

Ink-Stings.

HAPPINESS—A mistress who, the more she is wooed, the less chance there is of winning her.

...Tyronc has just started a paper called the *Pruss Youth*. It is the first pious youth that place has ever produced.

...When radical politicians promised "good times" as a result of GRANT'S election, they meant "good times" for the Sheriff's.

...The *Doxstown Democrat* says SIMON CAMERON is the oldest Senator in Congress, and it might have added with equal truth the oldest thief in that body.

...THE WEATHER, during the past week has been variable—like a woman who cannot make up her mind to say whether she will marry or not.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF PURE RADICALISM—9 parts corruption, 1 part mock patriotism, 5 parts office, 21 parts political promises—mix in a soup speech.

...The anti corruptionists and "quakers" of the state, have, of only been beaten but completely STRANDED in the organization of the present Legislature.

...A temperance paper in Cory lived two weeks, that's just thirteen days, twenty three hours and fifty seven minutes longer than a man would live, were he to drink Cory whiskey.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—The right to get married; the right to reject suitors; the right to use her tongue; the right to one husband, and the right to weed that one's hair.

...Solomon says there is nothing new under the sun. It is plain, without the testimony of history, that the man of a thousand wives lived before the advent of Radicalism.

...ANNA DICKINSON says she will be an M. C. before ten years; she doubtless means Mother of Children, but where under high Heaven she will find a man with courage and backbone enough to daddy them, is the question that troubles her and puzzles us.

...Attorney General Honr, has been rejected by the Senate for the Supreme bench and it is the first instance on record of that virtuous body rejecting an individual of that character.

...Eighty young men were admitted to the bar in N. Y. on Monday last. There are twice that many admitted to the bar in Bellefonte every day and folks round here dont think its anything to brag of.

...According to the Puritan belief, "the everlasting destiny of the Republic hangs upon New England." This brings to our recollection the words of the poet Watts—

"On what slender thread Hangs everlasting things"

...Dad Lewis of the *Huntingdon Globe*, has a column in his paper called "editorial Ariels." A great many of the articles in it are nothing like as brief as "dad's" support of a political principle when he finds it don't pay.

...An exchange says "Grant leans towards the Methodist Church," "Leans towards" it we suppose like the fellow we saw leaning towards the Episcopal church the other day, so drunk he couldn't lean any other way.

...If there was any certainty of the good Lord removing the next appointee, to the supreme judgeship, as speechless as he did STANTON; then we would pray most earnestly that GRANT would call on Joe Holt, to fill the position.

...Gov. FAIRBANKS, of Wisconsin is out for compulsory education. If they had a law out there compelling men to be honest, decent, and respectable, it would operate much harder on FAIRBANKS, than his compulsory education law will on the lunk heads of that State.

...This song of the *Patriot*, on Thursday last was, "O no, no, no, not for Joe." Just the reverse of that sung by a considerable number of members on the day of the adjournment of the last Legislature who were anxiously chanting, "Where and O where has Samuel Johnson's gone?"

...When Cromwell sent Colonel Pride to eject the Puritan Rump from the Parliament House, he found them engaged in "religious" exercises. Asking them what they were doing, Pride was informed that they were "seeking the Lord." "Then," replied the honest soldier, "you may go elsewhere—for, to my certain knowledge, the Lord has not been here these many years!" and thereupon turned them out. We are strongly of the opinion that there is another Rump, in this year of grace 1870, not a thousand miles away, which sadly needs purging. O, for another Pride!

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NO. 1.

The Death of Stanton.

EDWIN M. STANTON has gone to join his late master, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in the land of spirits—what spirits, we are not prepared to say. He died on Friday, the 24th ultimo, after a short illness, and unexpectedly to his friends and the country.

In the last issue of the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN we alluded to Mr. STANTON as the appointee of the President to a seat on the Supreme Bench, in terms that may not have been considered strictly complimentary. We, in common with the mass of the American people, felt so shocked and outraged by this appointment, that we did not stop to study polite phrases in which to express our disgust and condemnation of the same. But, in words that were not liable to misinterpretation, we gave expression to our opinion of the matter and the man, which though not palatable to many, is undoubtedly the estimation in which the late war secretary is held by the majority of his countrymen.

