

Ink-Slings.

—Dithois, the great Swedish watchmaker is dead. His time has stopped.

—The biggest chicken coop in the State is the Capitol at Harrisburg, now filled with roosters.

—There is an editor out West by the name of OXION. His articles all bring tears to the eyes of his readers.

—The darkey Douglas, son of old Fred, is still an inmate of the Government printing office. He is the "Black Douglas."

—Texas wants to be divided. Well, she has got into the right hands to be not only divided but devoured.

—"Brick" thinks that the only reason why "Shoo Fly" is more popular than the Lord's prayer, is because it is practiced more.

—Boutwell seems to be in the lecture business—always in the interest of the money lender, however. He has no word to say for the people.

—A London mercantile house prohibits its clerks from wearing moustaches. In ordinary language, it doesn't want the men to put on "hairs."

—A newspaper item says that "an immense printing house is to be started in Harrisburg." We guess it won't be such a "weary rouser."

—The question of removing the national capital is again agitated. We guess it won't amount to much for a few years yet.

—A MODERN LYCOURGUS—The Philadelphia Post Master, who has hung his list of advertised letters so high that one has to mount a step ladder to read it.

—The Princess TECK, a cousin of Queen Victoria, who has been delicate for some time, explained what ailed her by giving birth to a young son the other day.

—The Philadelphia Democracy damn Mayor Fox. They say "he left Packer—damn him." The Mayor's chief duty now seems to be to make addresses to the Sunday Schools.

—FETTERS, the greatest of English actors, is now playing in New York. If there is any straight-laced female in New York, opposed to theatricals, this man ought to be able to fetter her.

RADICALISM—The political Scylla and Charybdis of this country into whose vortex of corruption and venality the honor, virtue and prosperity of the people are helplessly and inevitably drifting.

—The poet who penned the following, must have been on very intimate terms with EDWIN M. STANTON:

"Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unloved, and unremembered."

—A New York special says: "there is a portion of the Republican officials in favor of reducing the volume of gold in the treasury." No doubt. They never fail to reduce the volume in the treasury when ever they get their thieving hands upon it.

—Twenty-six thousand British soldiers garrison Ireland. Ireland! Poor Ireland! But then Ireland is not so poor as our own poor South. Ireland grows under the rule of white men—the South bleeds under the lash of negroes.

—Grant couldn't "see" the claims of ex-Archbishop Brewster to a Cabinet position, so enthusiastically pressed upon his attention by Morrow B. Lowry and others. The President don't want to associate with men of brains.

—Lord Byron was less an aristocrat than a man in many of his sayings. He once remarked that he "would rather have a nod from an American than a snuff box from an Emperor." How few Americans to this, major born, can faithfully say that!

—That old piscatorial relic of other days, who now performs the duties of Secretary of State, H. FISH, got his office cheaper than any of his colleagues. It is said he only paid one thousand dollars for it. GRANT must have had a preference for him, for he certainly could have got more from other loafers, nonentities and incompetents—all of whom are Republican office-hunters.

—The Morimons are said to be playing havoc in Utah. They are charged with a catalogue of assassinations of Gentiles and other monstrous crimes sufficient to call upon their divine, if not earthly vengeance. But how true these statements are we have no means of saying. It is, however, more than possible that these constant rumors are not without sufficient truth to require investigation by the Government.

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Christ at Auction!

The New York Herald gives the particulars of the late sale of pewns in Beecher's Plymouth Church at Brooklyn, that den of "money changes" whose tables Jesus Christ once overturned in the temple at Jerusalem. Christ at auction in Brooklyn foots up better than the thirty pieces which Judas pocketed in a similar service—the betrayal of the Saviour! Beecher and Judas are representative men of the same cause, but at different times. But the latter Judas Iscariot, Jr., has larger notions of reward than Iscariot, Sr., had. For instance for what the first received so meagre pay, the latter receives the snug sum of fifty-seven thousand dollars!

PREMIUMS.
How much, for this choice seat?" exclaims the modern anti Christ auctioneer. Mr. H. W. Page, a fellow pharisee bid \$550.00. To which Jesus of Nazareth says: "I came to call sinners to repentance." "And he lifted up his eyes and said: "Blessed be the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"How much for this cushioned seat?" asks Beecher. H. C. Bowman, and a Beecher pharisee, replied \$300.00.

"And Jesus said, * * * Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

"295, 299, 325, 350, going, going, who says \$355?" asks Beecher. "I do," says H. B. Clewin, another pharisee.

Jesus, the word incarnate, the first and greatest preacher, says: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor."

