

Ink Slings.

GRANT and CORBIN have made friends. Some other devilry on hand, we suppose.

"Dressmaker to her Honor the Presidentess" is the legend on a sign in Washington, D. C. Step by step, towards the monarchy!

The Indiana county court refuses to grant any hotel licenses. As a consequence a great drought prevails, and the editors there are very dry.

The editor of the Huntingdon Republican puts four leads between every line in order to string out his leaders. What a rapid writer he must be.

Judge Chase in his attempts upon the Presidency is trying to catch the nigger vote and the Democracy at the same time. Can't be done, Judge.

The Plebiscite (whatever that is) in France, has been carried by over five million majority. This settles the question so far as the north pole is concerned.

It's all a mistake about the young lady who told her lover "not to kiss her—her mouth was sore," wanting to be kissed. She didn't want to be kissed at all—so she didn't.

The great burial of fossils at Huntingdon has been postponed for the present, owing to the fact that the Globe man objects to being put under first. He says he is not ready to die yet.

"Female Burglars" are talked of in some parts of the country. The handsomest ones seem to be generally successful. We know we couldn't resist them. We'd give them all we've got.

The Genius of Liberty says that a journeyman tailor, 92 years old, passed through that place the other day, on a tramp. We judge the old sewer is tramping toward kingdom come.

Something less than a thousand newspapers have announced the important fact that "the McFARLAND trial drags its slow length along." They do it, too, without the quotation marks.

SPERR, editor of the Lawrence Tribune and one of the collectors of Kansas has appeared the Government for a little—about \$150,000 worth, being a delinquent to that amount. SPERR is a first class Radical.

There is a boy in Uniontown, 19 years old, and six feet high who only weighs a hundred and nine pounds. We believe nature does sometimes manufacture men out of what she originally intended for saplings.

The burning of the workshops of the Wisconsin penitentiary throws all the poor convicts out of employment. The N. Y. Democrat pityingly adds "the poor men will have to sit around and play checkers all summer."

A Vermont farmer has agreed for a wager to draw a 160-pound man in a sulky a mile in 15 minutes. We have no doubt he can do it. Jackasses have been known to be in a hurry before—when marching toward a good feed.

M. M. (BRICK) POMEROY, editor of the New York Democrat, is likely to succeed JOHN MORRISSEY in Congress. "Brick" would make things lively among the Radicals if he would put as much vim into his speeches as he does into his paper.

The Times calls the Chicago Court House a "tottering man trap" and says that the Richmond accident prefigures the same fate to that building. For heaven's sake, don't let us hear of any more such calamities for want of a little care.

The man TEASTER, who abducted a Miss HALPENNY from Bell's Mills, Blair county, has been caught and jailed in Hollidaysburg. TEASTER says he wishes to heaven he hadn't teased her. He thinks his punishment is a little tough for only stealing a halfpenny.

August BELMONT, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is employed in "cutting the coupons from his bonds and exchanging them for gold" instead of trying to organize and reinvigorate the party. When will the Democracy learn to put working Democrats into their responsible positions?

Can't the women keep quiet? During the speech of Mr. GRAHAM on the McFARLAND trial, the other day, when he alluded to the letters of Mrs. CALHOUN, and particularly to the one in which the initials "J. R. Y." occur, one excited female cackled out, "Ladies all write like that!" She got put out for her pains.

McPIKE, on the Cambria Freeman brags about an egg in his possession

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that contains several grains of oats, some of which are sprouting. McPIKE is in an agony to find out why this is thus. We suppose the hen thought some things could be done as well as others, and so went and laid an egg in an oat field to prove it.

"Brick's" paper says "a Nashville colored lady was given a shirt in which a man had laid with smallpox, with instructions to bury it. She "rinsed" it out in cold water, and gave it to her husband, who soon died with smallpox, as well as five other members of the family. Another K. K. Klux out rage."

The big beet one reads about now a days, are hard to beat. Miss STEWART, of North Union, has raised a beet that measures 2 1/2 inches in circumference and weighs eight pounds. A big beet. Who can beat it? We don't believe that beet can be beat. In view of the scarcity of such beets, we guess that beet's all—of the kind.

The Public Morals.

