

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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Friday Morning, December 9, 1870.

Democratic Editorial Convention.

The members of the Democratic Editorial Association of Pennsylvania are requested to meet at the 'Bolt House' in Harrisburg on Wednesday the 10th day of January 1871 at 11 o'clock, A. M. Punctual attendance requested.

These editors who were not present at Altoona when the Association was organized are respectfully requested to be present at this meeting.

J. DOLLER, Pres't. P. GRAY MEEK, Sec'y. (Democratic Editors please copy.)

Carpet Bag Impudence.

There is reason to apprehend the election, by the negro legislature of South Carolina, of a certain Pennsylvania Carpet Bagger to the high position of United States Senator. The individual who thus threatens to degrade this high honor, is JOHN J. PATTERSON, late of Juniata county, this State. This fellow, who has only been a resident of that State for a few weeks past, has sold his plans and distributed his ill gotten wealth among the negro legislators of that commonwealth that there is great reason to apprehend his elevation to this position, which he can not possibly fill with anything but disgrace to the whole country. During his citizenship here the name of JOHN J. PATTERSON was the synonym of all that was scheming, dishonorable, disgraceful, corrupt and scandalous. Was there a villainous measure to be carried through our legislature, JOHN J. PATTERSON was the man selected by the Radical managers to engineer it. Was there a raid to be made upon the Treasury, he was the chap chosen to lead the robbers. Were there frauds to be perpetrated upon the ballot box, he was the smoking rascal to fix them up. And so in every scheme of villainy and corruption, the eyes of men turned as naturally to JOHN J. PATTERSON as the orb of a bird to the serpent that charms before it destroys. He was the representative of all that was mean and contemptible, until his name became a by word in the mouths of honest people.

And the same game that he played here, he has already begun to play in South Carolina. His first net, after going there was to go among the nigger members of the legislature and buy their votes for Senator. And the exceeding low price for which those votes are sold, gives PATTERSON all the better show. In some instances, a new hat will buy a nigger vote, while the jingle of a few dollars, under the ears of one of those avaricious and ignorant field hands is sufficient to extort the most ardent and enthusiastic support. PATTERSON was utterly "played out" in Pennsylvania, and as a last resort for political honors, he turned his face with delight toward the nigger legislature of South Carolina, and, short as the time has been, we fear it has been long enough to secure him an upper hand in the now degraded politics of the once proud Palmetto State. What a fearful shame that the gold of such a man can purchase political position, even among niggers!

—There is a movement on foot to establish an asylum in Whitmarsh, Montgomery county, for the use of inebriate females. Astonishing as it may seem, we are seriously told that a love of intoxicating liquors is spreading among the women of the country to such an extent as to render such an institution necessary. And the evil is not confined to the illiterate or vulgar alone, but is making its ravages even among the most refined and intelligent. If this be so, and we are afraid that it is only too true, who shall say that we have no need of temperance societies, or sneer at the earnestness with which many noble women of the land are working for the salvation of their own sex?

Truly, our temperance societies have a great work to do. Let them enter upon with fear and trembling, but with a high resolve to rescue the exposed millions of the land from the fearful temptations of the intoxicating cup.

—Dr. T. J. BOYER, of Clearfield, has a lengthy and interesting paper on "Gen. ROBERT E. LEE," in the last issue of the Clearfield Republican. The Doctor is a graceful and competent writer, and does justice to the character of his much lamented subject. We shall endeavor to find room for this sketch in our next issue.

Pennsylvania--New England.

In looking over the census returns, we find that the population of the six New England States, is 3,485,000. That of Pennsylvania, is 3,800,900; 315,901 more than all of New England, and yet it has twenty-seven members of Congress, while Pennsylvania has but twenty-four, and twelve Senators to Pennsylvania's two. To ward other States it holds the same preponderance of representatives in both branches of the General Government, and while it pays less tax in proportion to its wealth, than any other section of the country, it receives more special protective legislation than the people of all the other States combined.

Upon New England ideas and dogmas, the tenets of radicalism are based. Whatever is for New England that is what radicalism favors. It is the child standing by its parent. Radicalism is New England. New England is Radicalism. The ills and evils that have cursed us for the past ten years—the burdens and debts that have been heaped upon us since radicalism came into power, the bitterness, and hatred, and sectional jealousies, all are the legitimate fruit of New England politics, prejudices and press. As it has cursed us in the past so will it curse us in the future, unless we throw it off. We can not throw it off, unless we rid the country of the party it controls—the party of Radicalism—the child of New England abominations.

