

The Democratic Watchman

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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Hard Times!

No business, no money, no nothing! This is the cry that meets us on every hand, from merchants, mechanics, laborers, everybody. Stagnation every where, in city, town, village, hamlet. The poor are living as best they may—the rich because they can. Rents are high, taxes are high, provisions are high, goods are high, everything is high. And this, too, during the Radical good times, promised us after the election of GEN. GRANT! Good times, forsooth! Why these are the worst times that this country ever experienced. In the memory of man, money was never so tight and so scarce in this country, nor have the people ever had so much trouble and difficulty in getting along. Nobody is making any money, except capitalists and speculators, and the feeling generally prevails that the worst is yet to come. What a glorious exchange the people made when they bartered the hard money principles of the Democracy for the paper potage of Radicalism, and how they are paying up for it now! What a difference there is between a stocking leg full of silver dollars, and a few trashy treasury notes, or greenbacks, worth about 70 cents to the dollar, in a portmanteau! Oh, Glory! Oh, Crickey! O, Judas!

Don't you wish, Mr. Republican, that the gold and silver days of the Republic would come back again? But they won't—for a long time. You did all you could to drive them away, and now it is beyond your power to recall them. Had you voted right—had you assisted to place and keep the Democracy in power after the war, as you ought to have done, things would wear a different aspect now. Instead of debts and taxes and hard times and want and wretchedness, we might have had good times and plenty of money and happiness and general prosperity. But you thought more of your party than you did of your country, and the consequence is we have a mountain of debt, and taxes without number. And not only this, but our expenses are increasing. The times are getting harder and harder, and the time may soon come, unless something is done to make money plentier, when complete bankruptcy will overtake the country. The present state of things is truly alarming, and there is no prospect of improvement. And thus all comes of trusting and putting power into the hands of the Radical party—a party that has shown, from its inception, a lust after power and a greed of gain. The Democracy warned the people of the consequences that would befall the country should Radicalism be successful, and the predictions that have been most fearfully and fully verified. But the people, blinded by the glitter of epaulettes, and dazzled by the burnished glare of bayonets, went mad after a military leader, although he represented the principles most dangerous to Republican institutions and Republican prosperity, and elected him to the highest office in their gift. As the result of that madness, we have the Government administered according to the principles of an anti-Republican party, and the consequent entailment of all our present disasters and difficulties. But all we can say now, will not help us. Had the people listened in time, all might have been well. As it is, we must bear our misfortunes as best we can, and profit in the future by the lesson taught us in the past.

The Empress EUGENIE is said to be the possessor of a magnificent form and ravishing face, but a very ugly mouth. She is said to dress slightly—more elegantly than a decent American husband would care to see his wife before the eyes of strangers. A few inches above the waist is all there is covered in that direction, except when at rest.

Mrs. LINCOLN, the imperious, Empress of the Black Republicans, living at Frankfort on the Main, quite un-Americanized. She is not courting a Dutch Count, as reported, and is said to be living wonderful quiet, wearing out her "old clothes" herself.

The famous Lord ANSKLEY, lately "doing" the dunkeys of New York, has at last exploded. He is only Dick Knorr, a cheat. There is a rich belle in distress—foolish butterfly, and the Lord has got her fine watch, etc., etc., and frown.

Harrisburg Newspaper Enterprise

For enterprise and general "get up," commend us to the Harrisburg papers. Not one of them publishes a word of the legislative proceedings, except in the shape of a contemptible summary that they might as well omit altogether, as no idea can be gathered from it of what is being done or of who is doing anything. As long as those papers had no idea of making anything out of the publication of the proceedings of the Legislature, they inserted them as matter of news, with some spirit of enterprise; but, as soon as the Record is abolished and the idea gets into their heads that they ought to have something for publishing them, they refuse to insert them at all, unless paid for it. In this, the Patriot and Telegraph vindicate their claims to be first class newspapers, of course.

