

Ink-Slings.

HARRY COLE married LIZZIE BLACK, at Jamestown the other day. Light black coals, will be the next thing we hear of from that neighborhood.

The "Peace Society" of Boston is begging money. If it is used to buy help to hang every hypocritical wretch who belongs to it, there should be plenty raised.

In place of telling GRANT to go to hell, Senator Ross might have advised him to "go rest in Abraham's bosom." It would have been the same.

SPRAGUE is now called the Walpole of the American Senate; it is but a short time since he was content with being a Tadpole in the puddle of radicalism.

If ULYSSES I, accepted advice as readily as he does gifts—houses, purses, boots, purses and "sich" like—the devil would have had him in less than a minute and a half after Senator Ross told him to "go to hell."

Road jackets is a favorite dish in the Sandwich Islands—Herald.

If about four fifths of the radical party could be induced to emigrate "theuteward" what a magnificent feast it would make for the cannibals.

Since the inauguration of the Galena turner—ULYSSES I, a number of white clerks have been discharged from the different departments about Washington and negroes appointed in their place. 'Rah for the Yunn! 'Rah for GRANT! 'Rah for the darkness.

The Governor and heads of departments in New York are begging of the Democracy to send in their subscriptions to the World—about as impudent a thing as it would be in them to ask Democratic conventions to endorse, BESTLER or BROWNLOW.

Some clam-chowder enter down in Natchussetts says SUMNER is the "father of the Senate." Unless the woman who left him a few years since, because he could not "perform the duties of manhood," lied awfully, it's about the only thing he's father of.

The Richmond Steel Works are being rebuilt by a Northern gentleman of large means—Virginia Sentinel.

Richmond must be much better off in this world's goods, than is generally supposed, if it will pay to run there, the kind of steel works these "Northern gentlemen"—especially New Englanders—delight to operate.

Pennsylvania has reason to be proud. She has two ministers to foreign countries. One, a nigger by name of BASSETT of Philadelphia, sent to Hayti—the other ANDREW G. CURTIN—our Andy—sent to Russia. Glory enough for one time.

The last two appointments of the President's wife of cousins—a pair of Hudsons—one of whom he sent as minister to Guatemala, and the other he made marshall of California. If he had sent both to H—seven, their would have been nothing lost.

GRANT has a partiality for persons, named Cox. He has one in his cabinet, has many more about him; over and under him; but the hardest Cox of all was the one he appointed Counsel to Leghorn on a Saturday evening, and was put into the Philadelphia jail on Monday for theft! Go it, ye cripples!

The printer who, when setting up into type the words: "The masses," put the space in the wrong place, so that it read "Them asses," had a pretty fair and intelligent idea of the truth. When we reflect how "the masses" are led by the nose by low, ignorant, dishonest rascals, to their own poverty and humiliation—to absolute slavery—that politicians may live and grow fat, we involuntarily agree with the printer—"Them asses!"

Some unclean, but ambitious sinners in Illinois have started a new church, the principal rite of which is feet washing. Before taking the sacrament, a brother washes the feet of the brothers and a sister the feet of the sisters. If, however, the creed of this church required its members to wash all over, it might do more good, in a sanitary light, than any other church we know of among the Black Republicans and dirty Radicals; but if it drowned its members outright, then we would urge the whole kit of the loyal party to join it at once!

The ancient wind bag and blathering blatherskite A. B. FOOT of Tennessee advises the people of that State to kick "A. J." overboard and place their confidence in ULYSSES I. If there was much kicking going on, that foot would not be in the region of the moon.

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The Great Uprising—The Signs of the Times.

A few days ago at Louisville, Ky., as is daily occurring in other great cities of the Union, and of Europe a rousing mass meeting of the working people was held, to hear the address of one of the missionary orators of the new political party which is so rapidly forming under the banner of "Land, Labor and Money," and which, if not tempered by wise counsels and guided by steady hands may eventuate in a revolution not altogether bloodless, and in a success whose basis may be total levelling.

