

Ink Slings.

Shoddy is now toadying Prince Arthur, who is a son of his mother, and not a particularly good one, either. But what does Shoddy care for that?

The dead body of GEO. PEABODY has arrived in this country at last. We should think the poor remains would be glad to be at rest.

The telegraph strikers have struck their colors, and gone to work again. They originally intended to fight it out on that line if it took all winter. But they didn't.

GEN. BUTLER has a law suit in Boston. An amendment making a law suit the case of just such men as Butler would be an improvement in our jurisprudence.

The cars on the central railroad at St. Clair station ran over a bridge the other day, which broke down during the passage. It was PETER BRIDGE, and he is past all repair.

STANTON'S will has been admitted to probate at Washington. According to our Radical friends he died so poor that he had nothing to will. But trust a Radical for filling his pockets.

Nearly fifty millions of dollars more to run the Government a year under GEN. GRANT than under ANDREW JOHNSON. So says the HON. DAWES, the great Radical congressional financier from Massachusetts.

"Best Holt" are talked about by a newspaper. We have an editorial friend, in Hollidaysburg, whose "best holt" is on the neck of his "benzine" bottle. (This is a "slang" at the Standard.)

The admission of Virginia having thrown CANBY out of a satrapy, the administration is looking about for another situation for him. CANBY must have his salary, though the people have to pay it.

A Mexican lion was lately killed in one of the Texas border counties that measured seven feet, seven inches in length. The American lion has not been killed. It measures a rounded eight more than that, and runs the Radical party.

It is said that SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S Revolution, in a pecuniary sense, don't pay. SUSAN borrows money from GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, and GEORGE says SUSAN don't pay, either. If we were GEORGE, we'd get it out of SUSAN, somehow.

Gov. STERNS, of New Hampshire, and family, held a levee in Washington, the other day, at the St. James Hotel at which the Governor exhibited big and little STERNS, without charge.

A magazine in London is called "The Chatterbox." We have some feminine magazines in town here who fully merit the same name, but we would be afraid to tell them so for fear they might blow us up.

A newspaper, which published GRANT'S message, apologized for it by saying: "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

It is said that BEN BUTLER would have been a candidate for the Spanish throne had not ISABELLA stolen all the crown jewels.

An Ohio paper having said that the woman's rights women are generally "hip-padded, bosom stuffed, peak-nosed, thin lipped, crack-brained, barren, babyless women," BRICK POMEROY replies that OLIVE LOGAN, ANNA DICKINSON and GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN are not that kind of critters. They have all had babies, says "BRICK," except DICKINSON and TRAIN.

A couple of fools, who thought they were sharp enough to be thieves, broke into the county Treasurer's office, at Indiana, a few nights ago, and got for their trouble \$29 in greenbacks and \$40 in counterfeit currency. Had they been sharp enough to be successful scamps, they would never have bothered themselves to get into that place—they would have been sharp enough to have known that a treasury presided over by a Radical official was a treasury without funds.

An exchange embraces its ideas of a boy of the period, in "ten points of virtue, as follows: He must be, 1st, Honest, 2d, Pure, 3d, Intelligent, 4th, Active, 5th, Industrious, 6th, Obedient, 7th, Steady, 8th, Obliging, 9th, Polite, 10th, Next. We don't know whether we could find one of that sort; but will undertake to supply one or a dozen, on short notice, with the following requisites: 1st, Hatful, 2d, Proud, 3d, Impudent, 4th, Awful, 5th, Intolerable, 6th, Vornary, 7th, Skulking, 8th, Obtuse, 9th, Powerless, 10th, "Nobby." A boy with the latter "ten points" will be much more easily found than one with the former.

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Old Clothes.

Associated with the demand made upon one of our religious congregations last Sunday for old clothes for the naked negroes of the South, comes the reflection that in former days that people had enough and to spare. Before the war, under the kind care of masters whose interests as well as humanity, impelled them to a watchful care of the health and comfort of their servants, the negroes were well clothed and fed. They rose up cheerily in the morning to enter upon their daily labor, and at night the song and dance, to the notes of the fiddle and the banjo, resounded over the plantation, telling of the happy spirit of those humble and contented tillers of the soil.

