

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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When the Wicked Rule, the People Mourn.

It has been true in all times of the world's history, that the wickedness of those who are set up as rulers and governors is the chief and great, if not really the only cause of the sufferings of the people. And it was to avoid the permanency of wicked rulers, more than for any other thing, that the idea of government by the people was successfully established in the Western world. The Eastern world had given to the Western its bloody and mournful lessons upon this subject, and it was to place the power in the hands of the people as a protection of the people against power, that our patriot fathers conceived the American system of "government by the consent of the governed." It was to protect the people that it was ordained that a wicked ruler might be spared the people his perpetual rule, and that they might be permitted to choose often and to hold power. But with all their wisdom, with all the guarantees, with all the checks and balances, with all the protective bulwarks set about the temple of popular liberty, the principle has been overridden, and democratic government virtually set at naught, and we are today, as a people, as closely hedged in by power wrung from us, and held by usurpation, as are the people of any of the unhappy despotisms of the Eastern world. We are now permitted to mourn with the millions and hundreds of millions, who have mourned the wickedness of wicked rulers, and the grief of this people should be all the keener, that they once possessed and voluntarily surrendered that liberty, and happiness, and future, which no other people have yet possessed. Had we been subjects and slaves of power, never having enjoyed sovereignty and liberty and been the source of power itself, our grief might have been that dull quality which seeks expression only in hours of great suffering, such as the mournings of the subjects of the perpetual despotisms of Europe in the throes of dying dynasties from whose wombs come despotisms all the more oppressive and odious, that they are younger and more vigorous. Then, again, slavery under a despotism like Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the older monarchies of Europe, is slavery with the assurance of something like evenness and stability; while the slavery which stares this people in the face, is one without law or precedent, and will be oppressive to the extent of the license of the hour and the whim of the moment. It will be a despotism of party—of class—of wealth over industry—of unlicensed and unbridled power over a weak, unresisting, and subdued people. It will be a licentious monarchism without law, built upon ruins, with an unsafe foundation, and a hopeless future, subject to go down and rise up each fortnight, as the many monarchical republics that live about us with power's knife at each subject's throat, and die periodically with the knife. A republic on the monarchical principle is a republic without law, and such a government is the most odious, criminal, and damnable, which can afflict any people. A monarchical republic is such a one as has obtained in this country during the past decade. It is the one which, with the hollow form of democracy, is in reality a monarchy, holding conquered provinces without law, which puts its heavy foot upon the people, tearing away their governments and laws, defying their will, and usurping their prerogatives. It is the full Monarchical principle, which disregards the equality of commonwealths or persons, and makes decrees *vis a vis*, to be executed by arms. It is a government which is deaf to the protests and prayers of the people, and blind to the condition of the ruled.—Such a character of government is to be fled from, as the wafener on the highways of Hindostan would fly from the crouching tiger. What this people have lost they will learn, alas! all too late. When power is established firmly, it is even now commencing all too plainly, they will mourn, not alone the wickedness of their rulers, for God knows there is sufficient cause for mourning on that score now, but also their own cowardice. It is a sad spectacle that future which is even now unfolding for the American people!

Do you want to see the wool knocked off of radicalism—send two dollars and get the Watchman a year.

How will the Republic be Overthrown.

Peaceably—imperceptibly—or by stages!

There are those who do not believe that the Republic of the United States can be overthrown, and an imperial government set up in its stead. And yet there were those who did not believe a few years ago that slavery could be abolished, or that there was any living man or any party of men in the country, who would dare to attempt its overthrow. There were those, also, who voted to make LOUIS NAPOLEON President of the Republic of France—republicans of the finest character—who would not believe in their day, that LOUIS NAPOLEON either contemplated or could achieve the overthrow of the Republic. Did not France have a written Constitution, and were not the masses all bourgeois and citizens? The present Emperor was their Citizen BUONAPARTE, His Excellency LOUIS NAPOLEON, President of France by the suffrages of "the people." What is he to-day? What was he two years after his election? Citizen BROWN-PARTE, in the quietest possible manner, and by the implied consent of the republicans of France, became NAPOLEON III., Emperor of France, "by the grace of God," etc. There are those in this country who would have proclaimed, and did proclaim, men insane who one year before the late war prophesied the destruction of State rights, the trampling of the Constitution, and the overrunning and subjugation of States of the Union. And yet all this, and more, has occurred. There are those too, now blatant republicans in true sense, who may a year or two hence, as in the case of many French republicans, compose mobs about the polls of Pennsylvania, armed with bludgeons and imperial ballots, and become the loudest champions of the empire! Stranger and more inconsistent things have happened in the past few years. We are told by these same men that the Republican party is a "progressive party," and with the knowledge that the country has of it, there is no reason to dispute the claim. It is progressive. It has progressed from bad to worse, and has but little farther to go to reach the end had in view by the desperate revolutionists who hatched its treasons a few years ago in a dark room at Indianapolis.

