

Ink Slips.

A contemptible JOHNNY BULL as-sets that the language of this country is getting to be slangy.

RED CLOUD, SPOTTED TAIL, AIRANT OF WINNEBAGO, and other big birds have been much talked about by the paper lately.

The Pennsylvania railroad company have secured a controlling interest in the railroad to be built from Washington to Fredericksburg.

An exchange makes up its mind that Dr. LIVINGSTONE is at last dead. Well, if he isn't, it's not because some doctors haven't tried hard enough to kill him.

A horse in Chicago is said to chew tobacco like a man, and whines for it. We have a number of hogs in this town that refuse to have anything to do with it.

ROBERT BONNER has declined to pay \$100,000 for Dexter. We would be willing to take that much in for our own gray mare, and consider that we had received her full value.

In Ireland, recently, a brother and sister were executed for the same gallop for murder. How affecting to think that these two devoted creatures hung together till the last.

THOMAS JOHNSON accomplished a suicide in New York, on the 12th inst., by allowing a piece of meat to effect a judgment in his throat. Any body could do the same thing.

A regular trade is now going on between New Hampshire and Virginia. The former offers carpet bidders for hogs—each carpet bidden being considered equal to one hog.

The editor of the Milton Advertiser wants the editors of that borough tied up. If the council see proper to do so, that editor won't be seen to end until the ordinance is repealed.

The Albany Sun editors declare that they will back any man or woman who accepts the play "Shoo Fly" in their neighborhood. Monkeys, organ grinders and musical trawlers will please take notice.

JAMES G. BENNETT, Jr. of the New York Herald, will enter his crack team in a contest for the Prince of Wales in the coming aquatic contest in England.

Notwithstanding the expressed wish of Mr. DICKENS that he might be buried at Rochester, the voice of the public and the press has induced him to yield to consent to his burial in Westminster Abbey.

After all the fuss, it seems that the great Jewish Massacre, as reported by the American Press Association is not true. The origin of the story is ascribed to a street fight in Bouschiana, a town of about 1,500 inhabitants.

The South is being cursed with societies of negroes, who pledge themselves, when acting as jurors, not to bring in a verdict against one of their own color, no matter how vile he may be. JOHN W. FORNEY and other prominent colored individuals are at the head of this thing.

The ways and means committee "have agreed to report a bill relieving coal from all taxes internal as well as external." This, we suppose, will be good news to our coal dealers, as well as to the people. We imagine, however, it will be made up in increased rates for something else.

The Radical editor of the Fulton Republican says that if the Radical editor of the Blair County Radical would go back to McConnellsburg and pay his board bill and other outstanding debts in that community, he would much improve his reputation with that people. Shut up—don't speak about it.

The New York Sun, a Radical paper says: "If Gen. Grant and his Cabinet took half as much interest in defending American rights in Cuba and elsewhere, as they have taken in defending British rights in Canada and elsewhere, the United States would be treated with much more respect all over the world."

It is all right to associate LINCOLN, REVELS and TRAIN together, but we protest against disgracing old Father ABRAHAM and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE by mentioning them in such company, as Plain Words does. What can that man have against his first Parent and NAPOLEON, we wonder, that he should thus seek to heap obloquy upon them.

Three million acres more of the public land have been given to the Central Branch Union Pacific Railroad Company, a purely local concern. Congress ought now to give four or

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 15.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1870.

NO. 24

five thousand acres to the Glass Works here or to one of our iron companies. It could be done just as appropriately. The radicals hope to carry Delaware by the aid of the negro vote. But white Republicans there have got their eyes open, and for every nigger that puts in a Radical vote two Republicans will put in a Democratic or White Man's ballot. Things are getting mixed, but just on the right way to bring the country out clear as a whistle.

Geary's Appeal.

What is cheap. Bangalooa costs but little. Pretense is only pretense after all. The public is not as gullible as fools imagine, although it is green enough to go for gaudy as times. This, Mr. JOHN W. GEARY, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, will understand, when the response to his self-puffery in the shape of a proclamation to the people of the State, advising them who to choose as Representatives in the next Legislature, is heard.

