

Ink Slings.

The best lines for ladies are the masculines. Our town Rads, after seeing "Buck," think he's not a bad fellow, after all. An exchange says the corn looks well. We have one on our toe that don't feel so well. The Carlisle Volunteer has just completed its 56th year. Venerable and respected sheet! New York girls dress very plainly now. They only wear \$50 gashes—a mere trifle. Eighteen fans are a part of a Saratoga lady's outfit. What a fan—cy. "LONGSTREET" is in Washington. Yes—there are a number of long streets there, and avenues, too. There is talk of recalling Minister MOTLEY. No doubt the administration wants to send a worse man. Radical papers talk boastfully of the future of their party. It has no future, save disaster and defeat. Democracy spurns the insinuation that it will court the negro vote. We don't want—wouldn't have it. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." This is what WHITTEMORE sang after his rejection by Congress. The bill to abolish the franking privilege failed in the Senate by three votes. Those three men's names ought to be held up to universal scorn. WHITTEMORE, the Radical Congressman from South Carolina, elected by niggers, was refused his seat by the Rump House of Representatives. "Georgia has produced a cabbage head four feet across." This is a cabbage item and we enbaged it from a newspaper that is given to telling cabbage stories. A nice little fight is going on among the Radicals of Huntingdon county. Snarl away, canines; the Democracy will take the bone away from you both yet. The big Injuns have gone back home again. They prefer the wilds of the forest to the treachery and deceit that lurk around GRANT'S political household at Washington. The Good Book says, "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee," but an Illinois farmer casts his eye over a corn field containing 5,300 acres. The Bible didn't say anything about a corn field. There will be no State Convention by either party in this State this year. But the congressional and legislative convocations will be the most important of any that have been held for a long time. "One hundred thousand head of Texan cattle have already passed through the town of Belton, this season, on their way to northern markets." We guess that none of them ever got up this way or else our butchers would sell meat cheaper. Some of the "solid" Radicals of the fourth congressional district of Philadelphia have nominated Gen. W. R. THOMAS for Congress, not liking Judge KELLY. Gen. THOMAS has accepted the nomination, and this may be a nasty burr under the Judge's political tail. Most of the country papers throughout the State will not issue during the week of the "Fourth." It takes printers about five days to recover from the effects of the patriotic fire that light up their bosoms on Independence Day. Th'cheers for glor'us Fourth! FARNSWORTH and BUTLER have had a fight. The former said the latter took a \$2,000 fee when he "hadn't order," and BUTLER responded by calling FARNSWORTH a "coward and an assassin." If all's true that the Radicals say about each other, what a miserable set of rascals they must be. Some of the trains on the Pennsylvania central railroad now run at a rate of 44 miles an hour. Well, a man's life in this State is only worth \$5,000 at the outside, and a mutilated limb only \$3,000. That's what GEARY said when he signed the calamity act. So what's the difference? It won't cost the company much if they do kill a dozen or so. AMOS T. ACKERMAN, of Georgia, formerly on the staff of the confederate Gen. THOMAS, has been confirmed by the Senate as Attorney General in the place of Judge HOAR resigned. What have the Republican and Plain Words to say to this? Say a few plain words about it, McCracken, and Brown, pitch in. A "rebel" in GRANT'S cabinet! "Treason! Treason!"

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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A Hot Day Soliloquy.

