

Ink Silogs.

The oil regions are far from sacred, notwithstanding their holiness.

Brownlow still survives. Which is more than can be said of his good name.

It will be fun for the Democrats to watch the black and white niggers voting together next fall.

The prettiest woman in Rome is a Miss BAYLEY, of Louisiana, and the ugliest a Miss YANKEE from Massachusetts.

Honor is as scarce among thieves as anywhere else, but BUTLER has proved that it does exist. Old squint-eye stuck to WHITTEMORE to the last.

The death of ANSON BURLINGAME, the Massachusetts mandarin, has been announced. ANSON has probably gone off on the search for his "Anti-slavery God."

The editor of the Hartford Post got drunk on the 22d of February and gave three cheers for the twenty-seventh of secondary, Birthington's Washington.

There is a man in Maryland named MEALE, who commenced getting mean shortly after he was married. He killed one of them the other day with a stick of wood.

A Chester county man was fined one dollar and costs the other day for appropriating another man's umbrella. Thus it seems there are property rights in umbrellas, after all.

A Mr. PATE, of Kansas city, dug up an iron chest the other day on his premises which contained \$5,620 in gold. PATE considers this the hairiest thing that ever occurred to him.

The claim of Mr. SEGAR as Representative at large in Congress from the State of Virginia has been decided against by the committee on elections. So this segar has been extinguished.

Mr. W. H. SEWARD, the bell-ringer, had a reception in New York, at the City Hall, on the 7th instant. We suppose people went to this reception as they would go to a menagerie—to see the monster.

A hog was killed at Springfield, Illinois, the other day, that had in its stomach thirty nails, half a saw, one file and a suspender buckle. An editor thinks this hog must at one time have swallowed a carpenter.

"Honest JOHN COVODE," the Investigator, has, by the meshes of an investigation, been caught in the disreputable business of selling cadetships, the same as other scallawags. For shame, "Honest JOHN!"

A Radical member of the Ohio Legislature has been arrested for passing counterfeit money. If the Radical members of our Legislature were arrested every time they passed a bad bill, the Capitol would be vacant and the jail full.

You can't get ahead of old COCKY. After stealing all the spoons he could get down South and everywhere else, he has at last stolen a march on his Radical contemporaries and got him nominated for the presidency by a nigger meeting. Bully Beast BUTLER!

Senator LOWRY, Radical, of our State Senate, denounced old GRAY BUCKNER, of the Harrisburg Telegraph, the Radical organ, as "an old State robber, every ounce of flesh on whose body had been stolen from the labor of the tax payers." This is a case of dog eat dog.

The man who moved the expulsion of WHITTEMORE from Congress, for selling cadetships, was JOHN A. LOGAN, who purchased a brigadier-generalship for himself from old ANZ LINCOLN by giving Mrs. LINCOLN a twenty-two hundred dollar diamond ring! Virtuous LOGAN.

The people of the border counties of the State want three millions of dollars appropriated from the State treasury to pay them for damages, alleged to have been inflicted upon them by the soldiers of GEN. LEZ, during his raid into Pennsylvania. A nice little scheme to get a suck in the public tent.

Old BEN BUTLER is down on the newspapers. He says he is superior to them—which is a mistake of BENNY'S, as the newspapers have already dug his political grave. All they are waiting for now is for him to get into it as soon as he is through with his present term in Congress.

The Press has been his winding sheet, and every last breath he took. Wait to be his sepulchral.

As an instance of the continued progress of things, we may mention the fact that a big, ugly, black, dirty, stinking, lousy, rough, uncouth, greasy, slut of a nigger wench, named HARRER, lectured in the Hall of the House of

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Representatives of South Carolina, the other day. Her audience, we are pleased to say, was composed only of the nigger legislators and their friends, and white carpet-baggers. Decent people didn't attend.

The Onoda Disaster—British Humanity.

