

Ink Slings.

No paper was issued from this office last week. The best kind of a back door belle is a pretty maid-servant. In some sections, the mosquitoes are already beginning to present their bills. The cholera is in town—we mean in the shape of water melons and such. There is a society in Buffalo called the Golliposterosololywhoppers Union. Dr. BROWN, of the Republican, wears his lately acquired honors very dignifiedly. Next week we shall publish the address of the Democratic State Central Committee to the Democracy of Pennsylvania. Chief Justice CHASE has gone to the St. Louis magnetic springs. We wonder if he is chasing the presidential nomination. Hon FREDERICK WATTS has been appointed Commissioner of Agriculture. The race CAPRON, resigned. That's Watts the matter. A story was going last week that a prominent young lady had dropped one of her curls in front of the post-office. It was false. Some of the Democratic papers are strongly pushing Gen. HANCOCK for the Presidency. Don't be in too much of a hurry, gentlemen. Gen. SPINNER is still in Europe. We advise him to keep his hand-writing out of sight. Otherwise they might arrest him for a conspirator. The General Government has accorded Pennsylvania \$298,753 for war expenses advanced by our State. This is tardy justice, but better late than never. France is a highly elastic nation. Already that people are recovering from the effects of the war, and Paris is beginning to wear its usual gay attire. There is talk of commuting the sentence of FOSTER, the murderer of Mr. PUTNAM, to imprisonment for life. Why don't they hang the scoundrel at once and be done with it? An exchange says that an unusual number of Poles are emigrating to America this year. This will be good news to our bean growers, as poles have been mighty scarce this season. The editor of the Tyrone Herald spent his Fourth of July vacation in Pennsylvania. He says he liked to feel the cool breezes blowing among the green tresses, and beside that there is nothing to Harris a man there. Hon HORACE ARRON tired of being Commissioner of Agriculture under the GRANT Administration, has resigned and accepted a similar position under the Japanese government, at a salary of \$20,000 a year. Who wouldn't wear a pig tail at that price? KOSKUTH wants to come to this country to die, because he says this is the only country in the world where liberty has been 'preserved' from first to last in its perfection. We guess the great Hungarian hasn't heard of the recent transactions on this side of the big water. Not long ago, the Republican published an article highly laudatory of SIMON CAMERON. This week it goes into ecstasies over JOHN SCOTT. What an amiable fellow the erudite Doctor of the Republican is. He is never satisfied unless beslobbering somebody with sickening praise. On the night before the fourth, a chase in Altoona named WRIGHT, shot an old man named DEVINE and his son. The former was instantly killed, but the latter will recover. Judge TAYLOR refused to admit the murderer to bail. WRIGHT has found out that he was altogether wrong. PINCHACK, the colored Louisiana State Senator, was refused a berth in a sleeping car by the New Orleans and Jackson railroad company, whereupon he turned round and sued it for \$25,000 damages. He thought, we suppose, that if the company pinched him in that manner, he would Pinch-back. President GRANT's strength in Massachusetts is to be tested by Beas Butler's effort to get the Radical nomination in that State for Governor. If the Beas succeeds, then GRANT is supposed to be popular; if he don't succeed, then he isn't. But of course he'll succeed, for how would it look for the Administration to be snubbed in Massachusetts? What's the money in the Treasury for, if it can't give BUTLER the nomination?

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The South Peaceful.

