

Ink Slings.

—Radicalism is becoming so demoralized that the future triumph of the Democracy is certain.

—GEARY says he measures 43 inches around the chest. His bodily proportion is much larger than his brain development.

—A sheep killed a man in Michigan. We'll bear this in mind when we run a fool of the bleating editor of the Bellefonte Republican.

—JOHN COVODE would like to be congressman again, but is afraid to run. It is the first thief we have ever known to be in this fix.

—JOHN BRONKHAM is going to rewrite "POCONONTAS!" What's the use, when we are gravely told that the whole thing is a myth?

—Florida boys is of a man nine feet and six inches tall. As a man he can be no earthly account, but as a bear he would undoubtedly be successful.

—Senator McCARTHY, Hon. JOHN YOUNG and Hon. JOHN T. BROWN are spoken of in connexion with the next governorship of Kentucky. All good men.

—The retirement of Judge HOAR from the Cabinet is that gentleman's most graceful apology to the Country for the injury his ignorance has inflicted upon it.

—At Belvidere, Illinois, they are to have a Peace Jubilee, with cannon and anvil accompaniment. Better wait a while—that Boston affair was rather premature.

—We have several books in our office entitled "The Great Rebellion." They ought to be called "The Great Struggle of Southern Patriots against Northern Tyrants."

—A Kilkenny cat fight or something of that kind is now going on between the two Radical journals in this place. They want some Democratic paper to throw a brick at them.

—The Michigan prohibitionists intend to put a ticket into the field. As this is near about harvest time, they'd better put themselves into the field. It will amount to more in the long run.

—G. W. HANCOCK is spoken of in connexion with the next Democratic presidential nomination. You guess, however, that that noble Ohio youth, (Geo. H. PENDLETON, is more entitled to it.

—The last Republican very flatteringly mentions JOHN H. ORVIS, Esq., of this place, as the probable nominee of the Democracy of this State for next Governor. Surely, we could have no better or abler man.

—Two Paris editors lately fought a duel, during which they fired at each other four times, but missed every pop. They finally concluded to make it up for the present, and practice on a barn door for a while.

—It turns out now that it is a goat instead of a horse that chews tobacco, and that the place is not Chicago but Beloit. Well, we thought this tobacco lover would eventually turn out to be something that wore a beard.

—We wonder how much it costs Gov. GEARY to get himself puffed in the Washington Star, as a candidate for next President? Just as if anybody is so ignorant or verdant as not to know who is at the bottom of it all?

—Bellefonte girls are pretty enough, but then they are so frisky, O! This is what our devil said the other night when one of them slapped him over the mouth for asking if he might gallivant her home on the crook of his elbow.

—Go in for the WHITE MAN'S PARTY, Democrats—Republicans. Carry out the noble doctrine of the great DOUGLASS that this is a White Man's Government, made for the White Men, and must be ruled by White Men forever!

—Gen. GRANT was out fishing last week. In other words, he was relieving his mind from the cares (?) of State. And nobody was particularly sorry that he had left Washington, for the general belief is that he is more ornamental than useful, anyway. Poor GRANT! he went up like a rocket, but has come down like a stick—in the mud.

—The readers of DICKENS'S last story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," will receive it all, notwithstanding the author's death, during its publication. It turns out that the great writer was some six months ahead of his publishers and when he died had the story all concluded, except the last chapter, and even of that he had the outlines or skeleton ready. This chapter will be finished by WILLIAM COLLINS, DICKENS'S son-in-law, who is also a great novelist.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION"

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Fast Time—Congress.

During the recent trip of the Southern railroad men through our State, the train on which they passed over the Pennsylvania railroad, made the break neck speed of fifty four miles per hour, over parts of the road. To this rate of running the Pittsburg Post, files very decided objections, and as preventative hereafter, here, as well as elsewhere, makes the following suggestion, which many will imagine would have come with a much better grace from some "lool" advocate of consolidation, or ranter about the "heroism of State Rights!"

