Bellefonte Democratic Watchman

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The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Ink Slings.

—"Jack Frost leaves no leaves." Except when he leaves the ground.

—"DAD LEWIS" smelleth the crout afar off, and is already preparing his cabbage *barrel*.

—BAZAINE surrendered Metz because he thought there was better entertainment at WILHELM'S show.

—Some of our *exchanges are complaining* about the musquitoes. That's a luxury we don't enjoy here

—OLIVE LOGAN threatens to "strip off the mysteries that surround girls." For goodness sake, OLIVE—don't.

—TRUGH, of the *Standard*, says that when Coyone heard of the defeat of MORRELL, he exclaimed, "godelmighty!"

—The Huntingdon *Globe* says its price is 5 cents a copy, and asks, "isn't that cheap?" Not for that kind of reading.

—A Mr. *Conn having married a* Miss WEBB, a cotemporary thinks the result will be a house-full of Cobb Webbs.

—RED CLOUD, the Sioux Chief, says he is disgusted with his "Great Father at Washington. Who isn't? RED CLOUD'S head is level.

—Typhoid fever is a visitor to our town. —*Huntingdon Globe.*

Is it, indeed? Of course you will treat it well.

—The West Virginia Radicals have joined their Pennsylvania brethren on the head-waters of Salt river. There must be quite a congregation there now

—One of the Prussian military bands feels very bad, because a cannon ball shattered the base drum They may thank their stars *that it wasn't the* base drummer.

—The Yankees down East have invented machinery for manufacturing *silk velvet from cat hair* Next thing, the Yankees will be making sole leather out of louse skins.

—It is said that the Secretary of State pays $40,000 a year for house keeping. This would place him among the most costly FISH in GRANT'S political aquarium.

—M. Wood of the Ebensburg *Freeman* recommends chewing quinine as a regular diet. He says if he gets done "shaking" by next week his paper will be out, but if not, not.

—There was one colored Democratic voter in Evansville, *Indiana, and* he was aged 103 years. This old fellow will surely anchor in that place where all the good niggers go.

——JEFFERSON DAVIS was a *visitor* at the State Fair at Richmond, the other day. He was accompanied by his wife, and is enjoying good health. Has the *Republican* any objection to this?

—Some fellow who has counted, says there are *10,693 stitches in a shirt.* Perhaps, if he has an obliging female friend, the same chap could ascertain how many there are *in a shirt-ess!*

—The President has appointed Gen. HANCOCK as President of the Military Retiring Board. This is supposed to be *an attempt of* GRANT'S to kill Gen HANCOCK'S popularity. But it won't succeed.

—An attempt has been made to take the life of King WILLIAM If the assassins will only have patience, God will do that before many years The King is now several winters beyond his three-score and ten.

—The *Globe* says, "keep your eye on your valise at a railway *dining station*, for professional thieves will plunder them." We'll mind that when we stop in Huntingdon, and particularly if either of the *Globe* men are about.

VON MOLTKE has been made a Count and the Crown Prince and FREDERICK CHARLES Field Marshals. NAPOLEON, M'MAHON and BAZAINE have not been on the make so much, yet each one has *succeeded in being* made a prisoner.

—The editor of the *Republican* talks about jumping into a buggy the other day and riding out into the country to see a fine house. Just as if BROWN *could* jump into anything higher than a dozen of raw oysters or a dish of apple dumplings!

—A boy named MORRISSEY, at Brier Hill, Erie county, *having both his legs* cut off while trying to jump on a moving train, the Hollidaysburg *Register* says that it is another warning to the boys of that place. Does the *Register* imagine that the sole object in cutting off the Brier Hill boy's legs was to warn the Hollidaysburg boys? We guess not.

The Constitutional Convention Again.

