

Ink-Slings.

Sickles is to go to Spain after all—and he'll get it.

Johnson's cry was "my policy," Grant's is "my relations."

Sickles will leave us soon—glad when he's gone—the people will be sickless.

About the only relations that Grant has left "unfixed" is his "foreign relations."

Gen. Keys-killer Sickles is to go to Madrid. Whether or not he goes with, we are glad to be rid of him.

Grant seems to be running his administration, and using his appointing power, entirely in the interests of the interests of the country.

We have had at the court at Madrid, a Hale and hearty two-legged smuggler as Minister. Now we are to have there a one-legged villain.

Because the Almighty made worlds out of nothing, radicalism thinks it can come the next thing to it, and make a great man out of Grant.

Sickles is now Minister to Spain. For years he has been minister to the Five Points, or something else, and of his own by action, the principal and only one.

About the only benefit this country will derive from the appointment of negro ministers, consuls, &c. is the fact that it will save the exportation of wool these black appointees take with them.

It is said that a French doctor succeeded in making a dead dog live by injecting fresh warm blood in his veins. That is just what the people should do with this dead dog of a country!

Grant in the White House, is a repetition of Grant in the wilderness. It will take a good safe head to keep him out of his troubles. "Unrests the head that wears a crown" wants to!

Miss Susan B. Anthony calls Grant the "symbol of a better manhood." She's doubtless tried the "manhood" and knows just how much better it is than the "manhoods."

The Doylestown Democrat says a disease has broken out among the wigs, in the lower end of that county, and that most of them are dying. Radical votes will be scarce in that section next fall if this disease makes much headway.

The Chicago Tribune says "It there is a statesman in General Grant's cabinet, he yet has to make himself known." Come forth, O statesman! is the cry—but he cometh not forth to any alarming extent—or to words to that effect.

Summer is a terrible savage fellow. He wants to send Minister Motley over with his fists doubled up, so as to scare the Britons. But then Summer is only a savage at a distance. He babbles forth well from Congress, but he doesn't babble as well as Brooks we've heard of. According to Mrs. Summer the poor, old polished villain, is all mouth and nothing else! He isn't a man—only a monthling bully.

Brother Browns of the Clarion Democrat says, his people were exceedingly glad to see him return from the Legislature. A little like our own "honest and able" constituency, who shouted for joy when we got home, not so much from the fact however, that we were with them again in all our "native loveliness," as it was, that they took it as a sign that the legislature had adjourned and was unable to further disgrace the state or burthen the people.

Minister Hale, late of Madrid, Spain, where he has been misrepresenting Americans for a salary of gold from the United States Treasury, turns out to have been all the time only a commissioned smuggler, who has been for years violating Spanish law, and growing rich upon his shameful and scandalous misconduct. We are now almost at the point, where we can safely challenge the world, heaven, and Hell—alifax, to name a single man who has filled a Republican office, that has not disgraced himself and his country!

There is a sweet female loyal politician in Wisconsin by the name of Miss Angie King, who is becoming famous for the poetic beauty of her epistles. She was lately a candidate for postmistress, but a nasty man got the place. Hence she is wickedly mad, and in a letter over her dear royal name, she informs the politicians who beat her, "if they do not come down handsomely with the sugar plums," she intends "to expose them." Of course they will shove in their checks, or their equivalent, or words to that effect.

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The Pacific Railroad—Repeal Its Bonds.

The last spike was driven in this magnificent humber on Tuesday. Ostensibly, the work is done, the road built, and the Atlantic and Pacific chained together by the iron rails of a great American railway. Were this really the case—were the Pacific "railroad" a railroad proper, capable of doing the business that is to be done on a road connecting the great Pacific coast with the States east, no one would grumble or find fault with those in authority for adding, with the public purse, the completion of the road. But, when we remember that this so-called road is no road at all—simply a rail trap, a sink hole for the money that is wrung from the laborers of the country in taxes, to pay interest on the bonds which secured the driving of the "last spike"; when we remember that it is built through a section of country that eight months in the year is snowed up, in some places in the Sierra Nevada to the depth of thirty feet—that it runs through miles upon miles of desolate, desert country, the sand-drifts of which, in the summer, will form even greater barriers than the snow-drifts of the Sierras in winter—that for one hundred and fifty miles through the dreary Bitter Creek region not a drop of water is to be had, and that, in addition to all these disadvantages, the road is built in such a rickety manner that a Pennsylvania coal operator would not trust it to run a coal dump out of his mine (and we may well wonder at the patience of the people, who have remained silent while millions upon millions, yes, thousands of millions, have been stolen from them to put into this unexampled swindle. We do not wish to be understood as being opposed to a Pacific railway. A good road, built in a good location, is required to facilitate the business of the two sections of the country. But we are opposed, utterly opposed, bitterly opposed to the payment of a single bond that has been issued by the Government to this Pacific railroad, and utterly opposed to signing away a single acre of land to the unworthy corporation that organized and carried on the swindle.