General Sherman says, in private conversation with friends, that he only found peace and good order among the people of the South, and denounces all the Ku Klux stories in proper terms. The above is only in accordance with General SHERMAN's reported speech at New Orleans, which he afterwards denied. But why don't the General say publicly what he says in private—or is he afraid of losing his official position? No sane man, or intelligent person ever believed that there was anything in the fearful Ku Klux stories that have been surging up towards us from the South ever since the advent of carpet bagmen upon those distressed shores. Radical political leaders at Washington, and Radical political journalists in our large cities, have harped a great deal upon them, but throughout the country and in the good common sense of the people there have long existed great doubts as to their truth. The people appear to have seen through these demagogical tricks, and to have made up their minds that the whole agitation was intended solely to influence the elections and stay the rapidly approaching downfall of the Radical party. Since the published testimony of that great Radical light, Judge RICHARD BURTON, of Alabama, to which we gave place in our last issue, there ought not to be a single misapprehension upon this subject. Alabama is one of the States said to be particularly afflicted with Ku-Kluxism. Yet, this Radical Judge, in his sworn testimony before the Southern Outrage Committee, says that no such organization has any existence in that State. On the contrary, he avers that everything is peaceable and quiet, that the execution of the laws is not interfered with, and that there is an universal disposition among the people to act as becomes good and patriotic citizens. Such being the case in Alabama, according to the highest authority in the Radical party in that State, and Alabama having been proclaimed as the North as one of the worst Ku Klux regions in the whole South, is it reasonable to suppose that all the other States are any worse elsewhere? We think not. Well may Gen. SHERMAN denounce all Ku Klux stories in proper terms. He knows, as we do, and as does every man with three grains of common sense, that there isn't one particle of truth in them, and that they are only intended by designing and wicked men to excite animosity in the North against the Southern people, and through this feeling of hatred to secure the future triumph of the Radical party. Gen. SHERMAN would be untrue to his manhood, his country and his God, did he hesitate, for one moment, to denounce such in dignant falsehoods with all the energy and virtuous indignation of his nature. Happily, the people have at last got their eyes open to the truth, and can no longer be imposed on by the lying scoundrels who stay at the South, in the pay of their masters, to manufacture mountains out of mole hills. These fellows have indulged in the cry of 'Walt, Walt,' so long, without any cause for it, that their shrieks of alarm now fall unheeded upon the public ear, and if some chance roamer should fly across the path and cut the throats of one or two of them, some day, the general verdict would be, 'served them right.' It would be but a just recompense of reward. For our part, we believe and always have believed, that the South and the Southern people are just as honorable, just as humane, just as christianized, just as refined, intelligent and chivalric as the North is or ever dared to be, and that they would and do frown upon crime and the violators of the law just as severely and uncompromisingly as we do. The South will protect the lives of the people resident within her borders so far as an impartial administration of the law can do so, and more cannot be done anywhere. Therefore, the North need not interfere. It has enough to do to mind its own business. The office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue is again vacant, Gen. PLEASANTON having resigned on account of his quarrel with BOUTWELL. What a heavenly time these Radicals do have.

What We Want.

To those Radical and Democratic journals, who cried out so bitterly against the recent speeches of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, we commend the following: "Mr. Jefferson Davis writes to the Atlanta News that he has been falsely reported in his Anger as well as his Atlanta speech. He has not the most remote idea of counselling any renewal of armed resistance to the Government of the United States. He says that he expressly declared that, in saying the South could wait, he only applied the remark to the time for a removal of the more objectionable features of recent Congressional legislation. Above all, he did not intend to counsel the Southern people not to tolerate the situation. He looks wholly to the good sense of the North for relief from the evils which now oppress the Southern people, and not to any forced or factious opposition to facts as they now exist." Just as we thought and said in a late issue. Better Democratic doctrine than the above we cannot find any where, not even in the Democratic journals that were so hasty to follow the lead of the Radical blood hounds that are pursuing Mr. DAVIS to the death. We knew that the ex-President of the Confederacy had more sense than to advocate another armed resistance to the Government, and we made hold to say so. Other Democratic journals raised the hue and cry that the fallen Southern patriot would injure the Democratic cause by his speeches. We couldn't see it in that light. We saw that he was telling the truth and we felt that if the Democratic cause could not stand the telling of the truth, it had better fall. And we feel so still. Better that he be defeated, time and again, than go into power on an error and with our eyes blinded by the sophistries of those who tell us that we must accept the present situation, for all time, and that we have no right to deprecate the late settlement of vital questions by "authoritative constitutional appointments." Out on such a doctrine as that. What we want is more truth tellers—less policy men. We want men to go among the people and tell them that there is yet a chance to redeem our country from the utter degradation into which she has fallen. We want the people to know that Negro Suffrage may and can yet be abolished and the Constitution restored to its original form and intention. We want them to understand that this can all be done legally and peacefully, and that an attempt will yet be made to do it in this way. We want them to know that it was base legislation by the Radical party, in violation of the Constitution and their solemn oaths of office, that brought the present desperate and disgraceful state of things upon us. And, above all, we want them to know and feel that the people are sovereign and will do as they please. They have been deceived for a time and forced to accept unrighteous things, but their eyes being opened, hereafter they will be the controllers and not the controlled. Such is the substance of what JEFFERSON DAVIS told the people of the South in his late speeches, and this it was for which he was arraigned by venal newspapers. We said he was right then, and we say he is right now. We want him to say it again, and we want men in the North to say it, too. Give us the truth, and 'the truth shall make us free.'

