

Ink-Silage.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has had an attack of pair-ally-sis. He is said to be mighty sore-o-sis, and needs the comforting care of the sisterhood.

It must be a happy reflection to the original Republican leaders that, no matter how successful their cause may be, Democrats continue to rule the country and the Republican party.

THURLOW WHEED, wandering abolitionist and head agitator of all isms, has been to Aiken, South Carolina, for his health. He went to Aiken to be rid of his achin', and he's achin' at Aiken still.

The Pacific railroad will be about eighteen hundred miles long. Congress ought to be compelled to pass over it once a week. In the course of a year, or so, that body would cease to exist!

MANTON MARBLE has purchased all the stock in the World, and now runs it alone. The office is said to be worth \$400,000, and its politics not "a continental d-n." The first figure gives its financial value, and the five ciphers following, its political worth.

JAMES W. FORNEY has opened a Southern land agency at the Washington Chronicle office. If he would open an agency for the return of stolen articles from the South, he might do a "land office business," in that line, and particularly in the "clothes-line." He might "rope in" some of his loyal friends, and clothes his life profitably!

A certain so-called Democratic newspaper, which has heretofore sought to lead the party, is now defending the infamous inquisitorial measure before Congress, termed the "Postal Telegraph Bill." Over zealous writers, who possess much less principle than they would make believe, are not infrequently astraddle the wrong hobby.

The Anti-Slavery Standard (WENDELL PHILLIPS' African spawn) appears to be the leading negro paper in the country. It is a political journal, "printed in colors," its contents being almost entirely about the "Colored National Convention," the "Colored" this, and the "Colored" that. WENDELL is a persistent white nigger with a black heart.

We are receiving inquiries for the Watchman from various portions of our country. We are in receipt of letters asking for specimen copies from New York, Ohio, Michigan and Kentucky, and a club of subscribers from Washington Territory, is proof that the friends of Liberty are awake on the northern slopes of the Pacific.

A Jacobin journal rolls its parsimonious eyes heavenward, bemoaning the depravity of the times and the widespread demoralization on every hand. Did the editor thereof ever reflect that he is proportionately responsible with the leaders and writers of the bedeviled Republican party for the present terrible state of morals, social and political?

The "rosy queen" of the Republicans, the relict of the Late Lambert, writes to Congress from Germany for a pension, so that she may live in a style worthy of her station, etc. She ought to go to Italy. Her persistence as a beggar would give her great success as an Italian mendicant, in which profession she might again acquire her lost station as a "rosy queen."

A resolution offered in the corrupt Pennsylvania Legislature by P. GRAY MEERK, of the Watchman, in directing the public printer to furnish a detailed statement of everything connected with his department for 1868—showing character of work done, number of copies, and price paid, etc., was strangled on Friday last by being laid on the table. The corruptionists and profligates do not intend to let the people see inside the "rings."

What a sorry plight the decent Republicans have got themselves into! By following the lead of the nigger-hoovers, they have got to the point where they must postpone their "inauguration ball," to keep the everlasting nigger out of it. They seem like the man who, having eaten a crow on a wager, smacked his lips in an agony of disgust at the conclusion, saying that he could eat crow on a bet, but he'd be d-d if he hankered after it!

The late Editorial Convention at Harrisburg, was a signal failure. The country editors were scared off by the "base" voices, fine clothes, and dictatorial style of the city editors. They appeared to be glad to get away alive, swearing that they never meant to do or say anything—and they didn't. Better keep out of Harrisburg, if they want to accomplish anything—the pressure there, as at Washington, is sufficient to corrupt Hell and scare the Devil!

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The Government Postal Telegraph Scheme.

