

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

JOE W. FUREY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Ink Splings.

Everybody hates scandal, yet it retains readily.

There is a deer in Montgomery county which weighs 500 pounds. It is Miss POLLY DEER.

"Colored ladies" and "white females" are the terms now used by some Radical journals.

The last survivor of the Battle of Lake Erie, WILLIAM BLAIR, died the other day, aged ninety-one. The old sailor has only been promoted.

What is wanted at the South is not reconstruction of the States, but reconstruction of the Radical party. It wants to be built over, with brains in its head piece.

WILLIAM M. TWEEDE has contributed \$50,000 for the benefit of the poor of the seventh ward in New York city. There's no Tweed-ism or Tweed-let-ter about that.

The late ABRAHAM LINCOLN, so-called President of the United States, was strongly opposed to negro suffrage and negro office holding. Rub that out, Radicals, if you can.

The wife of a white Radical in Cleveland, presented him with a black baby the other day. He didn't quite understand the matter, but has an idea that things got mixed somehow or other.

Mr. Hoag has been united to Miss NICE in Baltimore. So, it seems, he was too much of a hog to marry her, nor she too nice to marry a hog. What curious things do happen nowadays!

The Radicals are pitching into Speaker WALLACE'S speech. Let them. The poor devils have to pitch into something, and we don't know of anybody more able to upset them than just WALLACE.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce, because her husband hasn't kissed her once in seven years. The wretch pleads guilty to the charge, but says she knows several other fellows who have kissed her enough to make up for all his neglect.

The Hays niggers object to GRANT'S new scheme. They swear they will die into the mountains of Hep-sadam and fight like the dickens before they will consent to let GRANT get his shoving fingers into the Dominican slave of their island.

"Much ado about nothing"—the attempt of Radical papers to make us believe that Senator PRYOR'S life was endangered by JOHNNY ABERN'S followers, in Harrisburg, the other day. "Breezy" just told them all to go down and "smile" at his expense.

A correspondent of the Tyrone Herald thus laments that paper.

"Before us rises the Sun grows dim,
The Harvestman cries 'I yield, I yield'
The Olive grows small, the Standard slim,
The Blade dulleth, scarcely keeps the field,
Won't somebody put a cold brick in that poet's hat? We're alarmed about him. Suppose his brains should get into his head!

The new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Gen. PLEASANTON, has issued a military order to his subordinates, collectors, assessors and others, that none of them shall leave their districts at any time without a written permission from him. How is that for high?"

GEN. LOGAN is a candidate for United States Senator before the Illinois Legislature. It is said that he is sure of ninety-one votes, and that his wife talked to every member, and thus did more for him than all the rest of his friends put together. If John wasn't such a confounded rascal, we could hope, for the dear woman's sake, that he might succeed.

Why, you goose, do you suppose anything can be got without money? We know some people have got our papers without paying for them, but we can assure you we didn't put our hands in their pocket book—not a cent! Yet they crow about as much as you do, and you know we didn't get yours.—Jude.

That's so, but then you never met us in a dark place or a thick woods you know.

The front door of the New York Tribune office having to be closed for some temporary purpose, HORACE GREELEY wrote, "Entrance on Spruce Street," and sent it down to be copied and posted up. The man who copied this, however, wasn't very well acquainted with GREELEY'S hand writing, and that functionary was shortly after astonished at seeing posted on the front entrance of his own office, "Editor on a Spruce." He didn't swear nor nothing.

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Gaul and Germany.

Since the day when RUDOLPH of Hapsburg, united and consolidated the diverse interests of the embryo German Empire, nothing so remarkable has occurred in the history of the great Teutonic nationalities, as the mushroom expansion of the Duchy of Prussia. The steady and rapid rise of the House of Brandenburg has no parallel in modern history. In 1710, a mere German principality, in 1742 we find the Dukedom of Prussia a kingdom of great importance and military strength—wresting from the enervated Austrian Empire the splendid Province of Silesia—afterwards confronting the united power of France and Germany—and, at the close of the memorable Seven Year's War, emerging from the strife one of the Great Powers of Europe. This sudden and extraordinary increase in the civil and military power of the hitherto insignificant Prussian Duchy, was, no doubt, in a large measure owing to the indomitable energy of the great FREDERICK—but much of this political success was due to the imbecility of his antagonists. The German Empire—the fabric raised by the Austrian RUDOLPH—had long shown symptoms of disintegration. In the hands of MARIA THERESA—at though a woman of much determination—the German councils were marked by vacillation and indecision. This was FREDERICK'S opportunity. The Emperor dying in 1740, the Prussian king seized upon Silesia—and from that day the Austrian Emperors of the House of Hapsburg declined in consideration and importance in the European system. But the end was not yet. The military genius of the first NAPOLEON enabled him, by first humbling the House of Hapsburg, to abolish the German Empire, as such, and the Emperors of the German Confederation were henceforth merely Emperors of Austria. The Empire of the great RUDOLPH being at an end, and the state of Europe fixed by the definitive treaty of 1815, Austria, in the Hapsburgs, seemed to have reached her lowest point of decadence; while Prussia, in the House of Brandenburg, appeared to have attained the summit of her political greatness.