We print, in another column, the account of the unfortunate and terrible disaster to the United States Steamer, Onoda, in the bay of Yokohama, Japan, by the sinking of which all on board, with the exception of about 56 persons lost their lives. The accident was caused by a collision with the British steamer Bombay, which ran in to the Onoda, almost cutting the latter in two, and then passed on, regardless of the signal guns fired to attract her attention, or of the cries of distress and wailings of despair that must have reached the ears of her captain and crew. Such recklessness and stony-hearted cruelty on the part of men professing to have the common feelings of humanity, were never heard of or experienced before on all the wide waste of the ocean—a cruelty that doomed one hundred and twenty brave men, including the noble Captain WILLIAMS and all the officers of the Onoda to a watery grave. Even pirates—the robbers and murderers of the sea—would have had more mercy than this. British tars have heretofore born the reputation of human, and gallant seamen, but this last record will leave a blot upon their national escutcheon that will take years of generous deeds to wipe away. Had we been at war with England, the dastardly action of the Captain of the Bombay might have been looked upon as the heartlessness of a cruel enemy, and in this sense been partially excused; but, being at peace and on good terms, the stopping of the ears of the Bombay's crew to the distressful cries of their fellow-men, whose peril was the result of their own carelessness, the malignancy with which they were left to perish becomes a heinous and fearful offence, both in the eyes of God and man.

The Onoda steamed out of the harbor at Yokohama on the afternoon of January 24th, and when about twenty miles down the coast, at or about seven o'clock in the evening, the terrible disaster occurred. The steamer sunk in about ten minutes after being struck by the Bombay, and the waves of the ocean closed over six score of but late lives of men.

When it is considered that the guns of the Onoda were signally distinguished, were heard at Yokohama, twenty miles away, the escape of Captain Williams and the Bombay, that he did not become a victim, becomes the more subject-matter of a detested and guilty criminal. He could not possibly have failed to hear them, and why he did not about his people to the rescue of the doomed crew of the Onoda, a matter that may possibly never be revealed on earth for will posterity, and the light of the Great Day. What the British humanity will do with him, remains to be seen, but his name deserves to be held up to the scorn and contempt of the whole civilized world, whose sense will undoubtedly be that Captain WILLIAMS WILLIAMS LAY IS NOWHODY of the name of man, and a disgrace to the uniform he wears. As for the fate of the gallant seamen who went down with Captain WILLIAMS to the bottom of the ocean, bitter tears will be shed and curses heaped upon the British name. They started out that afternoon, homeward bound, and with hearts full of high with the expectation of soon being clasped in the arms of their loved ones. Alas! those flowers of hope were all too soon nipped in the bud, and the cold bodies now sleeping their last sleep amid the depths of the sea, food for the fishes of great deep, tell the mournful story of their sudden withering.

We refer our readers to the account of the disaster in another place.

BEN. FRANKLIN once suggested to the Continental Congress to make the goose, and not the eagle, the emblem of America. Was BEN. FRANKLIN a far-seeing prophet, that he should so well have divined the appropriate emblem of this generation?

Anna Dickinson in Bellefonte on the 28th.

The Double Execution at Huntingdon.

On Wednesday last, at 20 minutes past twelve o'clock Albert Von Boden-burg, and Gottfried Von Bohner suffered the penalty of the law, at Huntingdon, for the murder of John Peightal, his wife and a little boy, on the 17th of November last.

Not for many, many years, has there been an execution in this State, at which as little sympathy was shown for the condemned as at this. The cold blooded and brutal manner in which, for a few dollars in gold and silver, they murdered an aged man and his wife and an adopted little boy—how fiend like, they tried to hide the evidence of their crime, after securing their booty, by attempting to burn the bodies of their victims,—how persistently they attempted to escape, and the blasphemous threats of vengeance uttered and written, time and again, by them, while they had hopes of securing their release, left the general impression that they were devoid of any feelings of humanity themselves, and sympathy for them, was sympathy for men who deserved none whatever. Particularly, was this the case with Bohner.

Up to the moment of being pinioned on the scaffold Boden-burg, had evidently some idea, that he would be reprieved. Some weeks since he made a confession in which he positively declared, that although along with Bohner for the purpose of theft, yet he did not know that the murder was committed, until arrested in Altoona. This he reiterated on the scaffold, and said the only part he took in the matter, was to watch outside, while Bohner went in to rob the Peightals. This statement Bohner denied and asserted that each had a hand in the murder, that they were both equally guilty, and when the drop fell launching their souls into eternity, they were wrangling about which one was telling the truth. To look at Boden-burg, one would hardly have suspected him of being hardened enough, to commit a crime such as he suffered for. He was apparently about 24 years of age, medium height, well built, with large brown eyes, dark hair, fair skin and altogether rather prepossessing in appearance. Bohner, was just the reverse—a little taller than Boden-burg, with sandy hair, small eyes, a forbidding look—sullen, grim and cruel, apparently about 35 years of age, and just such a looking man as one would naturally shrink from.

