

Ink-Slings.

The People's Herald says, "Genry's word is as good as his bond." We don't doubt it, but the trouble is his bond ain't worth a cuss.

The Esquimaux say a man who has three wives is sure of Heaven.—He'd have a good taste of Purgatory before he'd get there.

Wells that won't hold water—the one mongrelism is trying to make Governor of the province of Virginia. His hold is whisky and niggers.

The Lock Haven editors are now in trouble about the workings of their water works. Cubebs or Extract of Buchu might be beneficial.

Agel in Wisconsin swallowed forty per centum caps—Republican.

The fellow who squeezes her with that lead in, runs considerable risk of an explosion.

The Good Book says, "The wages of sin are death." Would to God, they'd pay off radicalism at once,—there wouldn't be a corporal's guard left.

A Philadelphian has written a long article in favor of taxing bachelors. The difference between the writer and the girls is, he wants them taxed to bear the expenses of the government—the girls want to tax them with the expense of keeping a family.

The diarrhea appointee for Assessor of this district, like Ulysses S. Grant, is so hard to make him an assistant who neglects to make him a present. We would recommend to the applicants for places under him, that they raise a ten cent fund and buy him a pot.

Radical teachings are bearing their legitimate fruit in Venango county.—On Wednesday of last week a white girl dressed herself in boy's clothes, and eloped from Franklin with a Negro as black as the inside of a tar bucket. She is now enjoying the sweets and stinks of a nigger husband.

A western paper complains that times are so hard, that folks in that section find it very difficult to make "both ends meet." They are not a patch on the "times" we have in here. There there is not one man in fifty who can find either end let alone make them meet.

The Reading Eagle chronicles the demise of a goose that had attained the age of thirty years, and thinks there is something remarkable about this case of longevity. Nothing remarkable at all. We have dozens of geese in this section almost twice as old, that are as busy gabbling about the beauties of radicalism, as if they had a thousand years to live yet.

Some of the radical papers are boasting that during the last quarter the "national debt" has been decreased almost ten millions of dollars. This is easily accounted for from the fact that the thieves in that party have been so busy hunting other, that they've not had time to do their usual amount of stealing.

Major HARRY FORSTER who has just been removed from the Assessorship of this district, lost his health from a wound in the breast, received in the late war. His necessities bow us, eat a keg of Epsom Salts, and evaded the draft, on account of diarrhoea. Wound of soldiers are decapitated—stay it some folks are rewarded.

Forster went to war.—Bowen stood at home.—Bowen got the "bread and butter"—Forster he got none.

The "Pennsylvania Industrial League" officered and run by a set of kid-gloved and musk scented politicians about Philadelphia, held their annual meeting on Friday last, and labor ed very industriously for about ten hours, to recommend some means by which the industry of the country should be farther taxed. A more industrious set of indirect thieves, than the members and advocates of this "Industrial League," is not to be found outside the Penitentiary.

The Clearfield Republican says "the members of the 'bread and butter' brigade at Washington behave more like Digger Indians than white people." Just what Ulysses likes, for was not his first love a "digger ingun" squaw—was not his first born a "digger ingun" pupoose? and what is there, pray, more pleasant to the recollection than the sweets of "first love," or holier and more consoling to the common sense, than the fatherly feelings that cling round the first born? Digger Indian is Grant's first hold. He's been there,—tried it on,—liked it. He's seen that machine, found it "green ed itself" and cost him nothing, and who will blame him for having a "hooker" after it. (I wear pale faced Big Egan's Squaw) Pupoose? Ugh!

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The African-American.—What Sort of Creatures it is Proposed to make Citizens of.

The African American has been an important and irrepresible part of our general politics for the past half century, and hence there can be no subject more appropriate at this time; especially to Pennsylvanians, since their Assembly has voted the A. A. a full citizen, in compliance with Radical demands as embodied in what is known as the Fifteenth Amendment.

We Pennsylvanians know the A. A. only as we see him standing behind a cushion-backed chair and flourishing a Sheffield blade, when entering his sanctum and nodding affirmatively in reply to his laconic salutation and inquiry of "Shave, Sir?" But the colored barbers and hair dressers of Pennsylvania, are by no means representative types of the race which the Fifteenth Amendment proposes to enfranchise—to arm with the ballot in the North, as it is armed with the bludgeon, bayonet and ballot in the South.