The intelligent reader cannot fail to remark the rapid strides which the leaders of the Republican party are making to override State rights, to wipe out State lines, and to centralize all power in the Washington government, and to become alarmed at the indifference of the masses in this hour of direst danger to personal liberty. In the far, barren west, a monstrous corruptive power, able to purchase its way now and to grasp whatever it may covet (the Pacific railroad), is, in itself, a most dangerous menace to the people and the morals of our representative men. It is a monopoly built by corruptionists for corruptive purposes, and in direct violation of the spirit of the Constitution and of all precedent. Then the Government has proposed to build up a system of competitive railroads, ultimately to run hither and thither, and to break down State institutions—a monstrous movement. And now, to say nothing of a score or more usurpations accomplished to override and destroy State liberty, we have before us the scheme of a Government postal telegraph. This is so palpably infamous, as to strike men of all parties, having a particle of honesty or justice remaining, unfavorably at first view.

By the terms of the bill, it is proposed to seize all the telegraph lines in the country, which the Government may see proper to take possession of, and to run them on Government account. It is claimed in favor of this scheme, and it is the only argument in its favor, that letters may be dispatched at a very low rate, say at from ten to forty cents each, days in advance of the mail, giving to the business community a great advantage over the present mail arrangements. This, we say, is the only argument in favor of its establishment.

Now, what are those which present themselves against it, and which must condemn it as a base attempted usurpation and intrigue?

1. Without the flimsy excuse of "military necessity," or requirement of the Government, it offers to violate the rights of the States and infringe the rights of citizens.
2. It proposes to add a large number of office-holders and government employes to the already great swarm which now fills the land with an army of thieves, corrupting politics and morals.
3. It is a scheme to gain control of the private affairs and individual sentiments of the people, that it may exert a prying surveillance, like the Government of the French empire, over its opponents and its followers.
4. It is, hence, the boldest scheme yet concocted to centralize power at Washington, and to establish a perpetual despotism of partisans over the people.
5. It is a menace to republican institutions, and a bribe to bad men.
6. It is of no value to the farmer, or citizen of town or village, as the offices of the postal telegraph are to be established only in the great cities or towns of importance along the lines. But to keep it running for the benefit only of a favored few and an army of newly created office holders, the farmer's money in taxes will be wrung from him.
7. The bill excludes some States from the operation of the postal telegraph. Florida, for instance, would not have a single office, and a territory of Pennsylvania, greater than Florida, would also be totally ignored.

These are but a tythe of the objections which must necessarily present themselves to reflecting minds, but they are sufficient to occasion earnest inquiry into the schemes of revolutionary usurpation, and into the intentions and aims which those movements of the part of Congress indicate. It is easy to see whether we are drifting, since the Constitution has been laid aside, and the precedents of an era of prosperity and happiness are ignored and laughed at. Surely, we are "progressing," but whither? To the most absolute and admissible centralization to the overthrow of State and personal rights under the Constitution, we answer. Let those who run read "the writing on the wall!" Abominable and dangerous as this scheme proves to be on examination, we find a paper, professing to be the

leading Democratic journal of the country, actually advocating its passage by Congress, and it bids adds to the convictions of thinking Democrats, that those who make the greatest noise about their Democracy, often possess and practice the fewest, if any, of its principles and precepts.

On the other hand, we find the Republican party in our Legislature almost united against so palpably infamous a project. A resolution before the Pennsylvania House of Representatives last week, instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives to vote against the passage of the postal telegraph scheme, was adopted by a large vote—there being only 20 Republicans in the House who favored so dangerous a scheme! Every Democrat, of course, voted for the passage of the resolution.

We are rejoiced to be able to record this, notwithstanding all that has been written and said concerning the profligacy of the Republicans in the Pennsylvania Legislature, they are not yet ready to sell Pennsylvania to the enemies of our State and country, who, in the name of the Republican party, are striving, with more zeal and effect than did the Hamiltonian party at the closing of the last century and the ideas of the present, to overthrow the republican democratic principle of government.

