

Ink Slings.

—Lent will soon be here, but we've quit lending.

—Our firemen will terpsichore on the 16th instant. A large time is expected.

—The ex-queen of Spain only weighs 238 pounds, but then she is still getting bigger.

—The nose is a leading feature, but that is no reason a man should be led around by it.

—Ink sling material is dull this week. Our devil couldn't think of anything smart.

—G. Hog saw his shadow last Thursday, and, as a consequence we have had some rough weather since.

—The infamous test oath has at last been repealed. White men from the South can hereafter get into Congress.

—The New York Tribune at last promises that a promise to pay isn't money. How are you, greenback?

—The Courier Journal says that to hear Parton lecture induces a desire to heaven there will be no Parton there.

—Horace Greeley was 60 years old last Friday. Had better quit screwing now, and go to studying the catechism.

—There is a first in Bellefonte which passes every good thing, although it is sometimes a little given to, Deviling the women.

—Carnous editorial in Republican this week about coolies and labor. Don't you see it? Mixture of every thing under the sun.

—Hon. W. M. Hall has been appointed President Judge of the Bedford and Somerset district in the place of Judge KING, lately deceased.

—THOMAS TILTON has retired from the Independent, and is about to establish the Golden Age. We think Tilton's day is about over.

—CROSSWELL tries to explain away his connection with the CROSSING swindle. But its up hill business, and CROSS will have to succumb.

—Huntingdon's new engine house will be the money of a neighbor. What public spirited essent. He'll be a means must be.

—Our friend BRICKNER, of the Tyrone Herald, will consider himself thanked for a ticket to SAVER'S lecture on the 22d instant. We'll be on hand.

—We have a devil who used to live in New Jersey. He says the girls there, when they go out on horseback, ride straddle legs. Perfectly horrid!

—The Bellefonte Republican is advocating THOMAS A. SCOTT for the presidency. Pretty high price to pay for a "pass"—higher even than the price he paid for that hat.

—The editor of the Tyrone Blade is a happy man. His wife has been presented with a washing machine, and she now washes the editor's shirt while he is in bed sleeping.

—Mayor VERBEKE, of Harrisburg, is annoyed to death by anonymous letters suggesting various reforms. The Mayor should do like the printers—consign all such to the waste basket.

—A poor fatherless and motherless girl, aged 100 years, has just died in Virginia from an excessive use of tobacco, was supposed. Had she let the weed alone, she might have lived till her time came.

—The special election in the fifteenth representative district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. CAMPBELL, resulted in the election of G. HOWARD GRIFFITH, Radical, by a majority of 456 votes.

—An old lady named EVE NIPPLE, living near Millin, who was born sometime subsequent to the deluge and was generally supposed to be a hundred or so years old, was burned to death last Friday in her own house.

—Congressman DAWES having succeeded in quashing the CHORPENNING swindle, The Paper remarks that CHORPENNING is no doubt a callous fellow, but it is really too bad that he should "be set up for DAWES to peck at." Our cotemporary is getting facetious.

—Man named KRAW, came to MUSSELMAN'S near Dunannon, while the family were at supper, and playfully commenced to smash in the windows. Not being able to see this in the light of a joke, as it was no doubt intended, the MUSSELMANS attacked and captured the festive cuss. He struggled hard to get away, but didn't. He had and he didn't, have enough of muscle, man.

Democratic Watchman

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Grant and the Tenure-of-Office Law.

The President of the United States, ULYSSES S. GRANT, now cries out for the repeal of the Tenure of office act. He finds that the law which prevents him turning out distasteful office holders is an exceedingly inconvenient one, and hence desires its repeal. When Mr. Johnson was President, however, GRANT had a different opinion, and at that time was urged in his efforts to have Congress so bind the President as to prevent him from displacing those members of his Cabinet, and SENATORS, in particular, who refused either to conform to his policy or to resign their portfolios. Now however, the shoe is on the other foot, and Mr. GRANT has grown restless under the torment.