They are as superior to the negroes of the South—that horse of liberated beasts—as the Arab steed is superior to the puny Indian pony. They are negroes more by nature than education, while the Southern negro is more a monkey than a man, by both nature and education. The Northern negro is an A. A. who has been humanized and anglicized to some extent by estrangement from his race, and is as little like the A. A. of the South, in everything, color not excepted, as it is possible for creatures of the same genus and order to differ by crossing or improvement.

And yet these Northern negroes are derided, and there are thousands of Republicans who turn up their noses at the idea of the possibility of equality. If the superior negroes of Pennsylvania shall continue to have the gulf between them and their "white brothers" widened by the claims of superiority set up against them by sticklers, what will the masses of the Republican party say to it when, fully enfranchised and armed with the sovereignty of citizenship, the hideous black animal from the South enters Pennsylvania to compete with them for the ruling power.

It is needless to argue the possibility of an influx of Africans from the South to thinking men in Pennsylvania. It is now more than a probability. As a citizen he is at liberty to go where he listeth, as a cheap laborer, he will go where the politician drags him. In the South the African is a vagabond. What is the object of labor to him? Can he not live without it? Dogs he, not do so? Hence, as a vagrant and vagabond, his course is from the South to the North, to his residence in the former is made inviting to him, by sanitary laws called forth from sheer protection to society. That he is emigrating North, there can be no doubt.

Already the border Southern States are crowded with them. Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and Kentucky, particularly the latter, are filling up with the black matter spewed out from the wombs of the old cotton States. The course of the negro is northward, as the course of the white man is southward. Let the reflecting traveler, who makes the tour from Mobile or New Orleans, through Kentucky, northward, call to mind the impressions left by his observations on this subject. Who that has resided in any of the border States has failed to notice the vast number of full blood Guinea and Dahomey faces that peer from the doors and windows of every negro hut in all quarters? Take for instance the negro population of Louisville, which, in late years, has become very large, where a few years ago the mulatto or partly human-visaged black face only was met, there are now to be seen thousands of monstrosities—the later importations from Africa made by the planters of the cotton States, some of whom kept alive at all times the slave trade. These monstrosities—grinning oval-headed apes, are strangers in Kentucky. They were lately laborers in the cotton fields of Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and Georgia, and will, ere another year, have closed, be driven by protective laws from their new resting place across the Ohio into the North to enjoy the land of promise. They are moving northward, from labor to promised indolence, and the strange

phenomenon is unfolding and developing, the mass of the black population changing positions with white men of the North!

But we set out to describe the character of beings which the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in its satanic service, has agreed to accept as citizens for its constituency.

The real negro as seen in the Southern border cities is but little removed above the domestic animals which our farmers turn loose in their fields, or care for in winter storms in their barn yards. There are several kinds, however,—some pale, speckled, and blotched, and of a scrofulous caste. These are the mulattoes, and more nearly resemble our Northern negroes than any other. Their sole object in life is dress. At Louisville, for instance, there are a large number of these speckled mulattoes, who defy the veriest caprices of the Parisian *déité* in the style and costume of the fabrics in which they incase their forms. They are frivolous in all things—in conduct the veriest type of the monkey. The buck of this species is generally employed on the steamers on the Ohio, as stewards, cooks, and cabin boys, and earn often good wages, which with their proverbial pilferings from the boats and passengers, gives them the means to indulge in many excesses. Their earnings are squandered upon lottery tickets and dress. The she negroes of the same species are also self-sustaining—as street walkers. To see these creatures on a Sabbath eve, one might infer that their earnings were insignificant by no means.

This class of negroes are those only, however, who belong in Kentucky and are not to be considered, except as they give subject matter for comparison. The great body of negroes are altogether of a different character. Black and blue-black, with tufts of wool on the crown and down as far as the little knotty, twisted ears; a face hopelessly expressionless, "void and without form," a sort of enlarged nipple for a nose, set upon a full, fat, smooth, black surface; eyes set even with the forehead, and only distinguishable when the possessor is frightened, the ring of white then presenting something which might be mistaken for a target mark; a form below the medium height, but stout, the head setting close upon the chest and shoulders, legs usually of the box species, as large at the ankle as at the thigh, and a foot anywhere between twelve and twenty inches in length, the hollow of which makes a hole in the ground. Speak to it, and a grin is the only answer for a time. If you want a load "toted," he will understand you and can say, "ton' bats," or "half a dolla," &c. But that is a consequence only if the job is a very trifling one, and will be soon over. If the sun is shining, he prefers not to move, but to lay in it uncovered, with his face up, to receive its full effect. His laugh is the nigger's "yah, yah," and is his chief enjoyment. When he is pressed by hunger, he steals, but at all other times prefers to be "let alone" as much as Jeff. Davis could possibly ever have desired. His great horror is to be called out of a nap, and will tolerate anything but labor. He knows nothing—scarcely as much as a dray horse, and has less ambition to learn than a kicking mule. His idea of a Supreme Being and of the Hereafter correspond. It is an idea, if an idea it is, entirely unshapen and undefined—a vague something, rather supposed to be good, whether eatable or drinkable he cares little, but so far off that it makes little difference at the present time whether it is either.