But the expulsion of the Bourbons from France, and the establishment of the Second Empire, practically as well as virtually annihilated the Compact of Nations, entered into after the fall of NAPOLEON I. And thus was the sluiceway removed which had so long stayed the pent-up ambition of the Prussian kings. The inauguration of the Second Empire also gave a show of justice to the aspirations of the House of Brandenburg. The First Empire had been marked by a desolated Germany, and a disintegrated Prussian monarchy—what guarantee was there against the same evils, as a result of the advancement of NAPOLEON III.? Thus, both as a motive of safety and ambition, the Prussian monarch desired the aggrandizement of his throne and kingdom. How well and how stealthily that policy of aggrandizement has been carried out, the world is aware.

The smouldering embers of hate and jealousy—the memories of French exactions, and of Waterloo—found their first vent during the Austro-French conflict of 1859. On the fields of Magenta and Sollerino, NAPOLEON'S gave an emphatic denial to this oft-repeated assertion—"The Empire is Peace!"—Various other acts, following in quick succession, taught the nations that, as far as in him laid, the French Emperor would attempt to play the role of St. Helena's exile. This belief was not weakened when NAPOLEON made to the Corps Legation his declaration as to "a reconciliation of frontiers"—those frontiers being, as was well understood, the Provinces on the Rhine. "The Rhine must be a French river!"—had often lured the veterans of the First Empire; that same battle-cry had lost none of its force in 1860!

All this time, the Prussian councils had been guided by skillful diplomats. Prussia's braudly-brinking king, intractable and an imbecile, was adroitly managed—and those mighty preparations were secretly carried on, which at length have rendered the Prussian monarchy, as a military power, second to no nation on the Continent of Europe.

Forty-five years of peace had left Prussia without an experienced soldiery. It was, therefore, with some diffidence that she engaged in war with Denmark, in 1864, relative to the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein. Her success on that occasion awakened a military spirit in her people, and the victories of Duppel were sought to be enacted elsewhere.

The dispute with Austria, in 1866, gave the Prussian Government an excellent opportunity of testing its relative strength with one of the Great Powers. On the fatal field of Sadowa the power of Austria was utterly overthrown: and that Empire at once sank into a secondary position, so far as regarded the affairs of Germany. Prussia was now the ruling power among the Teutonic nationalities. Her hour had come. But France and her warlike ruler stood in the way. Therefore, those preparations were redoubled which it was seen were absolutely essential to success in the inevitable and not distant rupture with the Gallic leader.

The Luxembourg difficulty, in 1867, was the precursor of the present conflict. NAPOLEON, amid the smoke of Sadowa, had discerned the great military strength of Prussia—and, not being prepared for a collision, gave way in the matter of Luxembourg. From that hour the prestige of the French ruler was gone forever—and the dust which was in every mouth—

"On history's page
Napoleon's sage
Had written his name and mark—
When a Prussian came,
Who read the same,
And as roses it wrote—'Harmak!'"

The question of the Spanish succession at length broke upon the ominous stillness existing between Gaul and Germany. Prussia retracted. France exacted reparation. An insult—premeditated or otherwise—was offered to Benedetti. France was aroused. The memories of Waterloo were revived, and four hundred thousand Frenchmen moved toward the Rhine. Contrary to all expectations, the veterans of France recoiled before the onset of the Teutonic masses. Eighty thousand Frenchmen, in 1866, had routed 240,000 Prussians. In 1870, at Forbach, sixty thousand Germans drove before them 40,000 French veterans. True, on every subsequent field, up to Sedan, NAPOLEON'S armies were outnumbered, two to one—but never before had a continental European power, single handed, dictated terms at the gates of Paris. NAPOLEON a captive, and two hundred thousand of his veterans prisoners on German soil—some might suppose that the military power of France was forever fled, and that the Gallic people would sink into the position of a second-rate power. But this is not probable, and for obvious reasons.