A Radical Leader Gone.

Radicalism gives some of its votaries very affectionate names. For instance, Mr. OLIVER S. HALSTEAD, the particular friend of Mr. and Mrs. LINCOLN, and the reviler of Gen. McCLELLAN—a man who was hand and glove with all the Radical leaders of the country—was dubbed 'Pet,' and under this name achieved a kind of curious notoriety all over the country. Well 'Pet' HALSTEAD, forgetful of the fact that he had a noble wife and married sons and daughters, entered a house of ill-fame in Newark, New Jersey, the other day, and infringed upon the so-called rights of a fellow who was keeping a woman there for his own peculiar gratification. To make a long story short, the fellow caught 'Pet' in the morning before he had withdrawn from the embraces of his dulcinea, and not being admitted as speedily as he thought he ought to have been, burst open the door and put a pistol ball through 'Pet's' head, which finished the earthly course of that individual, and sent him to the judgment-seat, with the kiss of the courtizan fresh upon his lips.

Now, we have as much sympathy for Mr. HALSTEAD's family as any man living, and felt deeply pained when we heard of his sad and fearful death. We do not wish to speak harshly of him now. Doubtless, he was a good-enough man, in his way. At least, we have the testimony of his wife that he was a kind husband and father, and no doubt they all grieve for him very much. Be this as it may, we have nothing to do with it, and can only hope that his sins may be forgiven him. Considering the fact, however, that 'PET' HALSTEAD was one of the leaders of the Radical party of New Jersey—that he was the particular friend of President LINCOLN, the latter opponent of the Democracy, and that he first achieved notoriety by abusing Gen. McCLELLAN, his record becomes a public one, and we have the right to comment on his conduct. And we would hold him up to the people as a sample of the political and moral virtue which the Radical party has been imposing upon them ever since its inception as an organization. He was one of those men who, perhaps, spend their Sundays with their families or in church, and the balance of the week in brothels and such places as the one to which he met his death. And yet he assumed to lead the people—to tell them right from wrong. Of such material as HALSTEAD, too many of the Radical leaders are composed. Vain, conceited, giddy and immoral, they are unfit to hold the confidence of the country and should be avoided like pitch for fear of defilement. From HALSTEAD's late let these leaders take warning, lest their repetition, together with the sad fate of LINCOLN and PRESTON KING and STANTON, should lead the country to believe that Heaven has taken the people's cause into its own hands to avenge them upon their oppressors. As we expected, BOWEN the congressional bigamist and representative of a nigger constituency in South Carolina, has been pardoned by the President. This chap, it will be remembered, married three wives, one of whom was a notorious courtizan, whose real character was known to BOWEN when he married her. He has been a scamp all his life, and was for merely a confederate officer, but was cashiered for embezzling the funds of his company. He was also arrested for the cowardly murder of his captain and thrown into the Charleston jail to await his trial, from which he was released by the federal troops. He afterwards fraternized with the negroes and was elected by them to Congress. BOWEN is also charged with mutilating the court records of New York, in connection with his so-called divorce from one of his wives, and it is thought he will again be arrested for this on a requisition from Governor HOFFMAN. That he is a most precious rascal is proved by every phase of his case, and justice has certainly been cheated of her due by the ill advised pardon of the President. But so it goes. A Radical leader, now a days, may do what he pleases. Another frightful railroad accident occurred on Saturday morning last by which five persons lost their lives and about 30 or 40 were wounded. This happened by the colliding of two passenger trains on the same track—one from New York and the other from Newark. So great was the collision that the engine and first passenger car were telescoped into the smoking car for full fifteen feet, and the track was torn up to a great distance. It all happened from a misplaced switch, which some careless devil of an employee left as he should not have left it. Somebody is responsible for this accident, and means ought to be used to ascertain who it is. The railroad companies should be made to pay for the carelessness of the men they employ; otherwise human life will be at a discount and corporations may laugh at the law. Smiling SCHUYLER COLFAX, the man who made himself sick smoking strong cigars on an empty stomach, not long since, again announces his determination to retire from public life at the end of his present term of office.