To build this road, the Government issued its bonds for Twenty Six Millions, Four Hundred Thousand Dollars, in addition to the stowing upon the Congressional corporation that conceived this mighty theft.

One half of the land between Omaha and Sacramento.

In all earnestness, should not this have insured the completion of a road that would have been of use to the people of this continent?

Even the friends of the road do not claim that it is more than half built, then why should it be paid for?

Why should you, laboring men of the country, toil and be taxed to pay for the building of this road, when it is built in such a manner that it can never be of use?

Why should the public lands, which belong properly to your sons, be given to this mammoth corporation for doing nothing?

Gentlemen from this section, skilled in railroad building, and who have been along the Pacific, from Omaha to the Rocky mountains, tell us that the entire cost of grading, ironing and equipping the road as it now is—completed as we are told—could not possibly exceed thirty eight thousand dollars per mile.

Yet the Government issued its bonds for forty-eight thousand dollars per mile, in addition to giving millions upon millions of acres of land belonging to the people of this country, to the swindlers who projected it!

Should these bonds be paid or these lands be deeded away until that road is built, permanently and properly? It is for you, tax-payers—you, who pay the bonds, who own the lands, to say. We believe the bonds should be repudiated. We believe the whole thing is one of the most gigantic swindles ever perpetrated upon any people, and why the toilers of this land should labor day and night to earn money to enrich speculators, land grabbers and thieves, it will take a Solon, who believes the party in power did right in building the road at public expense, in giving the company, in addition, ten thousand dollars per mile more than it cost, together with one-half of the public land between Omaha and Sacramento and the Pacific railroad beside, to explain.

One Page from the History of Radicalism.

If hell, with its tens of thousands of torments, its hopelessness and its eternal misery, was not created specially for the fiends who have rioted in blood and outrages, and blackened the history of our country with their damnable crimes, in the name of "loyalty," during the past eight years, we can see no necessity for a place of that kind, and no need of taxing nature to furnish limestone to keep its blue flames aflame or its black devils busy stirring up the fire. A little scrap from one of the pages of the history that these brutal fiends have made, we get from the Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian, and publish it, because, like the editor of that filthy journal, we believe it to be our duty to let the people know what Radicalism can do, what it will do, what it has done. Let the readers of the WATCHMAN read and ponder.

THE McNEIL BUTCHERY AT PALMYRA. So long as God gives us life and the earth is cursed with the presence of McNeil, we feel it to be our solemn duty to rehearse, once every year, the story of the most atrocious and horrible occurrence in all the annals of barbarous warfare.

On the 17th day of October, 1862, a deed was enacted in the Fair Grounds at Palmyra, Missouri, which sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world.

Ten brave, and true, and innocent men were taken from their prison, driven to the edge of the town, seated on their rough board collars, and for no crime of their own, murdered like so many swine!

MURDERED! MURDERED! By the hell-spawned and Hell-bound, bloody-damned old blot upon creation's face, JOHN McNEIL, now by the grace of bayonets, tom-bitches, and the devil, Sheriff of St. Louis county!

Murdered! Shot to death! They was our poor, hard-earned, gallant, boyhood friend, TOM SIDESER, as pure a soul as ever winged its flight from God-stained soil to that God who will yet, to all eternity, damn the flesh and blood of McNeil!

Post Tom! He was a model, a paragon of manly grace and beauty. So exquisitely formed, features so perfect and so fair, so brave and yet so gentle, that even the vile reptile Winchell, now editor of the Haverhill Courier, said that "in his beauty and his wickedness he reminded him of Ab-salom!"

Post fellow! He was engaged to be married to a young lady in Monroe county. When he learned he was to be shot, he sent for his wedding suit, which had just been made, declaring that if he couldn't be married to it, he intended to die in it.

Arrived in his elegant black broad-cloth, and his white silk vest, when he mounted his horse and plunked off in the wagon that was to bear him to death, he looked as if he were going to be married instead of shot!

The very guards cried like children when they laid him gently. Raising his cap and bowing to the weeping women who lined the streets, he was driven from their sight—forever! Half an hour afterward six musket-balls had passed his noble heart, and his white silk wedding-vest was torn and dyed in his noble blood!