They both ascended the steps of the scaffold with a firm tread, and stationing themselves upon the fatal trap, stood without a tremor while religious services were being performed, and the death warrant read, after which Boden-burg read an appeal to Bohner praying him to confess the truth and let the world know that he, Boden-burg, was not guilty, to which Bohner replied "we have both been in, and we are both guilty and deserve to die." Boden-burg replied, "Shame on you! Shame on you! You know that I killed none," as I while wrangling about which of them was telling the truth, the black caps were pulled down, the signal given, a dull thug was heard, and two souls were ushered into eternity. Boden-burg's neck was dislocated, Bohner died of strangulation. They struggled but little and died apparently very easy.

Hundreds of people from Huntingdon, Blair and Mifflin Counties were there to witness the execution and the speculative spirit of some of the citizens of the town manifested itself in various ways. The night previous a public ball was given, to which one could gain admittance for a quarter, and enjoy a dance, for an additional dime. In the morning scaffolds were to be found all around the jail-yard, to ascend which, and look over three minutes at the scaffold upon which the condemned were to be executed, cost the curious cents; to secure a standing place on one of these scaffolds during the time of the execution, the modest sum of four dollars, was at first asked but the demand being small at that rate, the price fell to two and a half dollars, at which it remained. One enterprising fellow secured the Sheriff's stable which overlooked the jail-yard and after boring it full of holes with an inch-nailer, charged a dollar for a peep through one of them; another determined not to let such an opportunity pass

without improving it, planted a pole, through which he had bored holes and stuck pegs, just back of the yard, and found plenty of fellows willing to give him five cents for crawling up and looking over for a minute. Others speculated in other ways and an outside looker on could only conclude that a hanging scrape in Huntingdon was a regular God send to many of her citizens.

OH, I AM STILL A REBIL.

Suggested by a Southerner, on reading about what the Radicals in Congress propose to do with the Southern States.

O' I am still a Rebel! That's just what I am! And for this unbound Union I don't care a continental damn! I might fight against it, I wish we'd won. And I won't have a pardon For anything I've done. I followed Robert Lee, For three years near about—Got wounded in the knee And started at Point Lookout But I've killed a chance of Yankees, With Southern steel and shot I wish they were ten million Instead of those few got! Yes, I am still a Rebel Mister Humbug Uncle Sam, And for this gun-bound Union, I wouldn't fight a damn!

JOHN REBIL

"145" vs. "113"

The way the Radicals are doing things may be thus illustrated. GRANT visited the Government Printing office in Washington the other day, and, to flatter him, the employees of the concern hung up a banner with the following inscription:

"March 4, 1869, gold 145. March 4, 1870, gold 113."

No doubt the getters up of this cunning device thought it was a brilliant idea, but they should also have added:

"March 4, 1869, the Western farmer could buy three to four pounds of coffee for one bushel of wheat. March 4, 1870, it takes a bushel of wheat to buy one pound of coffee."

This is the practical state of the case, notwithstanding the fulsome adulations of President GRANT may wish to make it appear otherwise. What folly it is for the Radicals to attempt to still longer deceive the people. The hard pressure of necessity is opening their eyes to the truth, and the wolf at the door is teaching them a lesson they should have learned long ago. The fluctuations of gold are of but little account to the people, otherwise than they appreciate or depreciate our worthless paper currency, but the prices of the necessities of life are what directly interest them, and when they have to pay more for a pound of coffee than they can get for a bushel of wheat, the fact that gold is "113" now against "145" this time last year, is simply to them an empty sound, signifying nothing. If GRANT can get no better compliments than this, he may consider his administration a failure.

Old cock-eyed BEN BUTLER has been after the Bohemians with a sharp stick. He says the editors—many of them—about Washington are in the habit of writing lies about him and cheating boardling houses. That is bad for the newspaper men. But it is all too true in one particular. A good many fellows who call themselves newspaper men are pretty near as low as BEN BUTLER. A fellow that could not write the truth about BEN BUTLER, and who would do it in preference to writing lies to his credit, certainly would cheat his boarding house, for he has reached total depravity.

At a great religious revival at Evansville, a short time ago, in which all the protestant people took part, several hundred sinners professed religion, and over a thousand communicants participated in the Lord's Supper. The revival spirit is alive in all quarters, and the people are awakening to a lively interest in matters connected with battle life beyond this. The country is so thoroughly demoralized from the late robber war, that it would be well for public morals and its future that the good work spread like wildfire all over the land.

Gov. RIZEL, the successful revolutionist against the crown in Pembina (Western Canada), lately put down a counter revolution, by killing off his opponents. He is a Riell butcher.

One Step More.