"\$300, 310, who says 315," asks the hypocrite. "I say \$315 for that pew," answers O. Carpenter, of "Plymouth."

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and said unto them, "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast more in, than all they which have cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, which were all her living."

"250, 260, 270, who says 280, dirt cheap for a seat in this fine church," howls the garrulous, desecrating mountebank. "Here's your \$280," shouts one Jas. Freedland, a Shollyite.

"And he (Jesus) said unto them in his doctrine, beware of the scribes which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the market places, and the chief seat in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts."

And the auction of the gospel by Beecher went on and the members of his church of scribes and pharisees went on, and they cast into the treasury of their abundance, for—

Jesus says: "The rich have their consolation" in this life.

But the poor honest men and women, like Lazarus, will get their reward in the next life, if they continue to bear their crosses, like Lazarus. Beecher's flock, like the rich man in Hell, is every in agony for a drop of water to cool their lying tongues.

Out upon this scandalous mockery of the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus.

And shame on the worship of such vile mountebanks as Henry Ward Beecher. Infidel Blood-Hound of the Land of Hypocrites!

—One of the oldest papers in this State is the *Milwaukee*, established at Milton, Northwestern county, by Gen. Henry Frick, in 1816. It is now in the 54th year of its existence, and is a handsome, well printed sheet. We dropped into its sanctum during a recent visit to that town, just to see how the venerable institution looked. We found it vigorous, notwithstanding its great age. One of its editors, Mr. Meriton, was busily engaged in getting up the New Year's address, scratching his head every now and then to fetch the jingle. We supposed the address brought the "jingle" on New Year's eve. The *Milwaukee* is well edited, but stands on the wrong side of the horse, politically.

"Why Persecutest Thou."

Poor old BENNY BUTLER! He seems to be the most unfortunate of the many thousands of the late war. It appears as though he will never get through with persecution for righteousness sake. Really, why should this man be persecuted in this way, for it is a sort of persecution to make one thief disgorge when thousands of other and almost as mean thieves are permitted to retain their ill-gotten booty. What has he done more than many thousands of other noble (?) thieves who laid down their lives on their country's altar, and swore by all things on earth and in the sea, to steal everything that they could lay their hands on, and who fulfilled their oaths in this respect to the letter! Am a disinterested party, we demand justice in this matter. If poor BENNY BUTLER, who was once an honest company and a poor man, has taken up his abode with thieves and grown rich, why should he have to disgorge everything while others mount to the skies on flowery beds of ease and retain all their ill-gotten gain? Out upon this injustice. If he is to retain nothing that he stole, certainly those noble (?) creatures who with him robbed houses, granaries, and hen-roosts of the suffering people of the South during the late Republican carnival of hell, would be required to hand back some portion at least of theirs. If BENNY is to be sued in every city and village in which he may happen to drift in quest of happiness, let his brethren also submit to a like fate. There are thousands of heroes (?) in Pennsylvania, who were once paupers, but who bled, bit and dyed and got rich in an incred by short space of time, who ought also to be sued and made to disgorge. Millions of dollars' worth of Southern property now housed and farmed in Pennsylvania that ought to be handed back to its lawful owners—property of more value to its owners than the sword and scabbard of Gen. TWISS. "Walk into my parlor and the spider to the fly," but we say to you in many cases, walk into our Pennsylvania parlors, into the parlors of some of our Centre county patriots (?) ye robbed people of the South, if ye would gaze upon familiar objects of the olden time. Walk into our barnyards and stables, if ye would see a breed of horses and cattle no means a Pennsylvania importation in an honest way. Walk into our Sholly Republican houses and peer into closets and cotton bottomed boxes and *bijoux* if ye would feast your eyes upon what were once ornaments in your now desolate Southern houses. Walk where ye will, North and East, and ye will not walk far from objects that are hidden from eyes that could recognize them.

What a picture this of a war for the Union! And yet there is much more truth than poetry in the details, were we disposed to indulge in them. Look at the pictures which have risen at the bidding of creatures lately very lately, paupers in this Northern land! Whence all this wonderful transformation! Who possesses the lamp of Aladdin? Were palaces built on \$16 per month, or \$50, or \$120, with hire for one and three years? Ah! age of wonders!

Not enough of this persecution! Let the hero of Fort Fisher alone, that he may reflect upon the situation. Spoon-meat and in sweetening his molasses or his hyson to-day, but it may take something of more value to sweeten his cup to-morrow! Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and he will both repay and reward, and if Southern Christians never know the authors of their desolation in this life, the devil will in the next.

