Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Irishmen, Look Here!

There are some of you—thank God but a few—who are disposed to coquette with Radicalism.

Some who, although they can't quite stomach the undiluted "black draught" of nigger equality and white-man degradation, of such sheets as the *Tribune* and *Sun*, yet unhesitatingly sip the same potion in a little milder, more palatable, insidious and dangerous form, from the *Herald*

To all such we commend the following remarks of one Judge Wilson of Missouri, in the course of a speech delivered some time since, by him, at Kirksville, Adair county:

"I would not let a laboring Irishman, such as you will soon have along your railroads here, cross his legs under my table, or sleep in my beds, and neither would you,—*All these are Democrats.* Are they our equals?"

Now what do you think?

This dirty-mouthed, Puritanical blackguard, Wilson, is Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of that State; is one of its Radical governor *fletcher's* most estimable appointees; a representative man of the "Party of Loyalty and progress: and in what he says, expresses the real, heart-felt sentiments of the whole Jacobin faction, not only in Missouri, but throughout the country.

Hasn't their great exemplar, whom they strove so desperately last summer, to make President—the blasphemous old hero, Ben Wade—over and over again declared that you are "no more fit to vote than the horses you drive"?

Didn't Palmer, their candidate for Governor of Illinois, only last week declare, that "Negroes as citizens are vastly preferable to imported foreigners!"

Don't the Chicago *Post*, one of their leading organs, throw off all electioneering disguise, and boldly pronounce the whole Irish race a "set of ignorant, priest-ridden barbarians, infinitely beneath the level of the respectable negro"

Irishmen! it by your votes or your influences, you aid in giving these cursed, canting, anti-foreigners, and Catholic fanatics the unlimited power to which they aspire, you only prepare the way for that crusade against your honor and your own religion, of which Greeley of the *Tribune* and Tilton of the *Independent* have long since sounded the first bugle-notes!

Every vote given by an Irishman, for Radicalism, is a vote for his own degradation!—A vote for the overthrow of the only friends Irishmen ever had in America!

There is, there can be, no sympathy between a genuine Irishman and the snuffling, intermeddling, priest-mobbing Sisters of Charity impersonating bigots, who boast their descent from the slave-paradedmurders of a Catholic sovereign!

"Away from them! Abhor it, loathe it, touch not, smell not, handle not, any thing that favors of Puritanism, Mock-Flowerism, White Niggerism, Modern Jack-Jesuitism!"

Wilson, Wade and Palmer are three of its bright exemplars.

Et una omnes dice!

Which being interpreted is: From this tripartite fool learn the chief tenet of the whole Radical creed.—*Record and Vindicator*

A White Man Hung for Rape and a Negro Pardoned.

On Friday last a white man, named John Perkins was hung at Portsmouth, Va., for committing a rape. He died protesting his innocence, but the astounding part of the story is the announcement that a negro, arrested, tried, and convicted of the same crime and of whose guilt there is not a shadow of a doubt, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, on the pretence that he is loyal, and the commutation is certainly regarded in Virginia as a political fight! It has come to this, then, that there is a political distinction between a Radical and a rebel rape—a distinction which could occur only to a party based on "moral ideas." Plain things call for plain words, and in view of the fact that there is a frightful proclivity among negroes to commit a crime which in all ages and in all nations has been considered the highest of outrages, and in view of the vast number of negroes who have just emerged from what Sumner calls "the barbarism of slavery," it becomes a matter of the gravest importance if this crime is to be as good as pardoned to conciliate a Radical or negro region. Within a few days crimes of this character, in each instance by negroes from the South, have been committed in Connecticut and in Schenectady County in New York. If these negroes are convicted a commutation on political grounds may be claimed upon the precedent established by the Governor of Virginia.

—"Whenever you hear a Democrat howling about high taxes, ask him if he pays any of them" Thus asks a Radical sheet away down East This editor is no doubt in the interest of the bondholders whose business it is to sneer at working people. Never mind, the working people will soon tell you, whether they pay any taxes on every thing they wear

A PICTURE OF RADICAL RECONSTRCTION!!

WHAT THE RADICALS VOTED FOR ON LAST TUESDAY!

WHAT GRANT PROMISES IF ELECTED!

— Negro Tax collector An' so you say, you can't pay dese taxes. Gor a'mity man how you spec' de 'buro an' us gemmen ob colo to lib whende' white trash won't pay dese taxes I tell you I will do cheer you's on, an' de last sheet off de bed if you don't hand out dese taxes, demediately. I'se not de man to be fooled wid De gobernment sent me here for taxes an' I'll hab em, if your sick boy does starve

Good Story.—A pious but plain-spoken deacon, in a certain town in Massachusetts, gave a stage driver a slip of paper upon which he had written the names of a couple of books, which he wished him to get for him at a book store. The driver called at the book store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said, "There's a couple of books which Deacon Brisbey sent to him." The clerk, after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make head or tail of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters, but to him it was also Greek. The proprietor was called, and he also gave up in despair, and it was finally decided to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon standing on the steps.

"Well, driver, said he, "did you get my books to day?"