Were we publishing a newspaper at Harrisburg, we should publish the proceedings of the Legislature, even if we had to pay for them; and we will just suggest to the Legislature that if they will remove the Capitol to Bellefonte, we'll publish all the proceedings in the Democratic Watchman free, as will also our contemporaries of the National and Republican. The idea of two daily papers at the State Capital, and neither one of them with enterprise enough to keep their readers and the general public posted up in the legislative proceedings, is ridiculous. From HESSIAN BLENDED, whose whole soul is bound up in dollars and cents, this might have been expected, but such action on the part of the Patriot is certainly rather stupid. We will just say to you, gentlemen, that the people want to know what is going on at Harrisburg in legislative circles, and if they can't get that information from your columns, they will insist on the establishment of another journal in your city that will make it a point to see that they are furnished with the latest news. A word to the wise, &c.

Late Publications.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS, BEHIND THE SCENES, BY Oliver Logan, Parities & Co. Philadelphia, Publishers. We have received from the publishers, advance sheets of a new book of the above title, from the pen of Miss Olive Logan, the former actress, and present lecturer and author. An examination of the table of contents is such as to excite the strongest interest, and awaken the greatest curiosity, to see the work. The subject matter treats of that curious world, known in theatrical parlance as the "Show World," and includes everything in the shape of amusements that we ever heard of—even to lectures, which are often, it must be admitted, the reverse of amusing. It is a peculiarity of this lady's writings, that, whatever else they are, they are never dull. This book takes us into the secrets of the "player folk"—conducts us behind the scenes of the Theatre—takes us into the dressing room of the Circus—among the cages and animals of the Menagerie—exhibits a brilliant phantasmagoria of buffoons, mountebanks, actors, actresses, operatic artists, street tumblers, jugglers, wild beasts, stiers, their public and private lives, habits, both good and bad, and in short, is a veritable turning "inside out" of that mysterious world concerning which so little has hitherto been reliably known.

The Huntingdon Monitor publishes this week the confession of BONK BERR, one of the PRISONER murderers. It is a long, very plainly told story, and charges the murder on his partner BOUTNER. He says he watched at the right road to give warning, should any one approach while BOUTNER went in and out of the money, and declares that he knew nothing of the murder, until arrested at Altoona, although BOUTNER had told him several times that he would "Kill them all," if he couldn't get it any other way. Like most other culprits he expects to step right off the scaffold into glory, but would have no particular objections to staying here a while longer.

It is said of the late lamented Maximilian that he was exceedingly headstrong, and that he absolutely cared more for the cut and set of his clothes than he did for the opinion of his people. Yet all attest that he was a kind hearted, intelligent, and brave man, as far superior to Juarez as a white man is to a Dahomey nigger.

The Jacobite elo gation, otherwise known as Governor of Nevada, was lately mistaken by the audience of a "side show" for the Chinese Giant, Mr. Chang, to the utter disgust of the real Giant.

TRAFFMAN, the French Papin murderer, suffered death in old French style—by the guillotine. When sentenced he arose, smiled benignantly, and thanked the court.

Are They Awakening at Last!

There seems to be of late a good deal of "squealing" in the ranks of the party whose leaders are ever heard declaring that the country "was never so prosperous." The Boston Advertiser, a leading Mongrel sheet, whose columns have ever "gone in," for its party measures, tooth and nail, swallowing all the ideas of the Second Washington, lately departed, and those also of the Third Washington, now in the flesh, and invariably behind a "cigar in the White House, has given vent to its feelings on heavy taxation to pay off the great debt, thusly:

"Nor do we believe that in our case the immediate extinction of the debt is necessary to enable the nation to advance its ideas, to extend its policy and diffuse its power among the nations of the earth. It is vastly more necessary to build up our waste places, to repair our crippled industries and put the people in a way to contribute to the necessities of the government without feeling it as a sacrifice. To attempt to pay off in a few years a debt incurred as this was for the safety and happiness of many generations, while all great business interests are depressed and taxes are eating into the substance of every kind of labor, is a delusive economy which must be followed by a bitter awakening by and by.

