Bellefonte Democratic Watchman

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"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Ink Slings.

—Nice Massachusetts boys stoned a young lady teacher to death there, the other day. This is'nt Ku-Kluxism.

—Fun in New York on election day, if GRANT sends his minions there to control things. D'ye mind now?

—The darkey vote saved the Radical ticket in Philadelphia. That city is now under the thumb of the niggers.

—What right has a man that a woman is bound to respect?' A Windsor lady takes a whole paper of tobacco at one chew!

—BILLY ARMSTRONG'S laurels have turned to willows. We guess the late Congressman was but a poor stick, anyway.

—The Democracy of Ohio have gained two Congressmen. Among the defeated candidates is that wretched rascal, SCHENCK.

—Of late, the Aurora Borealis has been particularly brilliant. Even the very heavens seem to rejoice over the Democratic victories.

—The late earthquake seems only to have shaken the Radical sections of the country. We thought something would get after the rascals afterwhile.

—Some very smart man asks the following conundrum "Why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar? Because it gets licked and put in a corner."

—BEN BUTLER has made a speech lately favoring a declaration of war against England by the fishermen of Massachusetts. Does BEJAMIN want to be bottled again?

—They are so very fastidious at Easton that they think they can't drink whisky in anything less costly than a $45,000 house. So they are going to put up another gin mill.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER has come to the conclusion that Heaven is not side walked with golden paving stones. He has consequently made up his mind that he would rather go to California.

The editor of the Tyrone *Herald* attended a wedding the 'other day, and says in his paper that the bride had on a "delain cloth petticoat." The question is, whence did he get to see her petticoat?

—Foreigners in this country who wish to vote at the Presidential election in 1872, must declare their intention of becoming citizens between now and the 1st of November. Only a couple of days left.

—GUSTAVE RASCHY has been put into a cold and cheerless cell in Quincy, Illinois, just because he fired his own store in order to get the insurance. As if a man hadn't a right to do the best he could for himself.

—In New Orleans a girl who had "loved not wisely but too" much for the benefit of her general health, jumped into the river in company with her faithless lover, who said he would rather die than marry. Both went to Heaven—we hope.

—Mr BLACK, of Cumberland, Maryland, amused himself the other day by shooting holes through a Mr MCKAIG, just because he he had seduced BLACK'S sister. If this shootin' business ain't stopped, it will be real dangerous to seduce anybody afterwhile.

—We saw WILSON and BRAINERD, of the Tyrone *Herald*, on the street, a day or two since, trying to account for the former's defeat. WILSON thought it was owing to the Democrats but BRAINERD suggested it might have been caused by a lack of Radical votes. What's the use of crying over spilled milk, gentlemen? Bear your misfortunes like men.

—A mature young miss of thirteen, in Lexington, Kentucky, has left her father's house "forever," because he wouldn't allow her to be courted by a 17 year old beau. In this instance, we think corporeal punishment would be efficacious, and when the old man catches her (if he don't want people to see) he might smack her behind the door.

—A shoemaker in Springfield, Massachusetts, took his wife and daughter and another young lady in a one-horse wagon, after chestnuts, on Sunday, which is the Radical way of honoring God in Benbutlerdom. They got "chestnuts" while crossing a stream, in which the horse lay down in a deep place and began to eat grass on the edge. The girls got their legs and things wet, and lost their bonnets, while the old woman shouted murder. They were all finally dragged out, but think they'll go to meetin' after this, on Sunday.

The Constitutional Convention.

To rip up and ravel out the Constitution of Pennsylvania, seems, just now, to be *the* principle object of a great many politicians of the State. In some manner or other it has just been discovered that the old Constitution—the one with the word "white" in it—the one under which we have lived, and prospered, and been respected since it was adopted in 1838, is entirely inadequate to the times, and unfitted for the generation of enlightened and intelligent people, whose advanced civilization demands that darkeydom shall have a voice in governmental affairs—a vote in the choice of rulers, and seat among the law-makers of the land. What a state vision made the discovery, or what particular fault is to be found in our present Constitution the papers tell us not. They only give us the information that the "Union League" of Philadelphia—the FORNEYS, MCMICHAELS, MANNS, and other political "dead beats," have met and resolved that such is the case, and that it is the duty of the Legislature when it meets, to fix a time for the holding of a Constitutional Convention, to blot out the old and write up a new one.