Let Congress take the time to establish a rate of speed for all roads with proper penalties for violation. When all are placed upon the same footing there will be no loss to any, so far as fast time is concerned.

Now, in the name of all that's consistent in politics, just in administration or desirable in Government, why should Congress be called upon to interfere? Our railroad companies are State institutions—chartered by the State—controlled by State laws, and as much the creature of the State as any individual enterprise over which we hold sway. Congress might as well be asked to fix the pace of a stage coach, or prohibit a lively team driving faster than some nervous old lady might deem safe, as to name the number of miles our railroad trains shall be allowed to make per hour. Let Congress say how fast it is safe for them to run—then Congress can say where it is safe for them to run—when it is safe for them to run—and whose hands it is safe to have run them.

We may believe in Congress—but congressional railroads, congressional time, congressional conductors and congressional prices, would be most to much Congress for one dose upon one subject. And besides, we are not at all certain that the safety of the traveling public of this or any other State, would be in the least secured, by the interference of Congress, as suggested by the Post. It has been running things on its own time for the past ten years, and if it hasn't run the government it controls to the devil, ten miles an hour faster than any railroad company in this State ever run an engine over the track of its road, then we know nothing about miles or minutes. A railroad company may break a man's neck by its reckless running, but that would end the matter so far as he and his were concerned. Congress would break his neck and then follow up that calamity by picking his pockets, and robbing his heirs of the little his labor would have laid up for them. So, between the two, count us decidedly in favor of railroad companies controlling their own time. No Congress in our'n if you please.

Letter from Andrew G. Curtin.

The follow letter from Hon. A. G. CURTIN, United States Minister to Russia, was received in Lock Haven the other day, by a committee of the Pennsylvania Reserve Association, of which Gov. CURTIN is president. Making allowance for the usual buncombe of his excellency, it is very prettily written:

LETTER OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, 1869. BY ALEXANDER, BOSTON, May 17, 1870. I received your letter from a distant part of the North and I feel very glad to hear of the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Reserve Association. The late to which I telegraphed a word or two, when I feel as if you had just read to the association, and can almost realize the look and smile of friendship and the love and respect to my greeting which my eye so often goes to my heart. I am quite sure the people of Lock Haven will give your country a cordial reception and that your meeting will be in the spirit of friendship which grew so strong and the experiences, the dangers, and the memories of the dead who died for you in your long and faithful service to your country. My spirit is in your meeting, as you will read twice after it has opened, and all day I will enjoy the happiness of thinking of you all and will pass in review through my memory one by one the friends I longed to see with you. I would not if I could forget the many Pennsylvania soldiers who served with you in other regiments and are now in your country. I am glad to say my memory to receive my return of their constant, manly friendship, and my gratitude for their sacrifices and services in the years of our deep distress. Now, this moment, if a smile stand up before you and say a few words warm from my heart and look at the faces of so many brave, true friends, how shall I measure the happiness. It could not be! When you get this letter I will no doubt have the account of the meeting of the association, which some one will think of sending me.

Thanks for your many kind inquiries, and I am glad to say my health is very good and my residence here pleasant. I am, truly, your friend, A. G. CURTIN. To Maj. Jesse MERRILL, Capt. W. W. WHITE, Capt. J. B. HAYNES.

The New Apportionment.

Perhaps no session of the Legislature that has met for years and years, has had so important a political duty to perform, as will the next session that meets at Harrisburg. The principle work, aside from the regular routine of Legislative enactments, will be the re-districting of the State into Congressional, Senatorial and Representative districts. Upon the manner in which that is done, will depend much of the future prospects and benefits of the Democratic party of this State. Another villainous apportionment like the last ones were, and our party must remain in a hopeless helplessness in the Legislature of our State for the next seven years, and in its Congressional representation for ten years to come. Although there are but little hopes of our having a majority in the next Senate and House, yet much can be done towards securing a fair apportionment by the proper selection of Democratic representatives. What we need at Harrisburg next winter, we need sharp, energetic, experienced Legislators. So far as it is at all practicable men who have had experience as members of the House or Senate, who are acquainted with the politics and politicians of the State, and who know the manner in which radical rascals manipulate their pet schemes, should be sent as members to both branches of the Legislature. Personal preferences, and political aspirations should be set aside for the time, and a general effort be made to secure the ablest and most experienced men as candidates.

