

Ink Splings.

Democratic roosters roost high now-a-days. Cook-a-doodle-do!

The wife of Hon. Hester Chamber died at Reading on the 8th inst. She was a lady of many virtues.

Fano is a pig with a greased tail, and slips through the hands of ninety-nine persons out of every hundred.

The weather is beginning to look and feel like winter. Yesterday was as gloomy as a Radical head-quarters.

A corn doctor in Oregon performed an operation upon a man's toe, and the man died. But he cured the corn.

Billy Armstrong has gone where the woodbine twineth. Those immortal "26!" They settled his hash—they did!

Says an exchange: "If postage on papers is reduced to one cent, there will be two sent where there is one sent now." Just so.

Those "influential politicians," in this place, were not influential enough to elect Armstrong, it seems. Oh, Goody!

The colored troops fought nobly, but they failed to win the day for their Radical friends. May they always be as successful.

Our friend McClure's favorite oath is "Burn my shirt." If he don't quit voting the Radical ticket, he'll burn more than his shirt some day.

Walker Woods is now looking round through Millin county trying to see what has become of his Senatorial prospects. Just run up to Huntingdon, Walk, and ask Bruce Petrikin.

Mr. Sherwood has not yet determined who he will give the post office to, in this place. He intends to allow Mr. Johnston to hold it for the present.

If any faith may be put in Radical promises, our borough orders are to be kept off the street, after this. In other words, a borough order will be as good as money. We shall see.

Before the election Billy Armstrong was a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he might devour somebody. Now his ears are longer than his tongue, and his roar has become merely a wail.

Who struck Billy Armstrong? is the question now asked by that redoubtable individual. Echo answers "who." We suspect Kurtz and Stortridge had a hand in the matter.

A young man hugged against his will, is the title of an item in a newspaper. Young ladies are often hugged against their wills, and don't think of putting it in the newspapers, either.

What a pitiable spectacle it was to see our Radical friend A. B. H., on election day, trying to make the south ward election board believe that 17 and 18-year old niggers were 21. Bad Boy—!

We don't envy the feelings of those Democrats who stayed at home on election day. They may rejoice over our victory, but at the same time they cannot help exclaiming, sorrowfully, "Thou canst not say I did it!"

The "Roughs," as brainless Radical dandies about town call our honest, hard-working laborers, made themselves felt on election day. And they didn't show their love for the Radical ticket, either.

Theodore Tilton charged Rev. Fulton, a New England clergyman, with drinking lager beer at a restaurant on Sunday, whereupon Fulton retorts by charging Tilton with drinking wine. Just as if the public care a continental what either of them drinks.

Billy Armstrong, in his speech here, stated, grandiloquently and impudently, that he had no apology to make to the people for his course in Congress. The people now beg leave to state that they have no apology to make to him for their course outside of Congress.

The Tribune says: JOHN SAXON, editor of the Canton, Ohio, Repository, wrote and published in his paper, in 1815, an account of the surrender of Napoleon I., after Waterloo, and last month he republished the article side by side with his account of the surrender of Napoleon III., at Sedan.

Brown was seen spooking around town the other night during the "wee sma' hours" with a lantern, and when asked by a policeman what he was looking for, replied that he was trying to find that four hundred majority he promised Armstrong in Centre county! Policeman advised him to go home and soak his head.

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It was the Principles not the Men.

There is no newspaper reader who has forgotten the excuses offered by the radical journalists for the meager minority received by Geary at the last fall's election. They told us then it was not because that party was failing to maintain its hold on the confidence of the people—not because the masses were growing tired of its rule—not because the voting populace demanded a change, but because their candidate was not popular with the people, and the general apathy produced by his unpopularity caused thousands of Radical voters to remain away from the polls. It was Geary and not the policy of the radical party that caused the great decrease in the radical majority in the State, so they said.

Well, we gave them the benefit of their assertion; allowed them their fraudulent 4,596 majority; and waited to see what the year would bring forth. It has come. With it, the election and the result. Last year the radical majority was 4,596. This year the Democratic majority in the State is 8,209. Last year they told us that it was not their policy, but their candidate that caused their majority to be reduced from 28,000 to 5,000. This year, they boasted that they placed their best men on their tickets and intended to win everything. Their "best men," as the results prove, amounted to but little. It was the policy of the party the people were after—the deceit—treachery—theiving debauchery and crime generally that the masses voted against, and not the men. The people wanted a change—wanted a different administration of public affairs—wanted the thieving, and outrages, and wrongs, and oppressions to stop, and they voted to accomplish this by voting to defeat the men who were chosen as representatives of a party that was guilty of committing them.

