

BY GEO. W. CRANE.

What is life, its hopes and pleasures, We should prize the boon so high? What its transports, what its treasures, Clinging to, we fear to die?

Ask the wretch, whose doom is sorrow, Cloth'd in rags and rack'd with pain, Could he have his choice to-morrow, Would he live life o'er again?

Visions of the grave before him, What beyond he knoweth not, Doubts and darkness coming o'er him, Would he choose his present lot?

Ask the rich man, busy telling, O'er and o'er, his stores of wealth, Year forever in his willing, Troubled heart and waning health, Floozy, when no man pursueth, Starting, when no one is nigh—Tir'd he of what he doeth, Would he live, or would he die?

Harrass'd though he be, and weary, Straight the answer he would give: "Questioner, the grave is dreary, Bright the sunshine—let me die!"

From the palace, richly furnished, Full of tinsel and show, Plates of gold and silver, burnished, Mirrors that reflect the glow,

To the mean, neglected hovels, Where the starving peasant dwells, Where his wife and children grovel, Loud the note of sorrow swells.

Still, with hearts that beat in anguish, Still with low, sighing brow, We had rather live and languish, Than to death and darkness bow.

Dark the mystery—who can read it? Who can tell us why 'tis so? Man of knowledge, much we need't; Let the words of wisdom flow.

What is life, its hopes and pleasures, We should prize the boon so high? What its transports, what its treasures, Clinging to, we fear to die?

Harrisburg, Pa.

HAVE THE STATES A RIGHT TO THEIR OWN REVENUE?

We propose to remark upon some of the leading points of argument bearing upon the issue of the taxation of capital invested in United States securities.

The question which first and most strongly presents itself is, has the Federal Government any power to prohibit a State from taxing the property of its own citizens for its own support? Or, in other words, has a State any right to its own revenues? For reasons which seem to us perfectly conclusive, we take the position that a State has the right to its own revenues, and, consequently, that the Federal Government cannot deprive it of these revenues.

The States existed prior to the formation of the Federal Constitution, and as such they were governments, to all intents and purposes. It is a universally admitted principle, which we need not stop to argue, that government has the power and the right to levy and collect taxes upon all the property of all its citizens for its own support; and this power, together with every other attribute of sovereignty, was possessed and exercised by the States within their respective limits, in common with all other legitimate nations, previous to the formation of our present Constitution.

The tenth article of the amendments to the Constitution, proposed at the first session of the first Federal Congress reads as follows:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

In no place does the Constitution confer upon Congress the power to exempt from State and municipal taxation the property of the citizens of the different States; in no place do the States surrender the right which they originally had to their own revenues. Hence it must follow, under the section above quoted, that the power of taxation was reserved to the States respectively, and still remains in the States.

What, then, is the true bearing of the act of Congress exempting the capital invested in United States bonds from taxation, and what does it amount to? Simply this: The States being possessed of the power to raise their own revenues by the levy and collection of taxes upon the property of their own citizens, and revenue being as essential to the existence of a government as the vital air to the existence of an individual, it is perfectly evident that a blow struck at the very existence of the States, if the Federal Government may deprive the States of one portion of their revenues, it may deprive them of another portion. If it may exempt from State and municipal taxation the property of one class of citizens of the State, it may exempt the property of all classes, and thus the States be utterly overthrown.

We do not deny the right of the Federal Government to its own revenues, but we do deny its power to cut off the revenues of a State. It may enforce payment of its own demands, but it cannot lawfully cut the throats of the States.

There is more in this thing than the mere consideration of dollars and cents; or even that its gross inequality and injustice to individuals. It involves the very existence of the States, and of all our republican institutions. This infamous act of Congress by which the States are forbidden to raise their revenues from the class of their citizens, by the inauguration of a system which, if speedily corrected, will result in a radical change of our form of government, the utter overthrow of the States, and the centralization of all authority in one absolute and irresponsible head. But the people are moving in the matter everywhere, and moving in the right direction. Thank God, the warnings of Washington in his farewell address, and of Jefferson in his inaugural address and last message, are not entirely forgotten.—Pontiac Journal.