But this postal telegraph scheme, as might be expected from its character, is the "offering" of a new ring of corruptionists at Washington. Everything in that city, from the making of a gill of whisky to an amendment to the Constitution—from the appointment of a pump of party to the impeachment of an Executive—it must be ever borne in mind, has a value, and is controlled by "rings." This scheme, as we have said, is the offering of a "ring," and it is of little moment to that ring whether the postal telegraph scheme wipes out all vestige of remaining State rights, so long as its passage promises to pay. It is now well known that the ring which offers this scheme is one which has formed around the Western Union Telegraph Company. This company, with a circle of corrupt Senators and Representatives surrounding it, like buzzards about a blotted corpse, have proposed to sell out to Congress and the country its stock, franchises, lines, etc., for the snug little sum of *Forty-five Millions of Dollars*, while its total call in of capital and the entire cost of its building, equipment and furniture, was less than *Fifteen Millions!* *Forty-five Millions* from *Forty-five Millions*, leaves the object which these Congressional vultures seek to obtain—Thirty-six millions of dollars is something for political gamblers and corrupt men to dare for. It is, to them, almost equal to a Pacific railroad in extent of booty!

Reader, reflect upon this.

General George W. Cass.

We take from a new monthly magazine entitled "Leisure Hours," printed in Pittsburg, the following biographical sketch of a prominent public man, which we fully endorse. General Cass is not only a thorough man of business, of unswerving integrity—but a man of honor, brains and backbone. In this State it would be difficult to find a man of more general intelligence. Pleasant and flexible in his manners—he has one of those happy dispositions in which everything is native and spontaneous—nothing forced. An admirable conversationalist, yet he possesses that happier faculty of being a good listener. With an equanimity of temper befitting a really great man, he has for old or young, great or small, always the right word and always the same denouncing to all. A man of capacity and foresight, his judgment always seems perfectly clear, sensible and unbiased, and ever ready to be convinced by argument. Calm and collected in thought, prompt in decision, ready and reliable in execution, zealous and upright in the discharge of duty—these are the distinguishing traits of the man. His admitted virtues in political life are all cognate to them. Of a family which has not wanted to the present time distinguished representatives who have adorned all the walls of life, who have filled exalted stations with honor, with credit to themselves and benefit to their fellow men—he is in no wise unworthy of them. Adapted by un-

ture and education to public life, the State would honor herself in honoring him. As his claims to the next gubernatorial nomination have received the endorsement of quite a number of the populous counties of the State, it may interest our readers to learn "what manner of man he is" at home, in the estimation of his neighbors.

"Overrated Men."

It is one of the evil signs of the times, exposing a general public demoralization and the egotistical self-sufficiency of our mediocre politicians, to hear their frequent disrespectful remarks concerning the services of those purer minds and nobler spirits of the past, who wrung liberty from the despots of the Old World, and gave us freedom in the New World. Occasionally we hear the grating remark, that PATRICK HENRY, JOHN HANCOCK, and even the "Father of his Country" were greatly overrated." WASHINGTON—the Demosthenes of the Federal Legislature—it is now asserted by some smart Republicans, was a "greatly overrated man." They seem to look at the great statesmen of the past, through the blinding influence of a self-conceited egotism, or in the light of their present homage for such vile characters as THADDEUS STEVENS, BEN BUTLER, and SIMON CAMERON. These Republicans peruse the biographies of the great men of the past, and fail to find evidence of that modern "greatness" which now indicates its extent in the amount of corruption implanted into the public morals of the day. They fail to see the foul footprints of a SIMON CAMERON in these meadows of the past, and from habit and the examples all about them, naturally enough wonder at their narrowness—"greenness"—in the matter of not acquiring pecuniary wealth at the cost of the people.

WASHINGTON—the pure, unblemished, glorious personification of all that is noble in human nature—is said gravely by these critics of "greatness" to have been a "greatly overrated man." The remark is but the outcropping of a most ungrateful spirit and depraved moral standard that has corrupted the fountains of social and political life. And the time is approaching when, if found profitable, the same men will proclaim the only man who has filled a public station above WASHINGTON in all those sterling principles of truth and honor and the graces of a pure life—JESUS CHRIST—to have been, and to be, a "greatly overrated man!"

If purity and nobility of life—it unblemished character—if sterling integrity and a deep benevolence for mankind—a singleness of purpose and devotion to the cause of human freedom in "the times that tried men's souls"—do not furnish the genuine characteristics of human "greatness," we surely need not look for that crowning quality among the sordid and perjured villains who fill their places in the city of Washington and throughout the land!