It is the great mistake of the people to look for results in the wrong direction. They are aided in this error by the very men who are even there accomplishing their designs. The shrewd revolutionists of this age do not expose their schemes to the vulgar eye of the vulgar masses. They do not set up a noise, where the danger actually exists, but like the army of the celestial empire, beat their drums loudest where they are not, that the attention of the enemy may be mis-directed.

We observe unfolding, the partial accomplishment of the first great step towards securing the apparent consent of the people, to a radical change of government, in the enfranchising of the negroes of the country. This is to degrade the ballot and intelligent men will naturally enough become disgusted and voluntarily surrender their high privilege in preference to debasing themselves by association and equality with the African race. The effect of this is two fold—disrespect for the ballot, and self-disfranchisement. Disrespect for republican government follows, and the inclination is encouraged to rid themselves of that character of government which they have the fullest proof is a failure, by flying into another, whose chief recommendation will then be relief from degrading equality and greater protection to person and property. The very object is thus quietly attained, and the empire at once becomes popular with the aristocracy, as a relief and escape!

Stranger events than this have been successfully accomplished, and we are not astonished, once in a while, to hear the forerunner of the empire, in such expressions as that "Republican government is a failure!"

Mark the unfolding of correlative events, and put the prophecy on record—the attempt is being quietly and successfully made to change the form of government of the United States and to make ULYSSES S. GRANT, emperor of America, by the consent of the people, and "the grace of God!"

If any one can read the following deeply touching and pathetic epiphany, without wetting his bandana with the briny dew of his "busted feelin's," he ought to have a half-bushel of onions squeezed into his unwept eyes. It is taken from a slab not a thousand miles from this place:

From life to death—a man stricken. His head was by a woman's side. The purple gage in streams did run. He left a wader and one eye.

The State Printing.

After giving its opinion—and a very good one it is too—of the Legislature in general terms, the Clearfield Republican, on the 24th.

"We were greatly disappointed in one thing. A committee was appointed to investigate the State Printer's account, but it failed to make a report of its proceedings. We never expected more than a white-washing report, but to be choiced even out of that is to be had. That the taxpayers have been for several years robbed of \$500,000 annually by the no question and why Harrisburg, there can be no question, is a fact. A committee failed to report the facts, is remarkably strange to the outside world. Perhaps the members can explain. We do not recollect the names of that committee, or we might be more pointed, but we will endeavor to ferret them out.

For the benefit of our good friend GOODLANDER, and the "rest" of mankind, as one of that committee, the writer of this article will attempt to explain. The resolution instructing the committee on Printing to examine the State Printer's account, was offered in the House on the 5th of February; under the rules, it was required to lie over one day, and although repeated efforts were made to have it considered,

yet it was not until the 24th of March that it was acted upon and passed finally. This was so late in the session and just at the time that members are kept busy trying to get their local legislation attended to, that the committee had little hopes of performing thoroughly the duties imposed upon them by the passage of the resolution. Yet it went to work in good earnest. Meetings were held almost every day as the minutes will show, papers, and bills, and persons connected with the State printing were examined, but so short was the time, and so great the work to be accomplished, that the committee after laboring assiduously until within twenty-four hours of the close of the session, and finding it impossible to make such an investigation, and report as duty to themselves, and the public required, concluded to ask authority of the House to finish the investigation and file their report with the resident clerk to be acted upon by the next Legislature.