The chief doctrines of this new party appear under four heads, namely: "Land, Labor, Money," and the last which it will do to term "Rich men to the Front and Battle."

On the subject of "Land," the platform provides: "That the Government holds the public domain in trust for the people, and must not and shall not rob the people of it, by turning it over to monopolies, corporations and speculators; that the land was given by God to the people, and that the people demand its careful protection for them, for farms for the native and foreign born, by pre-emption of actual settlers. This subject they illustrate with effective arguments, which cannot but appeal to the cupidity, if not the reason of the masses. Going back to the earlier days of husbandry, they find that the first title ever acquired to the soil, was granted by WILLIAM the Conqueror to his retainers, when his Norman hordes invaded the happy homes of the unprejudiced ancient Britons, and they assert that that title was a whole sale fraud, as it was granted by a robber, and taken by theft from a people who held it in common, hence by right all men are intended by Providence to be inherently entitled to soil in such quantity as to furnish them with the means of performing the duty of earning the food wherewith to feed themselves and their offspring. They illustrate the centralization of power by the centralization of wealth into the hands of the few, as in the case of the Earl of Derby who owns one or two counties in Ireland, and a Lord of England who can travel a hundred miles in a straight line on his own lands: who sends eight members to parliament from his own estate, by the suffrages of an impoverished and robbed peasantry. They refer to the ownership of Scotland, where twelve men are the possessors of one half of that country, in each and every case, robbed from the people in violation of a natural and divine law, and held from them only through armies and power.

Then on the question of "Labor," they say that full and complete protection shall be extended; that labor, which God designed to be the normal and proper estate of all mankind, shall be made attractive, that there may be fewer drones in society and a greater degree of happiness and peace; by a just protection of labor, they claim, and not without good grounds, that there will be less crime, fewer criminals, and jails and penitentiaries to hold them; that there will be fewer judges and law officers and fewer taxes to collect.

Then there is their battle cry of "Money." This is their strongest position, and a philosophic one, which seems to be a very practical solution of the financial question. They hold that as the increase of productions per annum in this country is but 3 1/2 per cent, therefore legal interest should correspond, and be 3 1/2 per cent; that gold and silver are not "money," but "bullion;" that anything is money on which the government sets its stamp; that the money should only be issued by the government, and that the National banks should be closed, as dens of thieves are closed; that the circulation of "money" in this country should be at least as much as in Great Britain and France per capita—\$35 for each inhabitant, or fourteen thousand millions; that the government should issue certificates bearing only 3 1/2 per cent interest, with the privilege of the holder, exchanging them for greenbacks bearing no interest (withdrawing all bonds), and thus ultimately wipe out the National debt without costing the people a cent, either of taxation or principal. It is claimed that at no time in the history of the country was

there gold enough for the uses of trade, being at present only about \$300,000,000, while the business of the country cannot be successfully conducted with less than \$1,400,000,000. They claim that the demands of trade would regulate the circulation, thus. If with interest at 3 1/2 per cent, money could be more profitably used in manufactories and business, it would go into greenbacks, and so would regulate itself, and hence there could be no redundancy of currency. They take the novel, but nevertheless true ground, that at various stages everything has been "money," from iron to hoop-poles; from copper to soap; from silver and gold to paper and wood, wampum, etc. Hence the new party is not a "hard money" party, but a "hard fisted" party.

Their next most important position is that the poor shall no longer fight the battles of the rich—that if the government has the power to draft the poor man from his home, it also has the right, and must exercise it, in drafting not only the body of the lazy rich man, but his property as well. They say this will end all wars, and by the existing correlative movements which are making in all quarters of Europe, they will soon be able to be the arbiters of power and the holders of this domain as God intended.

The peculiar character of the movement, unlike any others which have preceded it, on the Labor platform, is this. It adapts itself not alone to the necessities of those in the crowded cities, but must gain strength with the farmers and all who toil, all who produce, mentally or physically.