With this idea quite a number of our Democratic exchanges have fallen in, and are crying just as lustily for a new Constitution as is the "League."

Now, this may all be right. We do not intend saying it is not, but, for the life of us, we cannot imagine how our State Constitution will be bettered by the lot of tinkers a radical Legislature would put to mending it.

We know, as well as does every other man in the State, that since the organization of the Radical party, it has made no laws no constitution—no amendments but have for their express purpose, the prolongation of the miserable life of that country cursing organization. Its sole object has been to keep itself in existence, in order that its supporters could be enriched by their own thieving legislation and official robbery.

It made the so called Constitutions of the Southern States, and what are they? The most debasing, debauched and devilish instruments of wrong and oppression, that were ever conceived of. It has the power will it do any better for Pennsylvania?

It is all very well, and very nice, to talk of choosing the members of the proposed convention, irrespective of party. But the coming Legislature, is to fix the number of delegates and manner of choosing them, and is there a man in the State, blind enough to believe that a radical Legislature will not fix the number and manner of choosing just to suit the radical party? The deepest damned sinner in hell, might as well hope for the devil to furnish him ice enough to keep his frizzing, frying, form cool, as for the Democracy of Pennsylvania to expect a fair representation in a Constitutional convention, fixed and appointed by radicalism.

Under this movement of the "Union League" for a Constitutional Convention, we imagine we can see a pretty big nigger. It may only be imagination, yet he's nevertheless there. Radicalism sees its power waning—feels its grasp loosing from the public purse—its seats in the public offices giving way, and the confidence of the people in its integrity and intentions, completely shaken. It knows that without the negro vote it is hopelessly lost, and it knows too that that negro vote is illegal, fraudulent and forced upon the white men of the State, contrary to the wishes of four-fifths of them. It knows that the manner in which it was accomplished, was a wilful violation of the Constitutional Rights of the "white freemen of Pennsylvania," and that the Court must so decide whenever brought before them. It knows also that it can never be legally accomplished in this State, unless it is coated over, covered up, and hidden behind some great pretense of reform. It is for this purpose that Radicalism wants to make a new Constitution. It will have *somrie* forms that our people want that our State needs. It will be gotten up with a great flourish of trumpets, and a great blow about the great benefits it will mete out, and in the general desire to get something better, our people will adopt an instrument that, taking all in all, will be infinitely worse. It will have the word 'white' stricken out, and in a constitutional manner negro suffrage, with all its debauchery and disgrace and crime will be fastened upon us. This is what Radicalism is now working for, and what its proposed convention means.

Its papers and politicians may deny this, and urge that negro suffrage is a fixed fact now, which we admit, but believe it is illegal and that it cannot stand the test of Court. If it can—if it is legal—if Congress can blot from our State Constitution the word "white" can change it to suit itself or the emergencies of its party, in the name of common sense, we ask, what is the use of a Constitutional Convention? If it can change one of 'why can't it make the new? Congress, according to Radical theory and practice, is the ruler and not the people. It should ask Congress for a New Constitution, not make a farce of the thing by having the people adopt one to-day, for the brilliant boobies at Washington to overturn to-morrow.

Earthquake!

On last Thursday a distinct shock of an earthquake was felt throughout the United States, from Canada to Florida, about eleven o'clock in the morning. Buildings were rocked and shaken, and though but little damage was done, the alarm in some towns was very great and people deserted their houses in terror, thinking that the day of doom had come. The duration of the shock was from twenty to sixty seconds, in some places, and in others from four to five minutes. In this State, it was felt in Erie, New Castle, Titusville and Meadville. Here in the Central portion of the State, we felt nothing of it, and Bellefonte may congratulate herself that her stately buildings yet stand unrocked by the fearful wave.

In spite, then, of our freedom from volcanic mountains, it seems that the United States are not to be exempted from the fearful scourge of other lands. We believe this is the first time that Pennsylvania ever felt an earthquake shock, and we sincerely trust it may be the last. What a fearful thought that perhaps the earth may some day open and swallow us up or bring the proud edifices of man's ingenuity rattling down about our ears.