During eight years of active editorial life, all the official, political, and demagogical documents, we have ever had the misfortune to peruse, we do not believe we have ever seen as egotistical or presumptuous a paper as that sent forth from the Executive Chamber at Harrisburg, on the 6th inst. Under the pretense of warning the people against sending representatives to Harrisburg next winter, which is not pledged to vote against the Jersey Shore & Pine Creek R. R. bill, should it be again brought up, GEARY asks an opportunity to tell for the tenth month time of his worth, integrity, ability and sacrifice for the people.

To fill himself and procure, it possible representatives from the country who will do his bidding as a dog does its master, and fawn around him as a sycophant round the power that controls him.

The opinion of this paper in regard to the Jersey Shore & Pine Creek R. R. bill, is too well known to its readers to need reiteration here. It opposed the bill when first introduced, opposed it during the time it was before the Legislature—opposed it when Governor GEARY promised to sign it, and complimented him for turning round and voting it, but we can see nothing to praise in this effort of his to resurrect that question, and by holding up the "law head and bloody bones" of that bill to get control of the next Legislature in order that he can use it to further his own political aspirations and private designs.

Gov. GEARY may be right upon this question, but there are grave doubts in the mind of many whether he is not right because he was well paid for being so. But whether right or wrong, his veto of that bill has nothing to do with the sickening self adulations of his recent address.

Had he pursued such a course since he became Governor of the State as would have led the people to believe him honest—to believe him to be sincere in his words, war upon corporations, and his pretended desire to protect the honor and interests of the Commonwealth his frequent reference to his record and warnings about "rings" and "combinations" and "realities" generally, might have had some effect. But when we remember that not a rescally bill passed the Legislature since he became Governor—not a measure brought through by the lobby—not a privilege granted a corporation, but he signed with an avidity that showed his anxiety to get his "divs," his warnings have but little effect, and his pretense accomplish but a very small amount of good.

It becomes one who has pandered to every profligacy that speculators demanded, who has signed more acts, creating soulless corporations than any Governor the State has ever had; who has placed his signature to more swindling legislation than lobbyists ever before secured; who advised the debasement of the State and the outrage of the sovereignty of her people, by urging the Legislature to ratify the so-called fifteenth amendment, without the right or power, legally to do so; to put on now a pretentious face, and try to palm himself off as an honest Governor, a faithful executive, or a protector of the rights and honor of his

State, or the interests and welfare of the people.

No, Governor. Your warnings will amount to but little. The people know you. And now that you see that they have grown tired of radical rascality, you cannot fast yourself upon them by pretending to turn your back upon the "rooster" and "pincher" and "lobbyists," who have controlled you since you first became Governor. Not only the radical rascals whom you pretend now to oppose, but yourself will be boosted out of positions to rob the State Treasury, and disgrace the Commonwealth, just as soon as the masses get another chance at the ballot box. How long Jersey Shore & Pine Creek R. R. won't save you!

Death of Charles Dickens.

The literary world has lost one of its brightest ornaments. CHARLES DICKENS, the great novelist, expired at his residence at Gad's Hill, England, on Thursday evening, the 9th inst., after a very brief and sudden illness. He was entertaining a dinner party at his house, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms of illness. The only indication of consciousness he gave after being stricken down, was a murmured request that a window might be closed, after which he sunk into a comatose state, in which he remained until his death on Thursday evening, the 9th inst. His disease was pronounced apoplexy by his physicians, and all attempts to restore him to consciousness, after the first attack, were in vain.

At the time of his death, Mr. DICKENS had just completed the opening chapters of what promised to be one of his most interesting and powerful stories, entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." No doubt many of our readers have been perusing it and looking forward anxiously for the coming chapters. If so, they will never receive them, for the brain that conceived and the hand that executed are both stilled in death. Mr. DICKENS himself has gone to explore the great mystery of the unexplained Hereafter, and to raise, we trust, in the presence of the Saviour himself, a full explanation of that greatest of all mysteries, the Conception, the Death upon the Cross and the Resurrection.

In the world of letters, the place of Mr. DICKENS can hardly be filled. It is probable that, next to SHAKESPEARE, he was the best portrayer of human nature that ever lived, and his books have made his name immortal. The publication of some of them was followed by the almost instantaneous reforms of the abuses that they were aimed at and intended to show up, which was the greatest compliment that could have been paid to his energy, intellect and humanity.