Morally, these A. A.'s are a full step below the standard of the lowest type of the human species to be found in any quarter of the globe, excepting central Africa, where their ancestors had dwelt from time immemorial anterior to their deliverance into christian "slavery" on these shores. They are, one and all, thieves by nature, and know no law which does not contribute to ease and the filling of their stomachs on ill-gotten provender. Although by christian associations they have been long estranged from the hideous Obi practices of their native land, still they give unmistakable evidence of an early return to this barbaric superstition. The discovery of the cunning arts of many of the Obi priests, are dai-

ly brought to light, and the devilish incantation of their fathers is not altogether obsolete; neither the sacrifices which are often made in their new homes to the deity which is supposed to dwell all powerful in the wild "devil-bushes" and impenetrable jungles of Africa, as the criminal records of all communities largely afflicted with the negro, amply prove. We daily read the revolting details of the actual dissection of live cubs of the race by their mothers, or of the roasting alive of their off-spring by the bucks, with a view, according to the Obi prophets, to exercise the evil or unlucky spirits which they are supposed to contain, as well as to propitiate the favor of the monstrous god they worship, in their simple minded barbarity.

This is a picture—a life picture—of about four, perhaps five millions of creatures—neither man nor beast entirely—which the Assembly of Pennsylvania, in midnight conclave, and with the shadows of earth appropriately enfolded them, voted, in obedience to the behests of a dangerous and damnable party of revolutionists to make your equals, if not superiors, yeomen of Pennsylvania!

A more wicked, ignorantly wicked, infamously wicked, damnable wicked thing was never perpetrated by any representative body of white men since ecclesiastical fanatics used to condemn witches on the banks of the Connecticut.

Geary all Over.

We get the following telegram sent by His Excellency J. W. GEARY, to the officers of the Free Cuba meeting, from one of our daily exchanges:

"On Friday next I am to preside at the convention of the Union League of America, in the city of New York, it will, therefore, be impossible for me to be present at the Free-Cuba meeting in Philadelphia at the same time. I am with you in spirit and intent of your action in behalf of a downtrodden and oppressed people."

JOHN W. GEARY

Could anything savor more of the valorous general? "Spirit and intent"—that's about as far as the hero of Snicker-ville ever gets when there is trouble on hand. He has a brave "spirit," and an "intent" that cannot be cowed. He is much on a tight—big in a muss—brave when there is danger; that is his "spirit and intent."

His body is the draw back—his legs are the trouble—they have never yet been known to carry his fearless "spirit" or his unawed "intent," into any battle—in fact they move the other way, as in Mexico when they took him in to the "ditch" or at Harpers Ferry when they hid him under old Jons RABBIT'S hen house. To the down-trodden rebels of Cuba this "spirit and intent," may seem but the promise of something more substantial in the way of aid, but we pray them not to deceive themselves. It is the extent of the help they will get from his Excellency. He is brave, valiant, fearless—but it is in "spirit"—he fights with the "spirit" only, and if it hurts any of the "oppressors" of Cuba, it will be more than it accomplished either in the Mexican war, or during the late "complanantness."

The New York Sun publishes five columns of letters and documents, showing a regular system of levying blackmail by the managing editor of the New York Tribune, on the leaders of the mongrel party. The letters show that CAMERON was fleeced to the amount of \$12,500, GALUSHA A. GROW, \$3,000, BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER, \$1,000, and that CURTIS was expected to "ante" about \$5,000, but couldn't "see the point" and consequently lost the good will of that ineffectual teacher of "grand moral ideas"—that prayer book of paritarianism—the Tribune. How old bald head, with his puritanical preaching about purity will have the face to send out his hypocritical journal with its bought praise, and paid for principles, is more than us common folks in the country will be able to understand.

"Land, Labor, and Money," is the battle-cry of the new party which is arraying the toilers, the producers, against the bloated, loafish bond lord droids. The sound coming up to the ears in Wall street, is the distant rumbling of a storm which may prostrate those who have had their heels on the necks of the people. The members of the new party are "some on their muscle," and don't handle their tools with gloves.