—The girls of the period? are, we are glad to see, turning their attention to physics. We shall soon have Mrs. Doctor So and So, Miss Doctor POLLY PINKERTS, and so on. Bless their hearts, it will soon be a genuine pleasure to have one's leg sawed off!

—Old HORACE GREELY has betaken himself to the subject of Agriculture with increased fervor. He pours out his Cerean knowledge in streaming essays, but then his agricultural knowledge is paper knowledge—a sort of farmer on paper. It, however, the farmers generally should follow the theories and agricultural developments of this pencil planter, they would achieve wonders in Mother Earth. He would soon have potatoes worth \$1.75 a piece and wheat ten cents per grain. GREELY'S farm on paper, we opine, is more easily filled than the one which the farmer of this section crawls over with his heavy plow. As a consequence his crops are enormous. He plants wondrously, and plows them with a stroke of the pen, thus (— His potatoes come up on the sharp edge of a pointed cedar stick—no heavy grubbing hoe does he wield. How easy this farming in a good, warm, dry, comfortable office, over a piece of virgin paper! GREELY'S farming knowledge is like the military attainments of a host of newspaper warriors during the late "Complacentness." Bleddy at the point of a pen—the first "on to Richmond!"—the first to get away from Richmond! Happy self-conceit!

The State Treasurer.

The daily papers of yesterday brought us the news of the election of W. W. Irwin, esq., to the State Treasuryship, over Robert W. Mackey, a hanger on of Radicalism, who had set his heart upon this dip into the flesh pots of Egypt. But the man selected is also a Radical, and as deep in the mud as Mackey is in the mire. His election is no triumph over corruption or intrigue, because he is as much a tool of the "Ring" as Mackey. It is only a victory of one portion of the Ring over another, and the advocates of honest and virtuous legislation have nothing to hope from it. We rejoice over the defeat of the regular caucus nominee of the Radical party, but, at the same time, we are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the fact that that defeat has been circumvented only at the cost of an equally great infliction upon the people.

Irwin's election was secured by a combination of sore-headed radicals, and the Democratic members of the Senate and House. What the Democrats expect to gain by going over body and breeches, to the support of a life-long opponent of every principle that savors of Democracy, is past our comprehension. Irwin was State Treasurer in 1868, and there is not a man who voted for him, but knows that the same abuses, peculations, and thievery, characterized his official term, that did that of the notorious BILL KEMBLE, and the now defeated and disgraced BOB MACKAY.

If the men who elected IRWIN, really wanted to correct the abuses in the Treasury department, why did they not elect some one whose past course would give some guarantee that such would be the case? If the handful of sore-headed radicals, were in earnest in their cries for "retrenchment and reform" why did they not assist the Democrats to elect DAN O'BAN, or some other honest, upright citizen of the State, who has not run with the "rings" or roosted with the "roosters" that crow, and scratch about the hill at Harrisburg, as LAWIS has done for a number of years back? Why did they compel the Democratic members, in order to defeat that most notorious of speculating Treasurers, BOB MACKAY, to vote for another ex-treasurer, whose record is just as black and whose peculations were just as great?

We deplore the Democratic members who deserted their own candidate to vote for IRWIN in order to secure the defeat of MACKAY and his ring, may not be disappointed in their expectations of IRWIN proving himself an honest, competent, and faithful official. We have but little faith in him—and but little hope of reform in the Treasury department while he is there.

The victory over MACKAY is simply a victory over organized radicalism;—that is all—that is all it means. For this, if for no other reason, the Democracy have a right to rejoice. But to talk of its being a victory over the "rings" is simply loosh! It is a victory of one ring over another—of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company over SIMON CAMERON.

—Old HORACE GREELY has betaken himself to the subject of Agriculture with increased fervor. He pours out his Cerean knowledge in streaming essays, but then his agricultural knowledge is paper knowledge—a sort of farmer on paper. It, however, the farmers generally should follow the theories and agricultural developments of this pencil planter, they would achieve wonders in Mother Earth. He would soon have potatoes worth \$1.75 a piece and wheat ten cents per grain. GREELY'S farm on paper, we opine, is more easily filled than the one which the farmer of this section crawls over with his heavy plow. As a consequence his crops are enormous. He plants wondrously, and plows them with a stroke of the pen, thus (— His potatoes come up on the sharp edge of a pointed cedar stick—no heavy grubbing hoe does he wield. How easy this farming in a good, warm, dry, comfortable office, over a piece of virgin paper! GREELY'S farming knowledge is like the military attainments of a host of newspaper warriors during the late "Complacentness." Bleddy at the point of a pen—the first "on to Richmond!"—the first to get away from Richmond! Happy self-conceit!