Why should New England, paying less of the expenses necessary to maintain the General Government and having almost four hundred thousand less population than Pennsylvania, have a greater representation in Congress? Why should it have three representatives more, when it has four hundred thousand people less? Can you tell us Mr Radical. Do not the interests of Pennsylvania need to be cared for as well as those of the land of Puritanism? And can they be cared for while we allow such preponderance of representation, to interests that are directly antagonistic to ours?

Pennsylvania, with her mineral wealth—her ores, and coal, and oil—her productive soil and vast resources, could live, fence up and keep for skating grounds and witch harbors, the ice hills, and bog-hollows of domineering Yankeeedom, were her interests cared for as they should be. Yet, while her people are willing to be "shewers of wood and drawers of water," to the trading, trafficking, cheating, clam chowder chawing dens of the land of witch burners and Quaker-hangers, they can have no hope of seeing their proud old Commonwealth, wield the influence in the affairs of the General Government, her wealth, position and population entitle her to, nor of prospering as they should prosper, with her interests fostered and cared for.

Radicalism gave to New England the representation it has—radicalism will labor to maintain for it the same proportionate advantage, and the man who sustains radicalism, simply sustains the rule of that section, which robs every body else to enrich itself. The sooner Pennsylvanians who have voted and labored for that party and its policy open their eyes to the true state of affairs, the sooner our State, its people and interests, will be properly represented in Congress. The Pennsylvanian who votes for radicalism votes against Pennsylvania and for New England.

At It Again!

Still on the steal! More land for the monopolies and less for the people!

This is the first act of the second session of the 43d Congress. It met on Monday. The first bill it considered on Tuesday was one to grant one million of acres of the people's land to a company of speculators way up in the wilds of Wisconsin. The very first act, an effort to steal the property of the tax-payers of the country, the blood-bought inheritance of the toiling, taxed working men, and hand it over to their ing contractors, corrupt Representatives, and loon lobbyists, about the Halls of Congress.

One million acres more! That's all that WASHBURN, WILSON and other Radical thieves attempted to take from you, ye weary workers for thus, the "best Government the world ever saw," on Tuesday last. But they failed for the time. Another filcher of public funds from up among the mountains of New Hampshire, wanted these western land grabbers to divide and give some proposed route among the ice hills of his State, a great part of what lands were left, but they had schemes that would swallow up all, and consequently could not afford to give the sanctified Puritan from "New Eng-

land" any. So Ella and his friends, when they couldn't get all they wanted themselves, assisted the Democrats to lay the bill on the table. There it lies. When Yankeeedom and the rest of the Radical thieves come to a better understanding, it will be taken up and passed. Passed without any compensations of conscience or without effort to conceal the fact that it is simply a villainous swindle by which speculators receive one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of the people's land.

And it is a glorious thing to have Radical rascals roosting on the rails round the public treasury. To have them in office and honest men working at home to pay taxes for them to steal!

Such is the condition of our country to-day. Such is the condition it will be in just as long as Radicalism rules, and the political vampires is in place in power are allowed to occupy places of public trust.

A Pitiful Tool.

Had the President of the United States any of the ordinary feelings of human nature we should think he would admit the due of shame at the wide spread publication of his unprincipled practices and unblushing avarice. No President it ever sat in the chair of Washington has been so openly rebuked by his own party members, or so bitterly condemned by his own party leaders. His sale of offices, his acceptance of presents and his continuance at political and personal feuds, have rendered his name odious in the ears of the people. Even his so-called military campaigns and his before the baneful light of his moral character, and the "gratitude" of his countrymen passes into astonishment at his lack of principle.

Poor fallen GRANT! High hopes were centered upon him when he went into office, but where now is the man or woman who honors him at heart or believes in his intellect or integrity. He has shown himself grasping, avaricious, despotic and unprincipled—the tool of the worst men in his party, and the suppressor rather than the encourager of political virtue. He went into office honored and confided in, a least by his own party, but he will go out despised and pitied not only by his political enemies, but by those who were his most intimate and cordial supporters.

For ULYSSES S. GRANT, the future has no more honors. He has abused the trust confided to him and betrayed the honest faith of the people. We predict that he will not again sit in the White House after the expiration of his present term. Even the Radical Party, dishonest, corrupt and wickedly bold as it is, will not dare to again present his name for the suffrage of the country. He will soon have straitened his brief season on the public stage, and ere long will ere long drop him out of oblivion forever.