But even the greatest and most brilliant intellects must succumb to the Destroyer. Death is no respecter of persons. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, alike must submit to the inevitable decree, and Mr. DICKENS has but gone to join the innumerable hosts that have preceded him to the other side. May the good he has done secure for him a welcome at the gates of Heaven.

—Close reading of our exchanges fails to show us any locality where the Democracy are not united in opposition to the Negro Suffrage, and in determination to fight the future political battles of the country under the banner of the WHITE MAN'S PARTY. Radicalism has gone the length of its string, and when it resolved to make the negro the social and political equal of the White Man, it spoke the sentence of its own dissolution. From every quarter we have the cheering intelligence that hosts of Republicans are coming over to the Democracy to aid them in crushing the enemies of the country, and in sustaining the doctrine that this is a White Man's Government, made for white men and to be ruled by white men forever!

At last the dawn is breaking, and the day of deliverance is about to appear. Be firm, Democrats! be firm, White Men, and all may yet be well.

—The Catholic Church at Philadelphia is to be pointed inside and out.

What Has It Done?

No sheep was fuller of ticks than the republican party was of promises, when it first induced the people to place its representatives in power.

There was nothing the laboring class needed to insure them prosperity, ease and comfort, but was secured for them.—"Land for the landless"—"Homes for the homeless"—plenty of work at good wages—low taxes—low prices, and a general millennium of "good times," was to be the immediate result of their accession to power. Ten long, weary, bloody years have rolled round since then, and at every annual election the same promises were made—the same progress given.

To-day we see the laborer, toiling as he never toiled before, to gain a scanty living for himself and family—taxed as he was never taxed before, to pay the expenses of an administration, reckless, extravagant and corrupt—impoverished as it was never before impoverished, to enrich the few who have grown wealthy off the miseries of the people, and enslaved as he was never before enslaved, to build up an aristocracy of wealthy that Bond Lords may revel in luxury, while the laborer toils and sweats, to earn money sufficient to pay his taxes for him.

To-day we see the rich send their children to our schools, but pay no taxes to keep them up—ride over our roads, but pay no taxes to keep them in repair—have their suits in court, but pay no taxes to bear its expenses—protected by the government; but pay nothing at all to meet its outlays—simply because they are rich and have invested their wealth in government bonds, that are exempt from all taxation.

To-day we see negroes—stout, able bodied, hardy, negroes—kept, clothed, fed, schooled, and made voters, law makers and law enforcers, by a government for which they never raised a hand or paid a farthing to maintain, simply because they are black and can be used as tools, to keep in power the oppressors of the poor, who have brought this state of affairs about.

To-day we see white men—tolling, sweating, at home or being, back-breaking labor, to get money sufficient to pay the bond-holders interest and taxes, and the negroes schooling, clothes and food.

To-day, we see a government administered at an expense to the people, yearly, of over three hundred millions of dollars, or five times the amount required of them to administer it under the rule of the Democratic party. We see a profligate, drunken, corrupt President riding over the country, fishing for trout, and with him a band of miscreants hired with the people's money—paid out of the funds raised by exorbitant taxation upon the working masses to pay the legitimate expenditures of the Government.

To-day, we see millions of acres of land—the blood bought inheritance of the working men of the several States, voted away to thieving, peculating, ingardly and exacting corporations, of public leeches, who have done less for the government than thus enriches them by giving them the lands of the laboring poor men, than the devil has done for christianity.

To-day we see poor men poorer than ever—rich men richer than ever—labor scarce and poorer paid than ever—taxes higher than ever—prices as exorbitant as ever, and as a consequence "times harder and money scarcer than ever."

To-day we see nabobs in luxury, without taxes—niggers in idleness and ease, and the white masses with nothing but toil and taxes.

And this after ten years of mongrel rule!

Where is the benefit you have derived, brother working man, from the ten year reign of radicalism? Are you richer to-day than you were then,—is your labor lighter—your taxes less—your prospects better, or your condition improved in any way? If not, in the name of all that's good, and honest, is it not time to do something for yourselves,—to try to place in power men who will not rob you, and cheat you, and oppress you, for the benefit of office holders, Bond Nabobs and niggers, as the mongrel party has done?

Another Light Extinguished.

Close upon the heels of the intelligence of the death of CHARLES DICKENS, we have the sad news of the demise of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, the South Carolina novelist and poet. He died at his residence last week, and the mournful event will fill the whole country with regret.