"Books? No! And a good reason why, for there ain't an inch of 'em to West Chester ready for the stage tracks.

"Couldn't read writin'? Let me see the paper."

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon, who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, and exclaimed as he did so, in a very satisfactory tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face To Sam Bax—two psalm books! I guess his clerks had better go to school a quarter

WHAT WE PAY.—By the Jacobin tariff the workingman has to pay fifty two cents duty on every pound of tea. This is the tax alone, which the importer pays He adds it to the price, and adds his percentage of profit on it, as a part of the cost, in selling it to the jobber. The latter adds his percentage when he sells it to the retailer, and he adds his percentage when he sells it to the consumer. In this way the tax is run up to at least a dollar when the article reaches the consumer, and he has to pay it all It is in the same proportion on coffee, sugar, salt, and other articles, with the internal revenue taxes added, and the percentage on them, and the workingman pays all.

—"Grant will do the thinking, Colfax the talking," says an enthusiastic Radical. An owl and a parrot to act as captain and helmsman Who says the ship of State isn't safe for Davy Jones' locker

The Rump's Last Codge.

A few of the most malignant of the Mongrel traitors of the Rump have met at Washington, and without a quorum to do anything (even to legally adjourn) have adjourned to the 1st of October. This is a threat for the President that he does anything that is not calculated to help the Mongrels on a new lease of power the Rump will be one together, not great wrath or threats; have no terrors.

So this godless piece of effrontery called a "Congress" is run only as a partisan Presidential machine. It is no longer a *Congress* within the meaning of the Constitution. Its acts are neither legally or morally binding upon anybody. No more so, certainly than the edicts of a party caucus. And the misfortune to our country is, that the leaders of the Democratic party, with few exceptions, are utterly wanting in the spirit of putting the true principles, to effectually stop the destructive usurpation. It would almost seem that they are waiting on the agency to perceive that the free Democratic principle of government is being annihilated by these measures, or that they are destitute of the patriotism which calls upon them to arrest the progress of this fatal revolution, at whatever sacrifice. Does any one imagine that, if the Democratic party were now led by such spirits as Jackson and Jefferson, the Mongrels would dare even to imagine the things they are openly doing? The Mongrel faction is strong, not in its known members, but in the weakness and venality of the Democratic leaders. A decent show of pluck and patriotism in this quarter would drive the Rump from all its illegal acts in less than thirty days.—*Day Book.*

—A carpet-bagger now in the South wrote to his father lately in the North,—"Come down here, father, mighty mean men get office here now. You could be elected United States Senator without trouble" It is said a great number are ready to go, as soon as Grant is elected.

—The Radicals say that Seymour and Blair are going to start a new rebellion We beg the gentlemen to retain their linen. It is not the habit of Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States to wage a rebellion against themselves.

—The Menken, of whom so much has been said in the papers of late, acted in the capacity of a waitress in the Stacy House, Zanesville, Ohio, for about a week, in the year 1860

The Campaign of '52 to be Repeated.

The editor of the New York *Star*, one of the best politicians in the country after carefully studying the temper of the public mind, comes to the conclusion that the indications are growing strong that the Presidential campaign of this year will cause as great a political revolution as that of 1852. In 1848 the Democratic party was badly beaten and Taylor was elected President. The Whigs thought they had a sure hold upon the Government and in 1852 they nominated General Scott, the hero of Lundy's Lane and Mexico. When Scott was put upon the track the Whigs were as confident of his success as the Radicals now are of the success of *their* hero. But the deeper under current of public opinion set in against the Whig party, just as it is now setting in against the Radicals. The masses—the honest, hard working class—determined to curb the ambition of the military hero then, just as they have determined now. The consequence was that Scott received barely enough votes to swear by—he was the worst beaten man that ever ran for President. The Whigs were dumbfounded at the result, and became so demoralized that the party split to pieces and has never since been heard of. Let any one examine the signs of the times closely, and he will see a close analogy between the present campaign and the one sixteen years ago. There is now a manifest reaction in public feeling throughout the country. The working classes see that the only hope of the poor man consist in ousting from power the cormorants who steal the people's money and who run the Government in the interest of the bondholder and other capitalists. They have become disgusted with the negro policy of the Radicals, by which the latter have entrenched themselves in the Government—a policy which feeds and clothes lazy negroes at the expense of hard working white men. The noble stand which Governor Seymour has taken as the friend of the people and the champion of labor, has endeared him to the working classes in every State of the Union. Men who work for their living know that the contest is between the industrial interest of the country on one side, and the bond holding, shoddyite interest on the other, and they will vote accordingly.

—A Bible student asserts that Daniel prophesied Grant's election. He would never have come out of that lion's den if he had.