To prevent the kitchen door from creaking, keep a servant girl—whose beam comes to see her in the evening.

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

Vol. 11.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1866.

No. 2.

YOU WON'T, BUT YOU MUST.

Mr. Republican, this way, if you please, sir. We do not mean the candid, independent man, but he who is under the party lash.

Ten years ago you cried out for retrenchment and reform. You declared you would not support men so extravagant as the Democrats.

Time passed. Your party obtained power. Its corruption and extravagance surpassed all precedent.

Your political masters cracked their lash over you, and you justified extravagance and apologized for corruption.

You declared the South was a bill of expense, and we would be better without her, and paraded your faith by carrying sixteen-star flags, in honor of the sixteen northern States.

Your masters cried Union, and you shouted, "It must be preserved."

Your masters now say the Union shall not be restored until the South embraces the sentiments of New England.

You embrace the doctrine, and declare there is no hurry about restoring the Union. Your masters called the Democrats "Union-savers."

You caught up the sound, and hissed it from your throats.

Your masters called the Democrats "traitors."

You hailed it from hill-top and valley.

Your masters declared that slavery should not be interfered with.

You became as strong pro-slavery men as the Democrats.

Your masters said slavery should remain unmolesied where it existed, but should not be carried into the territories.

You applauded the doctrine, and declared it just and right.

Your masters said slavery must be abolished.

You cried loud against "the accursed institution."

Your masters said the negroes were an inferior race, and should not be placed on an equality with the whites.

You adduced strong arguments to prove that the negroes should never have the right to vote or hold office.

Your masters declare the blacks equal to the whites.

You cursed all who dare to insinuate that God created one race inferior to another.

Your masters protested friendship for the poor man.

You were eloquent against the oppressions of the rich.

Your masters exempted the bonds held by rich men from taxation.

You swallowed their opinion, and pronounced it good.

Your masters told you that you belonged to the decency party.

You strutted in style, and sneered at the hard-fisted sons of toil.

Your masters now say you are no better than negroes.

You bow in humble submission to their decree, wallow in the African mire, and declare it good.

You are the slave of corrupt men. An instrument used by knaves to promote selfish ends. You have no principle—no stability—no minds of your own. Like the weathercock, you turn as the winds of your masters blow upon you.

THE SOUTHERN SPIRIT.

We like the manliness of the following article, from the New Era, of Atlanta, Georgia: We made sacrifices in the South for the sake of the revolution, which we honestly believed would result in establishing a wiser and more advanced principle of political civilization than that inaugurated and maintained by the American Union.

Perhaps, we thought too well of the progress our countrymen had made in the art of self-government. Perhaps, we erred in thinking that the glorious era had arrived when two nations, great and prosperous and happy, could exist side by side, bound together by common ancestral traditions and simulating each other in the sublime efforts of extending the sway of American Brotherhood over the continent. If so, we erred in illustrious company. Our plans have failed. With the plans, our purposes have perished. We return to the Union. We acknowledge the Union. If we made sacrifices for a providential war, we are ready to make sacrifices for a providential peace.

If we were men then, we are men now, the same men, though different as to aim and end; performing at that time what seemed a duty in separating from the Union and performing at this time that which equally seems a duty in coming back, into the Union. Would any sane man desire us to go farther? Would any magnanimous man wish us to criminate ourselves in this course pursued? If we misconceived the resultant effects of eighteen centuries of christian civilization; if we over-estimated the axiomatic truths of the Declaration of Independence no less than the reserved rights of the States, as those States stood related to the Constitution and co-related to one another; then, certainly, we are laid dead, and our ideal devotion to the prerogatives of American Freedom.