The fame of Mr. SIMMS, if not world-wide, is at least national, and American, North and South, will feel that our country has lost one of its brightest intellectual stars. His books have not only been read and quoted in our own land, but have delighted thousands and thousands of our transatlantic neighbors. Carefully written and vital of the deepest interest, they have been looked upon, as among the most elevated and instructive of standard American fiction, and as presenting pictures of life in the New World in the truest and most attractive colors.

As a poet, Mr. SIMMS ranked high, although he made no pretension to celebrity in the line of the Muses. He was a man of fervid imagination, high culture and extensive reading, and wrote with great brilliancy and power. During the late war, he, of course, sided with the South, and some of the most beautiful songs of that trying time are from his magic pen.

At the time of his death, Mr. SIMMS was in the neighborhood of sixty years of age. Full of years and full of honor, he has gone to receive the reward of a well spent life, and to rest in the brightness of that Almighty Presence whose overruling providence is recognized and acknowledged in all his writings.

Among the resolutions passed by the West Virginia Democratic State Convention is one which declares the white race to be the superior and ruling one in this country. This is the kind of talk we want to hear everywhere. No compromises with niggerdom for the sake of the darky vote. Keep the white race clear of all entangling alliances with negroes and the negro party and let all our Democratic State Conventions imitate our gallant West Virginia brethren in their love for the white race and their hatred of the men and the party that will degrade or defile it.

Keep the ball a-rolling, boys. The WHITE MAN'S PARTY is bound to win, just as sure as that white men are determined not to yield up their birth-right to negroes. The mess of Radical pottage set before them is not tempting enough to induce them to forswear their own, or give into the hands of negroes the inheritance of their children.

The West Virginia Democracy have a good enough platform, even if they make use of but this single plank. It will win, beyond all peradventure, and the victory will be all the greater because fought upon this straight issue.

—The colored population of Philadelphia, better known now as "Fifteenth Amendments," when arrested by the guardians of the peace for "kicking up a row," go right into the policemen with razors. This is a trick they have learned since Radicalism came into power. It is a very cute one, and is considered real smart by everybody but the officers.

[For the Watchman] DEAD.

Spring, spring, spring, with your glorious light, With your joyous birds and blossoms bright, With your bunches of roses, red and white, Oh! tell me why You still are bright when a brighter thing Than you when your sunny breezes bring, Bids to blossom and birds to sing, In death doth he? Dead, dead, dead, with the bright surprise And the wild light in her glorious eyes That dazzled men who were cold and wild with, That dazzles now, And the glorious sun, as if it would seek, Things of high meaning to show and speak, And roses of red and white on her cheek, And white on her brow! Dead, dead, dead, and lying there In the time of roses and buds in the air, When life is young and gay and fair, Fair to the young— Dead in her spring, when her life was light, In the time of her beauty, new and bright, In the time of her roses, red and white, With her song unsung! MORTIMER, JUNE 11, 1870.

Spawls from the KeyStone.