Personal Government.

The French cable telegrams bear to us the gratifying intelligence that personal government in France has virtually disappeared, and that a constitutional empire takes its place in peace. The late liberal triumph was, then, no political exaggeration, but a real and absolute fact, and a gigantic revolution is achieved without the loss of rivers of blood. Here we see a footprint of true wisdom from on high filling the minds and hearts of ruler and people. Oh! for more of that wisdom on this side of the angry waters, to dignify those who assume to guide the destiny of this government on the round of its first century.

The history of France in the past 90 days is the brightest page of modern history, for we see in it the light of the Kingdom of Peace. An absolute despotism is converted into a Constitutional empire, and the pursuits of life are unobscured; no hostile arrayed in hostile attitude threaten a carnival of hell; no instrument of power hurls its armor-clad arm to stay the voice of the humble citizen; but Peace, glad Peace, white robed Messenger of Love from the Eternal Fount, spreads her pure wings over the hearth-stones of forty millions, and the work of the Lord goes on!

There is a lesson in this chapter of French history worthy of emulation by politicians on this continent. An absolute Emperor, not only condescends to surrender the prerogatives of his high earthly office, but assists and cooperates in the accomplishment of the unfolding of a nation's destiny. He descends from a throne as firm as any on earth, and gives back to the people the rights and privileges which they deem themselves competent to enjoy! With an army sufficiently numerous and powerful to compete with any in the world, thoroughly devoted to him; with resources at hand, ample for every contingency; with a name second to none of earth, and an influence and wonderful intuitive knowledge of his people, that gave him long years ago a position in the front rank of living rulers, Napoleon might have said "No" to the futile attempts of the *Bourgeoisie* and the victory was won for personal government. A few thousand rash men might have made the attempt to brave his displeasure, the result of which would have been a momentary unsettlement of the state of commerce in the empire, and a few thousand graves would have received their tenants—the oft repeated story of French revolutions—and the end would, in all human probability, have been as at the beginning.

But Peace reigns in Warsaw. The ruler has met the people, and France is to be governed by the consent of the governed. A radical revolution is consummated, and yet peace dwells in all the land. Mysterious are Thy ways, O Lord God, And O! that the people, and those chosen to represent and govern them in this Constitutional land, would ever keep in mind this page of French history, and when manifest destiny is revealed, O! that they may open their eyes to read the writing on the wall!

MERTIE.
BY J. S. LOYDER.
I long for thy presence, my beautiful Mertie,
For angels have borne thee away to the sky,
While homeless I wander and often despair,
In vain.
Life's greatest joys is now but a sigh,
Call me thine own my beautiful angel,
Lay thy brown head again on my breast;
Sing the sweet songs that bound us together,
Or bid us to hope when life grows dreary and
Ed.
Long for thy smile, my ten-hearted Mertie!
For none was so bright in days that have
Flown;
I call thy fond name in anguish, and linger
To find that no voice re-answers mine own.
Couldst thou drop tears to replace thee again in thy
Languish,
My heart in its anguish would cause them to
Flow;
For heart bound to heart, would do me in duty
Useless in Heaven—yet devotional below.
I watch o'er thy grave, my lone, sleeping Mer-
tie,
And long for the flowers to grow o'er thy
Breast
But the cold winter wind is all that does greet
Me.
'Tis the same bitter song that sang thee to
Rest
Though alone in the grave—though will awak-
en
And watch o'er my slumbers in silence of
Night,
Take from my heart the sad word—Forsaken—
Lament—
Fare thee well my path way always to high

