

Ink Slings.

The day of jubilee has come. Black men are ahead.

The "Shoo Fly" hats are becoming popular among our ladies.

Dogs kill sheep in Somerset county. You'd better keep outside of it, then.

We have the joyful news that Congress will adjourn on the 15th of July.

The woman that was, "moved to tears," it has now been ascertained, was peeling onions at the time.

GRANT wants to get away from Washington. And the people of Washington want him to get away.

The vote on the infallibility of the Pope will take place about the end of July. It will undoubtedly be carried.

The rain descends from the clouds this season as fast and free as lies flow from the point of a Radical editor's pen.

Altoona is about to have a great blessing descend upon her in the shape of the Democratic Editorial State Convention.

The Fenian raids, for the present, a failure. In this respect it is unlike Grant's administration, for it is a failure forever.

Ninety thousand majority in New York is crushing to Radicals. They don't understand it. We do. It means nigger enough.

Scrambled hair is the latest thing out among the ladies. We like scrambled eggs first rate, but scrambled hair—we think it would make us sick.

The Presbyterian Synod pronounces secret societies "enslaving in nature, pernicious in tendency and perilous to the liberties of the church and State."

The Huntingdon Globe says it is sorry to learn that the Bellefonte National has suspended publication. The National's stock holders are not sorry, however.

We thought the Empress was coming over to this country this summer, but it now turns out that she is going to Denmark. What will the Scandinavians do?

President Grant had an attack of cholera morbus on Tuesday night of last week. When it comes to cholera morbus, the President is no better than any body else, it seems.

That must have been a very practical young woman who, on hearing it remarked that silk dresses were very much worn, said that she knew it, for her's had two or three holes in it.

Fifty persons locked up in the Pittsburg watch house, on Tuesday evening last, were all engaged in singing "Shoo Fly." It was evident that nothing "boddiered" them very much.

A common hoe that costs the farmer \$2.25 now, under the operation of a radical tariff, could be bought, were there no tariff, for \$1.25. That's the way a tariff "protects home industry."

It is a little queer, isn't it, that while all the darkey women of the country are trying to comb the kinks out of their hair, all the Radical white women are trying to comb the kinks into their's?

We don't understand why girls should be willing to pay such high prices for corsets to squeeze them to death, when plenty of men can be found who would be willing to squeeze them to death for nothing.

Small pox is ravaging Paris, and the Corps Legislatif spent a whole day in devising means to check it. It might be well for some of our American legislative bodies to imitate the example thus set by the French Legislature in time of danger.

The Fenian patriot, Gen. O'NEILL, for wanting to go to war with our national enemies, the British, was put in jail. A few years ago, a great many patriots, for not wanting to go to war with our national friends, the South, were put in jail also. So it's in jail, either way.

Col. SEELY, of the Jersey Shore Herald, says: "We would respectfully remind garrulous gossips of the fact that a man in New York accumulated an immense fortune by minding his own business." What's up now, Colonel? That hint's almost as hard as a kick.

HASTINGS, the editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, has threatened to kick TILTON, the editor of the Independent, the first time he meets him. As a consequence, the Independent man now goes round the other way and wears a cast-iron basin in the seat of his breeches.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 15.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1870.

NO. 22

The Great Railroad Land-Robbing Scheme Passes.

At last, the bill chartering and granting a fifteen million franchise to the new lumbering of a railroad over ice bogs and the frozen zone has passed Congress. Millions of the people's blood-bought treasure a being squandered on all imaginable schemes; but in none yet before Congress has as much been absolutely thrown away upon thieves, without even the shadow of plausibility, as has been given to this set of precious rascals, who dub themselves the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. Were the aim of the corporation to cut and pack ice bergs from Alaska to the Texas market, there might be those who could be induced to believe it of some value; but to tell sane men that a railroad can be built and run in that Northern latitude, while the Union Pacific, so much further South, is a failure on account of climate half the year, is to assume that the experience of all men is nonsense, and that all men are fools. Had the proposition to grant eight millions of acres of land been for the benefit of a company to navigate the air by the aid of Minnesota grasshoppers, instead of a railroad over frozen vales and everlasting ice-tipped mountain crags, there might have been found those in the lunatic asylums who would have applauded the passage of the charter by Congress. But there is neither sense, nor fit decent valuing of the effort at decent robbery of the people's money and lands in this vile scheme of plunder. The famous moon hoax scheme, which some forty years ago, occupied the attention and affected the pockets of fools in Europe, was a practical movement by the side of this visionary Northern railroad humbuggery.