We never did believe in the Tenure of office law, as we have always held that the President ought to be allowed to appoint and remove all the officials under him at his will and pleasure. In fact this was the custom up to 1866, when the Radicals in order to secure their own ends, passed the law now upon the statute book. Of this law, Gen. GRANT, then hand and glove with SENATOR, was a sympathetic supporter. Now, when it has come his turn to be bound by it, he wants it repealed. It would be but even justice to let him suffer in it, but we suppose the Radicals will either repeal or modify it so as to let him out of the scrape some way or other.

For his course toward President JOHNSON, in this matter, Gen. GRANT'S cheek ought to tingle forever with the blush of shame. He acted meanly, contemptibly, outrageously. And the great falling out in the number of his former friends and admirers can be traced as much to this cause as to anything else. He showed himself to be a traitor and schemer, and had the misfortune to be proved a liar. These things had their effect among the people, and, to-day, the man who, but a couple of years ago, was lauded to the skies, is looked upon by the majority of the American people as very small potatoes, indeed. So much for forgetting his honor and stooping to be the tool of a base and wicked party. Let other public men take warning by GRANT. Lamentable fall.

It is now about time that our Radical newspapers would get done talking about BRICK POMEROY'S future. Such talk is sheer nonsense, as Mr. POMEROY is now in probably as flourishing a condition, pecuniarily, as ever he was in his life. Besides being editor and proprietor of one of the best weekly papers in the country, POMEROY'S Democrat, a mammoth journal of 56 wide columns, "Brick" is also editor and proprietor of the Ja Cross daily and weekly Democrat, almost as large as the former paper. In the issue of January's Democrat of the 1st instant, the respectable editor publishes an immense list of the clubs received by him since the 1st of January, none of which are under \$10, and run up as high as \$200.00. If this is fading, we should like to know what is meant by success.

The fact is, BRICK POMEROY is really the most successful newspaper man this country has ever produced. He is a tireless worker, a man of great originality, and a bold and fearless denouncer of whatever he believes to be wrong. This is what has made him so many enemies, and given him such a wide reputation throughout the country. That he can fail is scarcely possible. First, because he won't fail, second, because his energy and perseverance won't allow him to fail, and, third, because he is too good a business man, and keeps too good business men about him to admit the continuation of such a thing as failure. Both his papers are in the highest state of prosperity, and show no signs of dissolution.

What a spite the Radicals that BRICK won't fail, and he can't be broke down. His political shafts wound them to death, and when they talk about his failure, their wish is the father of the thought. We wish we were only as sure of a fortune as we are of BRICK POMEROY'S present and future prosperity.

—A little-boy, playing in an Ohio graveyard, recently, pulled a tombstone over and killed himself.

The State Convention.

No time has yet been set for the meeting of the State Convention, but the general impression seems to be that it will assemble sometime in March or April. As a number of the delegates have already been chosen, and as there seems to be no reason why it should be delayed, we think that the sooner it is called together and accomplishes the work it has to do, the better it will be for the party.

By all means let us have the Convention before the new appointment is made. If we do not, there will be misunderstanding and confusion, and time will be unnecessarily taken up arranging matters. Besides this, quite a number of delegates have already been selected, so that the Convention ought to be held under the appointment that now prevails.

Our friends of the Jeffersonian suggest that the Convention be held the last week in April. But why not hold it sooner? There is no contingency dependent upon the Legislature that is likely to arise to hold it back, and we believe the sooner our candidates are in the field the better will be their chances of success. We think the middle of March is a late period as the meeting of the Convention ought to be delayed to. Let us elect our delegates and hold our Convention while the people are comparatively disengaged, and not wait until farm work and all kinds of trade get under full headway.

Politicians, like all other business, ought to have the full attention of the people who are interested in its results; and, therefore, all elections and Conventions ought to be held at times when their minds are not engrossed with other things.

—That rotten piece of political carpenter work, Gen. GRANT'S cabinet, seems about to go to pieces again. It is now rumored that on or about the 1th of March BENJAMIN F. BUTLER will succeed Gov. FISH as Secretary of State, SENATOR MORTON take BUTLER'S place in the Treasury Department and JOHN W. FORNEY step into the shoes of Postmaster General CROSSWELL. Such is the arrangement, as predicted by the quidnuncs, and as there is nothing at all astonishing in it, it will not surprise anybody. "Reconstruction" has been the motto of GRANT'S administration, and we don't see why it won't apply to our political house hold as well as anywhere else. Good news, too, that there is a change in the world that needs reconstruction, remodeling and fixing up generally, that this is GRANT'S cabinet.