Well, let him retire. We guess the country can get along without him. At any rate it will make a big try. The warmest friend GRANT seems to have just now is BOWEN, the bigamist. He was lately convicted of larceny and sentenced to the penitentiary, but our gift enterprise President, in need of his services, pardoned him before his head was shaved or his striped clothes put on him. Our Radical brethren should clap their hands for joy. They have saved one more vote for GRANT. About the only reason Radical newspapers give, why the people should vote for STANTON and BEARN, is that the Democratic press of the State does not endorse the ninth resolution—that there is a difference of opinion among Democrats, as to the propriety of its adoption. This is one of their 'hefy' arguments. If the masses or anybody else can see anything 'in it,' they can see more than we can. Elsewhere will be found the advertisement of Mr. J. H. Johnston, proprietor of the Great Western Gun Works at No 179 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg. Mr Johnston keeps on hand the largest stock of guns, pistols, rifles, &c., of any house in Pittsburg. He buys or bradoes for army rifles, Carbinos and Revolvers on liberal terms. If you need anything in his line give him a call when in Pittsburg. [For the Watchman.] CHRIST, THE DELIVERER. BY JOHN F. MITCHELL. Thou has delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. Psalm cxvii. 8. The night was dark, a tempest loud Was rending earth and sky, And lo! amidst a walling crowd, I felt that death was nigh. No light had I to cheer my way, And demons shouted round. That I, slurred by them, might stray Where light is never found. My soul, tell now the woe that then Hung o'er the yawning grave, While all around were dying men, Who had no power to save. A mother's love—that deathless clasp— Enfolded me in vain. For hers was but a mortal's grasp, And mine, immortal pain. Dear friends were near, I heard them cry, Or for delir' rance pray, But they were just as weak as I, And I, as weak as they. All, all were moving to the tomb Who drew a human breath, And human love increased the gloom, And berbed the dart of death. O, wretched man! what hand shall save From this bewild'ring way, Since life grows powerless at the grave, And death holds sovereign sway? When that grim monster rudely calls Man's mighty genius cowers, The stoutest heart despairing falls, As weak as frosted flowers. Since all the land's a common tomb, The ocean one vast grave, Whence hope for light to pierce the gloom, Or hand with strength to save! Despair closed round me, death was nigh, Each moment victims fell, "And 'tis not all of death to die" When death is serving hell. A voice rang out—a human cry— Tender, and sweet, and low, Saying "Come hither, do not die, 'Tis overcome the foe!" Though soft as nature's sweetest sound, 'Twas mightier in its thrill Than the mad storm its music drowned While saying "Peace, be still!" A light broke through the midnight gloom, Celestial in its ray; I saw, beyond the narrow tomb, The beams of endless day. I ran to that Redeemer's feet Whose invitation fell In human tones, so soft and sweet, Yet mightier than hell. I felt a human arm, like mine, Embrace my tomb'ling form, But in its strength it was divine To shield me from the storm. I gazed upon a human face, To see Infinite Love, And felt, in that beloved embrace, The Power that rules above. The Voice that bade me not to fear Had once o'er chaos rung, And through all heav'n made suns appear, And planets round them hung. The loving Hand which mine had sought, O'er heav'n and earth holds sway; It framed the universe from naught, And guides it on its way. Dear Saviour, shall I ever know The measure of that love, Which brought thee down to die below, That I might live above? O, help me Lord! that I may cling To that dear, loving Hand, That when aside this dust I fling, I'll reach the heav'nly land. BARRY CREEK, Md. —Try Green's "Artic Soda."