STANTON is now in his grave. The tomb has shut him from the public view. His earthly career has closed. Years after this, history will record his virtues (if he had any) and his vices. It will draw a true estimate of his character, and will present him to posterity weighed in the scales of impartial Justice. Till such time, men will differ. The positions of the day, in which he acted so conspicuous a part, have not yet died out, and it is not possible that the jury of his countrymen can at this time unite in a unanimous verdict either for or against him.

Men, however, and parties, have their own opinions. We do not wish now to seem harsh—to wound the feelings of friends, or to gratify the malice or hatred of enemies. We cannot, however, conscientiously withdraw anything that we have heretofore said in regard to Mr. STANTON. His death, just after a high judicial appointment, and the appearance of a special interposition of Divine Providence to preserve the purity of the ermine and to save the American people from the judicial terrors of another JEFFERIES. The noble and venerable JUDGE whom he was appointed to succeed outlives him.

Wigs shall say that God himself is not reluking the infamous party which dragged that judge from his seat in order to make a place for the man upon whose clannish face the dews of death have settled forever!

STANTON was a cold, hard, cruel man. He was vindictive and tyrannical. He was ambitious, too, and his aim was the Presidency. How he failed in this, in the knowledge of every man. While the war secretary, he was the terror of the country. Brutal and insulting, gentlemen disliked to approach him, either on business or for favors. The starving prisoners at Andersonville, for whom he refused to exchange able bodied confederates, are the best commentary on his humanity, and the shamelessness with which he held on to his office under President Johnson, after that gentleman repeatedly requested him to retire from his advisory family, shows the innate baseness of the man and his desire for power even at the expense of honor and reputation.

Since his retirement from office, STANTON had been living in deserved obscurity. It is said his health had been bad for several years, but no one entertained the idea that he was so soon or so suddenly to disappear from the stage of action. We are told that the vision of the murdered Mrs. Sartt was constantly before his eyes, and that he frequently felt her fingers clutching at his throat. This unsettled his nerves, and, together with the bad passions that were untiringly working within him, threw him into a decline, which culminated in his death. When he left the war office, fierce attacks were made upon him by the Democratic papers, and his inability to ward them off, together with the feeble attempts of his own party organs to palliate his conduct, was a thorn in his side that nearly packed him to death. To help himself, he again applied for power. Jud e GREER was badgered and insulted, taunted with his age and infirmities and harassed with importunities, until, finally, he resigned his seat upon the Supreme Bench, and the position was immediately given to STANTON.

Here he no doubt expected to reward his friends and punish his enemies, for just the day before he died he requested a prominent newspaper correspondent to make him out a list of all the newspapers that were for and against him. How he would have served them would no doubt have become apparent after he had taken his seat, but death stepped in to settle all disputes and prevent the publication of judicial functions.

The Radical papers are filled with praises of STANTON, and asserts that the country weeps for him. Less than this they could not do, but these praises would have been more grateful to the living than the dead man. We judge, however, that the country does not mourn. On the contrary, it may well feel relieved that its judiciary has been spared the infliction of this man. Outside of his own family and personal friends, we doubt if a tear has quivered the eyes of any one. STANTON was not a man to love. He was rather to be feared—and all tyrants are despised. No despot ever yet wept when the grave closed over him, and thus it has been with STANTON. He has gone down into the dark valley and shadow of death uncheered by a single loving ray from the hearts of the people. They say "The War Minister is dead," and their hearts rebound as if relieved from the oppression of some great danger.

In but one respect does the example of EDWIN M. STANTON deserve to be copied. He is said to have been a great worker, attending to all the details of his office, even to the slightest minute. In this regard the officials of today might follow him without detriment to the public service.

As we have said before, history will give to the future the proper estimate of EDWIN M. STANTON. In the discharge of our journalistic duty, we have given our opinion of him, and what we believe to be the opinion of the majority of the American people. We now leave him with his God, before whose dread tribunal he will have to answer for the deeds done in the body. It is hard to exercise toward him the virtues of forbearance and charity, because he was a man to whom the words "charity" and "forbearance" were but empty sounds, signifying nothing. But let us judge him as leniently as we can. The Almighty, who is no respecter of persons, will draw the line of distinction between the good and evil he has done.

Cuba.