But Butler, in the State Department, will be a spectacle for the nation to gaze at. MORTON in the Treasury, or FORNEY as Postmaster General, may perhaps be endurable, but BUTLER in the seat of MARY and WENSTER is an outrage. SEWARD and FISH are bad enough, but BUTLER is a thousand times worse. The insult of women—the spoon thief of a nation—"prime minister" of the United States! What a farce!

—Report now says that Gen. TROTT is very unpopular, and that threats have been made to shoot him. This seems to be the general fate of the French officers in this war. And it does really seem as if a little shooting at some of them at the beginning of the war would have done some good. They have all been failures from the word go. The world is surprised at the ease with which their military reputations and themselves, too, have been crushed out of existence. We were told that TROTT had written a great military work, and that he was a thorough soldier—in all probability, the man destined by Providence to deliver France out of the hands of her enemies. But he, too, has failed like his predecessors. He was the hero of the hour, but all the great expectations centred in him have been disappointed. It is said he wants to go to Brittany and retire from public life. We don't wonder he feels so. For a time the destinies, hopes, wishes, blessings and prayers of his country rested upon his shoulders. But just when the pressure was the greatest he broke down. We don't wonder he feels crushed, humiliated. Poor TROTT!

—Grain elevators—Rye cocktails.

The Governorship—Hon. Wm. A. Wallace.

We notice that quite a number of our Democratic exchanges are mentioning the name of Hon. W. A. WALLACE, as a candidate for Governor in 1872. It is a good sign. It shows that they are desirous of having a good candidate to support an efficient officer to fill the position, an able, fearless, decided man to fill the gubernatorial chair of our Commonwealth. It shows that they would give "honor to whom honor is due" would recognize the active, working, earnest men of our party as their standard bearers, those who have stood by their principles, by their organization, by their debate, as well as in success and victory. There is in this entire Commonwealth no man who would make a better executive officer than Wm. A. WALLACE, none more deserving than he, none who have stood by our party organization more determinedly, nor battled for its success more earnestly and vigorously than he, and no name that it would give us more pleasure to place at the mast head of the WALLACE, as our candidate for Governor than he, but living in an adjoining county, being a near neighbor, and feeling that we know whereof we speak, we are free to state that we do believe Mr. WALLACE, or will be a candidate for gubernatorial honor.

When the Democrats May Have the United States Senate.

The Vicksburg Herald has the following speculations on the chances for the Democratic party to get a majority in the United States Senate:

"Some of our weak-minded, chicken-hearted friends talk as though the Senate of the United States was bound to remain under Radical control forever! To show how absurd is such a notion, a brief reference to facts will suffice. At the present session of Congress there are, in the Senate, only two Democrats. In the next, or Forty-second Congress, there will certainly be no less than sixteen Democrats to fifty-eight Republicans! To show how easily, and in a comparatively brief space of time, the political complexion of the Senate may be changed, we clip the following statement of a Washington letter writer, merely premising that his figures will be found to be accurate:—There are twenty-three Senators whose terms expire in 1873, twenty-one in 1874, and twenty-six in 1877. On the first class, inclusive of Georgia, twenty-one are Republicans and two Democrats. Of the second, nineteen are Republicans and six Democrats. Of the third, ten are Republicans and ten Democrats."

So it will be seen says the New York Day Book, that the Democratic party may have possession of the United States Senate in six years, and possibly in four years. But there is yet another way by which the fools and knaves who have been placed in the United States Senate by negroes, black and white, may be sent home into the obscurity and disrespectability out of which they were taken. The muss into which the Mongrel party has plunged the country, especially the travails which they are enforcing as amendments to the Constitution, render it necessary that all the States should come together in a general convention, and wash the begrimed face of the Constitution, and clear it of all the abominations with which it has been encumbered. Such a Constitutional Convention may deem it wise to adopt such an amendment as would render a new election for United States Senators necessary in all the States. Such a Constitutional Convention might also deem it expedient to make some alteration in the Judiciary, which would make it necessary for a new deal in that Department. Indeed, it will be the easiest thing for a convention of the States in 1873 to clear the Constitution and the Statutes of all the filth of the Mongrel party. It will be a herculean task, it is true, but then the States, so assembled, will be politically omnipotent. We see no remedy for the curse which has fallen upon the country except in such a convention. And, two years from now, the necessity of this convention will be apparent to all the statesmen and patriots in the country. The poor dolts who regard the salvation of the country from the horrors of the Mongrel amendments and illegal acts, as hopeless, must thank their own stupidity for all their doubts.