However, we do not apprehend anything so serious. The eastern States and New York have frequently felt the rocking and shaking of the earth during the occurrence of an earthquake far distant, but thus far the shocks have not been severe enough to do any particular damage save the cracking of walls or the twisting of buildings slightly out of shape. Let us hope that they may never be worse than this, and pray God to save our land from this terrible woe.

The causes of earthquakes have never been very definitely ascertained. They are supposed to result from some subterranean disturbances, the nature of which is beyond the ken of human wisdom. In volcanic countries they are attributed to the fires that rage within the bosom of the earth, and to the explosions of combustible substances caused by contact with large bodies of water. In another place, we give the despatches from the cities and towns, where the shock was felt.

Newspaporial.

A new Democratic paper is to be started in Pittsburg, on or about the first of November, the name of which will be *The Paper*. A. M. GIBSON, Esq., of the Uniontown *Genius of Liberty*, will be one of the principal managers, and its editorial columns will be controlled by a gentleman of first class ability.

The Mountain Echo has been revived at Johnstown, by that veteran Democratic editor, G. NELSON SMITH, Esq. It is gotten up in good style mechanically and is edited with ability and vigor. We extend our editorial hand, and wish Brother SMITH much success.

—Gen AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, late first-class butcher in the Federal army, is now over in France making an ass of himself as self-anpointed peace maker between France and Prussia. Mark our words, when peace shall be declared, BURNSIDE will claim all the credit.

Lost at Sea.

Another of those sad calamities that so frequently befall those who sail the briny deep, bringing sorrow and sighing to the hearts of loving friends at home, has occurred off the coast of Ireland. The steamship *Cambria*, of the anchor line, was wrecked on Mistrahme island, ten miles west of Donegal and thirty miles west of Londonderry on the night of the 19th instant. She had 127 passengers on board, all of whom are supposed to be lost, save one, a man named John McGartland, who made his escape by clinging to a boat which had at first capsized and then righted, and into which he managed to climb and reach the shore. The *Cambria* was in good condition, and has always been regarded as the finest vessel or any of the ocean lines. She was commanded by Captain Cunnigham, one of the most experienced and trust worthy officers in the service.

It seems the voyage from New York was a prosperous one, notwithstanding unpleasant weather, until the night of the 19th instant, when the vessel struck a rock, and immediately began to fill through holes stove in her bottom. The boats were immediately got out and the passengers crowded into them, but the sea being very rough at the time, they could not keep together and lost sight of each other. The boat into which McGartland got, soon capsized, throwing all on board into the sea, from which none escaped save him, and he only by clinging to the gunwale, and regaining his position inside. As no tidings have been heard of the other boats, the probabilities are that McGartland is the only survivor.

Thus has gone down into the bosom of the great deep a whole ship load of living, breathing humanity, with all its hopes and aspirations. Sunk, too, at a time when their voyage was nearly over, and when they were within an hour's ride of port. How fearfully do we thus realize that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Among our Exchanges.

The Philadelphia *Press*, in grumbling over the result of the late election, asks its party friends to account for the defeat of ARMSTRONG, CESSNA, MORRELL, STEWART, GILLILLAN and DONLEY, in the following words:

We await from the press of that section an explanation. Eastern Pennsylvania expects the west to account for the slaughter of Cessna, Morrell, Stewart, Gillilan and Donley all in one district is a little too much and calls for investigation.

Just here, however, the Williamsport *Standard* puts in *its* gab, and gives the *Press* a few *Democratic* ideas on the subject. These are so correct and so much to the point, that we reprint them as a good thing. The *Standard* says:

Being one of the press of that section we hasten to respond. We have neither the vanity nor impudence to boast of having accomplished the defeat of Radicalism in the XVIIIth Congressional District. A combination of causes produced the result amongst which may be named great disaffection in the Radical ranks in Lycoming, too much XVth Amendment, too much Grant, too much Geary, too much tax, too much Herdic, and, last but not least, too much Democracy. Presuming this will probably be sufficient to satisfy our Radical friend, we will not enlarge upon the cause. Each party in this district was represented by a gentleman of ability and the measures of each were fully discussed by the leading newspapers. Mr Armstrong was elected two years ago, by over two thousand majority. Now, he has been defeated. If there is any consolation in the fact, he and his friends have it, in the knowledge that other Districts which gave larger Radical majorities, have either been carried by Democratic candidates or the vote of the former party has been reduced more than the loss here.

