

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."
VOL. 16. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1871. NO. 22

Spawls from the Keystone.
—Mifflin county thieves rob smoke houses.
—The ice creameries are doing a brisk trade.
—Bedford county has two military companies.
—Scranton had four trotting races on Saturday in which twenty horses contested.
—Benjamin Sawyer, colored, was hanged on the 29th, at Evansville, Ind., for the murder of his wife.
—Col. J. R. Conyngham, U. S. A., son of the late Judge Conyngham, died on the 26th, at Wilkesbarre.
—On Tuesday night last, Carne Lee, aged about 18 years, took poison at Tusculum and killed himself.
—Two of the Commissioners of Allegheny county have been held to bail to answer a charge of bribery.
—The democrats have nominated a Black man for Associate Judge in Bedford county. His name is John C. Black.
—Joseph Horn a soldier of the war of 1812, died at Easton a few days since. The deceased had six brothers in the same war.
—It costs the Lehigh Valley railroad company \$300 per day for hands employed in the machine and repair shops at South Foster.
—A citizen of Phoenixville, Mr. John Cliff, has fallen heir to a nice little fortune of \$150,000 by the death of a relative in England. Lucky Cliff.
—Mr. James McClelland, former post master of Pittsburg, who died in that city on Wednesday, was a brother-in-law of Hon. Jeremiah S. Black.
—Rev. Stephen Smith, a colored preacher of Columbia, Lancaster county, has built a \$30,000 home for aged and indigent colored people in Philadelphia.
—In Indiana county, a man named Helman, aged over ninety-nine years, walked twenty-four miles the other day. He expects to live several years longer.
—Henry Michaels, the Cambria county seller of weights and measures, has been arrested and held for trial for exacting illegal fees off a Johnstown named Haslinger.
—There have been more murders, robberies, rapins and other crimes committed in Pennsylvania and New York within the last two weeks, than in all the Southern States. Why is not the cry of Ku-Klux raised here?
—Samuel Wormsler, a soldier of the War of 1812, residing in Robeson township, Berks county, died on Saturday the 29th, aged 88. He had been to Reading a short time previously, to draw his pension, taking his first ride in a railroad car.
—William Norton, a wealthy miser aged sixty years, of Hyde Park, died suddenly at the breakfast table on Monday morning. With all his gold, he would never allow a light in his house after sunset; but the miser has gone leaving behind all his treasure.
—A man named Connor was killed in Allentown last Thursday night, at the saloon of John Fetter. Rumor has it that Fetter threw him over the railing of the stoop at the entrance of the saloon, where he was found about midnight with his neck broken.
—Zenas Savage, Esq., of East Conroy township, Chester county, caught a catfish, on Thursday the 11th inst., in the Schuylkill, at Yankee dam, which weighed four pounds, and measured 4 1/2 inches between the eyes. It was taken with a hook and line.
—On Saturday morning Mrs. C. B. Knight, of Reading, while laboring under inability from protracted illness, shot and killed her little boy, a child between three and four years of age. The distressing affair has created a melancholy impression in the community.
—A man named Hennessey, a boss on the Catawissa Extension, above this place, was brought before A. Baunck, Esq., on Monday of last week, on charge of killing a deer out of season. It was a doe with fawn. Hennessey was fined fifty dollars and cost—Muncy Leminary.
—A man named Jordan residing in Perryville, Jefferson county, in a fit of insanity murdered his wife with an axe, chopping her nearly from her body and mutilating her many places. Her body was covered with huge gashes from head to foot. He was arrested and is now in jail at Brookville.
—George Francis Train said in Memphis, the other day, that the killing of two men at Scranton, Pa., was disposed of in a dispatch of four lines, while the killing of a single man in Florida occupied four columns in the Northern Radical papers. George Francis isn't so crazy on the Ku-Klux question as he is on some others.
—The people of Monroe county are determined to set their dogs upon the fellows who drag their trout streams and carry home the fish by the barrel full, instead of using the hook and line in a sportsmanlike manner. They say that permission will be granted to all who fish decently but let net haulers look out for the dogs.
—A gentleman named Isenburg, residing in Franklin township, Huntingdon county, has a dog that has learned to fish. He goes along a race, from day to day, and catches splendid fish. A few days ago the race was drawn off, and this animal caught seventeen large fish which he delivered to Mr. Isenburg's children on the bank.
—PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.—We have received the catalogue of this institution for 1870 and 71. From this we learn that the present total undergraduates is 144, while there are 63 preparatorians, making a total 177 pupils. The annual commencement is held on the last Thursday of June, and the first term begins nine weeks later. The price of tuition for each term is \$13, and this, with other necessary expenses, makes the total collegiate year cost a little over \$200.
—The Pennsylvania Reserve Association, celebrated their tenth anniversary at Philadelphia on Tuesday last. Gen. Meade presided. The annual address was delivered by Gen. W. H. Ent, of Columbia county. Ex-Gov. Curtin was elected President for the ensuing year. Our gentlemanly Prothoctor, S. K. McGinnis, Esq., was elected one of the board of Directors and Capt. W. McClelland was selected orator for the next re-union, which takes place at Williamsport next year.
—A. Fellows, wife and four children, on their way from Nebraska to Scranton, between Waverly and Owego, when a man representing himself as a merchant from Scranton, and having freight on train, on which money was required, immediately offered a check for \$3,500—and only wanted \$500. Another man came on the scene, representing himself as freight agent; he must have money from the bogus merchant forthwith. Mr. Fellows pitied him and lent him \$200 on his check, which was "bogus," and the swindler got off at Owego.
—What is that which must play before it can work? A fire engine.