The developments in the witness stand, at the McFarland trial in New York, show that there is an undercurrent of immorality and a looseness as regards the proprieties of life, in the highest circles in that metropolis, that is, to say the least, astonishing. The editors of the Independent, a professedly religious paper and intensely Radical in its political opinions, with Greeley and Mrs. Calhoun of the Tribune, Beecher, Frothingham, Vice President Colfax, and others of that ilk, are all mixed up in it, so that the respectable world of that city is turned topsy turvy, and don't know whom to trust. Radicals, as these chaps all are, the idea that they would let their influence and aid to a seducer to wreck the happiness of a married man, and in this way show that they but lightly esteem the married relation, had never yet obtained a place in the minds of their fellow citizens, and hence the shock that has awakened them from their dream of domestic security. Today they are not able to say how soon some wolf in sheep's clothing may enter their own households and entice away a lamb of the flock to shame and ruin. The future destroyer of their peace may even now be smiling upon them, unknown and unsuspected.

Such is the condition to which society has been reduced through the teachings of the free-love Tribune and the Radical lights whose names we have above mentioned. In their pride and power, their lusts have run away with them, until they have at last come to consider as of no importance either the laws of God or man. Forgetting, if indeed they ever knew, the teachings of the Bible, they have substituted a higher law of their own, and sown the seeds of licentiousness and vice with a broad cast hand. What wonder is it that communities are corrupted and that such harvests of evil as the McFarland Richardson tragedy are often gathered from this devil's field?

Among the most sacred institutions that have been given for the moral government of the world, is that of marriage, and a man's household is or should be the temple of his holiest thoughts and actions. The individual, then, who invades and ruthlessly violates that sanctity, is a criminal of the deepest dye, and an enemy not only to the immediate victims of his depredations, but to society at large and virtue everywhere. He should be scorned and despised by everybody, and when vengeance overtakes him, as in the case of Richardson, there should none be found to condemn the avenger or demand his life at the hands of the law. And his aiders and abettors should be made to feel the public contempt also. They should be taught that in a virtuous community there is no recognition of men who spend their time and talents in trying to overthrow the very foundations upon which all virtuous society is constructed.

The American people may well be ashamed of the leaders and teachers who now profess to guide their political and moral footsteps. When their Vice President—the second Magistrate in the country—when ministers like Beecher and Frothingham—when editors like Greeley and Richardson and Oliver Johnson—when writers like Mrs. Calhoun—are caught in such im-

moral and godless practices, the blush of shame may well rise to our cheeks and tears quake our hearts for the safety of the public morals. These people are in high places and wield influence. They are, to a certain extent, the makers of public opinion. If they prostitute their powers, then, to the service of the devil, it is easy to be seen what an immense amount of wretchedness, woe, and ruin they can propagate. How careful should we be, then, to frown upon all such creatures, and to damn with public condemnation all such heinous and soul-destroying doctrines. If vicarious met the fate he deserves, McFARLAND will be upheld for his just revenge upon the destroyer of his happiness, and the country in general be benefited, inasmuch as it has been made aware of what infamies and crimes its chief men are capable of.

The Franking Privilege and Letter Postage.

Postmaster General Creswell tells us that in case the bill, abolishing the franking privilege, is passed, he will be able to reduce letter postage from three to two cents per half ounce. This is good, but aside from this, the franking privilege should be abolished anyway. Why members of Congress or Senators, in receipt of good salaries, should be exempt from paying postage, and allowed to send immense quantities of worthless pamphlets and documents through the mails, free gratis, is something we never could understand. It may be argued that in this way the people derive a great deal of information they would otherwise be deprived of, but who ever knew a Congressman, of late years, to send anything to his constituents that they would not have been just as well off, and perhaps better, without? Some long winded speech or some worthless report is about all that is ever received by the people. Besides, the newspapers furnish better and more reliable information in regard to public affairs than are ever contained in anything sent out under a Congressman's frank, and especially under the franks of such men as now constitute the Radical Congress. It is true, there are conscientious Democrats in that body, and there may be even a few Radicals of respectable integrity who would not abuse the franking privilege, but the rule has been not only to send out all sorts of stuff upon the country themselves, but to frank the trash of their friends, thus making the privilege an indirect means of robbing the Department of an immense amount of revenue.

The statement of the Postmaster General, that in case the bill to abolish the franking privilege passes Congress he will be able to reduce letter postage from three to two cents will be gratifying to the people and influence them to urge its speedy abolition upon their representatives. The country wants the cheapest postage it can get, and if it can be reduced to one cent on every letter that is mailed, by the simple doing away of a foolish arrangement that makes a privileged class of the people's servants, it will be a favor that will be generally appreciated and one honest act that can be set down to the credit of the Radical rascals who have so often astounded the country by their L. Z. E. frontery.