We have thought it a duty to relieve the anxiety of the *Press* as Mr. Herdic's organ, like its owner, is too modest to speak of the services it has rendered in the late contest.

The defeat of Hon. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, for President Judge in the Luzerne district, is a great misfortune and no credit to the people of that district. He is one of the most eminent men of his time for learning, ability, and private and public virtue. Because he would not sully his judicial character by stooping to the low tricks of the professional politician to get votes, and because he is a terror, when on the bench, to evil doers, he was defeated. His competitor, from all that we can can learn of him, seems to be a man of bad character, and is charged with spending unlimited amounts of money to accomplish his own election. On this subject, the *Scranton Democrat* has the following:

G. M. Harding is elected President Judge by a large majority. That majority was not in favor of him but the vote was corrupted by the money paid out by Mr. Harding and his party friends. Many thousand dollars were thrown into this district to be used to defeat the nominees of our party, and the work has been successfully accomplished.

Mr Harding will take his seat upon the bench but with a record that should blast and destroy him. He has committed a high crime against the purity of the ballot box, and trailed the judicial ermine under a load of bribery and corruption. We look with disgust and loathing upon a man like Mr. Harding running for a President Judge, and believe him to be by far the greatest criminal of the two. A man has no right to sell his vote, but he is the lesser criminal when his wants and needs for money are tempted by an unworthy dishonest and unprincipled man. A man who will buy his place upon the bench is an unsafe judge, and he who will buy votes for place and gain, will sell his position and place to the highest bidder.

Mr Harding ere his term of office expires, will sit in judgment on some of these men he has bought, and how will it stand then, when a criminal judge shall be called upon to sentence one of his own tools, one of his own dupes, one of the men who threw principle, honor and safety to one side to make a few dollars. Shame on the judge who is elected by such means! Shame on the poor deluded men who have been made his tools.

We care not what Mr. Harding's qualifications may be for the office, we simply say that he is dishonest, unscrupulous and corrupt, and will carry the same influences upon the bench as he has into his political canvass, thereby unworthy to be entrusted with the administration of our courts.

Mr. Woodward is beyond doubt elected to Congress. His majority was secured by the same prodigal expenditure of money, and thousands of Democrats were bought either to vote for him or to remain at home. His history of iniquitous measures in the Senate is a caste indication of what his course will be in Congress.

And the Luzerne *Union*, on the same subject, corroborates the assertion of the *Democrat*, in the article which follows. What a shame that the purest and best men in the land should be thus set aside at the beck of corrupt scoundrels who purchase the power that elevates them. The *Union* says:

Instructors worked well? Doubtless they were paid well? They crowded into that eventful Tuesday an astonishing amount of treachery. Every murmur of disaffection they heard and made it a ground if they could not make it a Republican battle shout. And how glibly they distributed bogus tickets to unsuspecting Democrats who had trusted them for years! Falstaff laughed way down in the depths of his unbounded stomach, as he looked down at the Harding tickets in his hand and remembered that he was Chairman of the Democratic Standing Committee! And at nightfall when bad news came, how the mirth of the infernal traitors deepened! Midnight saw them riotously merry, when defeat was known to be a certainty.

But their mirth did not survive the morning. The Republican victors had the fun all to themselves then for Democrats were indignant and the traitors were fearful. Nor have the purchased, perjured conspirators been particularly merry since. The victors having no further use for their tools spurn them from their presence. Democrats charge them with the defeat of Woodward and McCollum and Beamish and Robison. The hour of treason's triumph has gone, and the hour of retribution is now before them. The more crafty of their number are seeking to deprecate the wrath of their former political associates by meekness and humility and penitence. The very prince of them is the most mannered man in the county, and would decline a nomination to the Senate next fall with thanks. One of them alone consorts publicly with the Republican victors, for whose money he did his dastardly work, but he is a great hulk of a fellow, whom all Democrats bid God-speed on his way to Republicanism.