Six years ago, when this scheme of robbery was first conceived, the company asked of Congress forty seven million acres of land as a subsidy toward building the road. When that bill was being considered, its friends asserted that it would be sufficient to secure the building and equipment of the entire route, and that it passed the work would be commenced at once. It was passed, and the title of forty seven million acres of land, owned by the toiling taxed masses of the several States was passed by the Government, to this proposed railroad company. For six years they have held that land, offering it to its late owners, —the people, —at such prices as suited the wants and convenience of the company. Now they come to Congress and ask for forty one million acres more, and with a prodigality unparalleled in the annals of profligacy or corruption, Congress votes them the forty one million acres more. Making in all, Eighty Eight Millions of Acres.

Five times as much as the six New England States—one half larger than the collected area of the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina, and sixty thousand square miles more than the combined territory of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Were it possible that the income arising from the sale of these lands—once the people's—now a corporation,—would be so invested as at some future time to indirectly benefit the masses, from whom they have been stolen, there might be a shadow of excuse for this unmitigated, wholesale swindle. But when it is remembered: first, that there is no need at all of such a road as the proposed Northern Pacific; second, that the Union Pacific is snowed up three months in the year, and at four hundred miles farther North would be snowed up six out of twelve months, and third, even if the road was needed,—could be built and made pay, that the entire profits would go into the pockets of the stock holders, and the people from whom the lands have been stolen, receive not a cent of income, the shameless villainy can have no profit whatever.

For this monstrous swindle, W. H. ARMSTRONG, representative from this the 18th district, worked and voted. Will his constituents who have been robbed, remember this?

Lately, Mr. CUDY STANTON lectured to an audience of New York judges, on the McFARLAND RICHARDSON scandal. Men were scrupulously denied admission. It was well for them. Doubtless they were spared a thousand deep blushes!

The Bill to Enforce the Fifteenth Amendment.

A MONSTROUS ASSAULT ON THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

The Votes of Negroes who have not Voted may be Counted.

This is the season of Hell's delight; for well may the inhabitants of the world of despair hold a carnival of delight and have a year of devilish jubilee. Congress is in session, and is carrying forward the work of their master Satan.

But of all the infamous and damnable acts which have marked this era in the history of our poor, lost country, not one can be found in which there is such a diabolical proposition of hell-fire and reward to sealawagery, as is embodied in Section 21 of the Bill now before Congress to enforce obedience to the abominable Fifteenth (or Nigger) Amendment.

The Fifteenth Amendment was an outrage upon our Race and its Liberties, and the manner of its adoption (God help us!) a fraud of such glaring magnitude as to admit of no controversy in a single instance; but the Bill now fastening it upon the States ("Loyal" North, and Patriotic South) and providing for a bayonet acceptance of it at the polls throughout the land—AND THE COUNTING OF SUCH VOTES AS ARE NOT POLLED AT ALL—will challenge the astonishment of even the vilest politicians and tools of power.

Read! read! read!—read, ye people, of Pennsylvania, the language—the words—and sentences—the aims—the end of Black Republican legislation! It is said Section 21 of this Bill was drawn for a special purpose. We should judge so; and that special purpose is the enfranchisement of negroes without the trouble or annoyance of going to the polls, as poor white people are required to do. Their votes may be counted (and now will be!) while they are at home and have never voted! It is enough, if they are but residents of a voting district; their votes are to be counted the same as if their ballots had been put in the white man's ballot box! If they but occupy a shanty in some quarter of squalor and are even too ignorant to know what "a vote" means, still they vote a silent, and as sure, if not a surer vote, than the white man who may have to walk miles and wait long at the polls to get his vote in.

Verily, this is the year of the African jubilee! It is also the year of sealawag and vagabond jubilee. It is the season of the Devil's delight, indeed!

But read, O ye sleeping, trusting, robbed and outraged, everywhere:

Section 21 of the Bill, as telegraphed by the Congressional reporters to the press of the whole country, "authorizes 'a candidate' [a sealawag, of course] 'to go before a United States Court, 'and give EFFECT to the votes of 'per-sons' [Niggers] 'offering to vote at 'any election, but denied the right' [no matter from what cause so it can be attributed to] by reason of race, color, 'or previous condition of servitude.' 'For instance, if in any Southern 'State a candidate' [that is, a sealawag] 'for sheriff receives one thousand 'white votes, or less, and there are five 'thousand, or more, colored voters 'ready to vote for him, but excluded by 'the State election officers he' [the sealawag] 'may go into court and have 'the fifteen hundred votes 'COUNTED 'FOR HIM' [over his decent Democratic opponent.]