The French news continues to record additional facts concerning the conspiracy and plot against the Emperor's life. Arrests are being made in various quarters of Paris and its environs. We can't conceive why these assassins want to take Louis's life. France, like Mexico, must have a master, and at no time in its history has France had half as perfect and wise a one as LOUIS NAPOLEON. France without NAPOLEON would be a headless stump—a ship without a rudder or pilot—a nation without a purpose or destiny. Better that France bear with the ills of its dynasty, than to die nasty in Republican license such a death as this foolish people are dying.

The British Parliament, as well as the authorities of some of the Continental States, are moving for an investigation and examination of convents. This is probably stimulated by the meeting and removal action of the Ecumenical Council at Rome.

Just So.

Before the United States Senate lately was a petition largely signed from the Universal Peace Society, praying Congress against an increase of cadets at the West Point Military Academy. At the same time there were also several petitions before the Senate for the total abolition of that effete institution.

These petitions were all put under the table, as usual in late Congresses, where the prayers of the people are piled high—every thing good or sensible or even plausible finds a final resting place only under the parliamentary table.

But the point of this whole business is this. The peace society is altogether wrong in surmising that an increase in West Pointers will get against the interests of peace, for the truth is, there is about as little war, or danger of war, or provision for war, or proficiency in warlike matters in a latter-day West Pointer, as there is in any other national boarding house in the country, including the Freedmen's Bureau. Neither the sinews of war, nor the brains, the spirit, the energy, or the ability are bred in luxurious boarding houses, where the hair-brained sons of shoddy, sweetly intermixed with the cubs of the Congo "man and brother," are fed, and sunbaked, and made sleek. West Point is no longer a nursery of warriors, but a cheap boarding house for white upstarts and black vagabonds. Its race is run.

Even in the palmiest days of this "National" school venture, when such men as McCLELLAN, and SYDNAY JOHNSTON, and LEE, and others gave it a name for the memory of their associations within its precincts, its harvest of fame was not overgreat, for the amount annually expended upon it; with half a dozen exceptions, the warriors born in its sacred precincts have been "men of buckram." It is almost enough to say that MAJOR GENERAL John Pope learned to "kill for kiser" there, to render it the laughing stock of the admirers of such heroes as STONEWALL JACOBSON, who did not learn the art of war there.

No—not Universal Peace Society, be thou calm and content. Rather pray Congress to make it universal, for Peace has little to fear from the now mongrelized Military Academy at West Point. And it is strange, with all the facts before the Universal Peace men, that they should have fallen into so grave an error. It is simply the Point to which all loafers and mediocres in the West Point, and for the matter of that, to which the vagabonds from all quarters point.

Dah You Is!

Glory hallelujerum! "Way down in old Kaintuck the "man and brudder" has been done gone and "woted." Every nigger from every quarter of Atric's burning sands, from Lake Ngami to the land of King Africanus, now domiciled under the stars and stripes and Kentucky's blue skies, has had the privilege of poking in his nicket, and making himself smelt if not felt, wherever a local election has occurred, unmoleted and with none to make him afraid, and yet the top rail won't stay up! In other words, the black nigger vote don't amount to shucks. It can't possibly do the pale niggers any good in old Kentucky. It only damages the mean whites who vote them. The Radicals come out short. There are no offices for them, alas! in the "dark and bloody ground." One kind of a nigger don't go far in strengthening every other kind of a nigger, except in smell. The fact of the business is, until the niggers and their white friends pay more attention to breeding "colored voters," they will stand no sort of show. They must increase yearly about 10 hundred per cent. to carry Kentucky for the mean whites and scalawags.

Pop Goes the Weasel!

And that's the way the money goes. Now, we sympathize with widows, as much as any married man has a right to; but this everlasting sympathy with rich widows bids fair to bankrupt the country. There is the widow LYONS, who must draw her pension; then there's the widow of that dead villain STANTON; she gets her salary

for having been unfortunate enough to have to live with such a cold hearted monster; and now, we have another unmatred female mendicant applying for her "portion fair" of the bleedings from the people. This one sets up her claims because her dead husband used to hold Gen. GRANT's horse, when his owner was too drunk to hold it himself. Her departed's name was RAWLINS, dubbed General. What he ever did to merit a commission, or to entitle his family to a salary, the devil probably knows. Now, if widows generally are to be salaried by the government, why let them all gain. Arise widows, and assert your manhood, or forever Lollyyour peace.