Last week we gave our opinion as to the propriety of attempting at this *time to* overhaul our old or make a new State Constitution. We now intend to occupy but a short space in referring to the chief argument in favor of the proposed Constitutional Convention. The principle necessity for a change in the fundamental law of our State, if we are to judge by the reasons given by those urging this promised reform, is the notorious corruption of our Legislators—disgraceful legislation public pilfering and private speculation of those chosen to represent *the people at Harrisburg*

That there is need of reform—room for reform—urgent necessity for it—not only in the Legislative, but also in the Administrative and Judicial departments of our State Goverment, there is not a man in the State but will admit. But will a Constitutional Convention, called and controlled by the very men who have committed the acts *that make reform so necessary*, accomplish the purpose desired by the friends of correct Government?

There is *no denying the fact that* since the Radical party came into power, our State Legislature has been but a vast jobbing arrangement for the benefit of corporations and capitalists, that bribery and corruption unparalleled in the history of legislation or Legislatures, have characterized almost every session it has held. The Gubernational department of the State has been but an automaton to nod assent to the corruptions of the Legislature, and the Judiciary, with a few honorable *exceptions, mere tools to inflict* the outrages and debauchery of that body upon the people. This is Radicalism as *law makers, administrators* and judges Will it do any better as tinkers of a State Constitution? There is no blinking the fact, that a Radical Legislature, if this movement prevails, will have the authority to appoint the number and prescribe the mode of choosing the delegates to the proposed "Constitutional Convention" Is there any Democrat urging this movement who believes that such a Legislature will fail to take a partisan advantage of the situation? Is there any of them who believe that this Radical Legislature, which is charged with all manner of dishonesty, will so appoint *and apportion delegates and districts*, as will secure a majority of honest and competent representatives in that convention? Will they *not rather* lay the foundation for their control of that body and the consequent fixing up of a Constitution that will suit their whims, caprices, exigencies and peculations?

But, it is argued the *people will elect* delegates who will have the good of the State and prosperity of the masses at heart, irrespective of party and in defiance of any "fix up" of a Radical Legislature Admit they do Admit also that those delegates will frame, and the people adopt, just such a Constitution as the most upright, intelligent man could wish, or the condition of our State demands, would that *remedy the evils complained of?* Would that make an honest Legislature, faithful, upright, competent Governor, *or a non partisan Judiciary?* Would that make honest men out of rascals, or intelligent law-makers out of *pot house politicians and political* bummers?

Do these men who are demanding a new constitution, *because of the corruptness* of our State Legislature, believe that a new United States Constitution would change the character of a Radical Congress or its infamous legislation? Would it make honest men of the BUTLERS, the COVODES, SCHENCKS, ARMSTRONGS, WHITMORS, CESSNAS and other rascals in that body? And if not, would it make upright legislators of these notoriously corrupt and designing politicians? Certainly not. And as a change of the Federal Constitution would fail to make the desired change in the Federal Congress, so would a change of our State Constitution fail to transform dishonest representatives into worthy law-makers.

It is not Constitutions that make honest law-makers or just laws. *It is the people.* We may make all the *constitutions* we please, they may be as correct, stringent, appropriate, and well meant, as could be asked, and at the same time if the voters of the State select as representatives the same class *of individuals to represent them that* the Radical majority in the State has chosen for the past ten years, the people *will be represented just as they* have been.

Send honest men to the Legislature *and we will have honest laws*—send rascals and we will have corrupt legislation no matter what the Constitution is.

The place reform is wanted, is not in the Constitution, but in the class of representatives, the Radical party has chosen for the past ten years Let that party choose honest, competent, faithful legislators, and its Leagues will have *no reason to raise its hyena* voice in holy horror at the corruption, extravagance and general demoralization of the State Government under its control

Honor versus Rascality.

The correspondence between President GRANT and Secretary COX, in reference to the latter's resignation of the *office of Secretary of the Interior*, is remarkable, inasmuch as it reveals the struggles of an honest man to keep his *department free from the corrupting* influences of political desperadoes, on the one hand, and on the other the unblushing effrontery of an Executive in endeavoring to force a cabinet minister into compliance with the unjust and outrageous demands which would have taxed the salaries of his clerks and employees for the purpose of carrying on a wicked and fraudulent political campaign.