Especially should this be the case in districts where new and inexperienced men are expected and deserving nominations. One year is but a short time, and there is no one no matter how strong he thinks his claims are, who cannot afford for the sake of the future success of the party to wait that year, provided some one who has had experience as a member, can be secured as a candidate.

Give us as members of the next Senate and House, men who know what fairness requires in the apportionment—who know the rascals we have to deal with—the politicians who hang round Harrisburg and the manipulations of the party in power, and although our party is in the minority, a much fairer and better apportionment than the one that now curses us, will be the result of their labors.

—A lot of scalp takers from the plains have been visiting Washington and getting drunk with Ulysses, their Great Father. Verily, if rumors be true, he is, in more than one sense, the great father of more than one red skin. "Spotted Tail" however, is probably not one of the nine children he had by a squaw while he was a lieutenant in the regular army on the plains; for "Spotted Tail," believes that GRANT is a sick squaw. GRANT'S Indian children are probably all in office now. Their mother was a Digger Indian, and lived on bugs, grasshoppers and roots—he furnished her a good deal of the latter no doubt; in honor of which she named them respectively "Dirty Toe," "Little Drunk," "Big Spirit," "Belly Ache," "Catch a Flea," "Eat-a-Bug," "Blow my Nose," "Crack-a-Nut," and "Buck a Phatt," all sur-named GRANT. The fact is, no Great Father has been better prepared to put forward an "Indian policy" than Father GRANT. That policy is to leave the Indians alone. This is one correct principle of practice. GRANT left his squaw wife entirely alone, when he got drunk in her wigwam, stole her wampum, and vomited back to the States, leaving her all his yaller-skinned brats to support by digging for bugs and worms. But now, by a peculiar vengeance, he has "Spotted Tail" on his trail. We can only hope that S. T. will finally get the scalp of his Great Father!

—Seventy-five pig tails have just been driven from employment in our shops in "lool" Massachusetts, seventy-five native shoe-makers, who refused to have their wages reduced to less than a living price. Will the howler for the protection of "home industry" open their mouths about this way of protecting home working men?

—Radicalism is crumbling to pieces. Soon it will return to its father, the Devil.

Ames as a Sentimentalist.

There is at present a negro boy at West Point in the role of cadet. He is the appointee of Senator AMES of Mississippi, the man who secured his election to the United States Senate by riding over the will of the people at the point of the bayonet. This boy's name is MICHAEL HOWARD, and if we may believe the testimony of young CLAY, who is familiarly known to the country as "the drummer boy of Chancellorsville," and who is also at West Point now as a cadet, the black boy HOWARD is "not bright at all." He is only an ordinary nigger, and when his mental capabilities and attainments come to stand the tests that will be applied to them by the graduates of the Academy, he will undoubtedly be rejected. He is described as being stout built and healthy, but of inferior mind. Consequently, if the rules of the Institution be adhered to, he will not pass muster. Notwithstanding this, however, Senator General SUTRAP AMES, knowing that his letter would be published, and that he might, therefore, among a certain class, gain some temporary credit, sits down and indites the following very sentimental epistle to his black protégé, HOWARD.

