

Ink Slings.

Another of the DENT family has been appointed to an office in San-Francisco. In this connection never to run out?

It is said that Gen THOMAS was GRAY's most formidable rival for the Presidency in 1872, and that is the reason why ULVSES enjoyed his funeral so.

It takes thirty-six houses, we are told, to contain all the "soiled doves" of La Crosse, Wisconsin. Here is a field for the exercise of christian charity.

THOMAS BRADY had his leg broken on Arch street, Philadelphia, by a barrel of ale falling on it. This ought to induce everybody to join the Good Templars.

We learn that corsets are to be taxed 25 per cent. So that hereafter it is going to be more costly for the ladies to kill themselves in this way than formerly.

JAMES A. LOCAS has been reelected Grand Commander of the G. A. R. LOU'S forte always was telling other people to do something he didn't know how to do himself.

There is an Appelon baby which weighed 16 pounds when only 15 minutes old, or 15 pounds when 16 minutes old—we forget which. Either way it's a he-kely story.

The editor of the Lewistown Democrat has been presented with a cabbage head. From reading his paper, we had formed the opinion that Brother FAY-SINGER was a cabbage head himself.

SENATOR has introduced a bill giving negroes equal rights in hotels, theatres, schools, public conveyances, church institutions, &c. Positive black; comparative, blacker, superlative, blackest.

A band of girl thieves has been discovered in one of the towns on the Saginaw river, Michigan. They number about ten, and the way they go for the dry goods and "fixins" is agony to the close-fisted dealers.

A mean wretch of a boy, not far from here, the other day took all the apples from his little sister and left her without a single one. Mothers must be too careful in cautioning their children against selfishness.

GRANT has purchased a \$32,000 house at Long Branch. Who furnished him the money is not stated, but as GRANT has never been known to spend any of his own money, somebody else must have banked down the stamps.

In Washington city the Radicals have split into three factions, and each faction has a candidate for Mayor. This arrangement is agonizing to the voters, and they have been for weeks in a terrible stew to find out which is "de" publican party.

One of our Radical exchanges, the Huntingdon Globe, admits that the evidence in the Howan investigation case "places that gentleman in a very bad position." Yes; and a court of justice would place him in a worse one—the penitentiary.

A little boy in Kentucky saw his mother give the baby laudanum. One day, when left alone with it, he thought he would give it laudanum, too. He did so, but not judiciously. That baby don't keep its mother awake fit night any more.

Two girls named ELEANOR TROUT and MARY FLOOD, in Philadelphia, were committed by ALDERMAN BOYSALL for attempting to break into a house. In this case, the ALDERMAN, compassionating the misery of a trout in such a dry place as the lock up, kindly sent a little flood with it.

They say COLFAX'S boy baby squalls at night very like a wild cat. Between bed time and sunrise, SCITTY-TER don't snore a bit. He has been heard, on three several occasions of this kind, to mutter something that sounded very much like—well, it wasn't like anything good, anyway.

That body of Radical rascals now sitting in the Capitol building at Washington, under the name of Congress, has been playing the devil with the public domain. They have given away to railroad companies alone a tract of land seven times as large as the State of Ohio, or one hundred and eighty-two millions of acres, and have bills before them for the giving away of four hundred millions of acres more, about two thirds of all the arable public lands yet belonging to the nation. Pretty soon Radical rascality will leave the country without a foot of land it can call its own, and all bestowed recklessly and wastefully upon irresponsible railroad companies.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 15. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1870. NO. 20

A Hopeful Sign.

Messrs FERRY, JOHNSON and SAWYER, Radical United States Senators, seem to have got their eyes open at last, and are now advocating the removal of political disabilities at the South. They contend that there is no rebellion there now, and that that people should be admitted into full and free communion with the rest of the Union. Opposed to them are MORTON DRAKE, SIMSNER and others of that ilk, who desire to keep the South in perpetual subjection, in order that the party to which they belong may not lose its ascendancy, and that they, individually, may retain their places in the council chambers of the Republic.

We had this difference of views among our Radical opponents as suggestive of hope for the country. We think it shows the development of a more enlightened sentiment among our law makers. At least, it gives us reason to believe that the fanatics of the South are not going to have things all their own way much longer, and that the conservatives and Democrats will ere long control the legislation of Congress into channels that will irrigate the political soil of the entire country, and make the now oppressed and down trodden South the peer, as the once was, of any other portion of the Union.