Shaw's from the Keystone.
—Although it is the daily paper,
—Philadelphia has its school teachers,
—Union county has had a case of hydropho-
bia.
—Bucks county horses are dying with dip-
theria.
—Fishing on the mountainside in the
valleys.
—Philadelphia is to have another penny
paper.
—Huntington is presiding by a Methodist
revival.
—Gen. A. I. Russell has been appointed Adju-
tant General.
—The Western Union Telegraph operators
are still striking.
—Chester county sportsmen are enjoying the
fun of fox hunting.
—Cambria county is to have a new jail. Bad
news for Radicals.
—An adjourned convention is to be held in
Harrisburg on the 27th inst.
—The Reading Railroad Company negotiated a
five million dollar loan.
—The oil regions of this State produced last
month 12,844 barrels of grease.
—Senator Lowry has introduced a bill abol-
ishing capital punishment in the State.
—Cecil county, like Bellefonte, complains of
excessive rents and a scarcity of houses.
—A young hurricane blew down several
houses at Montrose on Sunday night last.
—Col. W. W. H. Davis, of the *Dobsonian*,
Democrat is writing a history of Bucks County.
—It is never too late to do good. So sub-
scribe for the *Watchman*, the great family
journal.
—A lot of radical papers at Philadelphia, O-
ber county, were caught and burnt on W
day last.
—It is reported that the Schoppard family
father and son, were driven from Harrisburg
for forgery.
—A young radical named Courtney, has been
trying his hand at robbing the mail at Chester
county.
—Trout Run, Lycoming county, had an ex-
traordinary lamp, a fire and a dead animal, the
other night.
—The water and chalk men of Philadelphia have
been prohibited ringing their bells on Sunday
in that godly city.
—Norristown had a hen roost placed on the
other night, and its paper chronicled the fact
as an important event.
—A couple of Philadelphia ball players, who
were talking about them.
—Harrisburgers are howling over former
events a pound for butter. Bellefonteiners
ought to get the lubricator at forty.
—John N. Myler has been confirmed as
Mayor of Allegheny city. In place of being
Myler he'll be *Kaiser* hereafter.
—A young fellow named Kennedy blew a
hole through himself at Carbondale on Wed-
nesday while fooling with a revolver.
—Whiskey threw an unknown man into
Stony Creek near Johnstown a few days ago,
and kept him there until drowned.
—Philadelphia firemen are styled by the
Mayor McMichael's paper, "rowdies and black
guards." That's complimentary.
—The furnace men employed by the Lehigh
Cramp Iron Company, Catawissa, Pa., num-
bering 180, have struck for higher wages.
—Washington and Beaver counties draw the
premium for the champion Senatorial "punch-
er" this winter, in the person of one J. A.
Rotan.
—The Norristown Reporter rejoices in a sub-
scriber 92 years old who has taken that paper
since 1801, and always paid for it in advance.
May his tribe increase!
—The Philadelphia and Erie rail-road is com-
peting with the New York and Erie, as to
which shall be known as the shortest and
safest route to the great hereafter.
—John Lawler, a young man aged about 23
years, fell through the railroad bridge above
the Brady Colliery, on Tuesday evening, while
on his way home, and was killed.
—The scarlet fever scourge still prevails in
Richland township, Cambria county. Over
thirty children have already died, and many
more are sick and not likely to recover.
—T. M. Apple, Saml. McGill and J. B. Ben-
ney, three "loaf" whiskey gnawers of this State,
have just had their political ears cropped for
falling to cancel stamps in their districts.
—The "roosters" in the Senate and House,
are picking with all their might at WALLACE,
BUCKLE and LEWIS, whose opposition to
their corrupt measures, they are fearful of.
—Hon. B. H. Brewster is out in a letter de-
nouncing the action of his radical brethren in
the Senate, in declaring 3-all grades *Senators*
from the Twentieth Senatorial District.
—Quay, of the *Brown Radical*, says a conspiracy
exists to destroy the Republican party in
the State, and that WATTS and SCULL are to be
ousted from the Senate. Important news, if
true.
—The Mine's Association connected with the
Cambria Iron and Steel Works, at Johnstown
presented each miner's widow with a fine
turkey and three dollars in money, to enable
them to enjoy Christmas.
—Stephen Smith is said to be the richest
negro in the State, but who Stephen is, and
how much Stephen Smith is worth, is a couple
of matters that we know no more about than
the readers of the *Watchman*.
—Ebensburg has a sewing machine which
has been used for eighteen years, and is as
sound as ever. Bellefonte has a dress that
has been used for over forty years, and they
are a little sounder than ever.
—Potter county had a first-class murder on
Thursday of last week. Dr. Mead, of Cowd-
port, a merchant, having his brains knocked
out with a club by some one unknown, who
afterwards robbed his store and fled.
—Senator Lowry, although a strong temper-
ance advocate, is opposed to allowing the
owners of wards, boroughs and townships in
the State to drink by ball or whether terms or
restaurants shall be licensed to sell liquors or
not.
—Senator Buckalew has introduced a bill
providing for cumulative voting in the Sen-
ate. The bill does not provide that one shall
vote early and often, but that if three candi-
dates are in the field he may cast three votes
for either one of them.
—Underneath the head of Hydr-
opolis, a writer asserts that this earth
is to have its face washed in the short
space of 6,200 years, by another flood.
He sets up the opinion that it occurs
at intervals of about 13,700 years regu-
larly.