The cause of the Cuban revolution is said to be declining—wanting to its support. No wonder, when it is borne in mind that the Republicans here have had to contend not only with a powerful, heartless, merciless implacable foe, but also with those who call themselves Republicans par excellence in this country. America has been made simply a depot of supplies for the Spaniard in his warfare upon the Republican insurgents, and those miserable wretches who have crept into the offices at Washington are all, naturally enough, in sympathy with the Castilian. The patriots in this country, offering to aid their countrymen in Cuba, are hunted down with the vigor of government, while grand flotillas for Spain are fitted out in our leading harbors. God help the struggling free men of other countries, as of this, if they depend upon us for sympathy in the hour of trial and of need! We are a people of many words and loud boastsings, but no principle now lies at the bottom to guide our rulers. Our government is apparently the earnest sympathizer with despots and against the people in all quarters of the earth, and especially so the nearer to our own blood and faith. No wonder, then, when the ragged, hungry Cubans have not only to battle Spain, but to contend against our deceit and faithlessness that their cause is warring. God help them. They have fallen on evil times, and amongst thieves, and their cause, which should be every American's, is destined to go down in blood and widespread ruin!

It is facetiously remarked, but most truthfully, that the gloriously praying and fighting soldier STONEWALL JACKSON, died on the field of battle in face of a Yankee host, not by Massachusetts level, now, however,—but by pneumonia.

Not Smart.

One of the popular stupidities, only wickedness, of over zealous and would-be "smart" newspaper paragraphists, is upon every occasion, offering to throw some reflection, flattery or by innuendo, on the married estate. Every rattle brain nincompoop who has no ability to earn an honest living in some honorable, mechanical calling, the moment he finds himself at a desk, as reporter, correspondent, local or editor, seems to regard it now a days as his chief aim in life, to say something derogatory to the institution of marriage. Let us say here, that only those who are themselves badly mated, who are themselves unworthy husbands, altar dead beats, boarding house cheats, idlers, and blackguards are competent to conduct that character of journalism, which is both false in fact, baleful to society, and pernicious in object. Marriage is a holy, proper and necessary institution, and excepting the building where Christians worship and commune with the Living God, there is no other place on earth more sacred and purifying than the house of a good wife and husband. Out upon this frivolous, belittling and contemptible character of journalism. It is beneath the dignity of a TRIEMAN to reflect upon so necessary an institution.

Let us have Peace.

By W. J. MURPHY

Ye Political Ode, to be sung by ye Official Leeches and other Puritan Beasts of ye Great Moral Ue" Faction.

"Let us have Peace!" cries Ulysses "So be it!" hear Congress rant "Let us have Peace!" echoes Colfax, With a truly Radical rant.

We have made a million of corpses, Yes—straw the land with slain— We have reaped a human harvest, Where grow the rippling grain.

The wall of the widows and orphans I lay single in our care— That sort of political music— A Puritan never fears.

A land once peaceful and happy, We have rent with Faction's strife, For the sake of office and power, We sought our country's life.

We have trampled our Southern brothers "Neath the iron of Tyranny's heel, Destroyed their homes and their altars, With a hate which demons fear to feel.

We have given them niggers for rulers, For Law, we have given them might, Our straps, for them, work the problem, Of the difference 'twixt Power and Right.

Thro' Blood we have waded to Office, Thro' Corruption we'll keep ourselves there, We have battered our conscience for Lucro— As the voice of mankind can declare.

We have haggled and bargained with Satan, So he furthers our plans and our schemes; It tips us on with our Great moral issues— The pride of our Grand moral dreams.

All this we committed for Office— And now, to secure its long tenure, Brothers 'turn up the whites of your optics And exclaim:—"Let us have Peace!"

Journalistic.

...The Philadelphia *Saturday Mercury* entered upon its thirty-sixth year on the 1st inst.

...WILLS HAYS, the composer and poet has become one of the publishers of the *Louisville Sun*.

...The *Norristown Register* boasts that since its establishment in 1841, it has not missed a single publication.

...The *arising Telegraph* has got a new head. Pity its editor couldn't boast the same thing.

...The indelible POMEROY has his own costly express wagons, to hurry his spy paper to the different news stands throughout New York City, at the earliest moment of its publication.

...W. P. FUREY, Esq., one of the most talented and earnest young Democrats in Northern Pennsylvania, and late editor of the *Carbon Democrat*, has sold that paper to Mr. JOE LYNS. Mr. Furey, we understand, contemplates going west. Our best wishes go with both the old and new editor.