We begin to write this article or item, or whatever it may prove to be, on Tuesday morning, with the mercury away up among the eighties or nineties. The atmosphere is altogether warm. In fact we don't feel the least necessity for an overcoat. We don't even shiver. We hear the murmuring of Spring Creek running just by the sanctum, and it really sounds good to us. We like it. It is suggestive of cool baths, and lemonades, ices, and "sich." In short, the weather is hot—too hot for comfort. We can't write—we can't work—we can't sleep—we can't sit up and we late not be down. It's warm—very warm. Whew! We perspire freely. Wonder if there won't be an installment of snow soon, in advance of the usual season? Hope so. This kind of weather is too expensive. It takes too many shirt collars to keep up an appearance. The sun don't shine down on us—it boils down. We seem to hear things "sizz," like a drop of water on a red hot stove. But we must write—yes, write. That's the word. There's no getting out of it. The type-setters want copy, and it won't do to send from our exchanges, because they might catch us at it, and then they'd raise a deal of a fuss, although there's lots of them steal from us, and we never say a word. But what will we write? That's the question. There's a custom among the members of the "swill" society that whenever one of them asks a question that he can't answer himself, he's in for the drinks, but that won't answer here. Besides we are a temperance man, opposed to all bibulous propensities. We must find an answer to that question, but how to do it or where to do it is what rubs very hard against that portion of our physical system supposed to contain brains, intellect, thought, et cetera, et cetera et cetera. We ought to be up in the Presbyterian church this morning, the bell of which is now ringing for the dedication, but we can't go, because we're obliged to stay here and write "copy." What a confounded nuisance by the way, the cry of "copy" sometimes becomes to editors—especially when they have none on hand, as in the present instance. Writing editorials in hot weather may be all very nice in theory, but its just the reverse of nice in practice. We don't like it, we never did like it, and we wouldn't do it, if it didn't have to. But if we keep on blithering about nothing, we'll have some copy yet, such as it is. But anything this week just to fill up. Politics is dull and politicians duller, and we just feel today as if we didn't care a continental damnium rubefactum centum whether we ever see or hear of one again. Things are going so like the dickens that it looks as if the people had made up their minds to give the country over to the politicos and the devil, and we don't see why we need bother our head about it, when nobody else does. We've tried to tell good, wholesome truths in the WATCHMAN for a long time, but they seem to be like seed fallen on stony ground. We wonder, though, if it may not be possible that a few have taken root, and will after while bear fruit to testify that our labors have not all been in vain? If so, we will still be encouraged to work on, in spite of hot weather and the apparent apathy of the people. Thank Heaven, Congress will soon adjourn, and then we'll not have to keep track of so many rascals. We'll have a little breathing time then, and I think we shall feel better. Next week we intend to re-nate, because it's "Fourth of July," and probably we may come back to our desk somewhat recuperated. For, to tell the truth, between Congress, Gov. GEARY and Radical rascals generally, like Brown and BRINED and other intolerable nuisances, we have about had our hands full, and we shall be glad of a little rest. But here comes the "imp" for "copy," and we shall just cut this short and anticipate his cry, which just now isn't at all pleasant to our ears. There, you little devil—take it and go.

Now let the Fight go on.

"Rally round the Flag Boys!" There is nothing like being men—straight forward, honest, fearless, determined men. Men who will neither cringe nor cower, who will allow no master to crack his whip over their backs, or permit no party to push them to the wall. And these are just the kind of men who compose the great masses of the white laborers of this country. They can be deceived, because they are honest and believe others to be so too. But they can be betrayed, because they have confidence in their own blood and in their own race. They can be spit upon! You can't knock them down and then kick them for falling, without hearing from them pretty shortly after they get up. This is what Radicalism is just finding out. It deceived them with promises of plenty, and pledges of faithful performance of duty. It betrayed them into the hands of capitalists, by its oppressive legislation in favor of the money sharks who now sit at ease and clip their coupons. It knocked them down and now attempts to fasten upon their necks the heels of niggerdom and the bloated forms of bonded aristocracy, but they won't do it. They won't stay in the filthy gutter of mongrelism where Radicalism would keep them, and although deceived and betrayed they will not be debased. "Round the old flag" they are rallying. The old flag upon which is inscribed, in letters of "living light" "This is a white man's government made by white men for white men, and by the Eternal, white man will control it." There is no flinching now—no skulkers—no deserters, but every hour from the ranks of the people's oppressors, come noble hearts who rally under our banner and cry let the war go on. Let it go on! Radicalism has made war upon every interest, upon every hope, upon every prospect, upon every right and upon the very blood of the laboring white men of the country. The great, tooling masses are now ready to strike back, and the blow, when it falls, will be a fearful one. For the nigger and the bondholder Radicalism alone has labored to the nigger and bondholder it must now look for its support. Under its black flag, with coupon fringes, no friend of the toiling, taxed white man is found, no defender of the Government of our fathers or protector of the purity of blood of our race is enrolled. It is carried by bondholders over niggers, and it is with that army that white men are now at war. Can any one doubt the result? How like a red-hot iron must the facts which are daily elicited in Congress, and to which members are compelled to give utterance, burn into the narrow of Radical sensibility! The way of the transgressor is getting to be hard—like the Jordan of the negro transgressors, a hard road to travel. What temore had the door of the House of Representatives slammed in his face, and a ludicrous, yet amusing scene occurred shortly afterward, in which Mr. Farnsworth accused Ben. Butler with taking a fee of ten thousand dollars from a seeker after a patent. Butler made a defence, but did not clear his skirts of the charge. But are not even Butler and Whittmore in enviable positions compared with such men as Dennis McCarthy, the New York salt monopolist; Samuel Hooper, of Massachusetts, the pig iron monopolist; and Morrell, of this State, the Bessemer steel monopolist? These persons, who have voted and used their influence in the House, during a long session, to legislate money directly into their own pockets—not by hundreds, but by tens of thousands—are now compelled to sit in their places and hear men denounced for offences beside which their own are as an Alp to a Cape Cod sand hill. There they sit, Hooper, Morrell and McCarthy, listening to debates, every word of which must make their faces tingle with shame. If Whittmore is unfit to enter the House, they must ask themselves ought not we to resign? If