—The Senators elected by the bogus State government of Georgia, have gone to Washington, and will present their credentials Now the Radical telegraph tells us that there is a disposition manifested to contest their admission because the legislature of that State expelled the blacks from their seats—This is a highly logical and certainly Radical view to take of this matter, and leads us to enquire why Ben. Wade of Ohio, or any other Northern Senator is permitted to take his seat in Congress when their States do not admit negroes to the legislature? This is the first time it has ever been intimated to us that the Rump had authority to say to the States who should and who should not be members of their legislatures, if it was not done as they wanted they could refuse to admit their Senators

—A Radical newspaper gets off the following ingenious problem. "As the coming election is to the past, so are Grant's chances for the Presidency," and wants to know if any Democrat can "work it out" It is the simplest matter in the world Multiply him with a pint of Bourbon, and devide him with negro equality and naught remains

Wendell Phillips, the model man of the Radical party, says he will vote for General Grant, although he has no confidence in him and denounces the Radical platform as "shuffling, evasive, unprincipled and corrupt." And yet he supports it and its candidate, and why? "Because a vote for Grant is a vote for negro suffrage." Any thing to fly the black flag above the white.

—One of the "loyal" members of the Georgia Legislature recently announced that in three months one hundred and sixty negroes had been killed in Stewart County alone. The Coroner of the county lately testified that but five had been killed in two years The carpet bagger at once folded up his "bloody shirt," put it in his carpet-bag, and has said nothing upon the subject since

—The Albany *Argus* tells how one of the boys who make up Radical processions came to grief in that city; All through the line, on Thursday night, small boys were sandwitched among them. One of these boys was unfortunate enough to be discovered by his mother, who unceremoniously hauled him from the procession, and soundly thrashed him in the presence of a cloud of witnesses.

Indian War!

Horrible atrocities of the savages!

White men, women, and children, butchered, scalped, and hewn to pieces!

Houses burned, and stock driven off!

Settlers fleeing for their lives!

And no troops to protect them!

Sixty thousand regular soldiers, and no protection for the terror-stricken inhabitants of our Western border!

Where's the army?

"Protecting" niggers in the South!

Standing guard over baboon "legislatures," and enforcing their beastly enactments!

Supporting a vile herd of skunkiferous orang-outangs and pale-faced vagabonds in their accursed domination over a noble, gallant race of WHITE MEN!

Fifteen thousand soldiers, in Virginia alone, to "protect" the infamous carcasses of Hunnicutt, Underwood, Baine, Dindsey, and their brother niggers;—

But not a soldier, not a bayonet, to save the mothers and daughters of Montana and Colorado, from outrage and death!

Fifteen thousand soldiers in Virginia to hold as "conquered territory," Mount Vernon and Monticello, and to back the brutal, ignorant, foul-scented progeny of African missionary-eaters, in trampling upon the illustrious descendants of the Washingtons, Madisons and Lees;—

But not a regiment to stand between the defenceless families on our Western border, and the hordes of painted fiends whose war-whoop now resounds from Minnesota to New Mexico and Texas!

What though twenty families, within the last two weeks, have been left slain and mangled, "their very entrails torn out," the aged grandsire beside the innocent babe, the mother beside her daughter, amid the ashes of their humble homes—

They're WHITE!

Niggers in the South must be "protected!"

Blaze on! blaze on! ye hapless border homes!

Shriek! shriek! ye helpless, anguished victims of tomahawk and scalping knife!

Shriek! shriek! ye wretched maidens of Arizona, Northern Texas, and Nevada!

But your cries are vain!

You're WHITE!

NIGGERS MUST BE "PROTECTED!"

Thus say Radicalism, Congress, and Impeachment-lover

Grant!!

And every man in all the West, who votes the Jackobin ticket, votes for Indian outrages on Western WHITES, and Nigger outrages on Southern WHITES!!

REMEMBER IT!—*Record and Vindicator*

Where Lies the Danger?

"Let us have peace," cry the Radicals "There will be another civil war, if the Democrats are not put down," say they We have heard that before. It is a Radical game to frighten timid people They tried it on, when they attempted to bully the Senate into convicting the President Schenck, as Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee, sent the following, in each patch, all over the country: "*There is great danger of the peace of the country* and the Republican cause, if impeachment fails." And General Grant was telegraphed as declaring that, unless the President was removed, there would be civil war, and it would be dangerous for him to remain in Washington Impeachment did fail, and, yet, there was not in consequence the least disturbance of the peace anywhere, and General Grant was not molested, but continued at Washington as if nothing had occurred. Both Schenck and Grant wanted to scare the country into sanctioning a bad act, by holding up to them civil war, if that act failed of accomplishment How was the peace of the country to be disturbed if the President was not convicted? That puzzled the understanding of both the wise and the dull. Nobody could tell

Now we are treated again to the same sort of stuff We are told that unless the Democracy are defeated, we shall have a renewal of the civil war. Why that should be is no clearer than that the peace of the country was in danger if impeachment failed. Everybody that had a grain of sense knew that the only danger to the peace of the country was in the success of impeachment, not in its defeat So now, everybody of sense must know that the only danger to the peace of the country is in the change proposed by the Radical leaders in the character of the Government—a change from the old American to the Mexican—by taking the negro into political partnership with the whites. That is where will come the danger to the peace of the country. Then is when will be sown the seeds of perpetual revolution. And is not that really what the Radical leaders are working for—a condition of society that will demand a monarchy to insure peace and a stable Government? Our conviction is in the affirmative.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—A Radical papers says: "Charge all along the lines," as though the Radical party hadn't been charging all along the lines and every place else for several years