Is too bad, Ida Lewis is not what we thought her. She has big hands and feet, does not respect Landley Murray, and the Turf, Field and Farm is responsible for letting that a Captain in the navy knew Ida before her present husband exposed her, and that Ida was a little Lewis generally.—Tyron Herald.

We have no doubt that the ruling passion of slander, so strong with BRAINERD in life, will be with him in his dyibg hour. When the grim monster finally tackles him and earth begins to reel from his dim vision, he will ask to be raised up that he may say something mean about some body. This seems to be a general failing with radical editors, and particularly so with the chap who edits the Herald. We can't imagine what Ida Lewis has done to him to make him talk so, and must therefore ascribe it to his natural dog in-the-manger disposition, which keeps him constantly snapping, snarling and biting. Certainly, Ida Lewis's disinterested and successful efforts in saving human lives, with her boat, ought to protect her from insults like the above. But just wait till her husband gets to Tyron. We will then have a laughable illustration of the figure which a lying Radical editor cuts when pursued by righteous indignation with a cow hide.

—If the man who stole from our desk the December number of the New Eclectic, published by Turnbull and Murdock, Baltimore, had not been such a greedy thief, and allowed us the privilege of looking through it before he "cabbaged" it, we would have been enabled to have informed our readers, of the valuable and interesting matter it contained. However, as the Eclectic is known to be one of the best publications in the entire country, the public can rest assured that a rare treat is indulged in monthly by its host of readers. Subscribe for it, if you desire an able, interesting, healthy periodical.

—The Ashland Advocate, J. IZVIN STEELE'S paper, has donned a new dress.

Newspaperial.

—We have received a copy of The Princetonian, published at Princeton, New Jersey, sent by our thoughtful young friend, J. W. Gephart. We have looked over it with some attention, but can't say that we are particularly impressed by its mechanical execution. "Wes" will have to learn the printers there how to get up a nice paper—like the WATCHMAN.

—The Paper, the new journal just started in Pittsburg, has made its appearance in some parts of the country and is highly spoken of, but has not "inducted" us yet. Send it along gentlemen, if you want it noticed in the best and handsomest paper in the State.

P. S.—Since writing the above The Paper has been received. It is a very large and handsome sheet, with every department ably conducted. Its mechanical execution is beautiful, and it is evidently destined to take a prominent place among the leading journals of the day.

—Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly has become a very able and very entertaining paper. We rather like the ring of it. It is newsworthy, and says just what it thinks. Just now it seems to have a "kick" to punch into the railroads and the way it goes for from a get slow. Certainly, it is fast approaching the topmost round of journing.

—The eagle at the head of the East Brady Independent is the sickest looking bird we have seen for a long time. Why the deuce don't you turn the color-headed thing right side up?

—The Louisville Daily Sun is among the best of our exchanges. Its editorials are ably written and its selections varied and highly interesting. We can recommend the Sun as one of the best Democratic luminaries a Kentucky.

—The Northern Sentinel is the name of a neat and well edited Democratic journal just started at Colebrook, New Hampshire, by JAMES S. PRAY. We have received the third number. The multiplication of Democratic papers "down East" is what we like to see, as it augurs a favorable change in the political health of the people. We trust the Sentinel may be the means of doing much good and heartily wish it success.

—That able Democratic journal, the Pittsburg Post, is out with a flourishing prospectus for 1871. It is margined entirely with roosters, which seem to be loudly crowing over the late Democratic victories. The Post is one of the most influential and ablest newspapers in the country, and merits the support of every Democrat in the western section of the State. Its blows at Radicalism are hard and are telling fearfully in the ranks of that now demoralized organization.

—The Huntington Globe and Bedford Gazette are to be enlarged and improved on the first of January.

—Our friend of the Huntington Monitor has been sending us his paper neatly and handsomely printed for the last two or three weeks. We knew he could print a nice paper, and that's what made us wonder why he always sent us the meanest looking one among all his "printers." We had the improvement with pleasure.

—The Harrisburg Patriot reaches this place eight hours earlier than any Democratic daily published east of it. In about four weeks the Legislature will meet and the Patriot being published at the State capitol, giving the fullest reports of the proceedings of the law makers of our State, it will be just the paper for every man interested in that which should interest all—the Legislative proceedings—to subscribe for. It has all the news any other paper furnishes, complete market reports, able editorials, and the advantage of being eight hours earlier than Philadelphia journals.