The Character of Southern Loyalty.

That infernal, hell-blistered villain Wm. G. BROWNLOW, made his appearance in East Tennessee upon the adjournment of the Executive Session of the United States Senate, of which he and several other notorious scoundrels are leading members. The consequence was that a new reign of persecution, despotism, outrage and bloodshed, was at once instituted. A telegram from Nashville, asserts that some of the members of the Southern Methodist church have lately been assaulted and tortured by BROWNLOW'S loyal kn-klux, for the offense of preaching Christ and him crucified after being ordered to desist. At a place about six miles from the city of Nashville, in Middle Tennessee, on the 27th of April, at night-time, the Rev. JACOB SMITH, a quiet and unassuming minister of the gospel was assaulted by an armed mob of Brownlowites. He was taken from the brother's house where he was stopping, to the woods, and there stripped to the shirt, and tied to a tree in his nakedness with strong cords, and unmercifully beaten. This occurrence took place near the spot, where a short time since, the Rev. Mr. NEAL, another Southern Methodist preacher was so shamefully beaten and maltreated. The persecution of the preaching christians by the loyalists in Tennessee equals almost the persecution of the early protestant martyrs in Rome, England and Germany.

This is but one account of a system of outrages so damnable in their character, that were the world not crazed, the influence of its christian sympathies would be exerted to their abolition by any and every means. But as it is in this country at present, so long as the leaders can steal from the people's treasury and have the means to feed their corrupt partizans, were the blood hounds of the world set upon the helpless women and babes of the South, no hand would be reached to stay the slaughter, so long as the system of oppression of the South pays a dividend in the North!

But the character of Southern "loyalty," so called, can best be ascertained by referring to the details of the deeds committed in its name. The barbarism of the dark days, of the pagans of Central India or of the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, is not more revolting than the major number of the deeds of blood and rapine which characterize the triumph and rule of what is known as "loyalty" in the trampled South.

When it is considered that the white villains, who are the rulers and dispense a crude "justice" based upon the unwritten law of force, have as supporters the worst character of the negroes—those mostly who were unruled, brutal, and unmixed in slavery times, we see upon what a slender thread the life and property of a Southern christian hang.

And yet to keep this power up in the South, Congress has done everything in its reach, the army and navy is at its back, and the North applauds, and cries Amen! But, a coward by nature, a villain at heart, and a devil by education only will applaud such doings. As we saw, ye shall reap; and we say to the hypocritical and pharisaical North that the harvest of sorrows which they will some day reap in reward for the seed they have sown, will fill every home with a ghost, and every heart with sorrows and moanings. Mark it! THE HAND OF GOD IS UNERRING!

"Vive l'Empereur."

"Vive l'Empereur" was the cry which awoke all Paris from its Republican slumbers twice during the brief period of half a century. It was a dead principle echoing down the corridors of time, and finding voices amid the ruins of the French republics to take it up and send it along. It came from the throats of republicans sick with the crimes of the republic. The course which the French imperialists took to destroy the republics of France is the course which the anti-republican party has pursued in America. Excesses and license, oppressions, and disregard of law and precedents made the republics of France an Empire, and it will ultimately make the republic of North America an empire as surely. It is a subject for patriots to reflect upon.