The bill now before Congress providing for the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment is another bold stride towards despotism. Instead of the usual manner of voting, this bill vests the power to hold elections for members of Congress and Presidential electors, in three Commissioners appointed by the Secretary of the Interior for every election district, and these Commissioners are to decide who shall vote and who shall not vote. We are also to have United States Marshals and deputies and troops stationed near the voting precincts, and the Secretary of the Interior is to decide who are and who are not elected. The President, on all questions of unfairness or irregularity, is to be the umpire, and in this way our whole elective machinery is to be overturned.

What do you think of it, Freemen of Pennsylvania? Are you willing to see your liberties trampled beneath the feet of despotism in this way? Do you consent, for the sake of the triumph of a political party, to have your rights as citizens taken away from you, and your privilege of declaring who shall and who shall not be your representatives and electors, destroyed? If you do not, if you are not satisfied with the way things are going on, it is high time that you make your dissatisfaction apparent! The Government of the country is going to the devil, and with it, the rights and liberties of the people. Awake, while there is yet time, and tell the violators of the Constitution at Washington that, before all this be accomplished, blood shall flow through the land like rivers.

To secure their own ends, the Radical leaders will do anything. They have already illegally and outrageously forced nigger suffrage upon the country in the shape of an Amendment to the Constitution, and in order to secure the expected advantages of this infamous disgrace upon the franchise, they will hesitate at nothing even to the putting of bayonets at our throats. Awake, then—arouse, Freemen of Pennsylvania! and do your part to break crushing the dastardly tyrants who are seeking to rob the people of their birth-right.

How is it? We noticed in the Age of Tuesday last, a very lengthy and able article taken from that thoroughly Democratic Magazine the Old Guard, and published in that paper as an "advertisement." Of course, it is none of our business, it was placed under the head of "advertisements," but it looked so queer for a democratic paper to place a democratic article from a democratic Magazine, in the same catalogue it would place, Hembolds Buchs, Ayers pills, or Wamnamaker & Browns clothing, that we couldn't help referring to it. Did the Old Guard say something that the Age considered too good to keep from their readers, and yet feared to endorse?

It is reported, that on Thursday, the 24th of February, Senator Cameron said in this place in the United States Senate, that "he believed the tide of war would have gone against us, had not 200,000 negroes come to the rescue." As an ex-officer of the war we deny the truth of this. The back bone of the rebellion was broken before a negro was put into the field. Not a single victory of the war was won by negro troops; nor were they engaged in any successful enterprise that would not have been equally successful with out them. It is not complimentary to the 2,000,000 white troops to be told that they and their cause were saved by the negroes; nor is it to the credit of the country to have it said that twenty millions could not whip ten millions, without calling upon the slaves of the latter to help. Mr. Cameron's statement would be highly creditable to the South if correct.—Col. W. W. H. Davis, in the Doylestown Democrat.

A steamer from Brazil brought back to New York recently, a cargo of ex-Confederates who went off after the close of the war to settle on Brazilian territory. After suffering terrible privation, they were shipped home by the Imperial Government. Several companies of Southern emigrants, who located themselves in other parts of Brazil, are doing well and will remain.

The Board of Supervisors of the county of Milwaukee, have tendered the new Court house, which is to cost nearly a million of dollars, to the State for a Capitol-house, provided the Capitol is moved to Milwaukee.

Spawls from the Keystone.

The scarlet fever has broken out in Leas-town.

We are told that Tyrone is without a lawyer. Happy Tyrone.

Peter Heffle is trying to abolish the Common Council of Williamsport.

Williamsporters have been enjoying the fun of a masquerade ball.

Venango county has 34 prisoners in the Western Penitentiary.

Col. William Williams is called the champion shootist of Huntingdon county.

An opera house is to be built in Titusville capable of seating 1,200 persons.

Snow fell at Norristown on the 6th and 7th instant to the depth of six inches.

The next annual convention of the Knights of Pythias will be held at Williamsport on the 4th of July.

Jersey Shore thinks it will be an important place when it gets to be the terminus of the Rochester and Pine Creek railroad.

Clarion county sends clay to Pittsburgh to be manufactured into fire brick. An enterprising county, that.

Now that the war is all over the Huntingdon county Radicals are trying to raise a military company.

Mr. Wm. Morehead, of St. Clair township, Bedford county, died last week after an illness of fifteen minutes.

The Pennsylvania Agricultural College expended \$20,000 last year. Of this sum \$2,223 was for interest on debt.