—The Radicals of the First District have put JOSEPH R. LYNDALE in nomination for State Senator in opposition to Col. DECHERT. The convention which assembled to do this, was a scene of the wildest disorder and confusion, and it was feared at one time that it would break up in a row. The delegates managed to worry the thing through, however, and Mr. LYNDALE'S nomination was the result.

What kind of a man he is, we do not know, but he is vastly different from the usual nominees of that party, if he can lay any claim whatever to integrity or ability. We predict his defeat, however, and the triumphant election of Col. DECHERT.

—The Pittsburg Post is giving portraits of the Pennsylvania delegation in the next Congress. The subjects are decidedly good ones, and will be likely to make a sensation when they all get together in the House of Representatives.

"Our Mackey."

The Harrisburg Patriot, speaking of the election of the State Treasurer, and the effort of the CAMERON radicals to put into that position, Bon MACKAY, of Pittsburg, very sensibly concludes that the proper way to settle the difficulty, and place in that position a gentleman of integrity and honor, who would fill the position beneficially to the State, and with credit to himself, would be to elect "Our" MACKAY—Hon. L. A. MACKAY, of Lock Haven. Whether Mr. MACKAY would accept the position, it tendered him, is more than we know, but we do know that in the entire State, no one better fitted for Treasurer, either by experience as a financial business qualifications, or the strictest honesty and integrity, could be found. Speaking of Mr MACKAY, the Patriot says:

Mr. Mackey is President of the First National Bank of Lock Haven, and has been for many years, closely identified with the business interests of the thriving region to which he belongs. While he has been eminently successful in business pursuits, he has not permitted them to engross his attention. Mr. Mackey has always taken an active and prominent part in every effort for the improvement and development of his section of the State, and he enjoys the highest respect of the low and high classes of the community. He is a prominent and ardent supporter of a sound and a prudent policy. In politics Mr. Mackey is a Democrat, and he has been for many years a member of the Pennsylvania Democratic Association. He is a man of high character, and his name is a guarantee of integrity and honor.

Mr. Mackey who has been a member of the opposition to the Mackey of the Common Cause. This is a fair name, and becomes the more so as well as the fact of the Common Cause being a party with all its members, and with all its efforts to the reform, be preferable to Senator Cameron's candidate. When Mr. Mackey's name is put forward, it will not only be a guarantee of integrity and honor, but it will be a guarantee of the success of the Democratic cause in the Legislature. Mr. Mackey is a man of high character, and his name is a guarantee of integrity and honor.

What the chances of a caucus nomination would be, of course no one can say. Last year one of the best young men in the State—one of the bravest young Democrats in the Commonwealth—DAVID O. BARR—was deserted by the caucus that nominated him, in order to secure the election of an aspiring radical. He, we understand, will be a candidate again this fall, and whether the manner in which he was treated last year, together with the knowledge that he is fully competent for the position and would make a good Treasurer, will induce the Democratic members to make him their standard bearer, or whether they will prefer some new man, the result only of the meeting will tell. One thing is certain, as long as such men as Mackey of Lock Haven, and BARR of Pittsburg, are the candidates, the Democracy can rely upon having first class men to support.

Burlington Route.

The Burlington & Missouri River R. R., starting from Burlington, Iowa, is a tree whose trunk forks into three branches, for it has three Western Termini, each one of which is the representative of a distinctive class of business, or separate class of travel.

Its first terminus is at Council Bluffs, or Omaha, where it connects with the Union Pacific Railroad, for all points on the Pacific Road and Pacific Coast, and it is now generally conceded that this is the best route to these points. Its next terminus is at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, fifty five miles west of the Missouri River, (crossing the river at Plattsmouth,) opening up a rich country lying south of the Platte, where half a million dollars worth of railroad lands were sold last summer, and being indeed the only direct route thereto.

Its third terminus is at Hamburg and Nebraska City. At Hamburg, it passesenger trains, (two each way, daily,) make close connections with the trains of the Kansas City & Council Bluffs R. R., for St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, and all points in the Territories. In this regard it may be truly said that the passenger traveling from the east to Kansas, via Burlington, obtains advantages that he can find on no other line, for he not only travels over a first class Road, splendidly equipped, where he is sure of safety and comfort while en route to his destination, but he has an opportunity of viewing the richest portions of Illinois and Missouri, as well as several hundred thousand acres of railroad land in Southwestern Iowa, just now coming into market at low price and long credit.