It is an axiom in war, that the victor must lose in proportion to his triumphs. The present conflict has drained, to the utmost extent, the resources of Germany. Six hundred thousand Germans on French soil, bespeak the depletion of the recruiting sources. The employment of the Landwehr, discloses the weakness of the *loes of France*. From a defensive war, the conflict has been changed to one of aggression and conquest. The dismemberment of France is the palpable object of King WILLIAM: and this, too, as a means of promoting his scheme of so-called German Unity—which unity, to be such in fact, must necessarily include the eleven millions of Germans of the Austrian Empire, as well as the nine or ten millions incorporated in the Dominions of the Czar. It is quite apparent that the occult design of WILLIAM of Prussia is not so much the unity of all German nationalities (a thing which appears impracticable on the face of it) as the advancement of his family to an imperial throne—from which high eminence it might give the law to all the German-speaking nations north and south of the Mayne, and hold in jeopardy the very existence of Austria itself.

And on this question of German Unity the Teutonic races are having their eyes opened. While humbling the power of France it is notorious that there is, not to-day, a greater stickler for "Divine Right" than this German Prince who is ostensibly warring for the liberties of Germany. The Princes

of the North German Confederation are his puppets—while their people, through a blind fanaticism, are following them into the field, and assisting the Oligarchy of the Confederation to visit on them a greater despotism than any hitherto known to modern Europe. The whole tenor of King WILLIAM'S life is a witness against him in regard to popular liberty. During the great Liberal uprising which shook Central Europe in 1848, WILLIAM, then Governor-General of Rhenish Prussia, had to fly for his life, owing to his tyranny and exactions; and on his ascending the throne, he declared that he "held his crown from God, not from the people."

Such is the leader who is now forging shackles for the German people, under the plea of "German Unity." Let not the Teutonic races be deceived. The exaltation of King WILLIAM signifies the degradation of the German masses—the establishment of a military despotism—and the overthrow of the last vestige of civil liberty in Bavaria, Wurtemberg and the lesser Provinces of the new Empire. This is the "Unity" for which the German people are now fighting—making of themselves

"The tools which tyrants cast away,
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts, to what?—A dream alone!"

—while the desolated homes and wide spread misery of the people are counted as nought, if they are but the stepping stones by which a King may become an Emperor.

But even with France subdued and dismembered, it is extremely improbable that any Prince of the House of Brandenburg will ever be able to play the part of Germany's former Emperors. The time has gone by when a single ruler can enact the role of CHARLES V. or LOUIS XIV. The people have seen, and do appreciate, the blessings of the "balance of power"—and as for a colossal military despotism in the centre of Europe, they "will have none of it." Such a thing is contrary to the spirit of the age and of progress—and must of necessity, fail, even though it were attempted by the most consummate genius. Any such attempt on the part of King WILLIAM, must result in the exaltation of Austria; the disenthralment of North Germany; the return of France to her former position; and the reduction of the Prussian monarchy to the *status* which it occupied by right of the treaties of 1815.

[For the WATCHMAN.]

MIND AND MATTER.

BY FULL PARALLEL.

Adolphus Fenu's bent of mind
Inclined to human forms divine,
And his keen taste could quick take up
The build and contour and "make-up"
Of every one, from head to shoes,
And gloat upon,
With interest long,
The winching forms of gay daintiness.

His wife Melinda's cast of thought
Another source of pleasure sought—
For matter gross she had no love,
Her taste was finer, soared above
Dull flesh, and she would ever fain
Make long the route
That go without
A chance to adore the brain.

And so, while one to balls and shows,
Where limbs are plenty, always goes—
The other finds her way 'neath lights
To where they speak on woman's rights,
While thus the two their hobbies ride,
Domestic bliss
And happiness
Upon the cold heartstone has died,
Philadelphia.

[For the WATCHMAN.]

IN DAYS THAT COME.

BY E. K. HOY.

Past days, past acts, are gone,
They're buried with the years;
Oh! let us then cast off
With them, our ills and fears,
In days that come.

To-night the old year dies,
To-morrow comes the new,
Let each of us now try
A better work to do,
In days that come.

There's work for all to do
In this great world of ours;
And God has changed all moods
To well improve their powers,
In days that come.

Let man resign at once
To do his rightful share,
And when his work is done
He'll find a blessing there,
In days that come.