No one in the 18th district voted against W. H. ARMSTRONG, simply because he was W. H. ARMSTRONG, but because, as are representative of the people of the district, he had wilfully, knowingly and basely misrepresented them, by voting steadily for every measure the policy of radicalism pursued. He voted as his party dictated, and he misrepresented his constituents—he voted as the principles of the organization to which he belonged commanded, and he committed the gravest of crimes against those whose interests he was chosen to protect.

For supporting the debauching doctrine of radicalism—negro suffrage, hundreds of decent white republicans voted against him. For supporting the thieving "land grab" schemes of public pirates, another dogma of radicalism, hundreds of men heretofore belonging to his own party, voted against him. For supporting the more dangerous and infamous policy of radicalism—the importation of coolies—hundreds more of his own party friends voted against him, and so on, through the whole catalogue. ARMSTRONG supported his party doctrines, and the people repudiated him because he did so.

This is simply the lesson of the election. From it, let the Democrats who have been chosen instead of these recalcitrant representatives of the people's rights, take warning. They are powerless to prevent the carrying out of the policy of radicalism, but by their vigorous, earnest, determined opposition, can show to the people that they are the representatives of principles directly antagonistic to the dogmas of the party that has just met with such a signal rebuke at the polls.

When HARVEY McCLURE swore "By the United States" and "Burn my shirt, the niggers did us more harm than good," he struck the key-note to Radical lamentation in this borough. Certainly, their defeat was overwhelming. Forty-eight negroes voted in this town, and yet Sherwood tied Armstrong, and the Democratic candidate for Assembly carried the borough by 10 majority. What a result! And what a fearful awaking of our Radical friends from their bright dream of Negro supremacy! Truly, the ways of Providence are past finding out!

The Democrats of Massachusetts have nominated JOHN QUINCY ADAMS for Governor.

Among Our Exchanges.

Gen. SHERIDAN, who is now over in France, at the headquarters of the Prussian armies, pays a high compliment to the American soldiers when he says that they are better soldiers and better armed than either the Prussians or French. The term "American," however, is differently understood by different persons. SHERIDAN applies it, we presume, to the troops of the Federal Government as against the South, in the late war, or possibly to both Northern and Southern soldiers, while the New York Day Book construes the term only as applicable to the soldiers of the Confederacy. Witness the following:

General Sheridan, little Phil, writes home that, having witnessed all the battles, and even the manner in which the American soldier is a better soldier, and better armed, and altogether a superior being, than either the French or Prussian, he is about the discipline and courage of the latter, and what does he mean by such an absurd declaration? The "American soldier" fought in the French war, and lived through an average of probably one to five throughout, and at its close the American forces hardly equalled one to ten when they faced the invincible and superior troops of the immense hordes of Irish, Dutch, Belgian and negroes commanded by Grant and his subordinates. But Sheridan's assumption that the American soldier was better armed than the French or Prussian, is about as true, when every body knows that nearly half of the time they depended on captures from the Yankee hordes for their arms, and when they finally surrendered, they found that a very large proportion of the artillery as well as small arms had been taken from the invading hordes. It has been suggested that Sheridan's French war experience, and the hosts that invaded Virginia; but that cannot be, for while every man in Lee's army was of the American Revolutionary stock, Grant's army was made up of the scum of the old world, with even a large sprinkling of negroes.

Doubtless the Day Book is disposed to be sarcastic, but one thing is certain: if an American army from either section of our country, composed of pure Americans or Americans, Irish and Dutch, were over in France, under the command of GEORGE B. McCLELLAN or JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, they would soon clear out the Prussians from the soil of France and guarantee the integrity of the French Republic. But dropping war and war's alarms, let us turn for an instant to a more peaceful scene. Here, in our own land, we are enjoying the beautiful Autumn days, in quiet happiness. October is a glorious month, and she is thus complimented by the Lancaster Intelligencer:

He who would view her forests in the most attractive attire, must hike to the mountains. October. The early frosts have now touched the foliage, and as the silvery shen dis appears beneath the rays of golden sunshine, a thought of every-thing that is bright and developed. Colors richer and more gorgeous than were ever mixed by the most skillful painter, are laid on with a lavish hand upon the woods. The leaves of the trees are in a maddest loveliness is unrolled which changes color with ever passing cloud, and assumes new tints at the magic touch of each light-wind zephyr. The woods are in a maddest loveliness is unrolled which changes color with ever passing cloud, and assumes new tints at the magic touch of each light-wind zephyr. The woods are in a maddest loveliness is unrolled which changes color with ever passing cloud, and assumes new tints at the magic touch of each light-wind zephyr.