No one to a moment believed or even dreamed that the House would refuse to grant the extension of time asked for, to complete the work, in as much as the same authority had been granted almost every session to other committees, and to a committee of the Senate at the late session, investigating the soldier's orphan schools. But judge of our surprise of the committee, when, upon the presentation of the resolution, granting more time, it was vigorously opposed by Mr. STRAUER and several other members on the Republican side, and decided by the Speaker that the House had no power to extend the time and that any report the committee had to make should be presented before 12 o'clock of that day. Leaving but about forty minutes in which to write out and make the report.

After this decision the majority of the committee absolutely refused to take any further action in the matter. The member from the 11th district of Philadelphia, Mr. BURN and the writer of this, dissenting from the decision of the majority concluded to make such report as the facts ascertained, and the limited time would permit. This was done, and a few minutes before twelve o'clock—the earliest possible moment—offered that report on behalf of the minority of the committee. But here again was opposition—and that opposition was from the Representative of Clearfield county, Mr. McCULLOUGH, who, purposely and with the design of preventing the filing of that report, raised to a point of order and by dilatory action occupied the time of the House with a few moments after 12 o'clock when he raised the point of order that it being past twelve o'clock—the hour of final adjournment—the report could not be received, which point the Speaker decided well taken, and the report was not permitted to go upon the record. These facts the editor of the Republican is aware of, for he was upon the floor of the House, at the time of their occurrence.

The facts set forth in that report were about as follows:

In 1856 the State printing and paper amounted to but \$35,282.79; in 1868 it reached the exorbitant sum \$137,223.47,—an increase of \$101,840.68, and \$60,574.45, more than in 1864 when the war was being waged and almost double the amount of printing being done.—That numerous overcharges were made—an instance is found in the Legislative Directory, a small pamphlet, containing 16 pages, with about 1200 ems breviter to the page, was charged at the rate of \$60 per thousand copies—the State furnishing the paper. The actual cost of this Directory could scarcely exceed \$20.00 per thousand. Cards, containing nothing but the name of, and counties represented by, the different members, printed in the plainest style, were found charged at the rate of \$1.00 per page,—stationary at 60 cts per quire, and envelopes and other matters in proportion. Instead

of the 80 per cent discount, being taken from all of the printing and binding as the minority of the committee believed the law and the contract required, it was taken from about one third of the work only, the remainder being charged at or above regular trade rates. The report closed as follows:

"Under the Act of Assembly of 1864 the heads of Departments are authorized to order such printing as they may deem necessary and in such manner as they may prescribe, the law under which the State printing is contracted for, specifies how a certain class of work shall be done and the contract fixes the rate per centum below regular trade rates, at which the present State printer has agreed to do this work. The courts, it is asserted, have decided that all work not ordered in accordance with the specification, in the act of 1856 is not subject to the deduction of the per centum fixed in the contract price, and for some reason or other, unknown to the minority of your committee, the heads of Departments order a large amount of printing in fact nearly all of it to be done otherwise than in accordance with the specifications, thus giving the State printer an opportunity to charge full rates for very nearly all the work done for the State. The minority would therefore recommend the repeal of the Act of 1864, authorizing the heads of Departments and clerks of both Houses to order such work done as they may deem proper and in the manner they may prescribe. And the passage of an Act requiring that all printing, lithographing, folding, stitching, collating binding, ruling &c., done for the State, shall be subject to the discount named in the contract for doing the work."

As we have taken the time and trouble to explain this matter as far as possible for the benefit of the editor of the Republican, we hope he will have the courtesy to explain to us why the member from his district acted in the manner he did in regard to this matter.

Bully for the Sprague.

Again, on the 23d of April, in reply to the pigmies about him who sought to assail his late speech, did the SPRAGUE, of "Little Rhody," electrify the Senate with "words that burn." AMBOTT, CAMERON, CHANDLER, and BROWN, two pair of as perfect villains as live under the genial rays of old Sol and steal for a living, were those whom his former words had stirred up, and they foamed under the lashings which the repentant millionaire of the East had given to the bond robbing, tariff-protected manufacturers, and the tribute which he had given to the cowardice of one Gen. BERRISS. Bully for the SPRAGUE! It begins to look like he was going to rip open the rotten, thieving Radical carcass, and let its festering bowels out!