"Overrated." Ah! has it come to this, that the very memories of our great dead, who lived to establish liberty for the human reptiles and vermin of this epoch, and died as they lived, pure and unswayed in deed and thought—who gave up their lives a sacrifice on the altar of their country, are dragged forth to be compared to such vile creatures as at present revel in licentiousness and corruption, living to curse their countrymen, and dying to damn themselves!

Truly, we have come upon evil times!

Mr. E. A. POLLARD recently denounced JEREMIAH DAVIS as a "shameless carter," because the latter was about entering into some commercial business by which he could make a living for his family. Now it turns out, says the Augusta (Ga.) Express, that POLLARD has perjured himself for the chance of drawing a pitiful stipend with which to enable him to live without work. He is a true type of that miserable class who believe labor to be dishonorable.

JOHN COVON, the most corrupt man in or out of Congress, lately undertook to defend the purity of the Pacific Railroad Congressional Committee. Lucifer lecturing to devils on the beauties of Topical, would not be more appropriate.

"Come, Let us Cross Over the River."

With a weary army—sun-burned, weather-beaten, march-worn, thirsty, a-hungred and foot-sore—there arrived on the margin of a certain river in Virginia, the immortal STONEMAN JACKSON. The pitiless summer's sunbeams were beating down with oppressive effect upon the host, but to rest then was to hazard the future. There was work to do—the river must be forded—miles put under the slow and steady tread of the gallant men who followed him to glory and a martyr's death. Standing upon the exposed bank of the stream, and viewing the cool foliage on the opposite side, which seemed to lure the weary host on to seek shelter, there came that expressive order, which contained more of gentle persuasion than command, "Come, let us cross over the river, and rest in the shade of the trees!"

In this impressive picture, we find an example for Democrats in the great contest now upon us, and which must continue unflinchingly to be waged till Right and Reason and Justice are again enthroned, and the old landmarks renewed. We appeal to the Democratic hosts in the persuasive language of the immortal JACKSON, to falter not in duty and in purpose, till the river is forded, and they may rest in the shade of the tree of Liberty. It is the bravest and staunchest hearts alone who battle on with greater zeal in the darkest hour of contest. A victory will come to the arms of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, if they remain but steadfast and true to their cause and their country, ere '69 has gone to sleep. But let us not tarry before obstacles. There is no rest to us till we shall have crossed over the river and seized the treasures, Peace and Rest by the strong arms of Right and Might. To tarry now is to hazard the victories won, and to endanger the future. But as ye have boldly and bravely done in the past, so continue to work—for there is no rest till the river is forded, and ye are beneath the shade of the tree and temple of Liberty. Then come, Democrats—bears of your country—champions of the Right—defenders of the Constitution—warriors against opposition and tyranny and despotism—"let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees!"

"Come, let us cross the river, the stream that runs so dark."
"Is none but towards quiver, so let us all embark."
Come, men with hearts undaunted, we'll stem the tide with ease.
We'll cross the flowing river and rest beneath the trees.
Come, let us cross the river, and rest beneath the trees.
Lest to Liberty's leaflets at sport with every breeze.
Our rest is won by fighting, and PEACE awaits us there with ease.
Strange that a cause so blighting, produces fruit so fair!"

The Invaded Liberties of the People.

Few people have lost liberty who have not lost it imperceptibly. Those who rob the people of it, and fetter the masses for the aggrandizement of the few, approach the temple of liberty stealthily, like a thief in the night. Hence it is that the vilest despotisms are established with the apparent consent of those mostly interested. Apathy is the most fatal symptom of the times, for when freemen are aroused fully to a sense of the dangers surrounding them, there is no need of fear that their rights will be assailed or invaded.—Such is not the case with this people. They have handed over blindly the most sacred rights into the hands of men who have not one merit beyond the hypocritical claim of "loyalty," and are sleeping on listlessly while their rights are disappearing entirely. Rights, for which freemen in this and other lands have braved power during years of suffering, have been stricken down in a day, and their loss occasions little inquiry and no protest. The people of England waged war against power for six hundred years, to establish the principle of liberty embraced in the right of trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus. Yet in one day, by sophistry and hypocritical pretense, these were stricken down in boastful America, and in many cases actually, openly, and applauded defied by insignificant satraps, who like mushrooms upon a dunghill, had assumed importance in the midnight of our political gloom. This was then and is now a matter of the deepest concern to all patriots who are at all familiar with the history of nations, for they know