Ink Slings.

—Chignons appear to be going out of fashion. What then?
—Wilkesbarre is said to be happy in the possession of a white hearse.
—Why is a mulatto brigadier like a high officer in Grant's cabinet. Because he's a lawyer general.
—The California "injins" now number less than seven thousand. Truly, the "Lo" family there is getting low.
—The latest "bitters" are named after Bismarck. Appropriately, too—for wasn't Bismarck a "bitter" to the Frenchman?
—BRICK POMEROY was presented with a \$1,500 diamond ring by his employees the other day. Brick always was a lucky chap.
—It is said that Gov. GEARY was affected to tears on reading the effusions of the "immortal six" in reference to the law library bill.
—The THIERS government in France is showing itself as barbarous as the Commune. It is executing, in cold blood, every man it captures.
—Gen. ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, recommends his people to have nothing to do with men who talk of "dead issues." Gen. Toombs is about half right.
—It is said that ANDREW JOHNSON would just as leave be the candidate of the Democracy for President in 1872, as not. We might take him up Andrew it.

Democrats, to the Rescue!

From the day the Democratic party was displaced from the control of the government until now, the uniform, constant and determined tendency has been toward centralization. Insidiously, step after step has been devised and taken by the cunning and unprincipled leaders who have pioneered the march of that great revolution through which our country has been passing. While, with an avowed intention to preserve, they were employing the mighty energies of the government to crush a supposed adversary of the UNITED STATES, in one section, they have been wickedly blinding and deceiving the honest masses in the other. While they have been craftily stealing from the people and the states those reserved rights, upon which the personal liberty of the citizen and the prosperity of the government depend, with the stealth of a midnight robber they have gathered rein after rein of power into their hands, and, when alarmed by the fearful cry of some watchful patriot, they have attempted to silence the cry of apprehension only by saying, "Be not frightened, oh ye lovers of Republican liberty; we are too good and too pure, to ever use this power with which we are arming ourselves for aught but your good and the welfare of the country." Too many, forgetful of the truthful maxim of the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence, "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," have thus been lulled into an apathy truly alarming.