Is it not treason for the Advertiser to thus boldly talk of building up "waste places," and "repairing crippled industries," when its leading men are telling the world that all is going on as merrily as a marriage hunt? The patient Democracy may put on hope and courage, the enemy are being cowering staggered at the results of their last ten years' political intrigues, and if the omens are not false 1872 will see an end of the reign of despotism, and its manifold crimes. Morn is breaking. —Ez.

If the Legislature will come up to Bellefonte and hold its sessions we will publish a daily record of their proceedings, without asking the State for a penny, and our citizens will furnish one hundred thousand to erect State buildings. A city that cannot afford a paper with enterprise enough about it to publish a synopsis, at least, of the legislative proceedings, is certainly a very poor place for a State Capital. Come up here with your chicken pen, gentlemen, and we will assure you you needn't wrangle about Records and rates! The Watchman will let the people know all you do, say, or attempt, and at a k a cost to the Commonwealth.

Brown's pecking at the Treasurer is not the first time he pecked at that office in this county. Almost nine years ago he was Treasurer himself and pecked out of that office some thirteen thousand dollars of the tax payers' money, and put it in his pocket to spend in grog shops and on low women. He has reformed now, since the thirteen thousand dollars are spent, but his itching for pecking at the county treasury still exists.

Prentice says that, with the exception of HORACE GRIFFLEY, the author of SIMON SUGGS was the most humorous American writer. And politically, agriculturally, and unintentionally humorous and numerous is the first and the humor of the whole is that Horace don't know how foolishly funny he is.

Myriads of niggers celebrated "Man-cupation day, in the South, on the 1st. They man-cupated loudly, and long; and well it is, for the white man's of-factory that man-cupation day for the darkey comes in the middle of frozen winter.

Gov. GEARY is a man of much firmness and large understanding in one sense. He is not unlike a mallet with the handle up. No. 9 boots and No. 5 hat—big at the wrong end. He is a fair type of the "great" Republican party.

ROCHELONTE, the famous editor of Paris Latetia, now a member of the Corps Legislatif, is said to be only a successful edition of the GEORGE FRANCIS TRAVIS style of burlesque and stupidity.

A St. Louis merchant "suspended" animation for a week, (in his coffin) and then came to unexpectedly, and to the chagrin of heirs apparent and heirs expectant. He got out of it, and fooled them.

Queen Victoria's son, Prince ARTHUR, now in this country, has signified his willingness to be dined and wine'd by the Brooklyn club. We suppose he would have no objection to being women'd by the Sorosis club.

Hon. JOHN P. HALE writes from Rome that his health is feeble and he has fallen off in weight nearly a hundred pounds. He is got so hale then, as formerly.

Radical Retrenchment.

There is no one whose memory is so short that he has forgotten the pledges of retrenchment made by radical politicians, prior to every election, since they foisted the Sanguinon rail-splitter upon the country as President. And not only during political campaigns have they made these professions and promises, but at intervals between elections their papers and pamphlets and reports have kept up a continual cry of "reduction of the public debt," "healthy condition" of public finances—"curtailment of expenses"—and all such clap-trap, until a portion of our people, notwithstanding the fact that their taxes and tariffs and tributes are just as exorbitant as ever, really believe that radicalism is doing what it promised, and carrying on the government as economically as it is possible to do. Yet while men are fools enough to believe this, it is folly for Democrats to deny that it is so; but when such men as DAWES, a rabid radical Congressman from Massachusetts, comes "up to the scratch," and has the best independence to make the assertion and give the figures that prove that to-day, in time of profound peace, we are paying millions of dollars more to carry on the government than we did even under the profligate administration of ANDREW JOHNSON, perhaps they will place some reliance in it. Radicals cannot assure that the extract given below is no "copperhead lie." It is from DAWES' speech in Congress, on Wednesday last week, and DAWES, every body knows, is as "truly loud" as any puritan that ever whined round Plymouth rock. Read it, then look at your empty purses, and thank God, if you feel like it, for the "retrenchment" radical rulers are giving you.