The senator or representative who will at this time stand up in his place in either House of Congress, and under his solemn oath, say that there is rebellion or necessity for continued federal intervention in the South, is either a knave or a fool. That people are as willing now to resume their relation to the General Government as the people of Pennsylvania are to continue theirs. All they want is a chance to show their good faith. This opportunity such Radical Senators as MORTON, DRAKE, SIMSNER and others are not willing they should have. Hence, it is gratifying to know that these men have found an element in their own party that is disposed to question the propriety of their course, and to speak a good word for that suffering people who only ask to be allowed to be good and faithful citizens.

We trust the reasonable, thinking men of the Radical party if there be any, which we are sometimes disposed to doubt—will give heed to the utterances of their reasonable, thinking men, and no longer put faith in the noisy, blatant demagogues who have so many years led them whithersoever they would. The future glory of this country depends upon the harmony and prosperity of the sections, and the fraternal feeling of the people for each other. This can only be attained through charity and good will on all sides, and the first step toward it will be the speedy restoration of the Southern States to their former status under the constitution. So may it be.

Its Time.

"We want a change." Such are the words we heard passing the lips of laboring men every day.

And is it any wonder? Does any one think strange, that the great toiling, sweating, back aching, tax-paying millions are growing rest less under the disgrace of negro equality and the burdens of taxation fastened upon them by mongrel demagogues and public thieves, and are now wishing for a change?

Mechanics are out of employment; day laborers have no work; farmers receive nothing for what they raise; merchants are unable to find customers for their goods, and general stagnation of all kinds of business is to be seen everywhere. Still, the tax gatherer goes his rounds, and from the little of the laborer, the mite of the mechanic, and the hard-earned dollars of the farmer, he takes what it needs, to serve the capacious maw of the bondholder, who lives in ease and opulence, clipping his coupons, and getting his golden interests—what it needs to keep Sambo in idleness and his children in school—what it needs to feed the thousands upon thousands of needless officials, that a reckless and profligate administration has fastened upon the people. Taxes, ruin and starvation for the toilers! Gold, and wine, and ease and opulence for bondholders; and idleness and food

and free schools and offices for negroes! Who wonders that a "change is wanted?"

Give us a "change" and we will show you different "times" times when laboring men can have work and get wages for it—when mechanics will find employment and have pay for it—when farmers can raise wheat and get a price for it, and when the bone and sinew of the country—the honest, hard-fisted, working millions—can live and get along, as well as the unskilled clippers of coupons.

Give us a change, and bondholders will pay their own taxes! Negroes will keep themselves! Coffee will school his own children! The millions of office holders that now curse the country, will work for themselves or starve!

And the whole army of hangers on to the public tent who now live off the toil and heart-aches of the overburdened tax-payers, will be turned loose, to labor for themselves or to die and be damned as they please.

Give us a change and we will give you "good times."

What next?

A bill has been introduced into the Senate by that white nigger from Massachusetts, Senator SIMSNER, which makes the darkey the equal of the white man in every respect. He is to be accorded the same privileges in hotels, theatres, public conveyances, churches, cemeteries, &c., that the white man enjoys, no matter how distasteful it may be to white men or how little in accordance with the proprieties or decencies of life. In all respects he is made the white man's equal, so called, as he has been politically, and herein the prophecies of the Democracy have been fulfilled to the very letter. They told the people years ago that the Radicals would not stop until they had divested the white man of his birthright, and raised the ignorant, groveling darkey to places that were only intended to be filled by the superior race.

Under this bill of SIMSNER's, it is only at his peril that a landlord dare refuse to give a negro a room in his house, or a seat at his table. It is only at his peril, that the railroad conductor dare refuse to let a negro occupy any car or seat he chooses. It is only at his peril that the theatrical manager dare refuse to allow a negro to enter his private boxes. It is only at his peril that the trustees or sextons or ministers of our churches may refuse to seat the filthiest darkey by the side of the sweetest white lady in the land. It is only at his peril that the grave digger may protest against burying a negro beside a white man. It is only at his peril that a steamboat captain may refuse to give a negro the best berth in his vessel or the first place at his table.

Doubtless the bill will pass. We have no hope that it will be defeated. We have made up our minds that the present Congress is infamous enough to do anything, in which opinion we are justified by its past acts. It seems more anxious to do the people harm than good, and in every way has the appearance of trying to fetter them. It is the people's tyrant—not their friend.