Let us make the most of the delightful season now with us. Let us live out of doors as much as we can, and gather a store of physical energy with which to battle against the insidiousness of disease when it comes in its rooms, and crouch around our coal fires, or float through the heated air which has the life-giving power burned out of it in our furnaces. The flowers are fewer than they were, but the golden rod still waves on the hill side and the bloody cardinal gleams in the swamp. There's beauty enough left to which to feast the eye until the soul is filled with it.

The beautiful Swedish singer, Miss CHRISTINE NILSSON, is now in this country, and has made her appearance before the American public. Although her reputation has been cordial and even enthusiastic, it cannot compare with that given to JENNY LIND—the sweetest singer that ever appeared on any stage. Front the Figaro, a New York journal, devoted to music, the drama and free masonry, we clip the following notice of Miss NILSSON, which probably, somewhat underrates her powers:

power of volen which Parepa lookr. She is not a Jenny Lind, though hailing from the same country.

If the speculator pays half the sum announced for the services of Millic Nilsson, he has not a big elephant on his hands, as he will discover before the close of her engagement. An attempt has been made to get up a short season of opera, to get up a future for Nilsson, which would give her the opportunity of the Academy, but she has failed to arouse. The congratulatory committee floating about New York were interviewed, and could have been had cheap, but the stockholders of the Academy would not make the sacrifice. The Stronkoff required, no opera, and Nilsson is off for Boston, where she will no doubt meet with better success than in New York, especially as she appears in the Grand Opera which is much better calculated to shine in than in opera, for she more abounds in favor of expression than in brilliancy of execution, and is characterized more by dramatic expression in voice than in facial expression, and we would suppose she would look seriously in physical form to portray an operatic role.

But, coming back from music to war again, it is astonishing how many prominent men, in the war between France and Prussia, have been killed, or at least so reported. On this subject the New York Times faintly remarks:

The shocking casualties among prominent commanders in the present war, followed by sudden and amazing recovery, will be cited hereafter as the greatest curiosities of history. The Emperor Napoleon died at Chalon in an early period in the struggle. He died again between Chalons and Metz. He tried to die a third time at the head of his army, but could not. At present he is in better health than he has enjoyed for years. Marshal MacMahon, after being instantly killed at Sedan, recovered in time to be mortally wounded and die in Belgium. He is now convalescent. General Fialy was shot by his own troops. He was afterwards killed in battle by the Prussians. Finally he was executed for cowardice. He is now alive and well. King William went raving mad and was conveyed to Berlin in a straight-jacket, ever since which time he has been in command at the front. Blumenthal has been shot. The Crown Prince was killed in action three weeks ago. Several interesting conversations with M. Favre and the Tribune correspondent, and the Prince, notwithstanding his untimely demise, have been made to make pretty lively times in the neighborhood of Paris. The latest victim is Gen. Von Moltke, who has been borne to his grave in three lead coffins, and followed by a splendid funeral procession. He has not appeared yet, but he has been so effectually buried that the resurrection will take longer in his case than it did in the others.

The mission to England is again about to go a-begging. After the declaration of FRANKLIN PIERCE, GRANT appointed that moral and political leper, OLIVER P. MORTON, of Indiana, who accepted the position, and was preparing to go over to England to disgrace us at the Court of St. JAMES. The result of the Indiana election, however, which threatens to put Hon. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS or some other able Democrat into Morton's seat in the Senate, has alarmed that individual to such an extent that he now refuses to go, and will retain his seat in the Senate. Consequently, some one else will go to London. We are glad of this. For our country's credit, we trust such men as MORTON will be allowed to stay—at home. On this subject, we have the following in the Philadelphia Sunday Morning:

The great Indianian, it is understood, since the election, which took place in that State on Tuesday last, will not go as Minister to England, deeming it of more consequence to his future prospects that he should retain his place in the Senate. The result of the election in Mr. Morton's State, which was carried by the Democrats, goes to show how the best arranged schemes of mice and men go oft agley. In a telegraphic despatch, a few days since, the Senator and ex-Governor of Indiana, in the Southern States. But know of no instance in which the condemnation is so great as in that of Indiana. Governor Morton has professed all things to all men. In the early struggle between President Johnson and Congress, he agreed with the former; but so soon as he found that he might lose office or position by adhering to the right, he took his place among the most bitter of Johnson's persecutors. When Governor Morton "fixed" the Legislature of his State in a way to prevent the Democrats from ever carrying it again, he has been considered the "biggest" in the country. Let us thank God they are yet free; however much they may be manacled.