It is stated that the committees having in hand the work of the Ecumenical Council have as yet said nothing concerning the infallibility of the Pope. God only is infallible, and it is a mere pretense that any office can render more human nature, as perfect and unerring as its Creator. So doubtless think even the captains of that cause.

Back to Despotism.

Because Georgia refused to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment and voted against GRANT for President, the Rump Congress has remanded her back to despotism. To the shame of liberty be it said, Georgia has been reduced from her status as a state, and again made over to the pimps of Radicalism as a territory. This is about the only thing of consequence that the Rump has thus far done, but it is enough to stir the heart of the people to open mutiny. When Congress passed the Fifteenth Amendment, leaving it to the ratification of twenty eight States as the necessary three fourths to make it a law, it gave to Georgia the same discretionary powers as to the other States. But now, however, when Georgia refuses to ratify, this infamous body of Radical scoundrels pass a bill divesting her of her rights as a State and re-converting her into a territory to be ruled by the iron rod of military power.

We tell our Radical rulers that this thing has gone too far. Georgia had the same right to refuse nigger suffrage as New York, but because she was weak and unable to assert her rights, the devilish Rump has punished her by depriving her of her State powers and declaring seats of her Senators and representatives in congress vacant. Is this game to be played all over the country? Will it be tried in New York? We should like to see it brought to an issue in the Empire State, because it has the power to maintain its dignity, and would do it, even though blood should flow from the veins of the nigger party. Let the Radical Juggernaut drive on. The people are no longer blind worshippers. The day is coming when Georgia's rights, as well as the rights of every other trampled and down-trodden State in the South will be vindicated, if in no other way, than at the bayonet's point and the cannon's mouth.

True 'tis Pity—Pity 'tis, 'tis True!

The ire of the White House Emr has been roused. The "no policy" man has spoken "Hou." JIM ASHLEY is politically no more. ASHLEY—the rejected of Montana—has been cast down from the high places. The Great Dagon, which is ULYSSES, has broken in pieces the lesser Dagon, which is (or was) ASHLEY.

ASHLEY was once a Democrat. But he was not possessed of the ability to serve two masters. There came a day unto ASHLEY when he had the choice of two things set before his eyes. He could remain a Democrat—or he could make his "pile" as a Radical patriot. The straw was too much for the simple soul. ASHLEY became loyal—yea "truly loal." Patronage and power was his. He became Governor of Montana—but the Democratic majority there would "have none of him!" He thereupon tried his last chance—he suddenly changed his convictions regarding the superiority of the negro, and for the sake of his office, became a brother of the colored "element."

Horror of horrors! The indignation of the Saints in Congress was aroused at this insult to the "noble African"—Had they not, by special statute, decreed his *superiority*? ASHLEY was thereupon made a victim. ASHLEY, now, has no office—no "pickings"—no, nothing. Poor ASHLEY!

Moral—Never try to sit on two stools at one time.

"O, MY PROPHETIC SOUL! MY UNCLE!"—Advices from Washington announce that President GRANT has issued an Imperial decree, decreeing that, on and after a certain date, the Inequity in attendance at the White House shall "wear swallow tailed coats!" *Verobis!* Oh, for a coronet—a globe and sceptre—for this "Republican" lemmie! We have seen "Ropal lianism" riding between gold hat bands and be hind coaches and six—but this apeing of the customs of European courts, in the item of swallow tailed coats, is passed that night. Well did the poet exclaim, on a similar occasion— "Born in the garret, in the kitchen bud— Let Byron tell the rest!

PANACEA FOR ANNA DICKINSON'S TROUBLES.—One husband, and three children. Lectures on "Woman's Rights" would then be at a discount.

Spawls from the Keystone.

...Hollidaysburg is to have its houses numbered.

...Stone Mountain, Huntingdon county, is troubled with "bears."

...Pittsburg sent a 3000 pound steer to Philadelphia the other day.

...Reading had a \$10,000 fire on Monday week. Hot town that.

...A Woman's Suffrage Association was formed in Philadelphia last week.

...Phoenixville has a surplus of radicals now Highway robberies nearly every day.

...WILLIAM D. KEITZ is to be thrown overboard by the radicals at the next Congressional election.

...The Philadelphia councils are just now agitated on the question of a paid fire department.

...Harrisburg is overrun with low women mistresses of the Members of the Legislature.

...The radical papers of Huntingdon, like Killbuck's cats, are clawing away at one another.