LETTERS FROM SENATOR AMES TO MICHAEL HOWARD, MAY 1870. My dear boy, I received your letter informing me of your departure for West Point. I have scanned the paper that you wrote there. By the same paper I saw enough to lead me to believe you had done some what some what. I hope you will get the true man. Do not get disheartened at anything which may be said of you in your absence. You must not forget that like Mr. HOWARD in Congress you are the premier of the military academy. He was among men who were gentlemen, you are among boys who are poor, thin, and insignificant. Cadets are a worse than that, young men at that age they are very likely to be very vain and unkind things to you. If I said, you are not a man, it is the man of the world beyond the annoyance of a day to the future. How do you feel about the present state of your race? I have great regard for your father, and would like to see you and your mother. My mind and character, General Logan, is at West Point, or soon will be. I am showing him this letter, and follow any advice he may give you. He is a true, noble man, who will fully appreciate your position, and sympathize with you. Keep a brave heart, and all will be well. Very truly yours, A. AMES.

How silly and senseless this all seems! AMES calls this poor negro youth the "representative boy of his race," and compares him with REV. ELS in Congress. Were we the boy HOWARD, we shouldn't thank the Senator for the comparison, at least until REV. ELS takes his sister out of the poor house in New York. But the most singular phase of this thing is the appearance of the Mississippi tyrant in the character of philanthropist. The man who ground a whole race of white people beneath his military heel, and by perjury, fraud and bayonets secured himself a seat in the Senate of the United States, is now become the mentor of high moral sentiments into the breast of an ignorant Mississippi negro field hand! There is such an air of hypocrisy and cant about the whole thing that we are disgusted, as all who know the antecedents of Gen. AMES and the mental status of this black boy will be when they read it.

A Trio of Knaves.

WHITTEMORE, the cadetship seller, has come back to Congress. After being once expelled from that body for being guilty of an act that even the corrupt Radical members of the House felt that it wouldn't do to stomach, he went back to South Carolina, and there prevailed upon the negroes of his district to elect him. He now comes back and asks to be admitted to the seat he disgraced before, and which he had to leave hastily to prevent being kicked out of.

LOGAN, the immaculate LOGAN, opposes WHITTEMORE'S admission, but the latter rascal says that the former villain promised not to go against him after he had secured a reelection.

It don't matter much whether this fellow is admitted or rejected. There are so many Radical reprobates in the House of Representatives now, that the admission of one more can't make matters much worse. WHITTEMORE only did what many others of them have done, only he had the misfortune to be found out, while they managed to prevent a public exposure of their misdeeds. LOGAN opposes WHITTEMORE, but where in all the wide land, is there a greater rascal than LOGAN? Even BUTLER, who defended this spawn of political bastardy, has no reason to hang his head when compared with JOHN A. LOGAN. It is rascal

for and rascal against, and if WHITTEMORE is finally admitted, there isn't the least doubt but that the whole three will go in cahoot on the first Radical money making scheme that comes up.

—The Cuban rebels are getting wiser. They have learned how to win the American Congress over to them, and to make loud friends of even such cattle as our modern legislators. Latest developments establish that two millions of Cuban bonds have been distributed by Congressional lobbyists to buy Cuban belligerent rights. Bully for Cuba—she will yet be free! At least she deserves freedom for the exhibition of such wisdom. It is proof that, even in Cuba, the value of a Congressman's honor has its market price. It is no wonder, hence, that the telegraph announces that Congressmen are excited now about Cuban affairs.

AN ALLEGORY.

My childhood was a golden time—Twas then I dwelt in fairy land, Twas then the world was in its prime, And joy and hope in my command; My empire was the whole known earth, Like Alexander's was, of yore—A kingdom stonier than my birth, And made me King of sea and shore. A sand bank island was my home, And there I builded castles fair, And harbor towns, with spire and dome, That sparkled in the morning air. I built canals and railroads, too, And bridged a river with a board, And messages, like lightning, flew Along my telegraph of cord. Upon a ship pile was my throne, And from its summit I surveyed as far as I could throw a stone. The wonders that my hand had made, And there, in beauty, at my side Waved her triumphant, glorious flag—An edging pole on which was tied A piece of scarlet flannel rag! One day the "rebels" in the South Against me raised their darning hands, I shot them at the cannon's mouth, And confiscated all their lands. Then I returned, and in my joy, I set my slab pile throne on fire—Oh! I was soon a crownless boy Beside my glory's funeral pyre. I wish those older boys would find A wringing in my hapless fate. Who, in their selfishness so blind, Have made a bonfire of the State. I wish they'd cease to shout and dance, Like Nero, over a burning home. They're making like a madcap France The country that we call our home! Moshannon, June 21, 1870.