The following beautiful sentiment we find going the rounds of the newspaper press, unclaimed by any, but admired by all:

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to the eye,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than ever I've been before.
Nearer my father's home,
Where the mansions are,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the Jasper sea,
Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
But lying dully between,
Who we lay our burdens down,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to light.
Closer, closer, my steps
Come to the eye,
Closer death to my lips,
Presses the awful chasm.
Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the light of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.
Feel as I would when my feet
Are on the great white throne,
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

Tread Lightly.

The Altoona Tribune, which aspires to be the dignified organ of Radicalism in Blair County, in accounting for the defeat of the Radical candidates for Senate in this district, strikes out in this manner:

The Republican candidates were unpopular at home, and not popular abroad. It would have come nearer the truth if it had said that Republican principles had become obnoxious, and the voters of the district who had been cheated, and robbed, and lied to, determined to vote for a party that fulfilled its pledges, and made good its professions. There is no use trying to saddle the defeat on poor Wilson and Woods. It was the nigger, the coolie, high-taxes, hard times, the corruption, crimes and dampfooling, generally, of Radicalism, that caused the result. Take your own share of the blame Mr. Editor of Tribune, and don't try to saddle all the ignominy on the men whose money you took, and who, you told us before the election, were the best and most popular persons in the district. "Be asie on that trigger."

Who will say REPUBLICANS ARE UNGRATEFUL?—During the last session of Congress, the private business of Hon. W. H. ARMSTRONG, as he said, required his presence at home every Saturday, and some times he could not get through with it in time to get back the next week. Kindly and considerately, a very large number of republicans, aiding the Democracy, concluded that it would be almost adding insult to injury to ask him again to leave his "private business" to attend to their interests at Washington, and consequently voted for him to stay-at-home. It was this "republican gratitude" for ARMSTRONG that gave SHERWOOD a majority of 26 in a district that gave ARMSTRONG 2023 majority two years ago. It was "gratitude," but ARMSTRONG says he can't see it just in that light.

The "election day" has come and gone, Hurray! Hurray! And Billy Armstrong's left at home Hurray! Hurray! He dodged at first, he dodged at last, He dodged it all, he dodged it fast, And we're all right glad that Billy stays at home He robbed the workmen—swindled the State Land-grab! Land-grab! As the poor man's friend he's now to late Land-grab! Land-grab! He played it fine in sixty-eight, Since then he's stole with all his might, And we're all right glad that Billy stays at home. The Coolie trade he helped to run Coolie! Coolie! And the devil knows what else he done Coolie! Coolie! He robbed the laborer of his due— The treasury and the people too And we're all right glad that Billy stays at home. John Johnston he was troubled a bit That's all! That's all! And Rankin nearly took a fit "That's all—That's all! But things are quiet, and calm, and nice And the Assessor's place and the Post-office Are all that's sad, that Billy stays at home.

Last year GEARY carried this State over PACKER for Governor, having 4,596 majority. This fall the Democratic majority on the Congressional vote is 8,209, and yet the Philadelphia Press claims a Radical victory. The editors of that paper must imagine their readers to be, as BENUS said, the "largest fools" in the country, or the biggest ignorammuses that run loose. Every Radical candidate for reelection to Congress, who was defeated on the 11th inst., was a supporter of the Radical "land grab" schemes, the radical doctrine of negro suffrage, and the radical outrage—coolie importation. O'NEIL, ARMSTRONG, CESSNA, MORRELL, GILFILLAN, and DONNELLY, all supported these three leading ideas of Radicalism, and their constituents very wisely determined to allow them to remain at home, and ponder over the "mutability of human events."

When ARMSTRONG opened the campaign in this county in a speech at the Court House, during the August court, he very boastfully declared that he "had no apologies to make for his record in Congress." Since his ignominious defeat, he and his friends have been very busy trying to apologize for his not having apologized before. Apologies don't amount to much after an election, however. Wet and gloomy—The weather.