He is reported to have risen in his seat, grasping a monstrous package of letters, asserting that they were in endorsements of his late speech, that he was neither drunk or crazy, but that the Senate was both. As to the Senate and its temporary chairman (ASTORNY), SPRAGUE is said to have filled it with epithets. He alluded to the "thieves" and "cut throats," who filled the streets of Washington with the slime of their immoral natures; the Senate had degenerated till they were welcome and privileged upon its floor, and epithets were banished between Senators and roughs, and loafers, and thieves, under the canopy of Senatorial privileges with the negligence and sang-froid of a barroom. "Is there," said he to the astonished Senatorial vagabonds about him, "is there any thing left in the Constitution of our fathers that remains sacred yet, against which you do not propose to raise your patricidal hands?"

Big words these to come from the mouth of a Radical Senator! How rotten!—how utterly, wholly, thoroughly, and completely rotten—how stinkingly rotten—must be the whole machinery of Federal government, when a Radical Senator and a New England manufacturer is "dugested" and "alarmed" at its workings!

"How have the majority of the Senate shamefully belittled this august body?" SPRAGUE exclaims to them. "How have the mighty fallen?" he repeats.

SPRAGUE is right, and we do believe he is honest—in fact, no man could speak such terrible truths and not be moderately honest! At least, he is bold and what he has said is alas! all too true, and we can only hope that there will yet rise up many SPRAGUES from the festering mashes, to proclaim the truth and to arrest the hands of parasites, who would strike down the last hope of freedom for place, who would sell the virtues of a people for money—bribe, to those who would build shoddy temples to a god of gold, and sufferings of the millions! God help us!

U. P. R. R. Swindle—430,000,000 Acres of Land Stolen from our children.

When we proclaim the Pacific railroad a swindle, we mean just what we say, and yet when we assert that the Pacific railroad is a swindle—a monstrous, unparalleled, unspeakable swindle and robbery—we do not necessarily imply that any such undertaking would be a swindle. On the contrary, it is self-suggesting that a railroad across the continent, built by private means, and in a latitude favored by nature, would be a great convenience and might be a great success. But we include "together to the road which is now nearly completed, and about which so much real sense has been said and written, and for a time will continue to be said and written. It is the pet of Congress, and the proof, so far as it goes, of more rascality, more swindling, more corruption, more profligacy, more infamy, more perjury, and more concentrated and outcropping moral and political damnation than was ever conceived on earth since the angel of God loosed and turned forth His choicest bottled plagues and hissing devils.

It has enriched every loyal pauper who stole his way into congress. It has battered down the barriers to the people's future. It has revealed to saloons and danced a devilish jig on the plains. It has stolen a blood-bought domain from the people, which the Government, as trustee, held in trust for the people! Four hundred and thirty millions of acres of the best lands in the Western world, has been given over to that low, thieving, swindling monopoly of thieves and robbers, called the credit mobilier, and the poor man's child is robbed of his heirloom.

Liberty's will has been set aside, since liberty's throat has been grasped, and the poor man's son has been robbed in the face of his helpless and cowering father! A territory as great as the six New England States, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Virginia, and Kentucky,—comprising about all the good tillable land in the west—has been donated to a corporation of thieves, who have built a Pacific rail road, which can be run only a portion of the year, and which has cost the thieves who built it not a single cent of their own means! The original donation of land to this thieving corporation was one hundred and eighty million acres, and the bills lately reported favorably upon by the committees of thieves of this thieving congress, donate two hundred and fifty million acres more!

While all this monstrous rascality is going on, a company of Southern and French capitalists organize, and petition Congress for what? For lands and subsidies? Not at all—simply for right of way! But Congress says—No! If you can build it without an inducement to corrupt us, you shan't build it at all. This Southern road is proposed to run from Memphis (on the lower Mississippi) to El Paso and the Pacific! The route is a snowless one—open at all times of the year, and can be built for less than half the cost of the Northern (or "Union" and "Central") Pacific humbugs. But it stands no chance of even getting a charter or right of way, while the corruptive power of the Northern road, with its 430,000,000 acres and large bond subsidies, owning half the continent, Congress, and the several Legislatures, is in the field to say No!

When the Republican party shall have continued this fatal land a few years more—when the public lands are all sold out to monopolies and their prices enhanced beyond the reach of the poor man—when the empire is furthered and accomplished, as it will be, (unless the people rise in their majesty and hurl the whole crew to hell)—they will awake to realize that they occupy a position morally and politically far beneath any other people of earth who pretend to possess intelligence and heroism.