Ben Butler has done wrong, have we the right to look honest men in the face? If for such small offences men fall into dispute, what do we deserve? Will not the House now take up the case of these persons and any others who may be similarly guilty—unblushing, voting for oppressive laws by which they themselves were benefited, and gained money at the expense of the general welfare? Will not some honorable member look into this great and scandalous abuse of trust? Bad as Butler and Whittmore are, they should be treated with as much leniency as the other rogues who are to be found within Congressional precincts; and there is some hope, now that family feuds are disturbing the Radical camp, that the truth will out, and that each offender will meet with the proper punishment. When rogues begin to blow upon each other, the fall begins of the story is prey surte to be vented.—Pittsburg Post

"Accepting the Situation."

Under this title, there is a spirited paper in The Old Guard, for July, which commences in the following way: One of the most eminent political writers of England of the last century says "No man can be too desirous of the glory of his country, nor too angry at its ill usage, nor too revengeful against those who abuse and betray it." It is not a little inspiring to the heart and brain of one, in these collapsed sort of times, to read a brave, old-fashioned sentiment like this. The drift of political writing at this moment is altogether another way. For a man to be angry now at the ruin of his country is to draw upon his head the censure of a thousand human asses, who, having made up their minds to "accept the situation," can see only "imprudence" and "impracticability" in the more brave and patriotic man, who does not propose to "accept" any "situation" which involves the loss of liberty and the destruction of his country. Looking out, through the windows of the present time, into the history of the past, we find many great and glorious examples, which appeal to us with the power and authority of battles, and triumphantly vindicate the manhood and the sagacity of those who have refused to accede to the demands of despotism in every age. Aristotle was a member of the Cabinet of Alexander the Great when he wrote his work on government, entitled POLITICS, which was in opposition to every principle of the ambition and tyranny of Alexander. No doubt the general run of the politicians of those times were quite shocked at the harshness of Aristotle—they denounced him as an "impracticable," "extreme," and "imprudent" sort of a man, who refused to "accept the situation," or to bend to the lessons of "manifest destiny." But behold now what a different late time has measured out to all these parties! While the thousands of timid or venal fools who cried out at the imprudence of Aristotle have passed away into a voiceless oblivion, and while even the glory of Alexander has grown dim, the book of Aristotle survives, as an oracle of political truth and wisdom for all generations of mankind. The work of the "extremist" who could not be silenced by the hope of office, nor the threats of power, lives in perpetual glory, while all who denounced it have gone into nothing but dust and oblivion. Their ignorance, their vanity, and their cowardice have, thank God, perished with their own bones. The worms which fattened on their decaying carcasses are now of just as much importance to the world as the once rich and swollen "conservatives," whose total virtue and wisdom consisted in "accepting the situation," and eating the dirt of power like so many hungry dogs. This bit of history must be taken as a lesson to those pitiable cowards in our midst, who are reduced to that last extremity of degradation which can see no sagacity in anything but "accepting the situation" of admitted force, fraud, and usurpation. Alas, alas, what wretches! what dogs! There is another example of a great and honest writer, Thus Livius, who, in the time of the Emperor Augustus, wrote to discountenance the silly doctrine of "accepting the situation," which called for submission to wrong and oppression. The same did Sir Thomas More in the time of Henry the Eighth. The words of Machiavelli were written in opposition to the "situation" of Italy when it was ruled by princes, who oppressed the people. The same may be said of the greater part of poetical writings of Petrarch and Dante. These words, notwithstanding they were denounced by all the fools of their day, have been growing in the respect and admiration of mankind ever since. And all this time they have been the fountains from which honest men and patriots have imbibed lessons of liberty and truth. The world is as much better for having had such men in its "generation" as it is worse from the legion of knaves or fools whose highest