Such is the attitude of the South towards the past. Such, too, is her position towards the present. In each, she is truthful and honest. In each, she is truly and thoroughly herself and not another's. If she is cast down she is not "destroyed." If she is chastened, she is not, and cannot be humiliated. If she has lost her property, she has not lost her self, and her household and her altars. If the ranks of her living sons are sadly thinned, she will cherish the memory of her illustrious dead. With such a past, with such a present, we are ready to meet the future Providence may ordain. The future does not frighten us. If slavery has gone, and gone forever, we should think it disgraceful to admit that our energy, and enterprise, and skill had likewise departed. We can be men thanks to Providence, without being slaveholders. Institutions never make men. Men make institutions. The larger part of human institutions might perish to-day, and on to-morrow mankind would rise from their ruins to establish the structural forms of opinion and policy in other and grander shapes. If the cavaliers of the South have descended to the grave, full of years and full of honors, they have fulfilled their destiny and yielded to the inexorable decree of "dust to dust."

One day our "Vimble" will be written. One day our Richards and Rebeccas will be better understood and appreciated. One day justice will be done to their motives and aspirations, if, forsooth, their brave impulses and lofty aims hurried them too fast and too far. But, meanwhile, the aged Puritan is permitted to survive the dead Cavalier. We have no fault to find with the edict. We prefer his having time for repentance and tears. If Cain survived Abel, and if the wandering Jew outlived St. Peter, we are content to see the moral of this lesson brought home to the men of this generation.

Then there would have been no colored person—and no Republican party. No rebellion. No drafts. No National debt. No income tax.

This shows the necessity for encouraging the Temperance movement.

I wonder Gough never used the African as a frightful example of the ultimate results of intemperance.

He can use this illustration in his next lecture.

It ought to be a very effective argument with the American people.

Think of Noah and imagine an African at the bottom of every tumbler.

COBBY O'LANUS.

THE COST OF THE NEGRO.

Under this head the New York Day-Book says, if any person desires to know just how much he is paying for the negro, let him keep an account of his purchases for his family, and strike a balance between the price he now pays and what the same articles could have been bought for previous to the war. That balance will represent the exact cost of the negro to him.

For illustration that paper gives a bill for mutton for family use purchased recently, and contrasts it with one made for the articles previous to the war as follows:

Mr. D. to 307 1/2 Canton fannel, 47c.....\$14 60 To 43 yards muslin, 46c.....19 35

Cost before the war.....\$7 89 Cost since the war.....\$33 95

Cost of the negro.....\$26 06

While this is the amount of money abstracted from the pockets of the consuming classes through the agency of the war, in one way or another, yet it must be remembered that it finds its way into the hands of the manufacturing and capital classes.

The stocks of all these manufacturing companies are double and triple their par rates. The Newburyport Herald states that the James Street Mill of that city, with a capital of \$250,000, has during the past four years paid \$412,500 to its stockholders!

The same journal states that should cotton goods fall fifty per cent. lower than they now are, they will make profits never dreamed of until since the war commenced.

It should ever be borne in mind that the shrewd Yankee Congressmen had no sooner driven the southern states out of Congress in 1861, than they proceeded at once to pass the blackest tariff ever put on the statute book—and they seemed determined to "keep them out for fear it will be repealed."

They fought the South to "free" the negro with one hand, and filled their pockets with monopolies with the other. In so doing they have done more to injure the negro than all the other measures of the war.

As to color, it is a matter of taste. Some may prefer "Wearing of the Green."

Some may prefer black.

For my part give me the Red, White and Blue.

Some people base their objections to the African on the "seem" rather than the "descent."

Sambo may not be as fragrant as the Egyptian Lotus, which Cleopatra is understood to have perfumed her handkerchief with when she went down to the Nile to meet Mr. Anthony.

[N. B.—I have this from the artist who executed Hooley's drop curtain.]

But this is a free county and everybody has a right to select their own perfumes. I object to being led by the politically or otherwise.

sunshine, and the inhabitants are not troubled with tailor's bills.