This movement, as we have said, is one of the signs of the times, and betokens, in our opinion, anything but ease and comfort to the party which has robbed the people of their soil for such swindles as the Pacific railroad, which has now been granted 180,000,000 acres, and which has bills before Congress asking for 250,000,000 acres more—four hundred and thirty millions of acres robbed from unborn husbandmen, the children of the toilers of America. No wonder that the people are rising with a rod. The wonder is, they do not hang the plunderers as they run out from their holes in the National Capitol.

In the meantime, although we are no "paper moneyist," we cannot resist the desire to bid the cause of Labor God speed against capital, corporations, bankers, drones, and robbers.

—There is a sect of religionists in Georgia, which observes literally the prophecy, "Unless ye be born again," etc.; hence they play, like children, with dolls and rocking horses, tops and hoops, and "sich." Stupid as such a course appears to us hard-shell followers, their conduct in this matter is not far different from the whole people of this country, who, after the manner they have been robbed and cheated, are very excellent material from which to draw proselytes to the Baby Players. They are all nothing more or less than "suckers!"

—The DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN would here challenge those who elected Gen GRANT to the Chief Magistracy of this Republic, to bring forward one sentence ever uttered by General GRANT in which he has favored the "republican form of government," or that he disapproves of the monarchical form of government. That he is not a Democrat, the Democratic party knows, all too well, and that he is not a Republican in any sense, the Republican party is surely beginning to understand. FRANK BLAIR may yet be hailed as a prophet!

—Miss NETTIE MARSHALL, the beautiful and talented daughter of HUMPHREY MARSHALL, of Kentucky, has lately published a novel entitled "As by Fire." The subject is a warm one, and the book is all the more interesting of that, like some of our valiant heroes of Snickersville in the late war, she kills one of her characters the second time, forgetting that the job had been done once before. There is, however, a slight difference only in this—her hero had and was a character, while the Snickersville chaps never had and never will have characters to be killed!

THE GRAVEYARD.

For the WATCHMAN. BY N. E. JOE.

This is the traveller's rest, This is the wanderer's home, Here they come from the east and the west, And here they cease to roam. All 'round for many a mile, Sinner and saint come here; The hypocrite comes with a smirking smile, And the infidel comes with a sneer. Some like lovers come Saying, "Oh grave thou art fair;" Some like a footsore ox, and some Old Death drags in by the hair.

Let us go in and see— These homes where the dead are laid They are tenants for all eternity And the rent in advance is paid.

Here the white marble towers, And here the white slabs recline, And here are graves that are decked with flowers, And grasses green, and the vine.

Here is a hard cold pile Built over a soft warm heart, And a man that was never known to smile Has got a rose for his part.

This sunken grave we have passed Holds a man that reached for the skies, Poor fool, he has found his level at last And low enough now he lies.

Here lies an old gray head Haggard with care and wild, And the head of a mother dear and dead, And the sunny head of a child.

And here pale cheeks repose, And the lips that kissed them are here, And here are men who were always foes, Sleeping without a fear.

Look at this grave so fair! The marble is white as snow, The grass is smooth and tended with care— Let us go down below.

Ah! here is a roof that leaks, And here is a cold wet bed, In this chamber that beauty seeks When she visits the home of the dead!

Let us go back again! Let us not seek to explore These mysteries veiled from the eyes of men By the graves unopening door.

Over them all God throws A merciful mantle of green, And it is not well that man should disclose The sight that is best unseen. MORTIMER, P. C., April 15, '69.

Armageddon—O K.

A work was issued some years ago by an English divine entitled the "Great Tribulation," in which the author insisted that the Lord was pouring out upon the earth his seventh vial of wrath; that there was to be political commotion, revolutions, armageddons, an earth on fire, etc. Strange to say that at the appointed time it about all happened, in the election of LINCOLN & Co. The next item on the bill, is—"the whole to conclude with" a big fire and a free barbecue!