But now, all is changed. The Ups of Radicalism has been planted in the South, and its insidious influence has corrupted and poisoned the whole social system of that once happy land. Where once good order reigned supreme, anarchy and confusion now hold sway; where once joy and happiness ruled the festive hours, all is now gloom and discontent; where once song and laughter awoke to life the midnight hour, we now have but the tears of the naked and the groans of the hungry. Where once was happiness, is now misery; where once was plenty, is now famine.

In good old Democratic days, the well fed and well-paid labor of the negroes of the South, for whose support we are now compelled to pay forty millions of dollars a year to the Freedmen's Bureau, produced the cotton that yielded us such a vast annual revenue in the shape of exports and home consumption. There was no cry among the negroes then for "old clothes." They produced not only their own, but the clothing of the masses of the whole country, besides vast amounts of "corn and wine and oil." Nakedness and famine were strangers to them, while Fatness and Plenty sat around their hearth stones like household gods.

Today, however, we are told that nakedness and hunger prevail among these black children of the South. And why? Because a horde of our morants have gone among them and plundered their country of its substance. Because an army of false teachers have taught them lies. Because they have been seduced from their allegiance to their best friends. Because they have been encouraged in idleness and debauchery. Because their minds have been filled with vain hopes of political supremacy, and their ambition stimulated by insidious and damning anticipations of social equality with their late masters. All these things have conspired to ruin them and to make what was once a producing, prosperous and happy element of Southern society, a present worthless, troublesome and dangerous pensioner on the public bounty.

And this is what has been done by the great war for the "Union." This is what has been accomplished by the great fight for "Freedom." The blacks are free, it is true, but they are still slaves. They are free to do as they please, but they are slaves to hunger and want; they are free to come and go, but they are slaves to unrestrained passions and appetites; they are free to sit up or lie down, but they are slaves to cold and wretchedness; they are free to sit in the sun or loiter idly by the wayside, but they are slaves to vice and nakedness. In short, they are free in name, but slaves in fact; much more slaves, indeed, than ever they were under the old regime, when, in the cotton and rice fields of a day that is gone never to return, they were free to supply themselves with all they could eat and drink, and to bring home to their families the comforts and luxuries provided for them through the kind care of indulgent and trustful masters.

So the tears and the blood of the thousands slaughtered upon the battle fields of the late war, have resulted in this: that to-day, we of the North, who buttoned on our armor so valiantly to go down and dip our hands in the blood of the South, recklessly, fanatically, wickedly endeavoring to take out of the hands of God the execution of His own decrees, arrogantly assuming that we were the arbiters of the negro's destiny, find that we are compelled to contribute of our substance

to support, in idleness, this people whom our presumption and folly have brought to misery and degradation. That instead of bettering their condition and giving them a freedom worth the name, we have made that condition infinitely more wretched, and doomed them to a servitude worse than death.

This is the lesson taught us by the demand for "old clothes," that comes up to us all the way from Texas and the Gulf. Notwithstanding we fought a war that cost us nine thousand millions of dollars and have contributed yearly, even since, forty millions of dollars to the Freedmen's Bureau, for the support and maintenance of these destitute blacks, made so by our own folly, we find that we have not even supplied them with clothing. Where is our boast that we would set the negroes free, and make them intelligent, happy and prosperous citizens? Truly, God's ways are not man's ways.

Ancient and Modern Rulers.

The patron Saint of the present horde of officials, civil and military, is doubtless Felix, a governor of Jewry in the days of the Apostles. It was before Governor Felix that Paul was taken by the commandant at Jerusalem, and it was modern Black Republican tactics on the part of Felix to keep Paul in prison two years waiting for the latter to offer a ransom of money for his liberty. Like the Senators in the Southern States, he had an eye to speculation, and they, like him, have kept numberless Pauls in prison against whom no charges have been entered, no real accusers found, no trials granted, and no disposition shown to offer release for anything less than a ransom down in hand. In the States of Tennessee and Missouri, to have offered to preach the kingdom of heaven at any time during several years past, was to ensure prosecutions equalling the great Apostles. Men of God, have not only been thrown into noisome and pestilential prison tombs, but have absolutely been scourged—BEATEN—MUTILATED—MURDERED—for their christian faith, hope, and charity. Tied up to trees by their thumps; stripped and lashed; waded upon the public highways; shot down at prayer time; dragged lifeless from fire and pulpit, all for preaching the name and cause of Jesus Christ. And all this, too, at the hands of men professing to be followers of the Redeemer.

