

New York had a two hundred thousand dollar fire on the 22d instant. New York seems to take pleasure in such trifles.

A negro, named WHITE, has been nominated for Mayor of Decatur, Illinois. Is this White, colored? or color- ed White?

Congress wants to abolish polygamy in Utah. It had better abolish it in Washington, and among its own members, first.

A New York rag picker has \$10,000 in a city bank. That chap has evidently been picking up some of Uncle Sam's "rags."

It is said that the women of Bristol, Tennessee, take their knitting to church. We suppose they do it to prevent them from going to sleep.

We are told that Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton is too sick to talk. Were her husband living, this would utterly prevent her from having the last word.

The Radical papers are publishing the New York Sun's compliment to Senator Scott, of this State. This is an attempt of the Sun to illuminate a very dark object.

Miss LORETTA MASS, of Adrian Michigan, is studying medicine at Philadelphia. When she graduates she will be the first female-Mann physician on record.

The names of some of the towns in California, are enough to scare a fellow. For instance, how do you like "Humburg," "Gouge-eye," "Red Dog" and "You-Bet"?

We read that SUMNER is preparing a sixteen column speech on one cent postage. And when it is finished we suppose he will send it all over the country, postage free.

Gen. BUTLER has appointed a negro boy of Salem, Massachusetts, named CHARLES SCHNER WILSON, to a cadet ship at West Point. If that boy don't steal, he has been wrongly named.

The Huntington Globe says: "Thus far President GRANT'S administration is a brilliant success. Like the plumage of the peacock, however its brilliancy is all on the outside."

The Huntington Globe has got off a "snark." Listen: "The Democrats must not imagine that the colored vote will be light—for how can the colored vote be light? Oh, my! soak that man's head."

The economy of having niggers about our public buildings, as instanced by the case of the negro janitor in New York, who tore up \$10,000 worth of books and sold the leaves for waste paper.

We should like to have Captain EVAS, the murderer of the Oneida crew, come over to this country, just that he might experience the use of our people. They would tear him limb from limb.

ALBERT CANN has been arrested in Philadelphia for indulging in the luxury of four wives. ALBERT can now have an opportunity to ruminate upon the bad luck that will overtake a fellow sometimes.

The new style of hood to be worn by the ladies, hereafter, is to be the "coal scuttle" style. This is up with the progress of things, and will suit the colored portion of our social sisterhood first rate.

That was a sensible remark of the rich man who died in Maine, the other day: "Plant me as soon as I am cold, and don't cart me around for a side show." Spirits of LINCOLN and REA- BODDY, take notice!

A woman started a congregation in Philadelphia the other day by announcing a "special telegram from Heaven." We didn't know that Philadelphia radicalism allowed any communication with the upper regions.

A contemporary relates that a married friend of his went home the other night slightly exhilarated, singing "Shoo, Fly,—don't bodder me," when his wife let her shoe fly at his head, which "boddered" him considerably.

The public domain is being frittered away by Congress in large grants to corporations and individual enterprises instead of being applied to liquidate the public debt or meet the expenses of the Government. Consequently, the toiling, overworked people are directly taxed for this purpose. Such is Radical management.

The sentence of the court martial which tried the British Captain EVAS, whose vessel, the Bombay, ran into and sunk the United States sloop of war "Oneida," was that he should be "suspended" for six months. We submit that the suspension is too long. He

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should have been suspended only about half an hour—by the neck.

The body of gallant Captain WILSON, who went down in the Oneida disaster has been recovered from the sea. What a pity that the body of his murderer, the infamous EVAS, cannot be sent down to take his place among the fishes. But "time at last makes all things even," and the sharks may yet feed off the body of the brutal British Captain.

Copy!

The above is the cry of all hands in a printing office, from the foreman down to the devil. Copy! Copy!

What to write about we scarcely know. Week after week we have shown up the evils of Radicalism, until we think the people must be tired and disgusted with the record of its iniquities. Week after week we have shown how things are going on from bad to worse, with no prospect of final deliverance—with no hope for the country. And yet we are compelled to write on.

Higher and higher is the Radical party piling burdens upon the people, and lower and lower are we sinking into the dust of our humiliation. Our former glory has departed. The white man no longer rules sole sovereign of the land. Mongrelism has lifted its horrid head, and to-day grasps hideously in our congressional halls, our council chambers, on our supreme benches and in our jury boxes. The white people of one portion of the "Union" are in chains and slavery, while those of the other portion are looking on in blank amazement, but lifting no hand to stay the onward stride of the mighty despot.