If he has set his mind on the ballot-box he can go to Massachusetts, where his superiority to the white man is recognized.

Particularly in war time, when the privilege of doing all the fighting will be cheerfully accorded to him.

But should the African depart, what would become of the Republican party?

No. 9 Court street would soon be advertised to let to a small family without children.

Boss Gale would have to turn his attention to some honest pursuit for a living.

Brother Tilton would have to hire a handcart and peddle the proceeds of his tin wedding.

Plymouth Church would probably be turned into a religious edifice.

Commissioner Spooner would dry up, and make an interesting fossil for a glass case in the Historical Society's collection.

Just think, my boy, what would have been the consequences if Noah had signed the pledge before he came out of the Ark, or his son Ham known better than to laugh at the slight old navigator, because he forgot to draw on the bedclothes when he went to sleep off his drunk.

Then there would have been no colored person—and no Republican party. No rebellion. No drafts. No National debt. No income tax.

This shows the necessity for encouraging the Temperance movement.

I wonder Gough never used the African as a frightful example of the ultimate results of intemperance.

He can use this illustration in his next lecture.

It ought to be a very effective argument with the American people.

Think of Noah and imagine an African at the bottom of every tumbler.

COBBY O'LANUS.

A DOG'S FEELINGS.

Many people laugh at the idea of being careful of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity; and yet it is a fact that numerous dogs are so sensitively to pain, shame, and mortification, as any human being. See, when a dog is spoken harshly to, what a universal droop seems to come over him. His head and ears sink, and his tail drops and slinks between his legs, and his whole air seems to say, "I wish I could sink into the earth to hide myself."

Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the means of inflicting a most horrible mortification on him at one time. It was very hot weather, and Prince, being a shaggy dog, lay panting, and lolling his tongue out, apparently suffering from the heat.

"I declare," said young Master George, "I do believe Prince would be more comfortable for being starved. And so far from being that he took him and began digging his hole of his coat. Prince took it all very obediently; but when he appeared with his usual attire, every one saluted him with roars of laughter, and Prince was dreadfully mortified. He broke away from his master, and scampered off home at a desperate pace, ran down the cellar and disappeared from view. His young master was quite distressed that Prince took the matter so to heart; he followed him in vain, calling, "Prince! Prince!" No Prince appeared. He lighted a candle, and searched the cellar, and found the poor creature cowering away in the darkest nook under the stairs. Prince was not to be comforted; he slunk deeper and deeper and deeper into the darkness, and crunched on the ground when he saw his master, and for a long time refused even to take food. The family all visited, and consoled with him, and finally his sorrows were somewhat abated; but he would not be persuaded to leave the cellar for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time he indulged the hope that his hair was beginning to grow again, and all were careful not to destroy the illusion by any jests or comments on his appearance.—Mrs. Stone.

RATHER INOPPORTUNE.—The massacre in Jamaica by the Negroes happened rather inopportunistically for the cause of Negro suffrage in the South. It is a crushing argument against it: If there are such things as special providences, that insurrection must have been a special providence, designed to admonish our people not to be in too great haste in elevating the Negroes of the South to a political equality with the Whites.

There was a heavy ice freshet on the West Branch of the Susquehanna last week. It is estimated, that over seventy-five million feet of saw logs passed Williamsport in one day—the heaviest loss ever sustained by lumber-men in that section.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three kinds of pride, namely, of birth, of riches, of intellect. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

"I see him on his winding way," said Mrs. Jenkins, as she saw Mr. Jenkins crossing his way home, just as the shades of twilight were creeping over the landscape.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pillaging."

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR FANATICS.

Is slavery abolished as an institution in the United States? If so, how was it done unless the amendment to the Constitution of the United States to that effect was ratified by States in the Union?

Was the proclamation of President Lincoln, abolishing slavery; of any binding force unless binding on States subject to the powers of the General Government of the Union? If so, how could they be subject to the General Government unless they were in the Union?