He thought if the two mathematicians who had prompted these two Secretaries could be brought to light and to set to work, they could show that the public debt might be paid before the expiration of the administration. The book of estimates for the next fiscal year contained appropriations for public works of \$24,625,173, against appropriations for the same objects last year of \$5,493,000. The administration of Andrew Johnson had been accused of profligacy in expenditures. The people had tried it on that charge, and had found it guilty, and had taken from it the sceptre of power and put it in the hands of the Republican party, on its professions of economy in the administration of the service. The people intended to hold them to their promises, but what was the first evidence they put forth to the country of their determination to carry out their pledges? While he knew the ungracious position he occupied he proposed to speak plainly but truly to his friends in the House. He knew there was not much comfort to be derived from the wounds of a friend Andrew Johnson, in the last year of his administration, had estimated that he could carry on the government for \$3,033,000,000, and that amount had been cut down over \$20,000,000. What did our own administration estimate that it would carry on the administration of the government for a year for? \$321,087,374. An increase of over twenty eight millions beyond the amount required by Andrew Johnson, and an increase of \$49,628,537 over the amount appropriated for the present year. But this included an error of over seven millions of dollars in the footing up of the Post-office Department, which would reduce the increase to \$42,000,000. But he believed that not entering into the estimate was the little sugar plum of \$800,000 for League Island, and back of it also were the Bay of Samana and the Island of St. Thomas, at \$7,500,000, in gold; and back of that, were the millions that would be added by the Senate to the appropriation bills as they passed the House. In this House alone, if the pledges of the Republican party were to be redeemed, they could have no aid either at the other end of the avenue, or at the other end of the Capitol, and he put it to the representatives of the people whether they would inaugurate new public works on a broad estimate of \$24,000,000. He had a right to complain of the other end of the avenue, and with all the heralding by the graph and otherwise of reduction, there was but one of those departments that did not estimate an increase of expenditures over the appropriations of last year. The exception was the poor, unpopular Attorney-General, and he hoped it was not because of that remarkable trait in his character that it was contemplated at the other end of the Capitol to relieve him from further public service and drive him into private life. There was the new post-office building at New York, which the architect said would cost \$4,000,000, and the granite for which was estimated to cost \$1,500,000. Were they going on with such expenditures? Were they going to put \$3,000,000 from the Philadelphia Navy yard, \$8,000,000 from the Treasury into League Island, when they might as well wait five years? Two things seemed to be desired, a reduction of the public debt by the administration and a relief from the burdens of taxation by this House; neither of these things could be accomplished without the other thing, which both overlooked—reduction of the expenditure. How was it proposed at the other end of the avenue to pay the public debt unless the expenditures were reduced?—How did the House propose to "relieve" the people and the enterprise and the capital of our country from the burdens of

taxation under which they are groaning unless the expenditures were reduced?

Gov. Paaker's Letter.

THE ORIGIN OF LOCAL NAMES.—The following interesting letter, which we clip from the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin, in regard to the origin of local names, is from the pen of Ex-Governor William F. Paaker, and will be found highly entertaining as well as full of information. The Governor says:

GENTLEMEN—A correspondent of the last Clinton Democrat, in referring to the origin of local names in Clinton county, states that "Bald Eagle creek took its name from the large number of eagles of that species that were formerly found along its entire course, attracted thither probably by the large number of fish and wild ducks that inhabited its waters. The mountain along that stream has long been known by the same name."