To awake the liberty loving masses from this apathy to a realization of the danger which threatens our sacred institutions, is the work of the next two years. With this thought in mind, although the offices to fill at the election of next fall are not the highest or most important, no effort should be spared by any democrat—by any citizen who prizes our sweet heritage of political liberty, to awaken the slumbering energies of the whole country and achieve a victory which will assure triumph in the Presidential contest of next year, when everything will be at stake. In every county the Democracy should nominate for the respective offices to be filled, the very best men in the ranks, and spare neither money nor effort to pole every possible vote for the ticket. It is no mere individual contest—neither a struggle for the spoils, but we verily believe that every thing heretofore held dear by American citizens, as such, depends upon the overthrow of the party of usurpation, tyranny and revolution, whose bold strides are already reaching the very verge of despotism.

The 13th, 14th, and fifteenth (so called) amendments to the constitution and the legislation under them, including the infamous Ku-Klux bill, are each and every one, but ingeniously contrived steps toward despotic power. Centralization means despotism. No country of such vast interests and expanded territories as ours, can be governed by any other form than the monarchial.

To All Whom It Concerns.

Executive Office, Austin, March 25, 1871.
I take great pleasure in calling the attention of my friends, and of the members of the Legislature and of the members of the city, to the excellent views held near the capitol, by Mrs. Phyllis Brown. I have frequently partaken of them and found them excellent. Mrs. Brown is an excellent woman, and loyal in her sentiments, and deserves encouragement from our people. I feel it my duty to caution our people not to patronize a certain woman calling herself Mrs. Warren, who has a stand near that of Mrs. Brown's, for I am credibly informed that she is very disloyal in her sympathies, and that she lost two eyes in the Rebel Army.
E. J. DAVIS, Governor of Texas.
The above is a specimen of the sort of a man the present Radical Government of Texas is. He comes down from his high position to commend Mrs. Brown's pies as against those made by Mrs. Warren, for the reason that the former is a "Yankee" and the latter a "rebel." This, of course, makes a big difference in the pies. Governor Davis has, of course, a right to choose

whichever suit him the best, but, for our part, we think we should prefer Mrs. WARREN'S. We judge they are made by an honest woman. But note the prejudice of the man. He talks about 'our people.' By this he means, of course, all the Yankee carpet-baggers, scalawags and niggers in the country. He don't mean the white folks, for notice how contemptuously he speaks of Mrs. WARREN as a 'certain white woman.' Judging from the way he speaks and the fact that Mrs. Brown's name is PHILLIS, we take it for granted that she is a darky. This will account for DAVIS's preference.

But note also the inhumanity of the man. He cautions that class of people whom he calls 'our people' against Mrs. WARREN, because 'she lost two eyes in the rebel army.' This great benevolence, which ought to commend the poor mother to the sympathies of every christian man and woman, is made a reason by this contemptible Radical hound for advising the people not to patronize her. What a chivalric chap this DAVIS must be! But such is the material of which Radicalism is composed.

The "Decoration" Humbug.

We suppose that the custom of decorating the graves of the dead soldiers originated in a good motive and is an appropriate way of showing respect for them and a proper remembrance of their heroic deeds. This custom has been in vogue both in the North and South, ever since the war, and will probably continue in the North so long as the "Grand Army of the Republic" exists as an organization. We have no objection to it, whatever, other than that it seems like a foolish waste of money, which would be used more to the purpose if appropriated to the support of the wives and children of the dead soldiers. Besides this, there are hundreds of one-legged and one-armed men hobbling about over the country, grinding hand-organs for a living, or doing something else equally as humble and unpretentious. This class may be seen in large numbers, in our great cities, at the corners of the streets, soliciting alms to keep them from starving. Now, hold that if the money that is spent, annually, in decorating ceremonies, was applied to the relief of this indigent and helpless class of live soldiers, it would alleviate a great deal of actual misery and do infinitely more good than to scatter it in the shape of flowers over the graves of the dead. The brave fellows who sleep beneath the sod, are beyond the reach of human sympathy or comfort, but the brave fellows who yet live, armless and legless, may still be aided and consoled by the hand of charity. Which then, shall we attend to first—the dead or the living? Let the former be honored and lamented—the latter fed and clothed.