After so many heavy things, it may be well to give some of the lighter matters of literature, and hence we select the following "Autumn Song" from *Punchinello*:

Leaves are falling (though coal is not)
And pumpkins are yellow and maids are blue
Potatoes and apples begin to rot,
There's many a liver congested too

The dews stay late on the cabbage leaf,
And the red, red beet forsakes the ground
And lovers' wand'rings grow more brief,
And fewer boaters are loafing around

The celery rivals the turnip fair,
There's new delight in the tender steak,
And boys go munching the chestnuts rare,
Without one thought of the stomach ache

The last of the cattle shows is seen,
The monster squash to the cows is fed,
Everything's brown that once was green,
Except the tomatoes, and they are red

The drowsy citizen hates to rise,
The hash may be cold, but so is the air,
'Tis heaven to slumber, for now the flies
Are less affectionate and more rare

And who is the busiest man we see?
'Tis the doctor dashing by in his chaise,
And well may he hurry you will agree
For it isn't every patient that pays

'Tis a rare, rare season—so breezy and bright,
The dahlias and even the squashes are gay,
One wouldn't regret the cold at night,
If it wasn't so ducedly cold by day

A wandering shiver inspires the doubt
Whether Indian Summer will come this year,
But its warmth can be felt when you don't go out
And its haze may be seen through a glass of beer

The Emperor NAPOLEON, although a prisoner, is not by any means a badly-treated one. That some idea may be formed of "how he does it" at Wilhelmshohe, we extract the following from a letter in the New York *Times*. The Emperor is no doubt much better off than if he had fallen into the hands of the Red Republicans or crazy fanatics of his own country. The letter says:

"In the true sense of the word, Napoleon III has retired to private life, he keeps his hours of rising, lunching, dining, walking, and sleeping as regularly as an old pensioner at Greenwich. From Napoleon's behavior at table nothing would convey the idea of his being a prisoner, he converses freely with every one. The Emperor, as seen on a recent promenade, appeared, as usual, in his undress uniform—a black coat, red trousers with black stripes, and the red cap of a general, wearing on his breast the grand cordon of the legion of honor and four other orders. He walked quite slowly, his steps not reminding one in any way of that firmness he exhibited on the evening of his arrival. His hands were folded on his back and remained so until he returned to the palace, half an hour after his exit. It ought to be remarked that Dr Conneau did not leave his side, though there was a continual change of the generals on the other side. There were about one hundred and thirty persons in attendance upon the Emperor on his arrival and he carried along with him eighty-five horses, his own property and that of his generals; but now he is doing it cheaper 'as the gunners say.' All his own and his generals' horses have been sold but twenty-two."

Spawls from the Keystone.

—Pittsburg has Woman's Suffragites.

—Bedford county can't get up a Fair.

A drinking fountain is to be erected in Pottsville.

—Leonard Brown, a waiter in Altoona, robbed a fellow waiter of $97.

—John E Owens 'Solon Shingled' the Corryvillians on the 17th inst.

—A railroad is to be built from Mt Dallas through Bedford to Bridgeport.

—Dr Cochran of Huntingdon, died in St. Louis, from taking prussic acid for neuralgia.

—Four hundred eels were lately caught in a fish basket in Juniata county, Pa.

—There are now four hundred and forty patients in the State Lunatic Hospital, Harrisburg.

—A man named Nolen was shot and killed by a return judge in Philadelphia, named Crawford, the other day.

—A man named Richard Jones, of Northumberland, was killed in the nail factory, at that place, on the 12th instant.

—At Johnstown the burglars are so "ornary" that they break into the butcher shops, and steel meat and money both.

—Rev Henry Boehm, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world, is now staying in Lancaster as the guest of A. Herr Smith, Esq.

—The Altoona post office was recently entered by burglars and robbed of about $1400 worth of stamps, and the contents of three registered letters.

In Derry township, near Lewistown, Joseph Kearns, while out walking with his wife suddenly cut his throat with a razor, and died in a few minutes.