To passengers bound Westward, for any of these points, no better advice can be given than "Take the Burlington Route."

Latest Publications.

PALACE AND HOTEL, or phases of London Life. By Daniel Joseph Kirwan, Belknap and Bliss, Hartford Connecticut. Published only by subscription.

Perhaps a more interesting descriptive work, has not been issued from any press for many years. No phase of life in London, from the highest to the lowest—no condition or calling—no nothing that pertains to life, in the great metropolis, but is graphically portrayed, by the pen of one of the most versatile writers of the 19th century. Mr. Kirwan seems to have gone everywhere—seen everything, and written of all he saw. One will certainly know more of London life, after reading this book, than a vast majority of travelers do after a year's visit to that place. The volume, beside being deeply interesting contains much valuable information, relating to the Royal family of England, members of Parliament and various notable persons, whose names are familiar to all, most every intelligent American. It is beautifully and profusely illustrated and printed with large clear type, on good paper. GARDNER'S LADY'S BOOK. L. A. Gardner, Philadelphia, \$3.00 per annum.

The January number of this, the best of our Lady's Magazines, is already out. It is a beautiful beyond description. We had no idea that "Gode's" could be improved, but the first number for 1871, far exceeds anything of the kind we have ever seen. You must get it for your wife, your daughter, or for somebody you would like to have for a wife or somebody else's daughter. Get a copy and we know you will be pleased, and there is nothing nicer in the world for a New Year's present, than a year's subscription to this delightful magazine.

PETERSON'S LADY'S MAGAZINE. Clara J. Peterson, Philadelphia, \$2.00 per annum.

Always ahead, always beautiful, always interesting is Peterson's. The January number is a perfect gem, and it is the other numbers of the New Year are only half as good, and we know they will be fully up to the one before us, for Peterson always fulfills his promise—the subscriber will be many times repaid for his subscription to it. THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC, 1871. A. Wines, 505 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia, 20cts.

Everybody knows what this admirable and useful Almanac always has been. It is a little fuller of useful information than ever before.

Wilkes Booth deposited \$1000 in a Money Bank before he started on his last journey to Washington, but none of his relatives will touch the money, and it will be some time before the property of the British crown is appropriate recipients.—Tyron Herald.

All of which is true, but it is true, and Booth's relatives were so intensely loyal to him that they would have to give a check for the amount to some greedy Radical rascal like BRAINERD, and it wouldn't remain long afterwards in the Bank at Montreal. With all their great "loyalty," there isn't a Radical living who wouldn't spend Wilkes Booth's money if he could get hold of it.

Cadet Smith.

This charming lad is a boy and brother of African extraction, who was sent to West Point last summer to become the young Caucasian of the Military Academy into proper respect for the Fifteenth Amendment. Master Smith, strange to relate, was not received with open arms by his brother cadets. These brawny and unreasonably youngsters failed utterly to recognize the fraternal relation declared to subsist between Master Smith and themselves by our renovated Constitution. The obsolete word "nigger" was freely whispered about the parade ground when Smith's gleaming bayonet and woolly head were discovered in the ranks. Nobody could be found loyal enough to accept him as a tentmate. The affable dandies who heard at the Point in the dog-days, and make love to the infant warriors at nurse on the bosom of that benignant plant, turned up their noses in emphatic scorn when the lad of Guinea displayed his shining ivory and sought to simulate the conquering and conquering smile of his brethren. In vain did the Professors, who are a servile pack of old noodles, attempt, by a display of unusual deference to Cadet Smith, to invite an imitation of this unwelcome courtesy on the part of the young gentlemen in gray. Smith was "cut, dead. He was not even honored with the attention of being ducked, kicked, or hair-pulled—a process of initiation never omitted in the case of a new coming white. He was severely scolded.

For a considerable time Master Smith confined himself to the business of pouring into the ears of sympathetic Congressmen the story of his wrongs, and in this way, became quite a noticeable person in the newspapers. But when, at last, the "M. C." wanted to see the lad, he was so badly scolded and spell-bound by the latter's manner and spell of his "eyes" that he was unable to publish anything but a wordy and rather a moment of equivocal words applied