A constable in Bedford county, named Walter died very suddenly, a few days ago, while returning home from a sale in a sled.

The Philadelphia conference of the Methodist Episcopal church meets at Pottsville on the 16th instant.

Emmanuel Rokey, of Lititz township, Montgomery county, slaughtered a hog this season that weighed when dressed, 612 lbs.

Jacob Brinker, of Monaca township, Clarion county, was so badly injured from a kick in the face by a horse that his life is despaired of.

A saloon keeper at Corry was burned to death by the explosion of a kerosene lamp with which he was trying to kindle a fire in a stove.

There is a prisoner in the Allentown jail who has read the Bible through twenty-two times since his incarceration in April last. This may do him much good.

T. B. Kinlock, Esq., of the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin, was married in that city, on the 1st instant, to Miss Jennie Allen. Happy J. B.!

A bill that attempted to butt a locomotive off the Lebanon Valley railroad track, the other day, was shortly afterwards found scattered about all over the track.

Mr. Jacob Hoover, of Pine Creek, Blair county, killed a hog last December which, weighed, when dressed, 724 pounds. Mr. H. has a ham on hand from last year that weighs 105 pounds.

Elizabeth Snyder, of Allegheny township, Armstrong county, aged one hundred and six years, died very suddenly while dressing. Her maiden name was Painter, and she was born near Carlisle.

Miss Elizabeth Weary, of New Bloomfield, died, on the 19th ult., from the effects of a large tumor, which weighed, when removed, 9 pounds and four ounces, and discharged 17 gallons of water.

Nathaniel Potts, esq., raised this season, on his farm at Warlick Furnace, Chester co., 2,740 bushels of oats, of 47 acres of ground, making 58 bushels to the acre. The oats was of the common white variety.

Thomas Jackson rescued a boy, named Higgins, from drowning in the river at Hollidaysburg the other day, by plunging into the icy cold water and swimming to his relief. The boy had broken through the ice. Such heroism deserves all praise.

The annual report of the State Lunatic Asylum, just published, shows that the whole number in the institution on January 1, 1869, was 156. The whole number under treatment during the past year was 608. The receipts for the same time amount to \$91,278.

A lot of fifty-two year old adopted son of Mr. Henry Comp of Tuscarora township, Perry county, shot himself on the 10th inst. with a revolver. He was shot in the head and the bullet went through the brain, and he died in a few minutes. It is thought the shooting was a fatal, and the boy was attempting to extract the bullet from his chest.

A little daughter of Mr. Samuel Clendenning, of Leas town, aged 11 or 12 years, met her death last week by falling against a board partition in the trough depot, striking her forehead and chest. She died in ten minutes after the accident. This is another instance of how quick the power of death is.

The completion of the grain depot of the Pennsylvania railroad company, in Philadelphia, is as follows: The mammoth grain depot, the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad, standing east of Thirty-first and north of Market, is at last completed. Its cost was \$400,000. The structure is most substantial built, of frame timbers. Externally, the sides and roof are stuccoed. Internally, ample protection against fire is secured. It is 555 feet long, 125 feet wide, and 82 feet high. The floor of the building is traversed by six tracks, on which 900 cars can stand and receive or discharge their freight. There are six rows of platform bins, each holding 450 bushels, or one car load. Running across the building, and underneath the bins, are ways for wagons. A wagon can load 100 bushels in 3 minutes. Wheat and oats are all raised in bins, and are being daily received and discharged. Besides all these facilities for transferring grain, there is room within the building for storing 2,000 barrels of flour.

A correspondent of the Hollidaysburg Register is responsible for the following ghost story: "A short distance from Allegheny Forge, in Juniata township, resided a family of the cognomen of Flynn, consisting of Flynn pere, Flynn ners and Flynn junior. In the course of nature, Flynn pere and ners were gathered to their fathers, leaving the parental acres in the possession of Junior Flynn. Now comes the gist of the story. One night since the demise of Flynn ners, the young man was residing alone, and on returning home observed twenty-two candles burning on the table in the room. When he entered, all became dark. On another occasion, he came in about dark, when he saw a candle burning as before, but which went out again immediately. He then went to his room, blew his own candle out, went to bed and slept. He awoke in the night, when 147 candles were burning again. He blew it out the third time, when 500 candles of 500 dispelled his ghostly visitant. Other responsible citizens have seen the same phenomena, among whom are Mr. John Arged, Mr. Tingling, and others. Here is a chance now for those fond of the supernatural or wierdlike, and we hope it will be thoroughly investigated. The house is open to the inspection of all."