On this subject, we find a letter in the Cincinnati Commercial from Hon. GEORGE F. DAVIS, President of the Board of Aldermen of that city, which we here append:
To the Editor of the Commercial.
I see by your report of the meeting on Decoration of Soldiers' Graves held yesterday, that Mrs. Rev. Dr. Moody rose to a question of privilege. I do not know what she intended to convey by this, unless it was a woman's privilege to scold, which she proceeded to do most effectually. As my loyalty to the country or to the soldier will need no endorsement in this city. I will not reply to the charge of non sympathy, but give my reasons for wishing the observance of all such public days to cease. Our war was between brethren of a common country, and a common ancestry. Our progress and our history was one. It was an unfortunate strife, but I believe a necessary one. In no other way could the great questions of the country be decided. The issues of the war 'are made, and they will stand.' Whether Abolitionists or Slave-holders is most to blame; whether both or either were really to blame at all, except in so far as their motives were bad, it is not worth while to discuss for 'many men have many minds.' The war is over, and peace was declared many years ago. The results are written in blood, bringing sorrow to many hearts. The question to be considered now is, how can we best secure to our country the results of peace. We talk about kindly feelings between the North and the South. We can hardly find terms severe enough to characterize the reported ill feelings in the South toward the North; and yet we keep up anniversaries and decoration days, and permit men to represent us as orators who use language

that causes unfriendly feeling and stirs up animosities that do only harm. I would do as much as any one to honor the memory of the noble men who stood between us and our enemies, and gave their lives to duty. I am thankful that I can honor those of my family who returned from the army alive, rather than be compelled to mourn the sacrifice of their lives. But is it the best way to honor the men who fell in the service of their country? Would it not be better to spend the sums devoted to the dust of our fallen heroes, and give it to the living? If the two dozen persons present yesterday afternoon, having a good time (all to themselves) abusing their fellow citizens, could have been in my office at the same hour while I was paying to the soldiers' widows and orphans of the Eleventh Ward the monthly stipend provided by taxation, they would have witnessed a ceremony much more grateful to the survivors of our soldiers than that of marching out with banners and music, and loud parade of loyalty, to scatter a few 'red, white and blue' flowers on the graves of the dead. I comment to these friends a verse from the Sermon on the Mount, which reads: 'When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee * * * in the street, that they may have glory of men; verily, I say unto you, they have their reward.' Let the mother, the widow and orphan go in the quiet sorrow of their hearts and plant the living flowers on the graves of the dead ones; but do not go with blare of trumpet and noise of drum, and turn it into a gala day of gladness.

I have an old fashioned notion that I have a right to express an opinion in public or private, and, while I am subject to criticism, I am not to abuse. May 3d, 1871. GEORGE F. DAVIS.

The Pittston Mine Disaster.

A terrible accident occurred in the coal shaft of BLAKE & Co., at West Pittston, Luzerne county, on the 27th ult., caused by the break taking fire in the top roller from friction. About sixty men were in the mine at the time, thirty seven of whom failed to be rescued from their perilous position. When they discovered their danger and saw that all hope of escape was out off, they reeled a barricade of coal to preserve themselves for a time from the fire, and then calmly awaited death or a rescue by their friends above ground. They held a prayer meeting and sang hymns and made other preparations for the great change that was so soon to come upon them. Of these thirty seven, eighteen were afterwards taken out dead, and several others have since died.

This calamity was all the result of carelessness and willful neglect of the proper means to preserve the lives of the men in the mine. In the first place, there should not have been any friction of the machinery, and in the second place there should have been another shaft for the egress of the men when danger threatened. The legislation, shortly after the great Avondale disaster, passed a law forbidding any mine to be worked without two shafts—one for entrance and the other for escape—and also enacted that there should be one or more inspectors to see that everything was in proper and safe condition. Each and every one of these provisions seem to have been disregarded in this instance. There was but the one shaft, the machinery was out of order, and the inspector had grossly neglected his duty. The result has been that about twenty-five men have lost their lives, and a number of poor families been plunged into grief and mourning and the means of their subsistence taken away from them.