HAUNTED.

Winter hours around me,
Night has closely bound me
Here alone
And the winds are raving,
And the dark pines, a-swing,
Sigh and moan
Lone and bare and dreary
Seem the fields and weary,
Wan and white,
Watching for the morning,
Without sign or warning,
This sad night
Fufully the winds blow,
Fufully the clouds go,
Like a ghost,
And the moon, beighted,
Flies o'er her path, affrighted,
Nearly lost
And the night is haunted,
And the stars are daunted,
And are hid,
The tempest, like a devil,
Is holding its wild revel
Clouds amid.
And my heart is haunted
By a form that's wanted
And is gone
And that form, departed,
Left me, weary hearted,
Here alone!

MOONSHON, Dec. 9, 1869.

Martial Law in Georgia.

Martial law, in its most offensive form has been proclaimed in Georgia. The courts, State and Federal, are in full operation there, no insurrection exists, no call for troops have been made, and yet a mere captain of infantry is now trying a citizen for his life. When the Georgia bill was under discussion the United States Senate voted down every proposition authorizing the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and yet now, by mere brute force and violence, without the faintest color of law and without the least pretence of necessity, General Terry, in command of the troops stationed in Georgia, approves the ruffian behaviour of his subordinate, and tells him in so many words: "You will not permit the prisoner to be produced in Court or admitted to bail, until decision in the premises is rendered at these head quarters." The writ sued out in behalf of the kidnapped Georgian, had accordingly been denied. On Wednesday, Mr. Beck offered a resolution in the lower House of Congress, to inquire of General Grant the authority of this procedure, whereupon Mr. Shank objects, and the Radical majority, by sustaining that objection, stifles the call. So it has come to this, that the days of the Meade domination, when men were put in a sweat box at Fort Pulaski, to torture them into giving evidence against other men, have returned to Georgia, and Congress abets the wrong. It is rumored that Grant thinks the best thing that can be done with the State is to make it a permanent military province.—Just as the reconstruction sore is healing this man and his backers in the House tear open the ulcer, refuse into it new venom, and irritate all its pestilent humors anew. More than this to enter the State of Georgia in time of profound peace, and drag a citizen before a military commission for his life is a direct insult and menace to every one in the United States. It revives the worst days of the "little bell," and betokens a lawless and ungovernable temper in the administration which threatens, if not checked, to do, at perhaps no very distant day, in Pennsylvania what it now does in the South.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

A Lansingburg damsel browses around every morning, leading a brindle cow. She stops in front of the houses of her customers, and supplies them with milk drawn fresh from the brindle bovine aforesaid. So you see, there can be no "shennegan" on the quality of that milk, unless the cow herself is in the ring. And this cow has always borne a good character. We have only one thing to whisper in the ear of that joyous milkmaid. Don't come to New York with your cow, and simplicity, and things, because the whole happy lot would get "shatched bald-headed," by some metropolitan heart-smasher, or Cooked by some minister. Stick to Lansingburg, like a good girl.—N. Y. Democrat.

Spawls from the Keystone.