—Senator MORTON, of Indiana, has used his utmost endeavors to have the Senate pay all the carpet-baggers in Congress several months of back pay, including a time before these scoundrels had gone South to be elected by niggers to office. Mr. MORTON is a nice man, if his back is a little weak; he is a thoughtful rascal, for one without spine enough to stand erect; but like begets like. If he has no spine he sold it for greenbacks and bonds, and he naturally enough sympathizes with the scoundrels—if they have no character, as loyal men they ought to have plenty of money, and if he can steal it from the people for them, all the better.

—We observe that Senator ANTHONY is opposed to the U. S. government longer supporting those miserable, crazy, fungus growths from scoundrel energies, called Radical newspapers in the South. They are a disgrace to the typographic art and an insult to the people among whom circulated, and even ANTHONY, mean as he is, is ashamed of them. If a newspaper cannot live upon its merits it is rarely that there is any merit in it, and there is surely no merit in a dirty, dingy, 7 X 9 sheet edited by white niggers with whom black niggers wouldn't associate. POORMAN is one of this kind.

—The Government of ULYSSES I., including his Fish State secretary and BORIS, "Knave" boss, is trying its level best to get up a war with somebody. It was very prompt with Spain the other day, because that poor, effete, and dilapidated old nation is in a state of family war, and cannot help herself. ULYSSES I. isn't so saucy with England. Why? Because he might whip poor old Spain, but England might whip him, and thus destroy his chances for an Imperial coronation.

The Poor Man's Tribute to the Rich Man.

The people of the United States, although descendants from all other parts of men, nevertheless differ from all others in one particular, and that is, in subserviency of the poor man to the rich man—in the willingness and unanimity of the tribute paid by the former to the latter—in the humbleness and humility with which we will ceaselessly to aggrandize the lord of the domain, to enrich the banker, contractor and speculator, and to impoverish himself.

It is well known to political economists, that in no other country, of the globe, not excepting the absolute monarchies of the old world, are the industrial classes—the producing and consuming elements—so heavily laden with tythes and tributes for the support of the aristocracy, as in these States. Between taxes laid upon everything which the poor man is supposed to put on or inside himself—upon his food, his clothes, his medicines—and the tribute which he pays the bondholder, the land robber, and the speculator in the shape of enhanced prices to sustain a high protective tariff, he is about the most abject of the creatures which bask in the smiles of wealth, or hide in the rags of poverty. The Digger Indian, disgustingly low and degraded as he is shown to be, is yet too proud to bear the load of the rich man. He may hunger for a feast of grasshoppers and dig in the ground for roots, but he pays tribute to his scanty earnings to support no idle lord of the domain. The British operative in the cotton mill may earn a scanty meal from the labors of the day, but he knows that when he enters his domicile, no tax-gatherer armed with a monstrous blank form, will cross his threshold, to lay tribute upon his toil for the support of the lazy, gouty, rags-bond in his easy chair. The rich men of Great Britain pay for the support of their sovereign and her government. So it is in all lands, except this one, where the poor are ground to the earth, and the rich are made richer.

Workingman, look into your shabby home, and count the enjoyments and comforts that are foregone that the rich may become richer, and the poor poorer. Your carpet is thread bare, if you have one; but you cannot renew it, for carpeting is very high now. Why? Because there is a tariff laid upon the foreign article, which excludes it altogether or enhances its value two fold or more. The price is now, say \$1.25 cents per yard for two ply, and flimsy at that. The old rag on your floor will last as long as a new one from this price, and it cost you only about 60 cents per yard—perhaps not so much. The difference in the price and quality, between these two prices of carpet, is the exact sum which you pay tribute to the government for the bondholder, or more directly to the tariff protected manufacturer of New England!

So let him examine each article about his home, the clothes upon his back, and the food in his cupboard. In each and every article he pays tribute to the bond-lord, land-robber, and tariff-thieving manufacturer. And yet, there are those who unblushingly proclaim that paupers do not pay taxes. By "paupers" the Republican "loil" aristocrats mean you, workingman. You are the pauper, and from the sweat of your brow these lazy rascals live in luxuriant ease. And they will lay tribute upon your toil just as long as you will bear it—no longer. How long shall it be!