maxim has been to "accept the situation," whether good or bad. The writings of Harrington, Sidney and De Foe—those ever to be revered names—which were such tremendous protests against the political "situation" in England in their days, were bitterly assailed by all the ignorant, or venal, or cowardly ruff of politicians; but they worked upon the public opinion of England until this "situation" was entirely changed, and this once free republic of America, was actually born out of the writings of these brave and true men. Such are the great results which come from refusing to accept the situation of the part of true and brave men in every age. All the liberty in the world was, from time to time, born of the proud resistance to the "situation." And all the usurpation, all the political crime, all the despotism in the world, came immemorably out of the accused accept the situation policy. This has been the fruitful old mother of all abominations. It was the last and only friend that stood by George the Third in his battles against our forefathers. All those detested loyalists of our Revolution, who had at last to be as enemies to their country, were only for "accepting the situation" when despotism ruled over this land. Those who are now for "accepting the situation" ought to get together in grand convocations, to celebrate the memory of their great grandfathers, the traitors of our Revolution. Those who were for "accepting the situation" under George the Third, were princes of honor and manhood compared with the wretched cowardice or venality of those who now advise the people to "accept the situation," under the black and dirty despotism of Grant and Congress. The scoundrel who proposes to "accept the situation" when he sees the honor of his wife and daughter threatened, is a fit companion of that renegade politician who tells his countrymen that their liberties and rights are all passing away, and at the same time advises them to "accept the situation."

Charles A. Dana and General Grant.

The New York Sun, a strong Radical paper, edited by C. A. DANA, formerly assistant Secretary of war and one of the editors of the New York Tribune, speaks after the following fashion of Gen. GRANT, now President. The Sun pronounces the President "incompetent, lazy, neglectful of his duties, unable to comprehend them, and careless in performing them." It also terms his administration "bad, foolish, weak, cowardly, corrupt, and American, contemptible at home and more contemptible abroad." But here is the article: "As for General Grant personally, we have neither spite, grudge, nor revenge. He never refused us any personal favor, for we never asked anything of him, save only the appointment of Horace Greeley as Minister to England; and as he sent a man there who isn't half as fit for the place as Mr. Greeley, we have never borne him any grudge on that account. But toward Gen. Grant as President we confess that we cherish a very profound feeling of disappointment and dissatisfaction. There were few men in the country who had taken more stock in him than we had. During the war, when he was digging canals at Vicksburg, and was on the point of being relieved from his command, Mr. Dana did what he could to have him retained at the head of the army in the Mississippi Valley, and the effort was successful. But for his agency Grant would then have been sent back to Galena; and in that event he could neither have become Commander in Chief of the army nor President of the United States. Next, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, we did what we could to secure for him the nomination of the Republican National Convention, and then we helped to get him the votes of a majority of the American people. All this we did simply because we thought it best for the country; and all we demanded of General Grant was an honest, sensible, disinterested, and patriotic administration of his office. Does anybody think that was too much to expect of him? But instead of this, his administration is bad, foolish, weak, cowardly, corrupt, and anti American, contemptible at home, and more contemptible abroad. It is impossible to speak the truth and deny that this is so. It is impossible for an independent journalist, anxious to discharge his obligations to the people, to conceal or palliate facts so fearful and so notorious. The President is incompetent, lazy, neglectful of his duties, unable to comprehend them, and careless about performing them. He appoints men to office simply because they have made him presents, or are his relations, or because some foolish caprice prompts it. He degrades the country in the eyes of all the world, and stands trembling like a coward for fear of a corrupt and bankrupt power like Spain. The man who saved the nation as a soldier is covering us with shame as a President. How.—The weather.

Spawls from the Keystone.