Gen. Cox emerges from this correspondence covered with honor, leaving the *conviction on every mind that he* is a man of principle and conscious rectitude, while President GRANT has *gained for himself the contempt of* every lover of fair and honest dealing. Mr. Cox goes out of the Cabinet *because he was to honest and just to permit* his poor clerks to be robbed at the behest and for the benefit of a parcel *of political speculators*, while the President, in forcing and accepting his resignation for this reason, has proved that which has long been charged upon him, namely, that his own personal interest and that of his party friends overleap every consideration of right and justice for the people

But if GRANT can stand this the people can. To day is his to morrow is theirs "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad, and a day of righteous retribution for the President *and his advisers is near at hand.* If *they* think that honor and probity are no longer needed in the administration of the Government, the people do not, and when the hour of reckoning comes, these abusers of the trusts confided to them will be taught the severest lesson of their lives. Hurled from the high places which they have prostituted to their own base and ignoble purposes, they will find in the scorn of the country they have betrayed, the fitting reward which their infamous conduct has merited.

—The Chicago *Times* says. "During our late civil war, the republican newspapers claimed that New York city had a much greater population than there was any reason to believe that it possessed. This was for the purpose of making the quotas for soldiers fall on her with peculiar severity. Now those same newspapers say that the city has a less population than there are good reasons for believing within its limits. This is to afford a pretence for charging election frauds in case of a full vote and heavy democratic majority, ranging anywhere above 50,000. Gov. SEYMOUR, in a late speech at Troy, commented in fitting terms on these opposite tactics of the republicans—tactics by which men have been defrauded of life, and by which it is now hoped the electors of the city may be cheated out of their votes. The comparisons made by the governor of assignments of quotas in New York and in the New England States show such wicked work so plainly that President LINCOLN and his factotum FRY could not but have known its character. They refused to do justice when the infamies of the assignments were pointed out.

No more earthquakes, except Democratic ones, up to the present writing.

Among our Exchanges.

The latest version of "how it was done" isn't anything to the credit of SIMON CAMERON or JOHN W FORNEY And so it seems CAMERON'S *paralysis* was only a dodge to get the newspapers to talking about him. A nice little *arrangement entered into by the* Senator and the editor of "my two papers, both daily," over a big dinner. The *Columbian* thus animadverts upon the subject:

A few days ago it was announced by telegraph that Senator Cameron had an attack of paralysis, but in a day or two a contradiction followed In the mean time, the newspapers *that felt so disposed had a rare opportunity* for indulging in Cameronian puffs, a small luxury of which the Senator is remarkably fond Col Forney even had the satisfaction of boasting that he had dined on the same day *with the Senator, and that the meal was "exceedingly well served."* That a fit of paralysis, of short duration and of not very serious moment should occur after such indulgence is nothing new under the sun! We have heard of the like before, and even dreamed of it! Big dinners and big drinks swallowed and guzzled, are quite naturally followed by temporary paralysis—at least that will do for a polite name for it, but we don't often see it heralded to the public by friends!

But the Philadelphia *Sunday Morning* (a quite creditable source) gives this version of *the matter*—at the aforesaid dinner, Cameron complained that "the newspapers had little or nothing to say about him." Forney pompously exclaimed, "Why, my dear *General*, I will set the whole fraternity to praising you in less *than twenty four hours*" *Hence the dispatch* that My dear General was about dying! Nor was Forney mistaken—nearly the whole batch were yelping heartless praises with the thus prescribed time! Oh, newspaperdom, is *not thy name frailty?*

Well, well—but for a man who has had so many mean things truthfully told about him, we should think CAMERON would be satisfied to have the newspapers to let him alone. It seems, though, that his meat and drink is notoriety. *Some day, however, he may* actually die of paralysis, and the papers, thinking it another sell, will have *nothing to say about him.*

Here is a poem by somebody—we don't know who—that almost makes one shiver to read it. There isn't a particle of warmth about it. It is entitled "She," and runs thus.

