and belie all our previous party professhens. If we could manage it so ez to reduce the interest on these bonds, we mite then accomplish something—but there iz danger even in this. It woud be establishin a precedent for further encroachments, besides bein an acknowledgement uv our error. In short, I see no present way uv gettin out uv our difficulties."

And with this observashen, the Secretary uv the Treshery sot down, greef and anxiety bein depicted onto hix countenance.

Attorney General Hoar wuz the next individual who broke silence.

"In legal matters," sed he, much depends on wind. Though not a polityshen uv long standin, I vit know uv the bizness to be able to see that wind may be uv ez much servis in polity. By this I mean that we must sound our own trumpet—do more in the way uv blowin. Let us speshelly insist on the grate dunnnooshen we hev effected in the Nashenel debt. By this means we mite accomplish much.

Robeson, uv the Navy, who wuz whitthin a bout ont uv a pine strek, remarket that, ez far ez he cood see, the praives uv the administrashen had been round led long enuff. Robeson iz evidently entirely oddited to be a adviser uv His Eggecellency.

The grate man now moved on hix chair. Placin hix cigar onto the winder-sill, and gulpin down a draft uv Reserve Boorbin, His Eggecellency remarket:

"Ez to the result uv the eleeckshen in 1872, that will atfect the nashen more than I will me. The people will be no loss to me, but I shall be a loss to the people. Still, I should like to be eleecktid. It iz gratifyin to be at the head uv a nashen. It iz pleasant to receive tribute from genrus fools all over the country, in the shap uv presents and sich like. It iz flatterin to be known ez the Saviour uv the Country after all others had failed. It iz pleasant to heer them say, wch ever I go down these steps, "There goes the grate man." The loss uv all this woud not be agreeable to my inner feelins."

Havin endid these astoot observashens, His Eggecellency commint amokin vigrusly, and I saw that it wuz time for me to depart. But I had a piece uv strategy to perform before I left that room, so I sot, and sot, like a mute.

"How are yoo goin to git back to Noo York?" sed Greenwell.

Now wuz my time. Bustin into a fluid uv tears, I exclaimed:

"I shall hev to walk, I suppose."

That lethargical good wuz judiciously expended. It flowed not in vain.

"Giv him a pass," sed His Eggecellency. Armed with the dokkryment, I left the presence, and shall depart this mornin for Noo York.

GILBY GAMMON, Ex-pouster uv Politykle Ekonomy and Retail Vender uv Radlyke Temperat Drink.

—Harrisburg oilman's production of 30,000. In 1860 it was 5,000.

—Robbed—An old man named Dorney, at Erie, of \$400 by his son.

—A Chester county farmer, has made 30,000 gallons of cider the present year.

—A Reading woman caught her husband with a naughty girl, and fogged him.

—Erie has a one-armed pugnist, who is champion shooter of the county.

—Five tons of white fish were caught at one haul in Lake Erie, a few days ago.

—Found—The body of a middle aged man, on the beach at Erie. He was a sailor.

—The latest Pittsburgh horse, the finding of an infant with its skull smashed to.

—John Campbell fell from the top of a barn in Chester county, and still lives. But he's sorry—very.

—Warren county (minus a woman) will mill one million feet of logs. All done by fire. Price \$40,000.

—It is said that the black marble found at Williamsport is granular and is excellent for lithograph works.

—The trial of Quas Ruell, for the murder of David Tate, at Pottsville Centre, last summer, is progressing at Franklin.

—The East Brady Independent says that deer are roaming in this county uncontrolled. We wish some of them would roam over this way.

—The beautiful Miss Emily Schenberger, who has been the belle of Philadelphia, for the last generation, is now credited with an intention to appear at the stage.

—Richard Engelhart, aged sixteen years, committed suicide by throwing himself under a railroad train on the Lebanon valley road Sunday evening, while intoxicated.

—Springer Creek, near Uniontown, died of lock-jaw on Tuesday of last week. A severe wound in the palm of his hand, received about a week previous, was the cause.