Would to God that we had the power to arouse the people to a proper realization of the dangers which surround us, that they might use the power still remaining in their hands to save themselves!

We speak to them but they heed not!

We pray them to awake, and to see for themselves,—to act, while yet their hope!

Will they lie idly by, and be bound hand and foot?

Will they follow "party" to death and political and social destruction which can arouse them?

Give us the word; give us the power, that we may animate the popular corpse, and breathe into it still energy—the living life of PATRICK HENRY! Arise! or sleep forever!

If you want the spirit, ancient, and most independent paper in the State get a copy of the Watchman.

"Redundancy of Currency."

That great tool of Wall street and the money sharks and lenders of New York, McCULLOUGH, WILLIAM Secretary of the Treasury, was a great advocate of the reduction of the volume of the currency. His great horror, if he had any besides his own ugly picture, was what he called a "redundancy of currency" in the country. Why, if not the paid tool of the close corporations in Wall street, should he fear to let the people have money in such quantity as to enable them conveniently to transact the vast business of this country? Why, not the deceiver of the business men of the country on "side of the den of the money-changers, should he have so great a fear always before his eyes of a plethora of means with which to transact the peoples' plethora of trade?

But wonderfully wise as these solons became at the bidding of the cliques who live upon the very happiness of a people like lulling vampyres sucking the blood from the hearts of sleeping victims, they can only devise ways and means of financial relief for the money-changers. If the people are sorely pressed for a reliable and plentiful circulating medium, they are ready with remedies new and novel to the public, but nowhere and by nobody known to be safe, or having the least relation to the science of commerce or of the fundamental principles of a correct economy in government. Hence, when the times were "hardest" and money was scarce and "most difficult to get, we were treated to the novel plan of a reduction in the circulating medium—in other words, when the patient is weakest from the loss of blood, to draw further upon the patient's "circulating medium" to give him strength.

We are to-day suffering from the wicked policy of McCULLOUGH, by which he succeeded in reducing the volume of the currency, not that the people might have less, but much as that the money-changers might make more.

When it is taken into consideration, that in Great Britain and France, with comparatively small territories and very large population, a wise policy has proven that the average capital per capita has been and is about \$35, while in our own country, we have less than \$13.50 per capita of circulating medium, and that to conduct a vast business spread over a continent, the absolute wickedness of the Republican financial policy of the last few years is seen. Instead of \$13.50 per capita, it is safe to say that \$40 to each inhabitant, of circulating medium, would not aggregate too great a volume of currency for a business and country so vast and so rapidly growing as our own.

"Redundancy of the currency." Forsooth! Fourteen thousand millions would be little enough to manage so great an internal trade, and with the ability to make the money to order with the paper and printing presses, and with a gold and silver basis far too short of our needs, if there has been no subservience and truckling to the Bosses of Wall street, pray tell us upon what character of principles of political economy this sort of policy is based, which makes money so scarce and necessarily so high that he who does business can not hire it and save himself?

We have nothing now but paper for money. Then why, in the name of common sense, is business left to decline and the wheels of commerce to mould, when all may be set in motion by printing and issuing more of the "larded stuff"?

Tribute to Woman.

Someday we know not who pays this beautiful and truthful tribute to women.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy and weakness and sometimes folly, annoyed by a dew drop, frosted by the touch of a bitterly-winged, and ready to faint at the rustle of a leaf. The reptiles are too rough, the serpents are too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let not calamity come—rouse her affections—enkindle the heart of her heart—let her know, how her heart strengthens itself, how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or gives to protect, and see her, as Brian instructs, rousing her white arms as a shield as her blood crimson her uniform of forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes such high, the stride of the stalking panther, when man the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune, doubts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with her timidity to her grave than to her bridal.

In prosperity she is a bird full of colors, waiting for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad, pure gold valuable but untried in the furnace. In short woman is a thing of a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

—CHAS. A. DANA, of the New York Sun, proposed lately to Gen. Grant to "collect" for him in New York, vice somebody to be removed; but GRANT was collected enough not to see it in that light. DANA now says, apitifully, that if he had presented GRANT with a velocipede, or something else as fit and valuable, he would have been collector of the Internal Revenue, "for words to that effect."