Oh, cold are the flakes,
That fall in the lakes,
And bitter the winds that be,
And icy and chill
Are the minarets still
That stand in the Polar Sea.

But colder than all
Of the flakes that fall,
And the bitterest winds that be
Than the Mer de glace
In the Northern Pass,
Than the Pole itself—is she

In the amber light,
Of the sky—one night—
I tore my bosom apart,
And under a moon
Of the fervid June,
Was "offered" to her my heart—

For I tore it out
Of its red redoubt
And cast it over the pyre,
Where the torrid heat
Of its fever beat
Went soul to soul with the fire

But never a stone
To the chisel known,
So little of pulse betrayed,
And the passion lines
Of her outer signs
Meant—never a word they said

Oh, the glacier stoop
Of her shoulders' droop
May show in the night like gold,
And the lunar fleck
On her marble neck
A tinge of the blood may hold,

But never a drop
Of the venous cup,
Can ever the lancet shed
The lever is flown—
The woman is stone,
And the sylph like thing—is dead

What the bodice robes
For her mammal globes,
Is only an icy lie—,
Though the lace may rest
On her milk white breast,
A babe, at the place would die—

For colder than all
Of the flakes that fall,
And the bitterest winds that be—
Than the Mer de glace
In the Northern Pass
Than the Pole itself—is she.

Ugh! that's nearly as cool as the *man who comes into an editor's sanctum*, orders the paper sent to him and then goes out without saying a word about the pay. And *this puts us upon* the subject of newspaper patronage, of which so many have such curious ideas. *So that we will just insert here* the comments of a cotemporary, whose head is level, owing, no doubt, to the fact that he has come to a full understanding of the subject through bitter experience. He remarks:

"Many long and dreary years in the publishing business have forced the conviction upon us *that newspaper patronage is a word of* many definitions, and that a great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition or are dishonest in a strict biblical sense of the word Newspaper patronage is *as changeable as a chameleon.*

One man comes in, subscribes for a paper, pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it with proud satisfaction that it is his

Another man asks you to send him your paper, and goes off without saying a word about the pay Time passes on, you are in need of money, and ask him to pay the sum he owes you *He flies into a passion, perhaps pays,* perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped This is called patronage

One man likes your paper, he takes a copy, pays for it, and gets his friend to do the same; *but he is not always grumbling to you or others* but has a friendly word If any accident occurs in his section he informs the editor This, too, is newspaper patronage.

One (it is good to see such) comes in and says "The paper of which I paid is about to expire, I want to pay for another." He does so and retires. This is, also, newspaper patronage."

The world is full of devils *incarnate.* Murder, arson, riot and rapine are prevalent everywhere, but for cold-blooded atrocity *the following, from* the San Francisco *Bulletin*, beats anything we have heard of lately:

Last evening we heard some additional particulars of the late tragedy at Wichitaw, in which two girls were brutally murdered by the *notorious ruffian and murderer*, Jim Curry, which if true, are horrible It seems that one of the girls, Ida May, had been living with this Curry for some time past, but he having tired of her resolved to get rid of her, and to add price to *insult of being a mean coward, and abused her* shamefully At first one night, he came in drunk to the house where she was staying in company with another girl As he entered the door he drew his revolver, and told Ida that he was *agoing to kill her. She* threw herself upon her knees, and begged him not to, that she was not fit to die But murder was in his cowardly heart, and his ruffianly hand would not be stayed by the pleading of a weak, defenseless woman His revolver was pointed at her forehead, and, with the coolness of an incarnate fiend he pulled the *trigger*, and the soul of the wretched girl went unprepared into the presence of its Maker! But this did not satiate the murderous appetite of this fiend in human shape In the person of the girl Vina he saw another defenceless victim She *fallen* as she was, had attempted to intercede and stay the murderous hand Curry, after satisfying himself that his victim was dead, turned to Vina who was struck with horror and said to her "I guess I'll kill *you too, while I'm at it*, and suiting the action to his words, deliberately shot her dead The bodies of the two girls were tumbled unceremoniously into a hole, without even a coffin, by the citizens of Wichitaw.