The persecutors of the church of the Living God—the instruments of Satan, and by the power of Lucifer—are at this time and in this land wonderful fac similes of the persecutors of the people of God in former ages. They are the soulless, cold-eyed, three damned sons of perdition, who bear with them in their daily walk a living hell—a heart peopled and stocked with a multitude of "devils." And the Government of the United States, no matter what professional liars may say of it, is to-day as thoroughly ruled by Satan, the king of Hell, as was ever Jerusalem by his imp, the pharisees, in the days of the world's Redeemer. To look back over the past, and to compare their acts and actions with those of the present day, one is almost persuaded to believe the doctrine that the damned of one age live over their lives in another, and that, hence, we have to-day as our governors and military and civil rulers, the reborn spirits of the long dead human monsters of former ages. This world of ours is but a shade different now from what it was eighteen hundred years ago. The majority of mankind are about as prone now to outrage, rob, and wrong as then, only they seek to do their evil deeds more politely, at least the demands of the age make this requirement; hence when the dogs of earth's lower hell are spewed forth as rulers, in the manner that volcanoes cough forth their inward corruption, what else need we expect but a retrogression, rather than a christian advancement in the Spirit of the Master? Alas, when the "wicked bear rule, the people mourn." And who have the people to accuse for all this continued folly and crime but themselves. If they prefer devils to christian as rulers, they know where to find their men, for the Black Republican party is as full of them as Hell is of the Black Republican party.

THE LITTLE STREAM; OR, KITTY LEE'S LOVE.

I wander by thee, little stream, thy melodies I hear, Like some celestial music they all upon mine ear. The glimmer of thy silvery waves reflect the stars above, And all thy songs of gladness—arcsweet meads—singers of love.

Thy murmur holds a sadness around which memories play, And teaches me to love thee, as I did in childhood's day, And you seem to ask me fondly, in a language of thine own, Why I wander near thy shady bank, so weary and alone.

You have often seen a maiden by the name of Kitty Lee, Who sat upon the soft green banks in childhood's days, Who cast the tiny pebbles and watched them as they sank, Or gathered flowers that sweetly grew upon the mossy bank.

It was here I learned to love her, as we listened to thy song, For no impulse ever taught us that to love could ever be wrong, And we breathed out the affection, and as we older grew, We promised to each other that we always would be true.

Kitty's parents they were wealthy, while mine were very poor, But the sneering blows at poverty I always could endure, And Kitty fondly loved me, despite my clouded sky, And told me to have patience, I would be brighter by-and-by.

So we parted from each other, upon this self-same spot, And vowed our ties of friendship should never be forgot; Then with trembling voice she whispered "where'er in life you be, Remember that you have the prayers of little Kitty Lee."

I met the world as others do, all friendless and alone, Yet still it all I often found a heart befriended mine own, And Kitty often wrote to me to battle with the foe, For though we lingered far apart, I was remembered still.

I strove the harder then to win the haughty boast of fame, That I might bring to Kitty Lee, a proud and honored name, Thus years went by, success was mine, within a distant land, I had been blessed by beauty's smile, and fortune's favored hand.

And then I wrote to Kitty Lee of wealth and proud success, And breathed the old love o'er again, and future happiness, She answered and she simply said—"I love you as a brother, But 'er you read this little note, I must obey another."

I could not weep, but only vowed I never would love again, For every thought of Kitty Lee would bid me love in vain, There may be hearts as true as mine that impulses cannot move, Save by the thought of early days, wrecked by a hopeless love.

This is a life of happiness so often cast away, As the withered flowers of springtime beneath a heated ray, Or the brightest hopes to perish by a simple turn of heart, And leave a sadness lingering that never will depart.

Thus thy murmur holds a sadness around which memories play, And teaches me to love thee as I did in childhood's day; For it was here we loved and parted, in happy days gone by, When thy song brought joyous music to Kitty Lee and I.

WILSON'S CORNER.

The great question agitating Kentucky at present, is the proposition to divide the School Fund, insisted upon by the Catholic church and its people. As this would cripple or endanger the present school system of that State, the Protestants are arousing in opposition, and the question is likely to be an exciting one. The Bible is the thing at issue. The Catholics refuse to send their children to the public schools, where the Protestant Bible is used; they refuse to send their children where any other than the Catholic Bible is used, and they refuse to send them where no Bible is used. We have no idea how the question will be settled. It will occupy a portion of the time of the Legislature doubtless, but an issue of the question is not looked for at present.