Who is Ackerman?

To the question "Who is ACKERMAN?" the gentleman just appointed by President GRANT to succeed HOAR in the Attorney Generalship, the New York Tribune makes the following reply:

Amos T. Ackerman, nominated as Mr. Hoar's successor, is a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and about 46 years of age. He removed to Georgia before he obtained his majority, and studied law in the office of McPherson Berrien, an ex U. S. Senator, and also President Jackson's Attorney. He has been one of the leading lawyers in the South, but has never held public office until appointed by President Grant U. S. Attorney for the District of Georgia, a position which he now holds. He was elected at large on the Grant ticket. He was formerly a Whig, but since the war has been identified with the Union party in the South. During the war, although a Union man, he was forced into the Confederate army, and served on the staff of Gen. Toombs, whom he defended in his celebrated court martial case in 1864. He served in the Rebel army until the close of the war. He is married, has three children, and in humble circumstances. He had no intimation that he would be appointed, and there is no positive information that he will accept. He was first brought to the attention of the President by some speeches which he delivered during the Presidential campaign. The announcement of his nomination was received here with profound astonishment. It was said he was even more obscure, if possible, than Messrs. Borie, Robeson or Bulknep, and the question was asked over and over again, Who is Ackerman? Residents of Georgia, temporarily in the city, were the only ones able to solve the mystery. Much opposition to him is expressed, and some even say that the Senate will not appoint him, but this is mere conjecture, founded on improper ideas as to other possible changes in the Cabinet, of which so much has been said lately. To Hon. R. J. HALDEMAN, we are indebted for reports, speeches, etc. To Mr. W. H. ARMSTRONG, we are not indebted a continental cuss.

—A Mr. Miller of Cherry Flats, Tioga co., has a four year old cow that averages forty-nine pounds of rich milk per day.

—A terrible fire occurred on Highway on the night of the 15th instant, which destroyed buildings and property to the amount of nearly \$10,000.

—A Weisport constable, named Wesson, allowed himself to be robbed on the night of the 15th instant, of between four or five hundred dollars. A smart constable.

—Ladies and gentlemen, of Mauch Chunk made themselves by excursions over the Switchback railroad and by visits to the "Great Needles" tunnel.

—Boyd C. Parker, Esq., son of Ex-Gov. Parker, was married in Jersey Shore, on the 7th inst., to Miss Annie White, daughter of Hon. Allison White, of Philadelphia.

—A trotting match will come off at the Wellsboro (Tioga Co.) driving park, on the 15th of July, for a purse of \$300. The horses are Jerry Davis and Fred Douglas. We'll bet on Jerry.

—A son of Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, is to take charge of the colored cadets at West Point, and see that he is not eaten up by the disgusted white trash. Poor boy! We salute the colored boy.

A large frame building, near Doudingtown, erected by a company of Philadelphia capitalists as a summer resort, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Loss estimated at \$120,000 to \$150,000.

—There is a rumor in Springfield, Bradford county, that a citizen of that place, named McEwane, murdered a peddler. McEwane has left for unknown parts, and there is, consequently, great excitement.

—The hull of the burned iron-clad "New Ironsides," which has been lying in the Delaware river, below Philadelphia, for a long time, was observed by some people yesterday, so that the removal of the fragments will now be easy.

—The mad dog excitement has reached Perry county. A dog supposed to be mad, and having a number of the gentler sex, and finally went out and bit a child, which is the worst trick we have ever heard a mad dog doing.—Sun.