—Robert W. Devine, hung himself Friday night in the Reading, Pa., jail, where he was confined for disparaging his wife. He left a letter reproaching his wife for her evil ways.

—William Sicut was found dead of the Pennsylvania Railroad track, near the station at Greensburg, last Tuesday morning. It is thought he was struck by a passing train and killed.

—George Reynolds, an old, friend of Huntingdon, while on a recent visit to his brother at Carlisle, Clarion county, fell from a porch, receiving such injuries as to cause his death in a few days.

—Dr. Lobach, of Venango City, fell off a sidewalk on the night of the 15th ultimo, and was killed by his head striking a stone. He ceased to exist about forty years, and leaved a wife and three children.

—Committed Suicide—The Eastern Herald says Peter M. Gintley, a very respectable citizen of Donegal township, this county, and who had been insane for sometime, by hanging himself on Saturday afternoon last.

—Three men, while duck shooting at Erie last Thanksgiving day in a boat, were capized. They reached the shore, but one of them, Frederick Mehl, was so benumbed and chilled that he died upon afterwards.

—From five and a half acres of land Mr. John Turner, of Conneaut township, Crawford county, harvested the past season two hundred and eighty nine bushels of common oats, an average of over fifty-two bushels to the acre.

—A man calling himself N. R. Cozier, last week swindled the first national bank of Williamsport out of \$2,000, by means of forged letters. He then went to Baltimore and swindled J. B. Adams & Co. out of \$7,300 by forged bills of lading.

—Mr. Rose, of M'Voystown, aged one hundred and three years, traveled on Friday last, with Conductor James Bell, from that place to Norton Hamilton, returning next day. He is hale and hearty, and got on agd of the cars without assistance.

—Is Erie a minister of the Gospel has been on trial on the following counts: 1. Cheating in a cow trail. 2. Grossly defaming a young lady. 3. Immoral conduct. Ferguson counts proved—but why the third "was not establish ed" is the mystery.

—A man desirous of entering another state of existence, tried to get his head pushed by the cars on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, by lying down on the track. The engineer, how ever, succeeded in stopping the train in time to save the man's life.

—A little daughter of William Davidson, residing at Miner's Station, in Luzerne county, was burned to death, by her clothes taking fire while she was am using herself in jumping over burning gas in a bog in the vicinity of Pine Ridge and Union Brokers.

—It is said that there is drift-wood enough lying along the Lehigh between Mauch Chunk and Easton to supply all the people along the stream with necessary fuel during the coming winter. The quantity is immense, and it varies in size from a small boat down.

—On Thursday last George Varnow killed G. J. Curtis, in Beaver township, Crawford county. They were young men, children of neighboring farmers, and quarrelled about some geese, belonging to the parents of the victim, which were alleged to be intruding on Varnow's premises.

—Joseph Geesey, an aged citizen of Frankstown, Blair county, Pa., the other day, fell down stairs and struck an iron hoop lying upon the top of a keg. A portion of his nose and the entire upper lip were completely severed from his face, and his upper jaw broken. His recovery is doubtful.

—A Titusville paper says a petroleum Colossus has been discovered in the sixth sand rock at Pleasantville, which beats the Onondaga giant out of sight. It occupies a vertical position, measures over nine hundred feet from top to bottom, and pumps two hundred and fifty barrels of green oil per day.

—William Everett, a young man of about 25 years of age was killed at Nanticoke Junction, on the L. & S. R. R., week before last. He was stepping from one car to another, but lost his footing and fell between. His fall was completely in two. Another young man was killed in a similar manner on the same road, near the same place, and at nearly the same time.

—Miss KILLER—Patrick Moran, a miner at Pine Ridge, was killed while ascending the shaft on Thursday week last. His drill was resting on the platform with one end over his shoulder, which caught in the timber of the shaft, crushing him down through a space of very few inches between the carriage and the edge of the shaft. The shaft was just and the muggy had been exposed to fire, he fell to the bottom, a distance of over a hundred feet. He had a narrow escape before, the same day, the powder in a keg he carried taking fire, the lamp and starting a fire. The powder powder would have blown him to atoms. —Clarion Democrat.