But whether this infamous, disgraceful and cowardly thing become a law or otherwise, we are confident there will be a nice time in trying to enforce it. White men won't submit to it, and that's all there is of it.

In the meantime what are the people going to do in the way of voting? Are they going to continue to support the party that has brought all this upon us, or are they going to stand up, fur and square on the white man's platform? We trust the experience of the past will not be lost in the future, and that the sentiment of the people may hereafter be made known at the polls in overwhelming majorities for the Democracy.

We observe by the Williamsport Standard that our old-young friend, James Gamble, Esq., son of Judge Gamble, has been admitted to practice law in the several courts of Lycoming county. "Jim" is a talented "chub," and will make a good advocate. We congratulate him on his promotion.

Is It?

The bond holder never complains of "tight times." He sits at his ease, in opulence, clipping coupons, and receiving gold interest on rags he loaned the government, when it wanted men and money to make Sambo a voter, and the Southern States military districts.

The government wanted men. The man just across the way from him, foolish enough to believe that the way was for the "preservation of the Union," shouldered his musket, and marched to the front. He gave the government a leg, before he got back, and now on the one he has left he hobbles round to make what he can. He pays taxes on everything he has, even to the cork leg he has in place of the flesh and blood one he left down South, fighting for negro equality.

The government wanted money. The bond holder said "pay me my interest in gold and I'll lend you my name." The government didn't draft it, like it did poor men—it did not send provost marshals and cowardly army officers to break into chests and take it from the rich, as it did to break into houses and take poor men themselves.

It agreed to pay him his "gold interest." He handed over forty dollars in gold and got a hundred dollar bond for it. That bond drew him six dollars interest in gold. He invested all he had in the same way—giving forty dollars for one hundred dollar bonds—he has drawn his interest yearly since 1861—seven years. His forty dollars has brought him back forty two in interest alone, and he still has the bond for \$100. He pays no taxes upon it. The tax gatherer never calls at his door, for his property is all in bonds. He don't feel the "tight times" and consequently don't complain.

He, the nabob, never working, still is thinking, still is thinking. Over a thousand printed coupons, that he calls his stock and store. Not a cent of taxes pays he—but a lubber, fat and lazy. He can loaf, while others crazy with hard work and fingers sore. Work to pay the nabob's taxes, and on many shall they do it—evermore?

That is the question. Shall they do it evermore? Shall we work and sweat on and on, simply to raise taxes to pay to this bond-holder, who has been paid over and over again for his loan to the government?

The party that made this infamous bargain, to exempt the money of the rich from taxation, says it would be a "national disgrace" to refuse to pay him gold for his paper bond or to compel him to pay taxes on them.

Would it not be as much of a disgrace, as it is, to make his crippled neighbor, who gave years of his time, and one of his legs to the government, pay his taxes for him?

Was not the poor man's leg as good as the rich man's money?

Journalistic.

The Oil City Times is to be enlarged. Better be cautious, Mr. Times—it takes money to publish a big paper now a days.

King's Musical Leaves is the name of a neat monthly just established. A notice of it will be found under the head of "Late Publications."

A new daily has just been started in Philadelphia called The Bee. It buzzes about merrily and stings like everything occasionally. It is spicy and lively, and will doubtless be a success.

The Altoona Daily Sun is noticed as having appeared. It shines in another part of the country than this, though, for we haven't been favored with a single ray. Can't be much of a Sun, after all.

The Pittsburg Commercial is to rejoice in a new office. A new paper has just been started in Corry, called the Daily Republican. Who are its proprietors or editors are don't appear in the paper.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL and TENNIE C. CLAFIN have just issued in New York the first number of a splendid weekly newspaper entitled Wood-hull & Clafin's Weekly. It is highly literary in its pretensions, and is gotten up in first-class style. It will be primarily devoted to the vital interests of the people, and will treat of all matters freely and without reservation. It will be the organ of no political par-

ty, but will advocate suffrage without distinction of sex, and especially advocate the election of VICTORIA C. WOODHULL to the Presidency. The Weekly is a fine, handsome-looking sheet, and is edited with undoubted ability. We wish our fair cotemporaries much success.