The flag that once protected North and South alike, now waves but for the negro, and even the rights of our great northern Commonwealths are endangered. All this from putting in power a sectional party on a sectional platform, with prejudice for its weapon and lust of office the grand principle of its existence.

It is strange that people can be so easily deceived. When this party was in process of incubation, it whined them of its intention, and designs, and its ultimate ambition. Yet, scarce was the egg broken, from which it emerged, till men were found who took it to their arms, and nursed and cherished it, until finally it attained the full stature of a giant, and now looms over the whole country as one untamed man. Born, instead of the illegitimate offspring of man's sentiment and crazy fanaticism. And still, in spite of all the ruin it has wrought—in spite of all the lives it has sacrificed—in spite of the Constitution it has overturned in spite of all its blood and tears and woe and want and wretchedness—in spite of all the liberties it has wrested from the people, and the rights it has wrested from the States, there are those and they are many—who still cling to it and still aid it in its infamous and destructive work of trampling upon the people, upon the written law of the land, and upon everything that is sacred in the eyes and to the hearts of American citizens. Everything that is good and just and holy.

Will the day never come when the chains of this tyranny shall be thrown off? when the liberty loving People of America shall rise up in their might and assert their former prerogatives? Oh, we long for the hour when we can return to the ways of our fathers, and become once more the refuge for the oppressed of all nations—when we can sing, with joyfulness and truth, the glorious old chorus—

And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave land for the free and the home of the brave.

More Reconstruction.

Notwithstanding GRANT said "Let us have peace," we never will have peace until the Radicals have reconstructed things to suit themselves. The cases of Virginia and Georgia are an instance of this, and now an attack is contemplated by the Rump Radical Congress upon Tennessee. BUTLER, he of the cock eye, alleges that Gov. SENTER was elected by fraud, which may or may not be true, and now the old spoon-thief wants to remand her back to a territorial condition, preparatory to the process of reconstruction. The idea that a State has any rights, as a State, seems to have become completely ob-

literated from the minds of Radical politicians, and they act as though the sisterhood of commonwealths had surrendered all their reserved privileges into the hands of the despotic power at Washington. Although we still claim to be a Republic, the leaders of the Radical party act on the hypothesis that we have become a monarchy, and claim the right to overset and rebuild our State fabrics whenever an aspiring rogue in that party shall deem that his interests or the welfare of his party demand it. And because, therefore, Gen. BUTLER don't like the way things are going in Tennessee—because Gov. SENTER, Radical as he is, don't sneeze just every time his party leaders at Washington takes snuff, the overgrown, big bellied, bear-eyed beast of Massachusetts, and woman violator of New Orleans, deems that Tennessee shall undergo the experience of Georgia and descend from her proud position as a sovereign State to lick the feet of her Radical masters in the humble condition of a Territory.

We don't know whether BUTLER will succeed in this attempt or not. But if he don't, it will not be because he will not exert every art of his malignant nature to accomplish it. He hates the South and everything Southern, and so ambitious and designing is he that he would even dare to lay his guilt-stained hands upon our Northern commonwealths, did he not apprehend that the time for such a step has not yet arrived. But, gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the Radical Party is stealing away the liberties of the people and making the States the mere tools of a centralized power. When will the once liberty loving people of the Republic awaken to a realizing sense of their danger and their degradation?

Why it didn't do it.

If it be true that Gen. JOHNSON has resigned the command of the Cuban army of Independence, we suppose the administration will now change its policy toward the struggling Cubans. It is an opinion that has gained extensive credence that the reason why GRANT'S administration has thus far failed to recognize the revolutionists is because they were opposed and by Gen. JOHNSON. This officer was a gallant confederate leader in the late great war between the North and South, and is supposed to have evicted the particular hostility of the Radical party. Hence, when it found him in command of the Cuban army, it at once refused to extend its helping hand, choosing rather, with all its love for the rich slave territory of the Sunny Isle which would make such splendid negro States, to let the "patriots" perish, rather than aid them to triumph under the lead of a Southern General. Thus the administration's petty spite against a skillful confederate officer, has been the barrier in the way of the recognition of Cuban independence, or, at least, of Cuban intelligency.