Mr. Hattock, of Hollidayburg, has a three legged duck. In Bedford county they have "snails" eleven feet long. We are having a spell of weather now that, for hotness, is hard to beat. The Huntingdon Globe puts the population of that little town at 2,200! Mr. Alanson R. Tell, of Brockwayville, was drowned in the Little Toby, week before last. A little child in Berks county was put "out of the way" by its nurse—a girl of only 10 years of age. Phillip M. Price, one of the most prominent men in Lock Haven, died in that place week before last. At a church raising in Potter township, Clarion Co., several sticks fell, injuring severely a number of men. A vein of lead ore has been discovered near New Enterprise, Bedford county, and is said to be quite rich. The editor of the Clarion Democrat thinks it is easier to tell others how to garden than to garden himself. Sensible. A drunken man, named Sankey, fell into Stone creek from a bridge, near Huntingdon, the other day, and was drowned. The editor of the Perry County Democrat has been presented with a stalk of clover measuring 5 feet and 2 inches in height. Harry Mix, Esq., of Towanda, has a horse valued at \$12,000. His stables are said to be the finest of any in this section of the State.—P. Soloman Pyles, who was knocked off a rail and drowned at Muncy dam a couple of weeks since was found in the river at Lewisburg. James M. Linn, who died at Portsmouth, a few days ago, at the age of 91 years, cut the timber, and helped to build at Pittsburg, the first steamboat for navigating western waters. The Philadelphia Post wickedly says, "Governor Geary was completely exhausted after writing his address to the people. The people are completely exhausted after reading it." Slenderers, Take Notice The Indiana Progress says "A man by the name of Palmer of West Lebanon, was committed last week for slandering. He was afterwards released on \$2,000 bail." Jefferson county has a survivor of the Perry victory, in the person of Daniel Swisher, of Frostburg, who received one of the medals ordered by Congress for men who participated in the battle of Lake Erie. The Altoona Sun is responsible for the following: Thomas Gray, watchman at Kiltanang Point, killed two black snakes, each five feet in length, one day last week, by simply spitting tobacco juice into their mouths. A man named William Funk was killed the other day on the Pennsylvania railroad by being knocked off the top of a car by his head coming in contact with a bridge. He resided at Irwin's station, and was young and unmarried. Fifty-seven rafts were got out of Red Bank on last Wednesday, making a total of 1,082 this season. Last year about 2,500 were run out, which we presume will be fully equalled the present season if nothing unusual occurs.—Brookville Republican. Mr. B. F. Baker, of Salem township died suddenly, on Monday morning, the 13th of June. He went to bed as usual on Sunday evening, and his wife got breakfast the next morning, and went to wake him, and found him dead. He leaves a wife and five children.—Clarion Democrat. The editor of the Millintown Democrat & Register sternly remarks: "Monday—On Tuesday of last week Mr. Philo Dannebauer moved down the grass in the court yard and it yielded him nearly one ton of hay. The grass should be cut more freely and kept in the yard. It is not necessary to have a hay field in the middle of the town." The fastest running ever done on the Penna. R.R. was accomplished by the Pacific Express east on Saturday morning last. It having made the run from Altoona to Harrisburg, a distance of one hundred and thirty-one miles in the incredible short space of two hours and fifty-nine minutes.—Cambria Free Press. The hotel keepers of Indiana, having been refused license, shut up shop and refused to accommodate the people who came to attend Court, and the citizens are obliged to enter them. Several thousand dollars have already been subscribed toward the erection of a new hotel, to be run strictly on temperance principles. A man at Altoona was awakened one night last week by a pet cat springing several times on his face. On arising he found a large, fierce looking dog in his room, which he immediately expelled. As the house was securely fastened up when the family retired, they are at a loss to know how the stranger gained admittance. Messrs.—John Wagner, aged about thirty-one years, six feet high, with mark on the left side of the face, wearing a brown suit, left his home on Friday the 19th inst. He has not been heard of since and any information concerning his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his wife, Anna Wagner, Jaysburg, Lycoming county, Pa. McPike, of the Cambria Freeman, says Mark M. Pomeroy, editor of the Democrat and two other lively papers, has accepted an invitation to be present at the Democratic editorial convention which is to meet in Altoona on Tuesday next. As we expect also to be there, two "bricks" at least may be counted on.—"Brick" Pomeroy and "brick-top" which means us. Another Mender—On Saturday night, a party of men, full of whisky, had a quarrel in a drinking house, kept by Mrs. Houston, at Raven's Run, Selkirk county, and it appears the quarrel resulted in nothing more than hard words, and at a late hour they separated. In the party were the men James Gardner, who was killed, and John Toole, who did the shooting. It seems that early Sunday morning, Toole, who had been told the night before that the house of James Cuff, where Gardner was standing in the door when Toole said, "Jim, I hear you carry a pistol for me," Gardner replied that he had no pistol but a knife, which he pulled out, when Toole commenced firing at him. He fired three shots, all of which took effect about the neck and head, and as stated above, Gardner died on Monday morning. After shooting Toole made his escape and has not been heard of since. He is about 35 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height; is stooped shouldered, bow-kneed; has sandy hair, and weighed about 150 pounds. He came from California about a year ago, and is supposed to have gone to Iowa where he has a brother living.—Simsbury Democrat, 21th inst.