Another Victory.

All hail to West Virginia! The election there last week has resulted in the complete triumph of the Democracy, the whole State ticket being elected. The Democrats have also elected two Congressmen and a majority of the Legislature, which secures a Democratic United States *Senator in the place* of the present Radical incumbent. The Radicals admit their defeat, and *the leading organ of that party* offers its roosters for sale at a low figure!

Thus has another star been added to *the Democratic* constellation. Truly the skies are brightening, and the dark clouds that have so long hung over the political horizon are about to disperse. Next Tuesday the thunder of another great Democratic victory will be heard from New York, and we trust from Alabama. Missouri too, we trust, will hurl defiance into the face of the administration, and, with her liberal leaders, rescue *herself* from the iron grasp of the oppressor.

The triumph in West Virginia is, indeed, a brilliant one. The more so, that it was unexpected, and all the greater because the victory has been *achieved with the power and patron*age of the State in the hands of the Radicals. Surely, an overruling Providence is *directing the minds of the* people, and by and by we shall emerge, refined and purified, as by fire, into the effulgence *of a brighter and a better* day for the Republic. Once more, all hail West Virginia!

About Contesting.

That ARMSTRONG will contest the seat of Mr SHERWOOD in the next Congress, we *don't* believe. Not that we consider him too good or too honorable to do such a thing, but because the popular verdict *against him* is so overwhelming, that he cannot have the hardihood, the indecency to dispute it. Two years ago he was elected by a majority of *two thousand*; this fall the district repudiates him by a majority of TWENTY SEVEN! His condemnation, his rebuke, has been so fearful, so crushing, so humiliating, that he cannot certainly have the face to stand up before his fellow citizens and say, "I contest."

In fact this thing of contesting properly elected men's seats in Congress, is growing unpopular. To use a homely but expressive phrase, it is about "played out," and even the Radicals, brazen-faced as they are, are getting ashamed of it. To be sure, such creatures as JOHN COVODE and JOHN CESSNA, men who have no shame in them, would have the effrontery to do anything, but we believe ARMSTRONG and MORRELL pride themselves on being a little above those fellows, and make some slight pretence to honor. So that we think SHERWOOD and SPEER are pretty certain of their seats.

——It is said that the new French army of the Loire now numbers about 100,000 men. We suppose, of course, that these fellows are all intended for German prisoners, just like their brothers of Sedan and Metz.

—A fellow in town made the remark the other day that Bellefonte beef was bully. Were we a butcher, we'd have the rascal arrested for libel.

Spawls from the Keystone.

—Hollidaysburg has an 18-ounce apple!

—Sixty five darkeys "suffrage" in Titusville

—It is reported that a silver mine has been discovered in the neighborhood of Tionesta.

—Two prisoners escaped from the Western Penitentiary last week

—William A. Hammond, of the Blair county bar, died on the 30th ultimo, of consumption.

—John Underhill, colored, was elected Constable of Port Clinton, Schuylkill county

—Dr John E McGirr, an eminent physician of Pittsburg, died on Sunday-week last, of typhoid fever

—A new temperance organization called the "Sons of Jonadab" has been inaugurated at Harrisburg.

—The census Marshals give the population *of Harrisburg at a little over 23,000, but the Patriot* claims 28,000.

—A man from Mechanicsville, named Hoffman was robbed in Harrisburg on Allison's Hill, of one hundred and twenty dollars

Mr Bingham, Jr., of Pittsburg, with his wife and two little children, were among the passengers lost in the ill fated steamer *Cambria*

—A colored woman named Julia Ann Clifford, died in Meadville recently, whose age was supposed to be over 100 years.