But, if it be true that Gen. BENNETT has succeeded Gen. JOHNSON, we may look for a change of policy. JOHNSON out of the way, the Radicals, although not sympathizing in the least with the Cuban desire for liberty, will scarcely allow this opportunity to secure one or two new States, controlled by negro votes, to slip through their fingers. If the insurgents should be successful and Cuba become a portion of this Republic, what a splendid chance for some more carpet-bag proceedings! To this end, therefore, we may look with confidence—that the Administration will now assist the insurgents with its moral support, at least—always provided, that JOHNSON is out of the way. Whether it will dare venture any further than this, remains to be seen.

Judge CHARLTON, of Decatur, Alabama, was assassinated at that place the other day by men in ambush, who fired upon and killed him. The Radicals are charging this murder upon the "Ku-Klux," against whom, they say, the jury of which Judge CHARLTON was foreman, preferred several indictments. Of course it was the Ku-Klux, say they. Oh, yes—of course!

After all the talk about the doubtful prospects of Judge BRADLEY for a seat upon the Supreme Bench, he has been confirmed by a vote of 46 to nine. This shows what the wiseacres know and also what they don't know.

Tariff—How it Operates.

Perhaps, in no part of the States, are there as many men, who talk as loud and know as little about the "blessings," as they call it, of the tariff that now curses the country, as in this immediate vicinity. To hear their blatherings one would almost be induced to think that they really believe that general starvation, death and the consequent depopulation of the country would be the immediate result of the reduction of the tariff; and that the policy of free trade would be followed only by famine, pestilence, and the complete wiping out of the entire population of the Western Continent.

In this country there is no excuse for the ignorance that would allow of such a belief. With newspapers in every town, books upon every table, school houses at every cross roads, and academies or colleges in almost every village, there is no reason why any one should not know better than to support a policy, which, call it what you may—"tariff," "protection to home industry," or "raising revenues for the government," or what you please, is nothing more, nothing less than a legalized system of robbery. And a robbery, too, the meanest, cowardliest, of all robberies, that which, with the sanction of law, robs the poor to enrich the rich—that takes from labor to give to capital—that steals the necessities of life from the many to furnish luxurious living for the few.

If any proof were needed of this, it would only be necessary to point to the daily increasing wealth of the few manufacturers of the country who are benefited by tariffs, and the corresponding impoverishment of the many, out of whose scanty store comes the amount levied as duties on imported goods, to convince every man of ordinary sense of the great wrong perpetrated upon the masses by tariffs of any kind.

But it is not for the class of men who see, and know, and understand these things, that we are now writing.

It is for the man who refuses to see for himself; who acknowledges nothing that his masters tell him not to, and who seemingly would rather have a couple of nabobs from some kid-gloved nabob, than a barrel of flour for his family, or a decent dress for his wife, that the article is intended. And in it, we only want to call his attention to the operations of the tariff, on a few very few of the articles that the necessities of his family require him to procure.

Simply the pots and pans, in which his victuals are cooked. On what is known as the ordinary iron tinned hollow ware, the government has placed a duty of 12 cents per pound, which makes it fully 200 per cent higher here than in Europe. The wholesale prices in London and New York are as follows:

Table with columns London and N.Y. listing items like 4 quart non-tinned kettle, 5 quart non-tinned kettle, 3 quart saucepan, 4 pint saucepan, 1 gallon oval boiler, 6 pound brass kettle for milk, and 1 kg preserves.

Sixteen shillings sterling amount to \$3.87. Add to this 10 per cent to cover importers costs, and we have these fixings in New York for \$4.26. Can any one who uses pots or pans, and who is not a manufacturer of them, tell us how the tariff benefits him in this instance?

It simply increases the price of these articles which he is compelled to buy from \$4.26 to \$8.04. And as it is with the pots on his stove, so is it with almost any article in his house, from the sheet on his bed to the fork on his table. It is out of his pocket that the tariff comes and into the pocket of the manufacturer who is "protected" from the competition of other countries, that it goes.

Monstrous.