—A Irishman named Michael Boyle, stabbed a fellow countryman the other day, in Allentown, because said fellow-countryman insisted on visiting his daughter against his wishes. Fortunately for Boyle the wound was not a mortal one.

—The Potter Journal says that the Pennsylvania Central and the Reading Road have entered into an agreement by which the requested means for building the Jersey Shore and Pine Creek railroad, and the Erie and Lehigh are to be built.

—Our sturdy Democratic friend, Col. A. G. Noyes, of Westport, had the pleasure of it was any pleasure—of entertaining President Grant and party, during the recent fishing excursion to Cameron county. The Colonel knows how to be hospitable, and would do things up in regular Democratic style.

—Three young men hearing the classical nugget of Ryan, Snook and McCarty made a descent upon a family named Meagher in Timblanock the other day. They tied the father to a gate post and then outraged the persons of the mother and daughters. All three of the villains are yet at liberty.

ROBBERS AT PARKER'S LAMENESS.—On Friday night of last week, the house of William Parker was entered by burglars, and Mr. Parker and wife so drenched with chloroform that they did not awake till ten o'clock the next day, when persons went in and aroused them, after opening the windows. Two hundred dollars and a valuable gold watch was stolen from the bed room.—Chronicle Democrat.

—During the late presidential fishing excursion Grant and his party spent the night at Romney, but did not leave the cars. A correspondent of the Clinton Democrat, writing from that place, states that the scene at the station, where the extremists stayed, the next morning, was revolting in the extreme. "Next on pool, vomiting and exhuming were spread all over the platform, so that it required four hours with hose and broom to remove the filth of the presidential party." The correspondent adds that "this is truth, which can be attested by a dozen witnesses."

—The Bradford Argus tells the following ludicrous account of the effects of full oil: A young man in Towanda, a few nights since, who had finished too freely of the "cratur," went to the Barclay Railroad Basin and disrobed himself of his clothes, and then went home and retired to rest. The clothes being found next morning on the margin of the water, it was supposed some unfortunate man had sought rest beneath the waves. The clothes were examined carefully, but no oil to the owner could be discovered. On arising next morning the owner of the habiliments found on the river's margin, was astonished to find himself clothesless. Strange fancies drunk men sometimes take.

—Saturday afternoon a conductor on a train coming west, saw the face of an apparently drowned boy in a pool a short distance below Blair Furnace. The train was immediately stopped and the conductor and several other employees of the road went to the pool and succeeded in getting him out. At first they thought he was dead but a faint breathing soon showed that he still lived. They immediately conveyed him to the train, and by the time the city was reached had succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. He was given in charge of the Chief of Police at this place and everything possible done to restore him to health and strength. When he left he was apparently well enough, although very weak.

A physician who examined him said it was a case of sun stroke, but the boy himself says that he had not a man who made him drunk, and while in this condition he fell into the pond. He undoubtedly made a narrow escape.—Allentown Sun.

—In regard to the murder committed on Saturday night of week before last, at Parker's Landing, where a young man named Fleming lost his life at the hands of a man named Greenwood, because the former visited the latter after the Armstrong Republican says:

Mr. Fleming had the reputation of being a respectable and peaceable young man, was highly esteemed, and his tragical death will be regretted by a large circle of acquaintances. His remains were taken to his home, near Edwinton, on Monday last, for interment. Greenwood was immediately arrested, and is now confined in our county jail. "Later intelligence from Parker informs us that Greenwood's sister made no attempt to take her own life, and that she is alive and well. It was also learned after death that Fleming was talking to Greenwood's sister, who is a widow, in her own house, when Greenwood came to and shot him. A firing party got away, when Greenwood fired a second time, the ball taking effect in the back, Fleming ran some distance away from the house, where he was found shortly after death. The other motive can be ascribed for this murder, that Greenwood, from some cause, objected to Fleming visiting his sister.