If the Confederate States were out of the Union, and not subject to its Constitution and laws, but to their government established, why had they not power to create a debt which mortgaged the land and property of its inhabitants, and which, being held by foreign nations, at least so far, became a debt not to be repudiated either by its own subjects or by the nation conquering it by force of arms?

Had the Confederacy succeeded in seceding from the Union, and accomplishing the object of their rebellion, and subsequently had we, through purchase or annexation, united, should we not have been obliged to assume its debts as well as its territory? If so, under a peaceful annexation, are we not equally liable through conquest, if those States were out of the Union and a distinct people with an established government?

Can any legislation by Congress, any expressions in any of the proclamations or measures of President Lincoln, any statement in any of our diplomatic correspondence, any orders from our Generals in the field, be produced, which for a moment can be construed into an admission on our part that those States were not subject to the requirements of the Constitution?

Then why delay to consummate the purpose of the war, to re-establish the Union under the Constitution, and again unitedly press forward toward the accomplishment of the proud destiny contemplated by the founders of the Republic.—Boston Post.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.] LINES TO BELLA.

A pair of mild blue eyes are thine, Their magic power I may not tell, Yet, round my heart they still entwine, With golden chains, sweet friendship's spell.

Within their beautiful depths I see Love and purity, heaven-born, That lends a sweetness unto thee, Like sunshine to a summer morn.

In gloomy hours I think of thee; While musing o'er the faded past, That angel form I still can see, Though far apart our lots be cast.

The memory of those eyes to-night, Of those blue eyes, so fond, so dear, Is graven on my heart as bright As when they form wert ever near.

Within those love-lit orbs I trace Unchanging love and faith sublime; And beauty of soul shines in thy face, Unstained by the hand of time.

Like sunbeams in my memory live The happy hours I've spent with thee; Those days, now past, so sad and give, Yet live, in memory, dear to me.

I've gazed into those eyes of thine, And thought I saw some sadness there; But thought thy heart too pure a shrine To cloud with sombre hues of care.

Thy soul, with wealth of feeling, seems To shine through those dear eyes of blue; May thy whole life be one sweet dream Of innocence pure and virtue true.

O. W. L.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

Why is a miser like seasoned lumber? Because he never gives.

Put no faith in a new promise based on the branch of an old one.

Those who heed not God's writ are often forced to heed the sheriff's.

What a burthen is leisure to a mind unprepared for its enjoyment.

Why are some fortune's like ships? Because they are built on stocks.

The Fenian State Convention of Ohio has declared for Roberts and Sweeney.

Secretary Stanton's friends in Washington deny that he is going out of the Cabinet.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth there's no end to them.

Artemus Ward says that his hair resembles lovers on the eve of separation. It is hard to part.

Secretary Stanton and Judge Holt have both declined to deliver the eulogy on President Lincoln.

Why is the tooth-ache like an unanswerable argument? Because it makes people hold their jaw.

Business is declining in New Orleans and stores have been sold for less than the bricks were worth.

HOW TO OVERTHROW THE ABOLITIONISTS.

"Throw conscience to the devil and stand by your party," was the advice Fred. Stevens gave his friends in the Pennsylvania Legislature, when, in 1858, he tried to force upon that State a minority Governor. It is evident that Stevens is settling upon the same principle now. He says, in his unblushing speech against admitting the southern members of Congress, that it is necessary to keep them out in order to secure the ascendancy of the Abolition party.

Stevens knows full well that if the North and the South can once more get together, they will govern the country as it was governed before the war occurred, and hence he strains every nerve to keep the Union broken up. Mr. Stevens makes little or no pretence that he acts from any motives other than strictly political or party ones.