"Christianity, in the Constitution."

Some time last summer we noticed in these columns a meeting held at Pittsburg, by a body of fanatics, quacks, rogues and asses, over which the Hon. Wm. Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States, presided, which had for its object the official recognition of God in an amendment to the national constitution. We pointed out, at that time, as clearly as we could, the folly and mischief of this movement, and ventured to predict that the crew who had it in charge would not pause with getting a simple recognition of the existence of their Maker made a matter of State faith, but that they would thrust into the supreme law just as many sectarian dogmas—each man of course fighting for the catch in his own pocket—as a long abused people habituated at last to merely and plastered constitution could be brought to assent to. The prediction made so recently has already been verified. On Wednesday of last week the same worthies who encamped in Pittsburg during the summer of 1870 set up their tabernacle in Philadelphia. The same solemn array of white-chokered gentlemen blinked through their spectacles at the same set of portly lumberjacks on the platform. A host of dear old ladies, in all respects resembling the grandmothers of Pittsburg, occupied the galleries and signified their approval of the speeches, the resolutions, the jokes, the gestures etc., of the constitution tinkers, by waving their venerable handkerchiefs and shaking their precious old heads till their capstrings threatened to snap. The Hon. William Strong (sweet man) was not present, but his place was most admirably filled—nay, it was more than filled—it was jammed by the Hon. James Pollock, whose talent for all kinds of ecclesiastical labor, from the humble work of coaxing candy-money out of a speechless infant to the business of spreading a polemic patch for the constitution, is versatile beyond parallel. The Hon. James, on being introduced to the audience, made a little speech abounding in propositions which we regard as about the safest that a public man was ever known to utter. A single one will suffice as a specimen:—"Without God's order would be confusion" (Here's soundness for you.) Upon reflection we should rather think it would, indeed we will be bold and go further, and declare that we believe that without God there would have been no sun, no moon, no stars, no earth, no United States, no constitution, no tinkers nor anything to tinker—we don't believe there would even have been a Pollock, although such creatures as he turn up so inevitably and persistently before our noses on the public platform, year after year, that they seem self-existent, immortal and superior to the laws that govern the rest of us.

But to get back to our point. The Hon. James and his brethren have moved since last summer at a faster gait than we had expected they would venture on. The business of getting up an official notification to God that we approve of him, ratified by three-fourths of the States and to be communicated to Him, we presume, in official form, under the Great Seal by Mr. Fish, no longer fills the ambition even of the humblest bits of rag that flutter in the tail of Strong's kite. "Christianity," yes, "Bible Christianity" is now the one thing needful to make the Federal constitution perfect—and these gentlemen declare that they do not mean to pause until their projected work is done. Said the unctuous Pollock in his speech:

"The spirit of the Bible, the necessity of the oath, prove that the idea of Christianity was intended to be national. He closed by saying that the time was not far distant when their designs would be crowned with success—when God would be over all, and Jesus, His Son, as Redeemer and King of kings."

We will pause but for a moment to note the slight confusion of ideas in this paragraph. "The necessity of the oath," says the Hon. James, whose brain was never the clearest, "proves that the idea of Christianity was intended to be national." But, unhappily for this torn bit of logic, the founder of Christianity is also the author of the injunction "Swear not at all—neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by the earth, for it is His foot stool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the Great King—but let all your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay," etc.

and stake-burnings, the oppressions unbearable and the woes unnumbered, which have grown in the Old World out of the meddling of the State with men's relations to God. They held the doctrine that the State could deal only with a citizen as he stood related to the State—that it could punish only those offences which touched the welfare of the body politic—that it could enforce only those obligations which are due to the preservation of good order among its people—and that the recognition of God, and the worship of God were matters of individual judgment in which each man's conscience is a supreme law higher than any that kings and congresses can frame. We have reason to bless the wisdom of our fathers in this particular for the marvellous growth of churches over the land under a constitution which says nothing about God, is proof sufficient, that His servants need no political stimulus—none of the help that cometh down from Washington—to keep their hands busy.