Here, then, is the beginning of the end of madness run madder! What a beneficent provision this for the promotion of a sealawagery in all sections! what a premium for more villains to come forward upon the stage of political action. What a blessed state of affairs, when the vote of the lazy African knave is to be counted whether he knows how to vote or not! What a delightful prospect for men of character and standing to become candidates for office in districts where, after an election, a sealawag may step into a United States court and have counted for him a vast imaginary population of niggers supposed to reside somewhere in the district. This is 'getting votes' made easy. This is 'carrying the ticket, with a frightful vengeance.

The monstrosity of Jacobin legislation is exemplified in this instance. Surely revolution only—and a revolution which will strike down with its iron hand of blood every vestige of Republican debauchery and history—can rid the country and our posterity of an age of evils which are hanging over the future.

It is now almost time to wipe out this whole thing called voting.

Hancock and Grant.

The papers have been publishing of late a correspondence between Gen. Hancock and Sherman, which goes to show the littleness of men who would fain have the people believe them above the common weaknesses of humanity. It seems, there has for some time been a coldness between President Grant and Gen. Hancock, caused by some interference of the former with an order of the latter while in command of one of the departments. During this disagreement, Hancock visited Washington, and instead of calling on Grant, merely left his card, which seems to be, in army estimation, discourteous. After this, Grant and Hancock met in the street, when the President said, "How are you, Hancock?" Gen. Hancock is said merely to have bowed and passed on, without speaking. Again, at a wedding party, the two met, and Hancock is accused of having turned his back upon the President. Now comes the sequel.

When Gen. Thomas died, Hancock's rank entitled him to the succession. Not getting it, however, he wrote a respectful letter to Gen. Sherman about it. The latter replied in full, after consultation with the President, and the following is an extract from his letter: "I am requested by the President to inform you that there is nothing in your personal relations to General Grant, or in your official relations to his administration, that could justify your promotion now, or lead you to expect it hereafter."

Curt enough, in all conscience. But it shows the mental smallness of our Chief Magistrate. It evidences how little magnanimity he possesses. It presents him to the people as a selfish, vindictive man—as one who ignores great services in order to gratify personal spite. Hancock is one of the best soldiers of the country, but, because he was conservative in his views and insisted upon his own manhood—because he would not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning"—the President, through Gen. Sherman, conveys to him a studied and direct insult, telling him that there is nothing to "justify his promotion now or lead him to expect it hereafter."

Such is the conduct of the President of the United States toward one of the best and bravest officers in the service. A really great man would have forgotten or laid aside whatever of personal grievance he might have had, in order to show how highly he appreciated the brilliant talents of one of his greatest Lieutenants. But not so with Grant. His low, groveling, sordid nature would not permit him to be magnanimous, and hence his insult to Hancock and the promotion of Sherman to the position that of right belongs to the former.

But "time at last makes all things even." Should Grant live out his term of office, he will not again be elected. Three years more, and his opportunity to insult the best men in the country will be over. A Democratic administration in the future will do justice to such men as Hancock, and reduce to their proper level the pugnas who now stand in the places of giants.

Grant's administration having been so prompt to interfere in behalf of the British Government against the Fenians, we are now anxious to see what it will do in regard to the tearing down of the American flag from the United States Consul's office, at St. John's, by a party of drunken Canadians. Having avenged the JOHNNY BULL Government upon its Fenian enemies, let us see if it will have the courage to avenge this contemptible JOHNNY BULL insult to the stars and stripes. No backing out now, Ulysses. You have acted nicely toward the English—have you the manliness to make them act nicely toward you?

Death of the Eldest Son of Henry Clay.

Thirty-eight Years of Hopeless Insanity, and Final Death in an Asylum.

On Sunday last, Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, died in the Lexington Lunatic Asylum, after a long confinement. The record of his blasted life is briefly thus:

At thirty years of age Theodore Clay was a promising lawyer. He was the image and the hope of the statesman whose fame was on every tongue. It is true that there were whispers of wild living, and of indifferent morals, that somewhat tinged the fair repute and even darkened the future prospects of the action of a noble house. Still it was hoped that these were but the result of youth, and would be cast aside when circumstances called upon the mature man to assert himself and make his talent felt in the community.