that only by the strictest and most scrupulous observance of constitutional law, can a successful barrier to their ultimate overthrow be reared. Liberties and rights undefended when invaded, are liberties and rights doomed to utter overthrow and annihilation. To preserve these, every invasion must be resisted, and every invader stricken down!

We have no more interest in this country than any other patriotic citizen in it; but we are sincere in the expression of the opinion, that constitutional liberty in its former American vigor will never again be restored to this people, unless they shall arise and demand its restoration at every hazard; and we do not believe that the invasion of rights will cease, much less the restoration of lost ones be made, till revolution shall sweep from place the revolutionists in power, and thus reduce all men to an observance of constitutional obligations, through the persuasion of force and numbers!

Chat with the Ladies.

HENRY A. WISE declares that he "praises God for the war every day, notwithstanding its disaster and death, as a special providence, indispensable to free me and my heirs forever from the weakness, if not wickedness, of African slavery." If the hanger of JOHN BROWN, the cut-throat, had prayed as much for honesty before the war, as he "praises God" now, he might not have been one of the chief leaders in bringing that misfortune upon his people. But he can "praise God" with more heart than some of his neighbors; he has received his property back; hence his praises!

The "oil" rulers of subjugated Tennessee have stolen \$500,000 of the school fund—over a million, in two years gone. Robbing the cause of education and stealing away the funds left the children of the State by the wisdom of their parents, is an exploit worthy of the party of "grand moral ideas."

I'll meet thee, love, when evening hour
Sheds its soft light on beauty's brow;
When twilight eases the day's weary pain,
Sings to her favorite strain,
When golden clouds, like a lovely dream,
Come floating far and free;
When vesper's hush is on the night beams,
Oh! then I'll meet with thee!

I'll meet thee, love, when dew-drops bright
Like beauty's crystal tears
Drop from the ebon lips of night,
When star-like chandeliers
Hang pendant from their domes above,
O'er vale and stream, and through
Oh! then I'll meet with thee!

I'll meet thee, love, when music breathes
On reeds and wings along,
And stirs the soft and rustling leaves
Of memory, like a song,
Which sways the heart's overflowing tide,
As o'er a moonlit sea;
When night and sleep roam side by side,
Then I'll meet with thee!

I'll meet thee, love, and whisper o'er
Each fold and favorite page,
And bid affection's wreath once more
In beauty o'er thy brow—
Whose honey-dews sweet thoughts shall call
As doth the winged bee;
Then come, my love, my beautiful,
"Tis then I'll meet with thee!"

The loving swain who so thrillingly
Warbles forth his love in the above
verses, is probably not the same one
who made love to his Dulcinea through
the medium of an umbrella, as fol-
lows

A certain dramatic writer, being caught in a shower of rain, took refuge under the portico of a handsome dwelling in New York. As soon as he had taken the position a window was opened, and a lovely female face appeared, which seemed to beam with sympathy and anxiety. She soon retired, and sent him an umbrella by a servant. He fell at once deeply in love, and thinking from her anxious looks that she loved him, he called on her the next morning, sent up his card, and gave into her own hand a very costly umbrella he had purchased in place of the old and shabby one he had borrowed, and then wound up all by making a profession of love. The young lady, without even noticing the exchange that had been made, perceiving how her act had been misinterpreted, indignantly replied "I had to be my duty to misdirect you, sir. At the time of the shower I was anxiously expecting a gentleman who is, I confess, very dear to me, who wished to see me in private, and my only motive for sending you the umbrella was to get you off the steps!"

Of all the beautiful and fashionable young ladies mentioned in the Bible as sweet, docile and kissable, Ruth seems the only one who treated her lover cruelly. She is said to have pulled his ears and trod on his corns.