Life's every thorn will then
Prove true to him a rose;
And grace will crown him, when
His life has sought its close,
In days that come.

December 31, 1870.

Spawls from the Keystone.

—In Easton, the blind men play billiards.
—The Good Templars of Hollidaysburg have suspended.
—Lykens and Wyconoco are having successful revivals of religion.
—Sherry's New York theatre is playing in Lock Haven this week.
—The Zoe troupe have been performing in Mechanicsburg.
—The old Janitor of the Philadelphia court house has inherited a fortune.
—Taylor Burris, of Danville, was killed at the Sunbury railroad bridge, last Friday.
—The Allentown opera house holds 12,000 people.
—They say that Cambria county has 29 lawyers.

January 8th, 1871.

Sunday last was the 8th of January—the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans—a day sacred and dear to every patriotic American heart. This great battle was fought on the 8th of January, 1815, and was the closing blow against British insolence in the second war for American Independence. It proved the superiority of American over British troops, and covered the name of ANDREW JACKSON with a halo of imperishable glory. This battle was really fought after articles of peace had been signed between the two countries, at the city of Ghent, the intelligence of which, however, did not reach our government in time to prevent the conflict. The British troops—the veterans of the Peninsula, who had fought under WELLINGTON in his struggles with the great NAPOLEON—were led by Sir EDWARD PACKENHAM, and some fourteen or fifteen thousand strong, advanced against the works of the small army under General JACKSON. It was a splendid sight. The British soldiers, in their scarlet and white uniforms, looked as if they were going out on a parade, and marched proudly and grandly to the sound of glorious music from their regimental bands, with the banners and flags of Old England floating gaily above them. But, suddenly, from the American line peals forth a thunder sound. Cannons, rifles and muskets unite their horrid voices, and bullets like rain, fell upon the advancing British troops. Down they go by hundreds, but PACKENHAM rallies them, and reminds them of their former glories. On they come again, but directly their gallant leader falls, mortally wounded. General GIBBS now takes command, but directly, he, too, sinks in the arms of death. Another leader, General KEENE, now strives to rally the bleeding, astonished and disheartened army, but he, too, is sent for by a leaden messenger and follows his predecessors to a bloody grave. Broken, discomfited and demoralized, the British army again retreats, and victory perches on the American standard.

Thus closed the battle of New Orleans, the 56th anniversary of which occurred on Sunday last. It hurled back a proud and insolent enemy, who sought to enter the city of New Orleans with the cry of "beauty and booty." They came on to revel in love and luxury, but retired to bitterly repent their folly. In place of tender arms they found bloody graves and bullets in place of booty.

The 8th of January ought to be celebrated by American's everywhere with spirit and fervor. We fear we are forgetting the gallant deeds of our ancestors, which secured to us so much. Even the 4th of July seems to be going into oblivion. Let us hereafter revive the glorious memories of these days, and commemorate them in the future as in former times.

—Speaking of GRANT for President in 1872, the New York Sun says, "GRANT'S administration has demonstrated that he is neither a statesman of broad views nor a politician of ordinary shrewdness," and that "the rank and file of the party who do not seek office and have no corrupt jobs to promote, are earnest in the conviction that the campaign of 1872 ought not to be embarrassed with the dead-weight of General GRANT'S blunders and imbecilities." The editor of the Sun is Mr. DANA, who was ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S assistant Secretary of War. Such language from him is not very flattering to our friend of the White House, and looks as if he was trying to go back on somebody. Poor GRANT—all the respectable portion of his party, if ever any portion of it was respectable, is deserting him, and his chance for another term, through a popular election, is about on an equality with BEN BURRER'S chance of going to Heaven.

—ORVILLE GRANT, a brother of his excellency, the President, who lives in Chicago, was knocked down and robbed, on Clark street, there, the other day. Here is cause for war. Let our Chief Magistrate now declare Chicago in a state of siege, until the great city delivers up the violator of the sacred person of the President's brother. "Gods! can an American Senate long debate—a question like this? Chicago is in a state of rebellion! Where's the military?"

—Altoona would like to make us believe that she has 19,611 people.
—William Furry, of Bedford county, shot a wild cat last week. Of course it was furry.
—The senior editor of the Mechanicsburg Democrat, Joseph H. Stinger, died recently.
—The ice on the Susquehanna, at Lock Haven, is ten inches thick.
—A Philadelphian, named Brady, was choked to death on a piece of meat, on Friday.
—The Philadelphia Ledger now prints 75,000 copies every day.
—A Farmer's club has been organized in Doylestown.
—Pocot county has a couple aged 106 and 104, named Mr. and Mrs. Allen.
—We are told that the Pennsylvania railroad company intend to erect a \$100,000 depot at Altoona, to be made of iron and glass.