The writer of this article having been born on the banks of the Bald Eagle, more than sixty years ago and spent his boyhood there, is able to give the true origin of the name of that stream, the valley through which it runs, and the mountain which forms their southern border. Previous to the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, by which the title to the Indian lands on the south and west side of the West Branch of the Susquehanna was extinguished, embracing Bald Eagle valley, a celebrated Indian warrior of one of the tribes of the Six Nations, named "BALD EAGLE," had his wigwam and his home on the banks of the stream of that name, near where Milesburg now stands, in Centre county, in the midst of an Indian village which was called the "BALD EAGLE'S NEST." He was a noted chieftain, known over the whole country wherever the tribes of the Six Nations made their appearance, and took an active and bloody part in the Indian warfare against the white settlers along the West Branch during our revolutionary struggle. Bold and fearless as the noble bird whose name he assumed, he, with his band of savage followers, swooped down upon the defenceless inhabitants and spared neither age nor sex. He led the party of savages, in 1778, that murdered James Brady, son of Capt. John Brady, the younger brother of the brave Sam Brady, of the Rangers, in a harvest field, along with his fellow laborers, a short distance below the present site of the city of Williamsport. Wounded with a spear, tomahawk and scalped, young Brady still lived long enough to describe the horrible scene with great minuteness. He said the Indians were of the Seneca tribe, and led by Bald Eagle. "Vengeance not loud but deep," says the historian, "was breathed against the Bald Eagle, but he laughed it to scorn, till the fatal day at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny." Hazard in his Register of Pennsylvania, Vol. IX, page 237, gives the following account of the death of the celebrated chief, Bald Eagle. "Several years after the death of James Brady, a large party of Senecas were marching along the Allegheny river, on their way to 'Bald Eagle's Nest.' Capt. Sam Brady recognized the Bald Eagle that day, and fired at him. When the battle was over, he searched for the body and found it. The ball had pierced his heart, and the blood of the young captain at Loysock was fatally avenged by the hands of his brother on the banks of the Allegheny."

"The Bald Eagle's Nest" was a well-known locality both to white and red men more than one hundred years ago. The land on which the Indian village stood, as stated before, was near the present site of the flourishing borough of Milesburg, at the forks of the Bald Eagle, and near land afterward owned by Colonel Holt, one of the first settlers in the valley. So well known was it, that in a warrant issued by the Land Department of Pennsylvania, dated the 31 of April, 1769, and surveyed the same year, for a tract of land now owned by the author of this communication, the land is returned as "three hundred acres on the north side of Bald Eagle Creek, about five miles below the Bald Eagle's Nest." It was the bird which gave the name to the Indian chief, the mountain and the valley. Sherman Day, in his Historical Collections of Pennsylvania, referring to Bald Eagle Valley, says: "About that time 1768, or, as some say, a year or two previous, Andrew Boggs, father of the late distinguished Judge Boggs, erected his cabin on the left bank of Bald Eagle creek, directly opposite to an old Indian village, on the flats near where Milesburg is situated. At this village was the 'Bald Eagle's Nest,' a name which has been erroneously supposed to mean the nest of that imperial bird; but it was only the nest of an Indian warrior of that name, who had built his wigwam there, between two large white oaks. The oaks were standing a few years since. The name was given to the creek, to the mountain which towers above it, to the valley, the township and the early settlement of the whites along the valley."

Mr. Day gives the true history of the origin of the name. Referring to Bald Eagle township, it may not be uninteresting to the present inhabitants of that township to know that it originally included several of the present counties of this State. It was organized at the first court held in Cumberland county, at Fort Augusta, in 1772, and was described as follows: "Beginning at the forks of Penn's creek, thence by a north line to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, thence across it, thence by the county line, south, to the head of the Little Juniata, thence down the same to the end of Tussey's mountain, thence along the top of the same, easterly, directly to the place of beginning."