—J B Goodenough, a hotel keeper of Meadville, has absconded, leaving a wife and several thousand dollars of unpaid bills

—David Welty, of Union township, Clearfield county, was killed by the falling of a piece of timber at a raising, on the 22d ult

Mr Joseph Porter, of Farmington township Clarion county 86 years old, went six miles to vote the Democratic ticket on election day

—James Brisman, of East Brandywine township Chester county, Pa. 92 years of age, and who has voted for Thomas Jefferson for President in 1800 cast his 59th Democratic ballot on Tuesday of last week Noble man

On lake Erie, on the night of the 19th ult., three men belonging to the schooners Brittania and Lyra which went ashore in a gale, were drowned

—Joseph Morrison, a well known hotel-keeper of Huntingdon, was run over on Monday evening last, by a freight train, and his right arm cut off near the elbow His recovery is doubtful

—Found dead—an old German, near Clarion, on Friday morning the 14th inst The coroner's jury gave their decision that he had died from dropsy He had been insane for sometime

—Our esteemed friend, D B Heiner, Esq., of Kittanning sent us an apple from his orchard *which for its size and beauty cannot be excelled.* It weighs one pound and seven ounces, and measures *fourteen inches in circumference* Who can beat it?—*Ex*

—On the evening of the 31st ult., the culvert at Forty third and Spruce streets Philadelphia, caved in, burying three men and three horses Two of the men were taken out slightly injured, but at the last accounts, the third man had not been recovered

—J S Speelman, a train master, of the *Pennsylvania railroad company, was accidentally* killed on the morning of the 22d ult, at *Derry Station, Westmoreland county, by a* bolt projecting from a freight car, which he was assisting to couple, *striking him on the* head

—A son of Mr Henry Bright, of Caketown, one day last week, upon his return from a hunting expedition in Snyder county, accidentally discharged his gun, the charge taking effect in his left upper arm. The wound was dressed by the family physician, and the boy is doing well—*Sunbury Guard*

Clayton Coulson, a young man whose parents reside at Rellvar, Indiana county, was recently found dead and in a *horribly* mangled condition at Westchester Intersection Young Coulson recently clerked in a store in Altoona

A CHILD BORN IN THE LOCK UP.—On Saturday night last as officer Patton was patrolling his beat about 12 o'clock he found a young woman *named Lizzie Geiger, seated near the Court* house, crying bitterly, as she had no home, and no place to lay her head for the night. She requested to be sent to the Prison but as the officer had no power to act in the case, he did the best he could for her by taking her to the Lock up, where she gave birth to a female infant, about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning.—*Norristown Herald.*

—On Sunday last, while Mr Solomon Brocious and family were at church, his residence was entered through a back window, and six dollars in silver stolen The burglars made a *general ransacking* of all the bureau drawers, cupboards and desks on the premises Fifty *dollars in greenbacks, found on the floor by* Mr Brocious upon his return, which the rascals *fortunately had overlooked* It is a shameful disgrace that such occurrences should happen in one of our principal streets, and in broad daylight and the perpetrators not be discovered.—*Sunbury Guard*

SUICIDE IN MATCH CHUNK.—Our community was shocked on Thursday morning by the startling intelligence that young Keeler, a merchant of Susquehanna street, had shot himself during the night previous He had come in about nine o'clock, taken his revolver from a drawer in the store, and proceeded at once to his room No one suspected anything unusual, as his manner was not at all excited or strange. A report of a pistol was soon heard, and on going up stairs, his *room* was found to be barred. Entering it by a window, his friends were terrified *and amazed* at finding him stretched upon his bed, with his *revolver in his clenched hand and the mark* of the fatal wound directly over his heart In *this strange deliberation, he had opened* his clothing, and placed the pistol to the naked *flesh and had guided the ball directly* through his heart His death could not have been *other than instantaneous.* No cause is known to exist that will throw any light upon the motives of the terrible deed. He was a young man of enterprise and thrift, and those who knew him speak of him in terms of commendation An inquest was held and a verdict announced in accordance with the above facts.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat.*

A GENTLE heart is like ripe fruit which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

THE loyal blacks of Jamesville, North Carolina, had a cheering, schutenfest last week, in which about twenty joined. The black vote was slightly decreased.

THERE are several men in this city who complain that pretty nearly every night when they go home and try to get into the house, they find the key hole out of order