It was at this turning-point in his life that Theodore Clay began to pursue, with an unwearied perseverance that caused his friends great uneasiness, a young lady of Lexington whom he had long loved hopelessly. The object of this attachment, who is at the present moment one of the brightest ornaments of Kentucky society, repulsed, firmly but kindly, every attention offered by the infatuated young man, after his meaning had become manifest. It was of no use, he would not be refused, and followed his fair fate in the streets by day and wanderer in the neighborhood of her home by night in an annoying manner, until at last it became evident that he "was all there," to use the soft phrase by which a kindly peasantry express insanity. Subsequent violent demonstrations tended to confirm the impression, it being even related that he went to the house of Mr. — and demanded his daughter at the pistol's point, until at last the wretched truth could no longer be ignored and confinement in the asylum became a stern necessity. Thus was accordingly done, (in 1832, we believe,) his father provided for his support at that time, and leaving \$10,000 in his will, the income from which was secured to Theodore for life. That life, after thirty-eight years imprisonment in what in the earlier days of his confinement he was wont to call "a good boarding house, but having some of the biggest fools he ever saw as boarders," has just closed. For nearly thirty years he was one of the most noted of the inmates, but his graceful manners and flow of conversation rendered him an object of interest to all visitors. He labored under the hallucination that he was George Washington, and was fond of assuming the traditional attitudes of the father of his country. At the occasional balls given to the inmates (averaging some five hundred in number) he was always exquisitely dressed, in the style of his day, and was the par excellence. During all these long years, despite his general gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and required close watching, it never, in fact, having been considered prudent to leave him go out into the grounds without attendants. About the year 1860 his condition began to grow worse, and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until a few days since, when Death, greater healer than Time, placed him again upon an equality with the peers of his manhood, who had gone before him to the God who had created him and did with him according to his inscrutable will. And so ends as a story as the truth of history every com-manded to be written.

Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive him, T. H. Clay, ex minister to Honduras, now residing on his place "Mansfield," near Lexington, and John M. Clay, the raiser of "Kentucky," and one of the greatest turf men living.

Pile it On.

Speaking of the bill now before Congress to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, the Columbia Herald gets off the following sensible conclusion:

We cannot say that we are opposed to the passage of this law, but to the passage of Sumner's Bill, which we publish elsewhere.

Our country has been controlled during the last ten years by the "current" set of scoundrels that ever went unshaken, and it requires an extra dose to awaken the masses to a sense of their situation. The American people yelped for the nigger and they have got him several lengths ahead of the white people with the Land and Naval forces to keep him there. They are getting fines from \$500. to \$5,000. and imprisonment from one month to ten years for any white person who attempts to catch up with him.

Spread it on thick; there is no use in having a law unless we have a bell of a law. Sandwich the niggers at our hotel tables, our landlords have helped for it; sandwich the nigger in our churches, our preachers have prayed for it; sandwich the nigger in our schools, the parents of our children have voted for it. Give us nigger for breakfast, nigger for dinner, nigger for

supper, nigger roasted, nigger baked, nigger on the half shell and Grant us nigger soldiers to protect the ballot box.

Spawls from the Keyholes.

The Sunbury authoritie for 1869 is broat an engine house.

Sunbury has at last got a Young Men's Christian association.

Van Amburgh's splendid menagerie will exhibit at Tyrone on the 13th instant.

Francis Paro's malt house, in Philadelphia, was burned on the 30th. Loss, \$75,000.

Twenty-five cents worth of whiskey killed George Pipe, of Halesion. It piped him home.

In digging the foundation of the new Pittsburgh Opera house, a number of skeletons were found.

Harrisburg has three dragoon military companies. "And the negro troops fought nobly."

A vicious dog recently bit an aged lady in Lancaster county so severely that she died next day.

A chap in Reading filled his rather dejected purse by selling 500 false tickets of admission to the execution of Deal.

Mr. H. A. Schweppenhauer, of Centre township, Northumberland county, has a turkey 20 months old that weighs 33 1/2 pounds. Good for Schweppenhauer.

Jacob Seifert, of Lower Saucon, Lehigh county, left home on Monday last on horseback, and was found afterwards hanging to sapling by the halter strap.