—The Catholic ladies of Lock Haven, netted \$2,000 from suppers given during holiday week.
—Rev. Albert Hunter of Lock Haven, received \$20,000 as a Christmas present from his congregation.
—Valuable marble deposits have been discovered in Clinton county, Lamar township, along the waters of Fishing Creek.
—The oldest man in Pennsylvania is George Lahar, who resides in Monroe county, and is 85 years of age.
—The Bolton House, Harrisburg, is in possession of two large turkeys, weighing 60 pounds.
—Hon. James A. Russell, the father of Adjutant-General Russell, died at his residence in Bedford, on the 20th ult., aged 85 years.
—Two negroes had a fight in Chambersburg the other day when one of them deliberately shot the other, inflicting a severe wound.
—Sixteen persons fractured their limbs in Philadelphia, in one day, by falling on the slippery sidewalks.
—Big Wanamaker spent \$100,000 in advertising his last fiscal year, and added to his capital \$100,000.
—Gov. Geary and wife received the members of the Legislature and their friends generally, at the executive mansion last evening, the 12th instant.

—M. D. Shaw, of Summerville, Crawford county, has a cat 21 years old, which retains all its faculties unimpaired, still being able to catch rats and mice.
—An old lady named Diviny, was instantly killed in Blairsville, a few days ago, by a sewing machine falling upon her while she was attempting to remove it down stairs.

—The State Temperance Union is to meet in Harrisburg on the 18th ult. at 10 a. m. A mass meeting of the friends of temperance will be held in the afternoon.
—A team of one horse and one mule, belonging to Mr. Dreisbach, broke in and was drowned on Shamokin Dam on Saturday last. Mr. Dreisbach barely escaped, through help from the shore.
—A large number of boats are stranded in the Pennsylvania canal, having failed to make their destination before the water was let out. They will be compelled to remain until the opening of navigation in the spring.

—A farmer in Tylersport, Bucks county, has an apple tree that has borne apples twice the past season. It first blossomed, then had fruit, but the caterpillars destroyed it and the leaves. It blossomed a second time and bore good sized apples.
—A large steel rolling mill is in progress of construction in South Bethlehem, Lehigh county, Pa. When completed, it will be fifteen hundred feet long, wings four hundred feet in length. One of the stacks, one hundred feet high, was finished last week.

—The tallest member of the Legislature, is S. P. Clarke, of Lawrence county. He stands six feet seven inches in his single soled boots. Capt. H. K. Sloan, of Indiana county, is six feet four inches in height.

—The location of this end of the Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad is still a mooted question. Tyroneans are striving hard to get Tyrone as the terminus, and it would be well for the Spruce Creekers to strive harder. Sufficient stock for the completion of the road has not yet been subscribed, but it has been determined to proceed with the construction.
—Globe.

—SAB ACCIDENT.—On Monday afternoon of last week, two children of Mr. Harris at Millersburg, while playing on the ice near the bridge at that place, broke through and were drowned. The bodies were recovered, and the funeral taking place on Wednesday. The children were aged about 8 and 11 years, and were quite a help to their father who is blind.—Hloomfield Times.

—J. E. Jones, of Tyrone, leaving his team in charge of a boy had the pleasure of seeing said team make straight for a railroad crossing while a train was rapidly approaching. Mr. Jones ran, backed his team, was knocked down on the track by the tongue of the sled, had several ribs broken and was otherwise injured, but managed to roll off the track before the train reached him.—Standard.

—ALL A MISTAKE.—A few evenings ago one of Altoona's estimable matrons embraced Radicalism—in at least a representative of that political dogma—in a very forcible but quite unintentional manner. Her liege lord was absent from home on business and was expected to return by the evening train. The good wife, as in duty bound, arrayed herself in fine apparel and waited for the dear one's arrival, determined that she would answer the bell herself and give the returning husband a wife's greeting at the moment of his arrival. At length the train arrived and in a few moments rapid steps were heard approaching the mansion. They stopped and the bell was vigorously pulled. The waiting dame rushed to the door and into the arms of the man who stood without. He recoiled, and so did she, and then from her delicate throat issued a piercing scream, for unwittingly she had embraced a coal black American citizen of African descent.—Standard.