An Interesting Chapter of Our Published History. The Personal Difficulty Between William L. Yancey and Ben. Hill in the Confederate Senate Chamber. Among the many events of personal interest that transpired in the South during the late war, but few are of a more dramatic character or aroused a deeper interest among our people than the unfortunate personal difficulty which took place in the confederate senate, at Richmond, during its secret sessions, between Mr. William L. Yancey of Alabama and Mr. Ben. H. Hill of Georgia. Several different conflicting versions of this affair have been given through the southern press, but none has yet been published that accords with a statement we recently derived from a gentleman who was at the time a senator, and an eye-witness to all that transpired on the occasion. The difficulty had its origin in the heated political contest so common in this country prior to the breaking out of the war. It was when Yancey, with his dazzling eloquence, was 'firing the southern heart,' that a barbequee attended by thousands, was given in one of the southern counties of Georgia. It was here that Hill and Yancey met—the one the bold and eloquent defender of the Union, and the other the boasted champion of secession; and during the debate which ensued words were uttered that caused an estrangement that was never afterwards reconciled. The two men met again in the confederate senate, both doubtless smarting under the recollection of past conflicts, and entertaining no kindly feeling for each other. It was when the south was drooping, and every patriot heart was heavy with despondency and gloom, that Mr. Yancey rising in his place in the senate, declared that the war could no longer be carried on with any hope of success unless many of the constitutional restraints and embarrassments were thrown aside, and boldly advocated a radical change in the demands of the hour. Upon the conclusion of Mr. Yancey's remarks, Mr. Hill promptly arose to reply. The scene was one of the most intense excitement. He deprecated the opinion advocated by Mr. Yancey, and proceeded with severity to review his past political career, running back to the beginning of the times with our sectional troubles were first agitated. He said Mr. Yancey, not satisfied with having warred upon and disrupted the old Union, was now crying out against and endeavoring to subvert and break down the confederate government. When Mr. Hill concluded, the excitement, already at white heat was increasing beyond anything before witnessed during those troublesome times. Mr. Yancey arose and in a calm, dignified and self-poised manner peculiarly his own commenced his reply. He described Mr. Hill as repeating slanders that had been uttered against him for the past twenty years; and that all which Mr. Hill had uttered, had been said innumerable times before by every third rate politician in the country; and continued by saying, 'nature had designed the Senator from Georgia as an imitator; and that he had been cast in a certain die and it was vain to attempt to enlarge his dimensions. Pallid with rage, Mr. Hill gazed to his feet, and seizing a heavy glass ink stand hurled it with all his might and power at the head of Mr. Yancey, which, grazing his forehead, plowed its way to the skull and passed on its furious course, crushing a heavy window-pane beyond. Without turning his head Mr. Yancey, who was at the time addressing the speaker, continuing his speech, deliberately remarked, 'it is always the prerogative of cowards to strike from the rear.' Enraged still more at this remark Mr. Hill, gathering a chair, rushed upon his antagonist, who heedless of his remarks as calmly as if nothing had happened, when a number of senators interposing, the difficulty was ended. Mr. Yancey's wound bled most profusely, and a scene of the utmost confusion prevailed. It has several times since been stated since Mr. Yancey's death, that it resulted from injuries received in this rencontre, but such is not the fact, as he died from a disease that could in no way have been superinduced by this cause. The disgraceful proceedings enacted during the sessions of the Radical nominating convention in Philadelphia are thus reported by the Ledger, an independent journal: "During the counting of the ballots the scenes enacted were of the most disgraceful character, and the President in vain appealed for order. There were five different fights on the floor of the Convention, black jacks were freely used, and the officers intimidated and insulted. As the names of the delegates were called, other persons in the room would personate them, and so general did this become that the business was several times necessarily suspended. "Mr. Hancock was declared by the President to be the regular nominee of the Republican party for the office of City Controller. Several young men then jumped on the platform, and seizing the records of the secretaries, made off with them. Several of the delegates were quite badly injured about the head during the fights referred to." The New Orleans Picayune of Sunday last published a two column letter from Mr. Blanton Duncan, urging the South to unite in demanding the nomination of General Hancock for President in 1872. The suggestion seems to meet with much favor throughout the entire South. The latest ticket out is GRUBBS for President with TOMMIS of Georgia, for Vice.