Now, the responsibility for all this woe and desolation must rest somewhere, and where else should it rest but upon BLAKE & Company, the operators, or upon the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, which is the owner. They operated this mine in open and contemptuous violation of the law, and they should be made to pay the penalty. The only way to put a stop to these awful accidents is to hold those who could prevent them responsible for them. We trust the operating parties or the railroad company may be prosecuted, and made to at least forever maintain the families they have rendered fatherless, husbandless or brotherless.

—And now we are told that Paris fears an epidemic from the stench that arises from the dead bodies that are lying in her streets. What a commentary upon the horrors of war! Thousands of bodies have been so slightly buried that the lightest rain will wash the earth from over them, and leave them exposed in all their ghastly and rotting hideousness. What a fearful thing is war, and how terribly are men's passions revisited upon themselves!

Had the factions and revolutionary spirits in France let NAPOLEON alone, all this terrible misery and all this enormous sacrifice of life would have been saved. Paris, the beautiful, would not now be Paris, the desolate, and Peace, with her arts and industries, would have made the land a paradise. But a few discontented spirits would make a hell of heaven.

In the article which we published from the Pittsburg Post, in our last issue, we overlooked the fact that it included in its commendation of our platform the odious and infamous "Ninth Resolution," to which we cannot and will not subscribe. We can never accept the "Fifteenth Amendment" and the illegal and unconstitutional legislation that has followed it as the act of a constitutionally appointed authority, in the face of the fact that the niggers and scalawags, who obtained their seats in Congress by force and fraud, were allowed to participate in such legislation. The Fifteenth Amendment was forced upon the people by the hand of power, and was never ratified by the States in the constitutional way. Hence, we cannot accept it, and we say that it should and of right ought to be repealed. And we hold that it will be the duty of the Democracy to repeal it whenever they get the power to do so. If we thought they would not do so, at the proper time, our faith in the integrity and purity of our party would be greatly shaken.

No issue is dead or can ever be dead that involves a principle. Hence, we cannot agree to forget the past and overlook all the gone by iniquity and treachery of Radicalism. But, as we give our views on that subject more at length, in another place, we shall say no more here.

SIMON CAMERON succeeded in electing to the State Treasury a man who allows him to use the money of the State for his own private speculations. If he can now succeed in making his tool STANTON, Auditor General, he can use the State funds as he pleases, and have the accounts audited to suit his own interests. With the gallant General McCANDLESS in the Auditor General's office, SIMON'S speculations will be stopped, and the accounts of the State carefully audited.

For the Watchman.

TREASURE TROVE.

BY PAUL PARALLEL.
Out from the room I went—the dance was o'er,
The lights were lessening from the burners
all—
When something brilliant lying on the floor
My eye attracted as I left the hall.
And, stooping, quietly took up an ear-drop
bright,
And placed it in my pocket, by a funder's right
Lucky—thought I—to be the final guest,
Favored of fortune thus the gem to find—
"Till owner found I now should have no rest,
"Fair Cinderella's story filled my mind;
But 'twas not now to be, for all had gone away;
My hope's fruition must await another day.
My sleep that night was plethoric of dreams—
Dreams of an ear-drop and a countess
through
Of fairest women, casting mellowest beams
From bright eyes on me through the whole
night long;
Each one and all a claimant, for the gem I'd
found,
From me, and other Paris on Morphean ground.
The scene inspired a wish, and it was this:
To duplicate the jewel without end—
And thus to multiply my future bliss,
And one grand yearning in a thousand
blend:
O, that some fairy would, by magic power well
known,
Combine these beauteous maidens into one
alone.
The answer came upon the instant quick,
Before this wish was scarce a second old;
Alas! that I did e'er invoke the trick!
For all had vanished, save a blue coat bald,
Whose eyes and star and buttons gleamed and
shone full bright,
As fiercely loomed he up before my troubled
sight.
Policeman true he was, and specter none,
To pull me from my couch he soon began,
And then his voice, unmusical in tone,
Said: "Come along, my pretty little man!
I saw you crib the trinket—oh! I know yer
ways—
And you are good, my covey dear, for sixty
days!"
PUNLAPPA.