"Political disturbances in Italy continue," says an exchange. So do they here, and will likely continue just so long as the reins of power remain in the hands of our present political managers. We were told that our war was a war for the Union and the Constitution, and that as soon as it was over, things would revert to their former states. But such has not been the case nor does there seem to be a probability that it ever will be the case. Passion, prejudice and hatred seem to be the prevailing characteristics of the Radical party, and these have been the bane of all attempts to settle our political differences. By and by, when Democracy once more attains to power, we shall have the pleasure of writing better things.

A lunatic son of HENRY CLAY, the great American statesman, died in the Asylum at Lexington a week or so since. His name was THOROBRE, and he had been an inmate of the institution nearly all his life. So it seems that God, in giving great gifts and great happiness to men, sometimes also gives them great sorrows; and no doubt this lunatic son was Mr. CLAY's heart skeleton.

The mongrel committee of the 20th Ward of Philadelphia has, for Vice Presidents, four negroes and one small white man. It is a cheap way to buy the nigger influence; and if the white skinned mongrels of that ward, can, for the sake of the darkey vote, stomach the stink and stigma of having their organization presided over by these black bucks, the white men of course, of other parts of the State, will have no objections. Every one to his own skin.

Hon. C. L. WARD, one of the best citizens of our State, one of the purest men of the commonwealth, a gentleman in every respect, and a Democrat, whose course other leaders would do credit to themselves by copying, died at his residence in Towanda, on Saturday morning, the 14th instant. The good old Democratic party, as well as the State, can ill afford to lose men like Hon. C. L. WARD. His place will not soon be filled.

Burning of a Railroad Train.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Last Tuesday evening's eastward bound passenger train on the West Wisconsin Railroad met with a terrible catastrophe while nearing Tonah. The woods in the vicinity had been on fire for some time, and a pile of about five hundred hard oak ties, seasoned two years, which were placed along the track about twelve miles from Tonah were soon subject to the destructive element.

"The danger to the train," says the Milwaukee News, "was not apparent until the engine had turned a curve a short distance from the fire in the road and was approaching on a down grade. The engineer immediately whistled 'down brakes,' but seeing that this would stop him in the fire, he whistled 'off brakes,' and putting on all steam possible determined to run the gauntlet. The rails had been so badly warped and the ties consumed that the engine was soon thrown from the track, bumping along on the ties until it was finally brought to a halt, with the engine and tender just through the fire, and a ladies car at the other end of the train was also free. The engine and tender were immediately uncoupled and run out to a place of safety, and the passenger car also disengaged and removed, although not before it was badly scorched and the glass broken from the windows. The rest of the train, consisting of one baggage car, one second class and two freight cars, was entirely consumed."

"The express messenger, saved all his money packages, amounting to \$2,000. The mail agent, Curtis Packer, was able to save nothing. There were five or six ladies on the train, besides 25 men, who are entitled to thanks for their efforts in behalf of the train. The men worked hard all night, and at times they were obliged to throw water on the backs of the men to keep their clothes from burning. The cars, however, were burned up in about fifteen minutes. The engine was a heavy one, of thirty tons, and luckily escaped the fate of the cars."

Spawls from the Keystone.

Lock Haven is excited over the location of her new market house.

An Irish razor sharpener in Tyrone swallowed a live toad for a half dollar.

A buttonwood tree in Juniata county measures thirty feet in circumference.

The people of Lock Haven are moving for a Fourth of July celebration. Go it.

"Ninety Minutes in Kweer Kompany" is the title of an entertainment given in West Chester recently.

Daniel Connell had his left hand cut in two from the fingers to the wrist, at Williamsport, the other day.

Gen. Geary has appointed a darkey a notary public in Philadelphia. This is the first black office-holder in Pennsylvania.

A wolf was caught in a sheep-dog trap, in Derry township, Mifflin county, the other day. It is said the wolf looked very much ashamed of himself.

J. M. Wright, proprietor of the Padesburg Hotel, on the 4th inst., while gazing, dislocated his jaw. Dr. Stroud was called in and reduced the dislocation.

The combined weight of the County Commissioners of Chester county is six hundred and ninety-six pounds, as follows: Ingram 278, Haggerty 210, Doan 208.

Thomas Ryan died suddenly at King's Hotel in Lock Haven the other day, from typhoid pneumonia, superinduced by intemperance. In plain English, Thomas had too much rye on.