GREAT IN MASSACHUSETTS—Massachusetts is at last "the governing power" of the United States. She runs the machine under ULYSSES I., as follows: Two members of the Cabinet are from Massachusetts; the Minister to England is from Massachusetts; both chairman of the two committees on Foreign Relations in Congress are from Massachusetts; one fourth of the tax collectors and assessors in the several States are from Massachusetts; nearly all the carpet-bag and scoundrel members of the Senate and House from the South, were originally escaped rascals from Massachusetts. It is a matter of remark that the most imbecile State in the Union has the ruling power.

Organize.

This is the word. Columns may be written and read weekly; orators may give out their warning words; statesman may inveigh against tyranny and the perils surrounding us upon every hand; but without a spirited and powerful organization, we are still at the mercy of the invader—the invader of the liberties and rights of the people and threatening the very existence of republican government.

These are not times of peace. Coming mighty events are looking through the mists of the future upon the present. Our liberties—your liberties—men of Pennsylvania, are threatened! The whole danger lies, not so much in the audacity and treachery of the enemy, as in your wonderful lethargy and apathy.

This is the danger. With the people, properly aroused to any danger which can possibly menace us from the workings of internal enemies or external influences, there is little to be apprehended.

But the people are asleep—fatally, wickedly indifferent to the progress made to overthrow their last hold upon power—to subvert, step by step, every principle of popular government set upon these shores by our republican forefathers.

The overthrow of republican government and the peaceable substitution of an imperial government, disbelieve it as many will, is, even now more than half accomplished!

And yet the people act as if, with their knowledge of what jacobinism and unscrupulous power dare do, they must first behold a new play and an advancing army to realize the fact.

This is, alas! our republican misfortune. The people seem incredulous of the progress of events until they are fully before them. They seem to look for a shadow of the spectre which is even now in their midst—to anticipate, corresponding effects for every promise or menaced horror, great or small.

Remember that the voice which comes to you, from the shadow of the Hermitage, is a warning that patriots the world over will never again proclaim, who have slept, upon their posts—'Eterna! vigilance is the price of Liberty.' Have you been—are you now vigilant?

If ever there was a time when the people should be vigilant, that time is now, and by a live, vigorous, strong, and defiant organization only can the spirit of our old and almost dead republicanism be kept alive and the invading principle of a strong, centralized, imperial government be successfully combated.

Do not look for the "empire" to come upon you with an army and banners, but "like a thief in the night," stealing away all that is worth a struggle. "The empire" is upon you even now!

Behold it in the loss of respect which many express for all those cherished landmarks of the past. Behold it in the irreverence expressed for the great dead,—the authors of our republican institutions. Behold it in the blind acceptance of any and everything, by a party which would sink the government of our fathers for their pecuniary and temporary gain. Behold it in the general and wide-spread demoralization on every hand. Behold it in the herculean debt and vast profligacy of the government. Behold it in the unparalleled anti-republican monopolies that have been set up. Behold it in the system of taxation which enriches the rich and impoverishes the poor. Behold it in the changed and changing sentiments of many thousands on all subjects, including the most fundamental principles of free government. Behold it in each and every act and movement on the part of those in authority.

It is everywhere!

O, people of Pennsylvania, sleep on in trust no longer! Fly to arms! to arms!

Be prepared! be ready! be united! Build up anew the smouldering fires of liberty on the eternal hills of this republic, and let their blazing light illuminate the valleys round about, that the good, blind, overtrusting masses may see their path back to liberty, regeneration, and peace! Therefore—

Organize!—that is the word. There is no longer need to run up the banner of party only. Let it be the party of the Republic against the Empire,—of the Robbed People against Stolen Power—of the Toilers against Aristocracy!

And in this cause, we pray the blessing of Almighty God upon the people, as our fathers prayed to Him for strength against power and wrong, less than a century ago!

—Do you want a live paper—a fearless paper—a truthful paper—a cheap paper—send us two dollars and get the WATCHMAN for a year.