The Huntington Globe is beginning to bother itself about the next Senatorial election in this district. It will be bothered a good deal more after the election to know why its party has become so fearfully demoralized and so very unpopular. From this district there will be two Democratic Senators elected at the next election.

Widespread Revivals.

Throughout the country, more especially in the West and South, extraordinary spiritual revivals have lately occurred, manifesting the immediate and powerful presence of the Spirit of God in various portions of the Master's vineyard. In Ohio and Kentucky especially, the greatest excitement has been manifested in regard to spiritual affairs, and as a consequence hundreds have united with the churches, and professing the religion of the Cross, have left their old paths and entered the straight and narrow one. In Ohio all during the months of October, November and December, sleeping flesh awoke to a realization of the truth of religion, and a large number united with the various denominations. At Covington, Ky., lately, the wildest excitement prevailed, and a very large number united with the Presbyterian church, and at Louisville, at the 12th street church, a revival, still in progress, commenced in October, at which a large addition was made to the Methodist church South. The spiritual interest is still on the increase, and in the East, here about our homes, as well as in the West, the revival fires are breaking out. These evidences of the presence and favor and love of God should cheer the hearts even of infidels, certainly of all men who pray and strive for a better day for this wicked world. It is remarkable that in these revivals now going on, leading citizens and men of advanced years, as well as the more notorious scoffers are more generally those who are receiving the blessings of Divine recognition; many men notorious as infidels or scoffers of the christian religion have lately embraced it. God grant that the work so flatteringly begun may cease not until a deep and lasting impression is made. No creature is the worse off for succumbing to the Gospel and the bearing of the Cross.

Journalistic.

A new republican paper called the Standard has been started in Somerset county. We suppose it will stand hard by the radical rascality and nasty niggerism of its party.

W. P. Furey's own paper, the March Chink Times, is one of the epicurean, readable, interestingest, straight-outest Democratic papers in the State, and if it don't prove a success it will be because the people of that neckerwoods don't know how to appreciate a good thing.

The Millintown Democrat boasts that its circulation has been increased over a hundred since January 1st, 1869. The circulation of the WATCHMAN has increased more than that in a single week.

A new radical paper is to be started at Harrisburg. It will be a weekly—very weekly—and will have a capital of \$10,000, to back it up against BERGER'S TELEGRAPH.

The prison report of the Southern penitentiary of Indiana, shows that the Republican counties keep up the population there, while the Democratic counties generally have to foot the bill. It is no use denying it—as soon as a people leave the faith of their fathers, they are ready for "treasons, stratagems and spoils," and are sure to be well represented in penitentiaries. For instance: Posey county, Ind., used to be Democratic, and then hardly ever had over one or two insane enough for the penitentiary. About three years ago it went Republican, and now sends up 18 representatives. Sure it is, vote the Republican ticket, and one's consciousness wonderfully develops.

The Mexican greasers and the Northey white-skinned niggers who are running Texas in the interest of GRANT and Hell have made a call on the government for 7,700 troops to trample out the little liberty left in that subjugated commonwealth. Texas has been peculiarly unfortunate in not having used sufficient hemp at the right time. That tough fibre is sometimes a promoter of real blessings, when properly and timely applied.

A drove of 240 Chinese have been taken to New Orleans on trial. There is but little doubt that they will be sufficient to satisfy that whole section, if all accounts be true.

Spawls from the Keystone.

A Methodist revival at Berwick, Pa. West Chester and Downingtown want a railroad. West Chester has an Episcopal church that cost \$11,000. The new county jail at Wilkesbarre will cost \$250,000. Whew!

Luzerne county people are asking to have that county divided. The Pennsylvania Peace Society wants the miners to quit striking. The workmen in the powder mills at Scranton are on a strike. The Pennsylvania rolling mills at Danville have stopped. Radical good times.

Seven tenement houses at Berks run were destroyed by fire Tuesday morning last. A State Temperance Convention is to be held in Harrisburg, on the 8th instant. Humbug. The franking privilege has been abolished at Harrisburg. Dons. will be scarce hereafter.

A Washington girl killed an eagle the other day by putting poison on a carcass from which it fed. The Harrisburg papers refuse to publish the legislative proceedings, because they are not paid for it. Ten bushels of suckers and cat fish were caught at one haul in the Juniata, at Mexico, one day last week.