A new well on the Clarion river, about half a mile from the mouth, has been tested, and is yielding oil in paying quantities—some estimating its daily products as high as ten barrels.

There is to be a grand celebration on the Fourth of July at Meadville under the auspices of the Odd Fellows. Vice President Colfax has accepted an invitation to deliver the address.

The family of John Cupples, of Granville township, Mifflin county, have in daily use two tin buckets, made nineteen years ago, by Abraham Blymyer. Here's a couple of buckets worth having.

John P. Packer, Jr., of Flemington, narrowly escaped a ducking and, perhaps, a drowning, by jumping out of his buggy as his horse humorously jumped over the canal bridge into the water, one day last week.

Captain W. W. White, of Lock Haven, has secured his military company with 64 Harper's Ferry rifles, with clasped bayonets. Is the Captain's company a counter organization to the "Grand Army of the McElhattan"?

The highly moral agricultural community of Clinton county have determined to hold a Fair next Fall, but have adopted a resolution that no racing shall be allowed. They'll find it will be still an affair without the jockeys.

It is estimated that one thousand coal barges, one thousand boat teams and one thousand crews, have been lying idle for the last six weeks along the line of the Schuylkill navigation, cause by the miners' strike and stoppage of the coal trade in the Schuylkill region.

Joseph D. Blackwell, of Jersey Shore, determined to create some sensation among the staid and quiet people of that place, threw himself into the canal there on Monday last week. The consequence was there was a great deal of talk about it, and his funeral was well attended.

A thief boldly entered the toll house at the Muncy river bridge last week, and drawing a pistol demanded the stamps. They not being forthcoming he seized a box in the hands of the woman of the house, which contained about four dollars, and hastily decamped. There's a jail waiting for that fellow somewhere.

A little boy named Riden, near Kelley, Mifflin county, was playing in a field near his father's house, a short time ago, and was heard crying and making sounds of distress. On going to his assistance, he was found with his eyes immovably fixed upon those of a black snake, and powerless to get away. His cries alone saved him.

A dispatch to the Philadelphia papers states that at a meeting of iron masters held in Columbus, on Friday, the unanimous feeling was to stop the production of pig iron, which cannot be made at current rates without loss, and the probability is that within the next sixty days nearly if not all the furnaces in this vicinity will be idle.

William Weldon, of Williamsport, 60 years of age, made two attempts to commit suicide on Friday last week. He tried it first in the canal and then ran his throat against a razor. He was discovered on both occasions too soon for him to complete his little tragedy, and has the misfortune to be living yet. His head is thought to be out of "keeler."

The Clinton Republican, of Lock Haven, advocates the development of the iron ore mines of Nittany Valley and Mill Hill, for the benefit of that city. The Republican truthfully states that the lumber trade, will not sustain their vigorous growth much longer, and that they must have some new avenue for the expansion of their industries.

The Mercer Dispatch says: "A respectable young lady was decoyed" from the depot at Oil City, by a young ruffian, a few evenings since who, under pretence of showing her to the Valley depot, took her to a secluded place, and robbed her of her pocket book, railroad ticket and trunk check, and tore her clothing into shreds. He ought to be hung—after he is captured."

On Friday afternoon last Jacob Bice, a well-to-do farmer of Wayne township, was killed by lightning, in his own house, while engaged in painting stair rods. The brush with which he was painting was set on fire by his daughter, who was in the room at the time, and he was killed. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and had been in the country about 15 years. He was 61 years of age, 7 months and 6 days. —Lewistown Dem., 12th inst.

ENCOUNTER AT WILLIAMSPORT.—The Grand Commandery of Knights Templars, of the State of Pennsylvania, will go into camp, in Williamsport, in the Herdic Park, on Tuesday, the 14th of June next. This will be their sixteenth annual encampment. Thirteen Commanderies are expected: Northern, Park, Mary, Crusade, De Moley, Pittsburg, St. John, Philadelphia, Jacques De Moley, Mountain, Mt. Olivet, Hutchinson and Allen. —Clinton Democrat.

One of our exchanges speaking of the Schuylkill county coal miners' strike is doing local-izable injury to that region. The trade is already diverted to a large extent to the other anthracite coal fields, and bituminous coal is taking the place of anthracite in many branches of manufactures. It will take many months to bring back the trade to its former channels, and it is doubtful whether Schuylkill county will ever recover her lost ground. The miners so far from benefiting themselves, are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.