- A man died recently in Montgomery, Pa., of glanders.
The Montour Masons have just dedicated a new hall.
Danville had a highway robber the other day. It has him yet—in jail.
There are six candidates for the Radical nomination for sheriff in Tioga county.
Harrisburg Printers pic-nic-ed on Sunday last.
Northumberland county has fourteen Mills collieries at the present time.
Snyder county furnished over one hundred Pennons for the late Canadian war.
Carbon county furnished one victim for the Eastern Penitentiary, at its last term of court.
Mr. T. T. Worth, of the Lebanon Courier, was smitten by paralysis recently. Happy, the stroke though severe, was not fatal.
Hon. Henry D. Foster will undoubtedly be the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Westmoreland district.
A little boy named Kehl was found drowned in the Pennsylvania canal at Harrisburg, last week.
Mrs. Phillips was drowned near Waynesburg while trying to rescue her son from drowning. They sunk together.
Patrick Reardon and Patrick Meek were recently instantly killed by a fast train on the Allegheny railroad.
D. H. Yingling, of Clarion county, was recently thrown by a fractious horse, and had his skull fractured. He cannot survive.
In Delaware county, certain people amuse themselves by mutilating animals. Recently, a full blooded dog from cruel treatment.
The grist and paper mill of C. P. Dull, at Mt. Vernon, Millin county, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last.
It took seventeen men and a dozen of dogs to butcher a 165 pound bear, in Fayette county last week.
A "hust" in the West Branch Canal at Jersey Shore, stopped navigation on the "raging waters" of that institution last week.
Lawstown boasts the Herculean feat of cutting short the existence of an eight foot long black snake.
The building of a rail-road bridge across the Susquehanna at Sallersgrove, was let to Cassell of Harrisburg, last week for \$200,000.
The 24th district of this State has a new assistant assessor, in one John Rogers. No relation to the one burnt at the stake.
Henry D. Foster will be the candidate for Congress, from the Westmoreland district this fall, and Mr. Vode won't go again him this time.
Win H. Harding, formerly of Birmingham, Huntington county, was killed by the cars at Pittsburg, on Wednesday of last week, while compiling a train.
A horse thief, named Frank Thomas, has had his career stopped by being arrested in Harrisburg. If he isn't careful in the future, he will have his wind stopped.
At the "Fifteenth Amendment" celebration last night, the darkeys refused to cheer the soldiers' orphan school because there was no flag out.
Lawrence Martin, of Altoona, while crossing the railroad in front of the McLain House, was struck by a locomotive and had several of his ribs broken.
York stock-keepers will close their shops at 7 o'clock, p. m., after Monday next, until the 1st of September. If Bellefonte sportsmen want to do the man, there would be a happy set of clerks about this town.
John Ryan, in the employ of the railroad company at Altoona on Friday night last, attempted to jump on the last line just after it started from the depot there, intending to go home to Johnstown, but missed his footing and fell to the track, receiving injuries that will probably prove fatal.
Nathan Donny, a watchman at Warriors Ridge Station, on the Pennsylvania railroad, and who has been in the employ of the company ever since the road went into operation, was run over and killed by a train the other day. He leaves a large family.
William Stratton shot and killed Amelia McLaughlin and then shot himself, at the house of Mr. Howard A. Holloway, No. 108 south ninth street, Philadelphia. Amelia was a servant girl and William was her lover. They frequently quarreled, and jealousy is supposed to have been the cause of the shooting.
Two German beer drinkers, Dr. Firmer and Frederick Fries, Williamsburg, had a wager as to who could drink the most beer. At the fiftieth glass the former was taken away. The brewer drank fifty-five, when he also retired. Firmer died soon after. Fries will be buried on Sunday.
Rev. Thomas McMullen, of Philadelphia, was arrested in that city last week, at the instance of Miss Mary L. Search, of Lowburg, Union county. It seems he got Miss Mary in a bad way during his course as a student, as Lowburg, under a promise to marry her. Having failed to fulfill his promise, she now claims damages against him to the amount of \$5,000. We hope she'll get it.
Jacob and Brian Moonsholder, a couple of gay and festive young fellows, aged respectively 52 and 60 years, had a fight at Jerry Station, on the Pennsylvania railroad about their pretty sortant girl. One was terribly mutilated in the face and the other lost part of a hand, besides receiving other severe injuries. Both are now under medical treatment. Being brothers, of course this fight would not create any talk among the neighbors.
We related some of the places for registration yesterday down town, and we must say that a more fitting display of the condition of the Radical party in that city could not have been made. Where there were any number of colored voters in the vicinity, there the registration windows were completely surrounded by crowds of darkeys, and with the exception of one or two hungry office seekers or rumblers, scarcely a white person could be seen. White men—that is decent ones—would not mingle nor participate. Even the one or two whites at each place seemed ashamed of their presence and hung down their heads like whipped dogs.—Palm. Ledger.
On Friday morning on a farmer's son, a half-grown boy, was returning from Shenandoah to his home in Millin, Columbia county, after having disposed of a load of hay, he was accosted at Loss Creek by a man, who asked for a race. The boy consented, and the man jumped on to the wagon, and as they proceeded along the road they came to a hill where the man whom he had befriended proposed to get out and work the brake, and as he proceeded to do so draw a revolver and shot the boy in the back or side of the neck—the ball passing through the head and coming out near the eye. The boy fell to the ground and was run over by the wagon, when another man came out from ambush and the two villains rifled his pockets and made off, leaving their victim for dead.