—Read this column carefully.
—Huntingdon Jurymen get two dollars a day.
—Malignant scarlet fever is prevailing in Carlisle.
—The Altoona Sun wants the dogs of that village muzzled.
—The late fire at Wistar destroyed 300,000 feet of boards and 10,000 shingles.
—Mrs. Agnes Kemp has been lecturing for the Altoonaus on the Woman Suffrage question.
—Eddie Ball, son of S. D. Ball, Esq., of Lock Haven, was thrown from a mile last week, breaking his arm.
—Young Drum, convicted two years ago of killing a man in Greensburg, and sentenced to the penitentiary, has been pardoned by the Governor.
—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Pennsylvania will be held at Gettysburg, from the 13th to the 16th of June next.
—The contract for building the bridge across the Bald Eagle in Clinton county, has been let to Messrs. Brown, Scheld & Co., Lock Haven, for \$77,300.
—Peter Foust, of York county, committed suicide because he was on the jury that convicted Billy Donayon of the murder of the Squibb family.
—John Stump, a deaf and dumb boy of Greensburg, was sent to the House of Refuge the other day because, as his mother stated, he "threatened to burn the house."
—Mr. John H. Hoover, of Lawrence township, Clearfield county, was killed on the 27th ult., by being caught in the "bull wheel" rope while drawing logs upon a sawmill. His body was horribly mangled.
—A young woman in Fremington, Clinton county, made an attempt to commit suicide the other day on account of domestic difficulties. She did not succeed, however, but now lies at home quite ill.
—The Indiana Progress says they have but one prisoner in the jail at that place, and he stays just because he wants to, as that institution is not strong enough to prevent him breaking out if he made the attempt.
—There is a poor devil in the Vonango county jail serving out a sentence of thirty days for getting drunk and making a noise. Meantime his poor wife and six little children are suffering for the necessities of life. He should be released.
—An old gentleman named Stone, who was on a visit to his son at Renovo last week, dug up some peop root which he mistook for horseradish, and eating of it, died the same evening. His little grandchild, was also poisoned, but with recovery.
—Mrs. Van Baskirk, wife of the proprietor of the City Hotel at Williamsport, who was severely burned in March last by her clothes taking fire from the kitchen stove, died from the effects of the burning last week. She suffered intensely.
—William Lloyd, a young man of Altoona died very suddenly last week of hemorrhage. He went to bed in usual health, but was a corpse, before morning. He was about 30 years of age, and much thought of. How truly, "in the midst of life we are in death."
—Dr. Monroe, who violated the person of Miss Kate Johnston at the Montour House in Lock Haven, while under the influence of ether, and afterwards, under a promise to marry her, at the City Hotel in Williamsport, has been tried and found guilty. His counsel have applied for a new trial.
—In a cemetery in Philadelphia there are seven graves, side by side, which contain the remains of a man and his six wives. When the first wife died the third one was three years old and the fifth an infant of twelve months, while the last wife was not born till the year following the death of the first.
—The board of trustees of the Central Normal School at Lock Haven is composed of the following gentlemen: L. A. Mackey, P. W. Price, William Parsons, S. D. Ball, O. L. Esterlee, J. N. Welliver, H. J. Harvey, G. W. Shinn, Warren Martin, Joseph Nesbitt, G. O. Daise, J. S. Farst, G. A. Achenbach, R. H. Boggs.
—The dead body of Christian Richard, who has been missing for several weeks, was found lately in French Creek, a few miles below Meadville. The evidence before the Coroner proved that he had been murdered. Two thousand dollars are offered for the apprehension of the murderer—one thousand by the Mayor of Meadville and one thousand by the commissioners of that county.
—A fight occurred in Altoona the other day between a Democrat (Lark) from Lewistown and four "loyal" niggers of that city. The "loyal" fellows attempted to beat Radical principles into the other's head with sticks, stones, clubs, fists, &c., but the brave darkey Democrat manfully resisted, and made his antagonists feel that it was a game that he could play at as well as they.
—The Pennsylvania State Sunday School Convention, for this year, will be held at Harrisburg, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of next month. Mr. Geo. H. Stuart of Philadelphia, is expected to preside. Each Sunday School in the State is requested to send two or more delegates. The Ministers of the gospel, Sunday School Supts., and teachers of the State are invited to attend and to participate in the exercises.
—The Perry county Democrat tells us of the following remarkable restoration of voice, in Bloomfield lately. "Miss Mary, Clark, daughter of Michael Clark, of this borough, who has not spoken above a whisper for nearly six years, suddenly recovered her voice the other day. It appears she had a violent spell of coughing, after which, to her great surprise, she found that her voice had been restored. Dr. Strickler had repeatedly encouraged her with the assurance that sooner or later she would recover her voice and to her great delight his prediction has proved true."
—A BRASSMOUNT LAW FOR THE PROTECTOR OF TAOUR.—During the last session of the Legislature, a very stringent law was passed for the protection of trout in the counties of Clinton, Lycoming, Potter, Tioga and Sullivan. The first section fixes the time for catching trout from the first day of April to the last day of July, and prohibits their being caught in any manner except by angling. The second section prohibits their transportation to any place, firm or persons outside of the State. The fifth and sixth sections impose a fine, and imprisonment in the county jail, upon any person or persons who may engage in fishing on the Sabbath day. The eighth section of this bill renders it unlawful for any proprietor of any hotel, restaurant, eating house, or saloon in any of said counties, to contract with or to employ any person to catch, or fish for trout, for him, and it also prohibits all persons from selling or disposing of any trout to any such proprietors. The act was approved by the Governor on the 10th day of April last.—Clinton Democrat.