Others may do so, but he prefers to go directly to the point, the preservation of the Abolition party in power; and this is to be done by the massacre and slavery of eight millions of white men! He demands the recognition of negro suffrage, although the North almost unanimously rejects it. He declares that that is not a republican form of government where negroes are denied any of the rights of white men, thus affirming that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and all the world called it a republican government! Now the past eighty years, was all a humbug! *Arriba! arriba!* That we should have been compelled to live to hear Thad. Stevens and Charles Sumner tell us what a "republican government" is! It is really dreadful to think of. But so it is—Sumner and Wilson, Thad. Stevens and Colfax are now the statesmen of America!

But the most astounding spectacle is, perhaps, the fact that there is probably no man on the floor of Congress who can successfully reply to the argument as presented by Stevens and Sumner. None, at least have as yet tried. If "slavery" is wrong, why are not Stevens and Sumner right? Who is there able to tell? Speak out, ye marvellously wise men who think that negro subordination is incompatible with true freedom and liberty. Speak out, ye model Democrats, who think and say that the Abolitionists have done a good thing in bringing upon the country the equality of the races!

The simple truth is, that there is no possible way under heaven to answer Stevens and Sumner except to take the ground of the inequality and difference of the races. Upon the ground of the unity of the race, they have all the argument and all the philosophy with them, and there is no more chance of evading the conclusions they arrive at, than there is of dodging a streak of lightning. All the arguments published in a thousand newspapers, if they did not touch this point, and all the speeches delivered by ten thousand orators, with the eloquence of Cicero, Demosthenes, Clay and Webster combined, would have no more effect than a penny whistle in a hurricane!

The Democratic party and leaders are kidding and fluffing, blowing their trumpets and Chinese songs, talking, ranting, puffing, blowing, and doing everything and anything but to come to the point. They ought to understand that this Abolition party rests upon a broad and mighty foundation—a false one, it is true—but, at the same time, one that has been accepted by the great intellectual, moral and religious forces of modern society. It was only the other day that an editor from Michigan, who was trying to be a "conservative Democrat," informed us with great gravity that he believed all the distinctions between the races were artificial—the result of climate, and other causes! We told him that he ought to be an Abolitionist at once for if the negro's color, hair, and mental inferiority were the result of climate, or wrong that had been inflicted upon them then the Abolitionists were right in trying to undo them and bring the persecuted and unfortunate race back to its normal condition. Now, when such profound ignorance as this man exhibited is found among men calling themselves Democrats, what can be expected of the members of the Abolition party—of those who are daily and hourly taught by their organs of public opinion, that all men of all races are entitled to equal rights!

There is but one way to meet this question, and that is to deny the equality or unity of the races. It is not necessary to bother with "isms" as to how they came so, or where negroes sprang from—whether from Cain or Abel, or Ham or Chus—all this argument is childlike, puerile and irrelevant. It is enough for us to commence with the unanswerable fact that the negro is a negro, just as much so as a horse is a horse, or an ox an ox, or an owl an owl. If he is a different being from a white man, it follows he must occupy a different position in society; and that is all there is of the argument. After having got your antagonists to that point, you can very well afford to let him extricate himself if he can. Let him define what his different position should be—how he would adapt the civil laws to meet those differences. Once let the argument be narrowed down to this point, and the great foundation falsehood upon which the entire Abolition superstructure rests will tumble down in one grand heap at once. Until we come to this, all attempts to overthrow the Abolition party will end in disastrous failures.—Day Book.

Major General Howard instructs the Superintendent of the Free Negro Bureau at Richmond to insist upon making the former owners responsible for the care of destitute freedmen. General Howard asks that the name of any person refusing to obey this order shall be promptly reported to him at Washington, so that he may lay the case before the President for his action.

Coffee is to sit back till; he is not to work or be made to do his support, that is for the white man; and if the white man refuses to work and labor for the support of Sambo, then, we presume, his means of supporting himself are to stand away from him. This is the freedom of the last century.—Exchange.

Are these pure Canaries? With a gentleman of a high order with whom we were conversing for a "high top" he said, "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidently, "I raised them from birds from Canary seed."