...Concentrated Benzine, or common whisky is dealt out at eight hundred places in Philadelphia.

...A Bear of Greensburg killed two hogs on the 3d inst., the combined weight of which was 1100.

...Forty three sheep were killed by a train of cars, on the Councilville road, a couple of days since.

...White Hall, Cumberland county, is to have a shoe factory that will give employment to sixty hands.

...Temperance meetings are in fashion over in Huntingdon county. No place are they needed more.

...Lock Haven capitalists have subscribed \$5,000 to secure the erection of a State Normal School at that place.

...For looking at a Chicago girl through an opera glass a Pittsburg man has been sued for breach of promise.

...A metropolitan police bill, similar to the one in New York, is to be passed for Philadelphia the present winter.

...Adam Titus, the murderer of Henry Stamm was hung at Carlisle on the 22d ult. at 11 o'clock. A Titus on a tight rope.

...Radical good times, furnishes the sheriff of Blair county twenty-one homes of laboring men, to sell at the January court.

...Hotel keepers at Harrisburg are enjoying a treat, and office seekers come away with pockets as blank as a gutted herring.

...The room in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, in Philadelphia, is now used as a lottery shop.

...I here were 99,436 beavers, 178,200 hogs and 635,000 sheep received and sold in the Philadelphia market during the past year.

...Lock Haven tried to get up a Richardson-McFarland case the other day, but the "injured husband did not succeed as a shooter.

...Jeremiah Dibble, dribbled out the last of his life behind a willow tree in Reading on Monday last—fame, cold and no clothes.

...A lame-kn in York county, roasted a man by the name of Klinedinst, to death on New Year's day, because he was too drunk to get out.

...Gen. Miller of Harrisburg is out in a letter, alleging, that the Steinecko will in the Schappe case, heretofore believed to be a forgery, is genuine.

...A coal digger in Pittsburg was recently bequeathed by a wealthy uncle in Wisconsin, \$50,000. He'll not be a coal digger any longer, we'll bet.

...The Commission Merchants of Philadelphia have one hundred thousand barrels of flour on hand. There is need for hungry people about there.

...An effort will be made to divide Chester county during the present session of the Legislature, making Waynesburg the county seat of the new county.

...Montgomery county had a mad dog last week, and Bellefonte had a mad man—the one whose wife pulled his hair for not getting her a New Year's present.

...The Delirium Tremens tumbled Michael Barron into the canal near Allegheny, and the little devil that folk-wed him held him under water until he drowned.

...A female lady of Pittsburg departed this life very suddenly on Friday of last week from the effects of fust oil, or the stimulant generally known as Pittsburg whiskey.

...The Belvidere Delaware Railroad will discharge about fifty men—brakemen, laborers, &c.—this week. They must be having a touch of radical "good times" in their diggings.

...An exchange says "Philadelphia has horses so poor that the owners have to tie knots in their tails to keep the body from slipping through the collar." This story we hardly believe.

...Darkeyism in Pittsburg has been convened, whiggising and resolving "dat we 'point a committee to urge de gubern ob de State to declare de passage ob de 15th amendment an' derby at once franchise us."

...The Pennsylvania Railroad has recently had constructed an immense grain elevator at Philadelphia. If it would only elevate the price a little, Centre county and other farmers would be "under many obligations."

...The Lancaster *Intelligencer* says: "Reading now has three mails a day from Philadelphia." Just as though that was anything; Bellefonte has a dozen of mails a day from the same place, and nearly always four or five females.

...More than half the public journals of the State show signs of gratification over the sudden removal of E. M. Stanton from the Supreme Bench, which is a pretty certain sign that the heads of their editors are level on the question of justice.

...It would ally the ruffled feelings of John G. Ruff of Enston if some one would inform him of the whereabouts of his son Adam Ruff, who played a rather rough game on the old man, several years ago, by leaving him, without telling him which way or where he was going.

...The income of the Philadelphia Union, League for the year ending December 1, 1868, was \$20,082.58, and the disbursements for the same period were \$17,688.01. Of this amount four Bellefonte politicians got \$200. How much did the radicals voters of the county get of it?

...Had the great poetic artist, *Hudibras*, (Butler) lived in these days, in this country, he would have applied his celebrated lines on the English Whigs, to the Radical faction in Congress—

"That party joined to do its best To damn the public interests; And herded only in consults To put by one another's bests."