State News.
-Hon Arnold Plummer died at his residence in Franklin on the 28th instant.
-The track is being laid on the Danville, Hazleton & Wilkesbarre Railroad.
-An "okal riles leg," composed of darkeys, has just been organized in Hollidaysburg.
-They have highway robbers over in Huntington county, or else the Monitor tells—fib.
-Charles Sears, a Philadelphia policeman, was bitten by a mad dog on Monday of last week.
-Mercer county is troubled with horse thieves—Italicism is breaking loose out there.
-The Lehigh Valley railroad company are laying steel rails between Manch Chunk and Easton.
-Louis Lane, the wife-poisoner, was choked to death according to law, at Pittsburg, last Thursday.
-A general strike among the miners of Luzerne, Carbon and Schuylkill counties, is the order of the day.
-Hon John G. Shively, of Perry county, is again spoken of for the Legislature. It will be his third term.
-Frenchtown Bucks county is fortunate in not having either a colored man or woman or child within its limits.
-The Clarion Democrat is crowing over the striking of another oil well in that county. We hope it wasn't hurt much.
-J. Warren Conrad, formerly of Doylestown, has now the editorial charge of the Reading Gazette, and the Daily Eagle.
-Christopher Hanawalt of Wayne Township, Millin county, was killed by a train of cars on the P. R. R. on Thursday of last week.
-Some fellow stole the pocket-book of the editor of the Greenburg Argus last week. It all he got, however, for there was nothing in it.
-The Harrisburg gas company have reduced the price of gas fifty cents per thousand. Wish our Bellefonte company would "follow suit."
-Coupons on government bonds due the first of May, will be paid on presentation at the Sub-Treasury, in the Custom House, at Philadelphia.
-Ebensburgers pay a tax of ten mills on the dollar for borough and five mills for borough purposes. Bellefonters can "see that" and go to bed.
-Five hundred thousand dollars of the securities stolen from the Philadelphia Beneficial Savings Bank has been recovered. Lucky that—unlucky thief.
-Mr. M. G. Lohner, of Lancaster, was severely bitten by a dog in that city last Wednesday night, and the fear that the dog was mad creates no little uneasiness.
-They have snakes in Fulton county. A farmer killed three blacksnakes in a field where he was ploughing the other day, the largest one over seven feet in length.
-A raftsman was killed at Nantcoke on Sunday, while passing the sluice in the river at that place. The unfortunate man was crushed between the logs of his raft.
-Michael Warmouth, of Huntingdon county, was killed, on the 22d ult., by being struck on the head by a pole, at the raising of a shed at a brick yard in Bedford county.
-The Huntingdon Journal grows at the appointment of Capt Bruce X Blair, a crippled soldier, as postmaster of that town. Reason, the editor himself wanted the place.
-There are eight tunnels on the Pennsylvania railroad, ranging from two hundred to three thousand six hundred and twelve feet in length—the one at Gallitzin being the longest.
-The hunting business has commenced in earnest, and a large quantity of coal is transported daily by the Wyoming canal. The spring business promises to be exceedingly brisk.
-Hon Folsom—The body of Walter O'Brien, who was drowned in the river near the mouth of the Moshannon, about five weeks ago, was found on the 26th ult., at Butterwalk Falls eddy.
-The Columbia Herald says, the junior editor of the Beaver Local announces that he is single and is open for proposals. Ladies, his name is Tom Williams, and is said to be red-headed. Suit in.
-Aron M. Powell, editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, a journal that only breathes fire and thunder against the prostrate South, is a leading member of the Pennsylvania Peace Society. How ridiculous the figure!
-The Bloomsburg Columbian is publishing a history of the mongrel outrages and arrests in Columbia county during the war. It would be a blessed thing if it could publish the obituary of the dirty devils who committed them.
-Westmorelanders are again in trouble. Some Patent Hay fork men are going after the greenback's of the greens up there, and the poor simpletons hand them over in a bag of a round about way, and then complain of being sold.
-The Pittsburg Post of last Monday, had a column of no less than three mad dogs in that city on Saturday. A little child had its face literally torn up by one of them. Almost every town in the State has had its mad dog. Would it not be well for Bellefonters to take precaution in time and chain or muzzle their "goats"?
-The True Press, the Radical organ of Sullivan county, has suspended. The Bloomsburg Columbian says its editor had been promised the Postoffice at Laporte, but failing to make the connection, he retires in utter contempt of the Radical plan of allowing Congressmen to decide who shall and who shall not hold office in their respective districts.
-The Scranton Republican is to have a Hoop press that will make 300 impressions an hour. If the subscription list to the Westerner, continues increasing as it has been for the past two months, it will compel us to get a press that will print about 1500 per hour to accommodate all our patrons. We've no objections to being compelled to make the outlay.
-Henry Arnold, an Englishman residing in Wayne township, Millin county, committed suicide by hanging on the 18th of April. He said, as his wife sat down to read the Bible, that the people of this country were becoming too religious for him to live here any longer, and went to the barn and hanged himself.—He'll not be troubled much with religion hereafter.
-WE'RE BACK ON TOWN.—During the trial of a case, last week, an ardent admirer of Article XV and a dusky descendant of Ham, who once upon a time had shown his fondness for the feathered to be by capturing a few hags, was on the witness stand. Up on cross-examination a certain lawyer who enjoys a joke hugely, asked him, "How about those hicks, Tom?" Quick as thought Tom answered, "I don't think there is as much harm in taking a few chickens as there is in those 'niggers' following the Queen's coat every day." Sooty son of sunny clime! Nobly has thou spoken—"Oh, that's fair!"