The population of Lancaster city is 20,161, an increase of only 2758 since 1860. It was generally supposed that there would be 25,000 inhabitants.

A decent married woman was dragged from a public highway near Pottsville, on Thursday, and ravished, by some ten or twelve young men and boys.

Windsor township, Berks county, gave at the late election one hundred and seventy nine democratic votes and one republican vote. There was no ballot box stuffing either.

A returned Californian, named Christopher Herbert, of Gettysburg, was robbed recently of $8,000 by two Chicago confidence men, while leaving the Pittsburg depot for his home.

LUC BROKEN.—Michael Maher, a miner in the employ of the Moshannon coal company, had a leg broken by a fall of coal in the mine on Saturday last. The fracture was reduced and he is doing well.

—Colonel Forney has a provision in his will which makes it obligatory on the existence of the *Weekly Press* that it be called *Forney's Weekly Press*, and that the name must never be changed.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.—Sloan Democrat, has been elected to the Legislature from Indiana. Crawford county also sends a Democrat and so does Delaware county. There are no three darker spots in the State.

—An exchange says Pennsylvania has the honor of having sixteen thousand more people who cannot read and write than New York, twenty three thousand more than Iowa, and twenty-five thousand more than California.

—The new crop of clover seed is said to be superior this year. It is selling in Philadelphia at from $4 25 to $4 65 per bushel, which is higher than the rate realized at the commencement of the season for many years past.

—Some curious people claim to have found a stone idol in the Susquehanna river near Harrisburg, which was worshipped in 1780. It is described as as very horrible but how the exact time of its use was ascertained, does not clearly appear.

—Lumbermen upon the Allegheny river near Tionesta and Tidioute, are getting large quantities of lumber on the river bank ready for rafting by the fall and spring freshets. Several rafts lie stranded along the river that were laid up early last spring, no rise of sufficient importance to float them off having since occurred.

DWELLING BURNED.—The residence of George Coyler in Clearfield County, distant about eight miles was destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening at about eleven o'clock. The light reflected upon the sky, could be seen from this place. The building was a total loss, as we have been informed that it was uninsured.

—Two young men while driving into Huntingdon the other day, discovered a train approaching just as they were crossing the railroad track and jumped from the buggy, leaving it and the horse to their fate. The horse turned and followed the track until it was struck by the locomotive and frightfully mangled while the buggy was reduced to kindling wood.

REPENTED.—Harrisburg, our State Capitol, has been rescued from negro and Radical rule, Verbeke, Dem and Weaver Dem have been elected Mayor and Treasurer, by 280 majority, notwithstanding the fact that the Radical majority in the city one year ago was 228 and nearly seven hundred negroes were added to the "roll." Negro voting like negro fighting is a failure, and proves a dead loss to the employer.

—The Reading *Daily Dispatch and Times*, says that Mr George D Zimmerman, of that city, has in his possession a remarkably strange looking owl, which is one of the family of the same sort taken from the Lutheran steeple at Lancaster. It is apparently without ears, and has a head somewhat similar to a monkey. The mate to it made its escape a few days ago, and was, unfortunately, shot. Many persons have visited this singular bird, upon which Mr Z sets a high value as an ornithological curiosity.

—Bradford county furnishes the latest and most curious case of suicide. Isaac Elliott, a citizen of Horn Brook, in Sheshequin township, visited Towanda for the purpose of attending a show at that place and while there he became "slightly" intoxicated, and, we understand, went home in that condition. After arriving home, he and his wife got into a dispute over something, when Isaac suddenly became aware that it was time for him to die. He made several attempts to destroy his life but his father, in whose family he was living, watching him closely, had prevented him from committing the rash act for some time. Finally Isaac took to a tree, and there made the rope secure to one of its branches, and passed the noose around his neck. His father pleaded in vain for him to come down. He then threatened to cut the tree down, and thus prevent him from committing the act. He had sent one of the boys for an ax for that purpose. The boy had gone but a short distance when Isaac informed his father that he was coming, and come he did—not to the ground, but his body was dangling between earth and heaven. The fall was so great that his neck was broken. His wishes were gratified—he had passed to "nother world.—*Ex.*