Recently James Bennett, who had been employed about the Pennsylvania railroad at Columbia for thirty-five years was run over by the cars and crushed to death.

D. C. Boyer, the conductor who was killed by the late accident on the Pacific railroad, was a citizen of Easton, this State, and his body was forwarded to that place for burial.

Two little boys at Harrisburg, aged six and nine years, left home one morning for school, but went fishing instead of going to school. The result was their bodies were fished out of the canal next day.

The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin says that a M. L. Brewer of the ponds near their Herbie House, had five thousand square trout, that will weigh two pounds each, all in one pond. This is the biggest fish story out.

The lightning has been pitting into things generally of late. Only a short time ago, the barn of John W. Smith, at Exchange, Montour county, was struck and burned to the ground, and a young man named Van Toon was killed in Scranton.

Vice President Colfax presided at the fourth anniversary of the American Sunday School Union at Philadelphia, the other night. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton College, Rev. Mr. Brooks of Tennessee, and Rev. Mr. Cheney of Chicago.

A Rio Toro Arrangements have been made for a trot between Butcher Boy and Hector on Thursday, June 9, in the Harrisburg Driving Park. The race will be for five hundred dollars a side, articles of agreement to that effect having been signed by the respective owners of the horses. The contest will no doubt be close, as both animals are fast. They trotted against each other about a year ago, Butcher Boy winning three out of five heats.—Ez

Samuel Giese's house in Dry Valley was honored by the particular notice of a streak of lightning, on the 19th ultimo. Mr. and Mrs. Giese were just closing the shutters at the time, and were knocked out of time in no time. When they came back to consciousness, they found the carpet had got up a bit of a conflagration, and that the electric fluid had played the deuce with the cook stove. By prompt effort they succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The Altoona Sun tells how a husband living near that place last week arrived home sooner than he expected. He thought he would surprise his wife. He got into the house and tapped at his wife's bedroom door. She would not let him in till she was dressed. He thought he heard a noise, burst open the door, and saw a pair of pantaloons going out the window. Arhis gentle advice she went to her mothers for permanent board. The household goods of the late home are to be sold at auction.

The Sunbury Guard tells the following rather amusing story. A certain carpenter who is rather of a worldly turn of mind was shingling a house a few days ago, when his foot slipped from its stay, and he was slowly but surely descending from the roof. The wickedness of his past life came up in his mind so vividly, that he cried out "now I lay me down to sleep," but in the midst of his petition the thought of having his hatchet in his hand occurred, and quick as wink he sunk the hatchet into the roof, which stopped his downward course, crying vociferously, "atlock there, d—n you," and soon gained the top of the roof.

Gooden Deaths in the Same Family.—There seldom, if ever, has occurred a similar case of so many sudden deaths in the same family as the following: Dr. Charles Cummings died suddenly in Iowa, some years ago, we are not certain, but think whilst engaged in reading a newspaper. James Cummings died suddenly a year or two ago in Philadelphia whilst at the table eating. Mrs. Chesney, sister, was found dead in her bed at Northumberland, a week ago. And Dr. Saphores C. Cummings was instantly killed by a train of cars, as he was walking across the road, a few years ago at Lewistown. This is a remarkable record of sudden deaths in the same family.—Sims-grove Times.

REMARKABLE FAZE BY LIGHTNING.—Between six and seven o'clock last Saturday evening during the prevalence of the thunder storm which passed over this place, the dwelling house of E. P. Holcomb, Esq. at Lehigh Taney was struck by lightning. The bolt passed through the roof into the garret in two distinct places and about ten feet apart, where to all appearances the electric fluid concentrated, and followed the chimney down the second story, tearing off almost the entire end of the house, entering a large parlor and destroying the gilt frames of two large French plate mirrors, melting a portion of the gilded cornice together with the curtain fixtures, but sparing the frames of several costly oil paintings. It then passed out by the tin earre's trough, following it about half way around the house, and down the water conductor into the earth, where a hole as large as a barrel attests the force and amount of the electric current. Strange to say none of the inmates of the house were materially injured. A man named Hunsicker residing about three hundred yards from Mr. Holcomb's house was quite severely stunned and has not yet entirely recovered. Quite a number of cattle and one dog were entirely prostrated. The shower was not very severe, but was accompanied by an unusual amount of electricity.—Mauch Chunk Times.