But Strong, Pollock and Co., are wiser in their generation than the people that are gone. They are going to have the Bible ratified by the States, and instead of leaving men to be converted as individuals, they mean to "embrace religion" for the whole nation with one great big constitutional hug. We are all going to be made Christians in spite of ourselves—just as we have been made brethren and fellow citizens of the poor nigger in spite of ourselves, and by the same process. True, some of us may be Jews, some of us may be Turks, and a good many of us are likely to be "Heathen Chinee"—nevertheless, "by ways that are dark and by tracks that are vain," we are all to be transformed in a twinkling, into good, kind, long eared, orthodox believers. Henceforth, if Strong and his party succeed, we need give ourselves no care about the trifling matter of personal salvation. Proof of citizenship of the United States will be all that will be required at the gate of Heaven. Naturalized citizens will only have to show their papers to shine in the general salvation, although the religious status of individuals who the pending declaration of intention to become citizens will be a matter for grave ecclesiastical discussion. How the world moves! All the niggers voters! All the people, white and black, good Christians! A renovated Constitution! An expurgated Hell!

A Speech of Senator Sumner.

In view of the well-known hostility of Senator Sumner to the Administration much importance is attached to his remarks in regard to the Government, which were made at the late well known given by the members of the press of this city by Colonel Forney.

Mr. Sumner was called upon to respond to "The Government of the United States; we records with pride the acts of the Executive and Legislature to branches to secure the honor of the nation abroad and its prosperity at home." He said he could not see it any he had been lauded upon to make a speech, and, said he, I am still further mystified when I am called upon to respond, I may say, for the Government. [Laughter.]

"Mr. President do I represent the Government? [Laughter and applause.] I wish I did represent the Government, but I fear that I do not. I do represent Massachusetts—the venerable Commonwealth which gives me permission to speak for her. I do not represent the Government, and yet, as I am called upon to speak of the government, I am reminded of an incident which may not be familiar to all, as I do not remember to have seen it in print, of what occurred to Joseph Bonaparte, when he landed in New York after the overthrow of his family. When leaving France, he sought a home on this side of the ocean and reached New York, he looked about for a soldier, of good name, or at least a polemic man to whom he could exhibit his passport. He went to one, and at last exclaimed, 'This is the first country where I ever found myself to right when you call upon me to speak for the government than Joseph Bonaparte was when he landed in New York.' [Laughter and applause.] We are, of course, talking confidentially here, and yet, if you will allow me to allude to the government, I will say that I do wish this government of ours may be so good and true and brave that it may be come an example of Republican institutions, which may commend it throughout the world. [Applause.] I am a believer in republican institutions, and I do earnestly wish that my country should be a brave example."

AN ACCURSED TRINITY.—Ignorance, lunacy, and dishonesty are the fatalities of the time, but the most fatal of this accursed trinity is ignorance. We have been reading Carl Schurz's great speech on "Tropical civilization," recently delivered in the Senate, and it is a "Moloch Dutchman" had elaborated a lecture on the "Philosophy of the Hindoos," it most likely would have more sense in it than the Missouri Senator displayed in regard to the tropics. And yet not only was the suited nonsense of this man gravely listened to, but there was not a "Democrat" in the senate that could say whether it was nonsense or wisdom. The whole mighty question of tropical civilization is resolved into this simple truth—the brain of the white man and the muscles of the negro are its sole basis, and either absent or perverted, there can be no production and consequently no civilization. If Schurz, Sumner, Morton, Fernando Wood, Grant & Co., could be forced not to go to school, but to study Dr. Van Evrie's work on "White Supremacy" an hour every day for the next three months, they would understand this matter, and save their country from the horrors they are so blindly fabricating for it.—Duty, Book