present site of Sunbury, the great friend of Gen. Weiser, the Indian interpreter, and of white men generally. Shikellamy gave his son the English name of Logan, from James Logan, the Secretary of Pennsylvania under the Penns, a firm friend of the Indians. His Indian name was Tah-gah-jato. He was noted for his fine personal appearance, and for his friendship to the whites. Previous to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1768, he had his cabin at Logan's Springs, near Brown's Mills, in the Kishacoquillas valley, and often visited the "Bald Eagle's Nest." One of the branches of Spring creek, a tributary of the Bald Eagle, bears the name of Logan's Branch. A gap in the Nittany Mountain is called Logan's Gap, and the township was named Logan township. Loganville is in the same township. Before the Revolution, and after the extinguishment of the Indian title in the Kishacoquillas valley, he removed with his family to the banks of the Ohio, where, in 1774, his whole family were massacred by a party of whites, under the pretext of retaliation for Indian murders. Captain Cresap was charged with it. Logan at once commenced an indiscriminate war on the scattered white settlers of our far western frontier, and the most frightful barbarities were inflicted upon all, regardless of sex or condition. He took thirty scalps with his own hands in the course of the war, which terminated in the crushing defeat of the Indians at the mouth of the Great Kanawha. When his comrade chiefs afterward sued for peace, he declined to appear among them, but sent by an interpreter to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, the celebrated "Speech of Logan," the Mingo Chief, explaining his conduct, which was first published in "Jefferson's notes of Virginia," and which has passed into history and been republished the world over. In that speech Logan says: "I append to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, Logan is the friend of the white men. I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my woman and children. There was not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my revenge. For my country I rejoice in the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who tithes to mourn for Logan? Not one." This speech would have made the name of Logan immortal, even if it had not been written on your mountains, your valleys and your streams. W. F. P.

WILLIAMSPORT, Jan. 22, 1870. The Six Nations were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras. Mingo was the confederate name of the United Six Nations.

Logansville is in Green township, Clinton County.

The Franking Privilege.

The following is an official copy of the bill abolishing the franking privilege which was so promptly passed by the lower House of Congress:

Be it enacted, etc., That all laws and parts of laws giving the right to any officer or Department of the Government to frank or forward by other send or receive through the United States mails, free of charge, any letter, document, or other mailable matter, are hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the same shall take effect on and after the 1st day of July, 1870.

The above is certainly sweeping. If it should be adopted by the Senate and signed by the President, not an ounce of free matter will be carried in the mails after the first day of next July. In their great readiness to respond to the request of the Postmaster General, the framer of the bill forgot a main point in his recommendation. Mr. Creswell took good care to make an exception in favor of county newspapers, which are now circulated within the different counties where they are published free of postage. This is an accommodation to the people which the Government ought to afford. The amount of trouble and annoyance saved to residents of the rural districts, who are the principal subscribers to county papers, more than compensates for the sum which might be saved by renewing the postage on such journals. In his report Mr. Creswell said:

The objection that Congress may desire to print and disseminate, and that it should not avail against the appeal of the department for delinquency from the frauds that are fast overwhelming it. If the privilege be abolished official publications may be forwarded in the mails. It is only asked that they, like private matter, may be chargeable with postage. It is urged that this would prevent or impede the diffusion of the knowledge of public affairs among the people, than it may be said in reply that if it be the purpose of Congress to give information to the people, a few more tolling expedients may be resorted to. An unbridled press, managed and directed by private enterprise, can do more than Congress to enlighten the masses. Better far that the franking privilege be abolished, and that all newspapers sent to bona fide subscribers from a known office of publication should be carried free, without regard to weight, throughout the United States, and now throughout the county wherein printed and published. The receipts of the department last year from newspapers and pamphlets amounted to \$71,872. This portion of the receipts the department can forgo, provided it can be protected against the frauds inseparable from the franking privilege.

We suppose the sweeping bill put through the House so hurriedly will be amended in the Senate, so as to accord with the views of the Postmaster General on the subject of newspapers. We are sure it ought to be modified. To destroy the system now in operation will be to put the masses to a decided inconvenience, without assuring any compensatory benefit to the Post Office Department. —Lancaster Intelligencer.

THE VIRGINIA OUTRAGE.—The New York Tribune discourses thus sadly of the latest radical achievement, "the admission of Virginia to the Union." The House has adopted the Senate's perverse action on the Virginia bill