The Philadelphia plunderous police bill has passed the Senate. All the radicals except Lowry voted for it. Joseph Long, of Gettysburg, was instantly killed by being run over by a wagon loaded with ore on Friday last. Lowry's new county bill has passed the Senate. It takes the rough corners off of Warren, Venango, Crawford and Erie.

Marin Potter took a Grubb—Joseph Grubb—out of the world very suddenly at the lock up in Allegheny City, on Friday night last. The Elk Democrat says the lumbermen in that region are praying for snow, so as to enable them to get their logs out of the woods.

The Elk Democrat man longs for summer. Let him long. We want some snow and considerable ice, before we can think of summer. A Delaware county rat catcher, recently got ninety rats in one stable. That county can boast of its rats as well as its radicals, hereafter.

A cemetery association at Easton was compelled by court to pay \$50 to Daniel Newcomer, for a dog in one of its employes had shot. Westmoreland county had a first class hurricane a few days ago that scattered houses, barns, and "sich like" in the greatest confusion.

G. O. Daise, esq., delivered his lecture, "Fighting with the Tide," to a crowded house, in Lock Haven, on Thursday night of last week. Robt. Miller, of Millin county, got caught in a threshing machine last week and so badly crushed that one of his legs had to be amputated.

Uniontown, Fayette county, had a murder on Saturday last. Henry Doran, struck Jefferson Lowe with his fist, almost instantly killing him. Philip Harvey, of Erie, received \$8000 for injuries done him by the Atlantic & Great Western railway. That ought to plaster up his sores.

Wm. Seeds of Schuylkill county, had part of his head blown off while out "ducking" on Thursday last, which is considered a foolish waste of seeds. The infant left at the door of Dr. Green at Huntingdon, a few weeks ago, is now ascertained to be the illegitimate offspring of one of the radical officials at Harrisburg.

It is stated that the liabilities of the Freedom Iron and Steel company at Lewisburg, which suspended last week, will amount to one million eight hundred thousand dollars. Uniontown, Fayette county, had a general jail delivery the other day. The prisoners opened a window and walked out. The sheriff is anxiously inquiring now which way they went.

A big "bust" at a tavern in Monroe county on Thursday of last week, threw a piece of a boiler weighing over a ton through a roof, breaking twenty joists, and landing a thousand feet from the place it started. Solomon Hagy, Edward Egger, George Youtz, H. R. Hull, all of Lancaster county, each killed a hog weighing respectively, when dressed, as follows: Hagy's 651 lbs; Egger's 550 lbs; Youtz's 608 lbs; Hull's 408 lbs.

Senator Olmstead wants the rate of interest in this State raised to seven per cent. He might do much more and still he couldn't get money enough on hand during these radical "good times," to start a pea nut stand. Last week was an unlucky one for tree fallers. Robt. Tendy of Jeff. town county, Robert Miller of Shippensburg, and a fifteen year old boy named Robt. Ford, were all killed by getting in the way of trees they had chopped down.

The office of the Treasurer of Indiana county was broken open by burglars a few nights since, and robbed of a small amount of money. The Treasurer had received a large amount of money the same day, but had taken the precaution to deposit it in the bank.

On the 18th ultimo, two young men named Michael Baum and Ishmed Lloyd were chopping together, near Cherry Tree, in Cambria county, when Lloyd's axe accidently glanced from the object at which it was aimed, and entered Baum's bowels. The wounded man at last accounts was not expected to survive.

In the libel suit of Armstrong, an ex-representative from Lancaster county, against Fisher Abraham, a radical paper of that same "moral vineyard," for charging him with swearing into his pocket more millage, as a member of the house, than belonged to him, the arbitrators returned a verdict of "no cause for action."

The people of Safe Harbor, Lancaster county, are engaged in digging for gold in the rocky and wild hill opposite the Munston House hotel, in that village, that an "India Spirit," which appears at the dead hour of midnight, tells them that was buried there by the Indians, who captured it from the French army. Such a story as this might be expected to have credence in a county as intensely and ignorantly Radical as Lancaster.

The Berwick Gazette says: Mr. Francis Evans, of Berwick, this county, killed a bear on the 11th instant, which weighed, when dressed, 874 pounds! The enormous hog was about two-thirds Chester White, and weighed, in its largest weight, 115 lbs. Evans is certainly entitled to the "title." Mr. Eney L. Adams, of the same township, killed a March pig, on the same day, sired by the above hog, which weighed 353 pounds! Who can beat it?