There is a bill before Congress, which will probably become a law, to donate the public lands in the States to the niggers. It is to be divided up into tracts of 40 acres each and given to the war-freed negroes. Each black head of a black family is thus to be favored over any poor white man who ever lived in this, his native land! What poor white man with a family of pretty, intelligent and useful Caucasian children ever had such a privilege granted to him? Verily, we have come upon the

black man's millennium, when he rises to such overpowering importance in every respect and care shown him, as to overshadow and totally obscure the white toiler who made the country, fought for and won its liberty, and who shed his blood as the price of every acre of land on this continent. We say the scion of every revolutionary patriot or of all the war-of-twelve soldiers, has a first mortgage lien, in principle and right, upon every inch of this continent and is first entitled to a free home in it, before the Africans.

But alas, the scions of our revolutionary and patriot fathers, and their progeny are only poor white men! Forty acres for a live lazy nigger. Only six feet for a dead poor white!

THE REASON WHY.

BY N. E. IDE.

The air is filled with flying snow. And deep the flakes lie on the ground. The loud winds into mountains blow. The snow drifts, that are lying round. The sky is dull and cold and gray. The leafless trees are clothed in white. The leafless trees are clothed in white. But still this dismal winter day is glad, as summer, to my sight. Oh, how I love this winter time! Aye, love it better than the Spring, Or better than that sunny climate. Whose warmer winds no winter bring. Dear to me are its snow white fields. Its snow banks, almost mountain high. And all its bleakness to me yields. Perpetual joy—I'll tell you why. 'Twas in the winter first I knew One whom my memory turns to oft. And on her cheeks the north winds blew. And then grew balmy, warm and soft. The air that floated round her lips In winter's roughest, coldest days. Was soft as airs that fan the ships In Cydonia's calm and perfumed bays. And oh! her eyes were brighter, too, Than any I have since surveyed. Though gazing on sweet drops of dew In summer time on roses laid. And not the summer songs of birds, Or sound of ice-freeed water-falls, Was like the music of her words In open air or dwelling halls. And so it is the winter storm. But makes my heart the merrier. And so the freezing air is warm. Because my heart is warm with her. Oh, love! that time can bliss impart. And make the winter warm to me. Bring her and presence to my heart. Instead of lifeless memory. MORNINGS, March, 21st, 1870.

About Society.

We are told that social matters in Washington city are approaching a crisis. The question as to the commingling of the blacks and whites of that city will soon reach a solution. Senators and other white niggers are endeavoring to force the thing to a consummation, and we learn that there are parties occupying high social position among the Radicals who are willing nay, anxious, to try the experiment. Shortly, therefore, we may expect to hear that the social barrier between white and black Radicalism has been broken down, and that the glorious (!) era of recognized miscegenation has begun.

Well, if there be anything attractive about this state of things, we should like to know what it is. If a white woman can find any comfort in the society of a nigger man, by all means let her have it; or, if a white man can delight in the conversation or embraces of a nigger woman, for the sake of love and harmony don't deprive him of the pleasure. Further still, if white women and black women can associate together, with mutual respect and admiration, or if white men and black men can do the same thing, then let the parties that are willing to so associate have a surfeit of it. For our part, we shall not interpose a single objection to those who like it enjoying themselves in this way; but we have the comfort of knowing, thank God, that no decent man or woman will countenance or mingle in such a wretched, demoralizing and damnable state of society. It may do for the Radical men and women at Washington, but no resident of that city—no man or woman who has seen the Capital in its glory—in the halcyon days of the Republic—when the great men of the land occupied our Council Chambers, and their noble wives and daughters graced the refined and high-bred society of the national metropolis, will ever mingle or mix in the low-down, mongrelized, disgusting and horrible social association of Washington at the present day. Let white and black niggers go together, if they will, but the true,

pure-blooded, proud Caucasian can never consent to lower his social standard to the level to which body and soul destroying Radicalism would reduce it.

[Correspondence of the WATCHMAN.]

From Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, March 16th, 1870.

There being sixty-five new members in the House, they are running a muck against each other to see who can introduce the largest number of bills. The private calendar of Tuesday was weighed down with over four hundred bills, some of them being of the most trivial nature. The Governor will have a good old time in exercising his veto power.

An attempt has been made to pass a joint resolution fixing the day for final adjournment on the 31st of March. It is very evident that no adjournment can take place until about the middle of April. The appropriation bill will probably come up in the Senate this week. It will be frightfully scarified and the bug-bear of cutting down the salaries of members will be revivified much to the disgust of many of them.