Newspaperial

JAS. H. LAMBERT, Esq., one of the liveliest newspaper men of the age, has become sole editor of the N. Y. Daily Democrat. Judge TUCKER, who a few months since became editor-in-chief, retiring. Although one of the youngest newspapermen of the day, he is a versatile polished, vigorous writer. Mr. LAMBERT has few equals in the country. Under his control we hope and expect to see the Democrat prosper to the greatest degree.

The St. Jo Union, a Missouri nigger-nose-wiper has gone to look after the falling forms of Pennsylvania Radicals, leaving its seventy-five readers to look in vain for its occasional visits. It's busted.

The Tyrone Herald wants to be the organ of the Radical party in Blair county. It's dirty enough to be anything.

The Pittsburg Sunday World started about three weeks ago as a Democratic paper. One week before the election it sold out, body and breeches, to Radicalism. Its editor, JAS. F. CAMPBELL now is willing to take a rotten mackerel, or an "old roger" or anything else to blather for anything that wants the support of a purchased "lead bee."

The Military Outrage in Philadelphia.

The display of United States military force at the election polls in the Northern States is a novel and by no means a pleasing sight to citizens who value their constitutional rights and liberties. There was a period in our history, prior to the advent of Radicalism, when party spirit was tempered by reason, and men were jealous of Federal encroachment upon the reserved rights of the States, that such an outrage as Marshal Gregory committed in the Fourth ward, Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, would have been resented as it deserved, and the Marshal and his company of United States marines stoned and driven from the ground. But "use breeds habit in a man," and we have been so "liberally" educated up to the point of slavish submission to Federal wrong and outrage, that almost any act of coercion may be resorted to by the administration and its subordinates, civil and military, with impunity. We are becoming so servile in our blind observance of unconstitutional laws and Executive mandates, that we almost deserve to lose—altogether the freedom won for us by the patriots of the revolution and, become the subjects of a tyrant instead of remaining free citizens of a republic.

We know not in what light the people generally of Philadelphia and of the State view the conduct of Marshal Gregory—but we look upon it and denounce it an outrage upon the freedom of elections that has no parallel anywhere outside the boundaries of the re-constructed States. There was nothing that called for military interference at the polls near which Marshal Gregory quartered his company of marines. There was no unusual disturbance there. Nothing that the city police could not easily control. The fact that they did quiet whatever little difficulty existed, and that the marines found everything orderly and nothing for them to do in their line when they arrived at the scene of the falsely alleged riot, is satisfactory proof that they were equal to the emergency, and that Marshal Gregory acted with censurable precipitancy, and committed an outrage upon the rights of the people and the freedom of election, without warrant of law or any reasonable pretext to justify or even palliate the act.

I was a grievous offense, which it will be dangerous, perhaps, to attempt a repetition of on any similar occasion. Had the voters of the ward whom the marines were brought upon the ground to overawe, resorted to arms and driven the Marshal and his military force from their quarters, even at the cost of blood, we should justify the act and applaud the actors. We should all rise as one man in the North and declare solemnly and determinedly that the Federal government shall not send its paid soldiery to our election polls for any purpose whatever. If riots occur, as sometimes they do, and the police is not strong enough to quell them, we have a citizen soldiery always ready to act in defense of law and order, and always prompt to obey the call of the civil magistrates when there is a necessity for their services. We are glad to see that Mayor Fox takes the right view of Marshal Gregory's proceeding, and that the Governor does not seem to relish his first attempt of a United States officer to overawe the electors of Philadelphia by the presence of federal bayonets in close vicinity to the polls.

For the outrage that he has committed, as the mildest punishment that can be administered, Marshal Gregory should be dismissed from office by the President. But as the servant was only carrying out the coercive policy of his master, as it has been time and again exemplified in the South, we may expect to see him promoted rather than discharged. Under Grant's administration—which is the very embodiment of all that is ultra and arbitrary in radicalism—if we want such wrongs redressed, we must redress them ourselves, either at the ballot boxes or with our good right arms.—Patriot.

Last fall the radicals of this State had a majority of 4596. To this should be added 15,000 negro votes, making 19,596. At the recent election, the Democratic majority on the Congressional vote is 8,209, which makes a Democratic gain of 27,805—twenty seven thousand eight hundred and five. And do "kullud trapes fot nobly."