Some genius of liberty who had no doubt served an apprenticeship to the white-washing business painted a picture of Grant and his Generals, prominent among whom was the mug of Pope, who is considered the biggest liar and smallest soldier in the army. The picture was hung up in the Library for sale. It did not, however, fire the northern heart, and it was looked upon as a poor speculation. A happy thought struck the owner. He knew the weakness of Gov. Geary. He ordered another artist, and in the twinkling of an eye it is changed. Pope's head was blotted out and Geary's substituted. If the joke had not leaked out, there is no doubt but that Geary would have purchased the picture. A wag at my elbow remarked that if the owner had substituted the head of Geary for that of Grant, and called it Geary and his Generals, he would have bought it anyhow. Geary stoutly denies that he knew anything about the alteration. But people will think and enjoy a hearty laugh.

I want to say a few words about some of our Democratic members. Among the energetic and fearless members on the floor of the House is the editor of the Ashland (Schuylkill county) Advocate, James Irwin Steel, esq. The other day, on the important measure providing for the better protection of miners, and the ventilation of mines, he made an eloquent speech, for which every miner and miner's family, owe him a deep debt of gratitude. His speech went far to carry the bill. Mr. Steele was born in Indiana county, Pa., in 1810, and is now in his 50th year. His father, Hon. Stewart Steel, was a lawyer of prominence in Western Pennsylvania, and was consular to Dundee, under President Polk. Mr. Steele began life as a printer in the Mountain Echo office, edited and published by Gen. Nelson Smith, Esq., at Johnstown. Having a fine taste for the "art, preservative of arts," he adopted it as a profession. The editorials in the Advocate stamp him favorably as a graceful and forcible writer. He is a gentleman of finely toned and even temperament, and a correct business turn of mind. He possesses all the necessary elements to make him an active, useful and influential member of the Legislature.

One of the most active, influential and deserving members is Samuel D. Dully, of Philadelphia, the youngest looking member on the floor. Mr. Dully is now representing his district for the third term, and if the tax-payers of that section of the city know their interests, they will return him to Harrisburg for years to come. His quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly deportment has made him a general favorite in the House, and, as a consequence, whatever legislation his district needs, it gets, because it has one of the most popular and industrious members on the floor.

W. H. Dummer, esq., a brilliant young lawyer from Pike and Wayne, without saying a word of disparagement to any member, is an ornament to the House. In debate he is ever ready and sound. He has done a considerable amount of legislation for his district, and has been uniformly successful. His being in industry and strictly temperate, he is always to be found in his seat, watching over the interests of his constituents, as well as the entire State.

Gov. Disha W. Davis, a radical member from the fourth district, is squinting very severely toward the Republican nomination for Governor. He has entered the campaign early, and is said to be just about as strong a man as the Republicans could select, but they have no chance of electing another Governor.

Wm. W. Ketchum, esq., of Luzerne, who is here on a visit, is also a candidate for the same office. He is reported to be very popular in his party. Gen. Selfridge, the amiable clerk of the House, is running a muck with Auditor General Hartranft, on the military placards, for gubernatorial honors. Gov. Geary assured us he would not again be a candidate for Governor. He aspires to the U. S. Senatorship, or the Presidency, and thinks that he is about as fit for that position, as Gen. Grant, if not more so.

The Funding Bill.

The following is a terse recapitulation of the Funding bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Sherman, and passed on Thursday last:

- 1st. Three series of bonds, bearing respectively 4, 4 1/2 and 5 per cent. interest; running respectively forty, thirty, and twenty years, and redeemable respectively after twenty, fifteen and ten years.
2d. Interest and principal payable in coin, either at home, or at London, Paris, Frankfurt or Berlin.
3d. A commission of one per cent. for expenses of negotiation.
4th. The issue of each series limited to \$400,000,000, save the 4 per cent, which are unlimited.
5th. Sinking funds limited to the annual difference between the amount of interest on the public debt, and the sum of \$150,000,000 in gold, which is appropriated for both purposes.
6th. Bonds are required, after the 1st day of October, 1870, to replace their present securities with the new bonds in proportion of one-third of each series, and in case of failure to do so to surrender their circulation or deposit United States notes for its redemption and receive their bonds. Circulation on these bonds is limited to 80 per cent. Free banking is also authorized on the basis of the 4 per cent. bonds, the bonds to be purchased with United States notes, and an amount of such notes to be canceled equal in amount to the bank circulation so issued.
Trout Fishers are waiting anxiously for the 1st of April.