There was poor old WILLIS BAKER, his head whitened with the snows of more than seventy winters. He was an old man!

With his white hair streaming in the wind, he seated himself on his rude coffin and died without a shudder, refusing with his last breath to forgive his executioners, and swearing he would "meet them and torment them in hell, through all eternity!"

There was that helpless, half-idiot boy from Lewis county, who allowed himself to be blindfolded; then, hearing SIDESER and others refuse, slipped up one corner of his bandage, and, seeing the rest with their eyes uncovered, removed the handkerchief from his own, and died as innocent as a lamb.

lars, and then submit—but, oh! humanity shudders—sickens at the horrid proposal!

The wretched, half-crazed, agonized wife, not knowing what she did, acceded to save her husband's life; and the next morning she was found insane and nearly dead, lying, with her babe at her breast, near the public spring of Palmyra!

And after all this, her husband was only released on condition that another should be shot in his place. Young SMITH was selected.

And then ensued a contest without a parallel in all the six thousand years of human history. Humphrey refused to let any man die in his stead; declared he should feel himself a murderer if he did.

Smith protested that he was only a poor orphan boy, and so far as the knowledge there was not a soul on earth to grieve for him; that Humphrey had a large family entirely dependent upon him for daily bread, and it was his duty to live while he could.

And SMITH, the simple country lad, only seventeen years old, the Hero without a peer on all Fame's mighty scroll, took his seat on his rough box—AND WAS SHOT!

Will not God eternally damn his murderers? We might dwell for hours on the incidents connected with this most frightful butchery of ancient or modern ages. But why go on?

The murderer was done! The Confederate Government talked of demanding the MURDERER, McNeil. Then a memorial was gotten up and signed by two thousand MISSOURIANS, recommending the heaven-enthroned, hell-accursed old monster, on account of his Palmyra massacre, to the special favor of Abe Lincoln.

And he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship! The green-soldier, drunk up the life-blood of ten heroic hearts. The melancholy elm-wave their dark boughs peacefully over the scene of the terrible tragedy.

The last time we saw the place, the plow had turned up a part of the historic ground, and the green corn glittered in the sunlight where once the murderers' muskets gleamed.

All traces of the fearful crime had faded from the spot, everything was quiet, serene and beautiful, as of yore. But until the heavens are rolled away as a scroll, and the great Arch-Angel sounds the knell of Time, the Blood-Spot of the PALMYRA MASSACRE will stand out deep, dark and ineffaceable upon the record of earth's direst horrors.

Its frightful memories CAN never, should never die! Generation after generation should repeat the story, mothers should tell it to their children.

And the names of BROTHER McNEIL and all the signers of his "black memorial" should be inscribed in letters of flame upon the gates of hell, and damned, with their owners, to everlasting infamy, hatred and execration!

John Russel Young's prospects ahead are brightening. He is going to be a millionaire on the exposure of his late dirty tricks as managing editor of the New York Tribune. All the papers west that republished the article from the N. Y. Sun, he intends to enter suit against for \$100,000 each. An exchange on the Ohio, which has got scared, replies that if Mr. Russell Young calls that way, the proprietor will meet him at the depot and hand into the car his check for that amount, rather than have any trouble with so nice a man. Almost any of the starved county editors in the west could raise a \$100,000 on a three day's note in bank!

When Lord Pakenham visited New Orleans, "once upon a time," in company with some Englishmen in red jackets, with a view of dining with Gen. Jackson, he issued a proclamation to his soldiers, that they should be treated to "Body and Beauty." What he failed to secure, however, Gen. Butler succeeded in getting at a later period, and the famous order of the latter against the ladies, makes "Beauty and the Beast," more than a stage extravaganza.

Grant has sent a thing to Montana as Territorial Governor, who is known at Washington only as a brazen-faced fop, a sign for a barber shop, and an advertisement for a merchant tailor. He essayed once to impeach one Andrew Johnson, of Greenville, Tenn., but failed, and then went into the whiskey and other disreputable things and rings. His name is Ashley, and a miserable puppy he is.

The last Congress spent the snug sum of two hundred thousand dollars in the rascally performance of unseating Democratic members of Congress and giving their places to thieves, that they might have the proper majority to rob the country of as many millions.

"The Imperialist."

It has at last transpired that the "Imperialist" newspaper, lately started in New York, was, as we sometime since charged, undertaken in the interest, for, and by the knowledge and pecuniary assistance of the so-called republican President of the United States—one ULYSSES S. GRANT. It has also transpired that one BOBIE, Secretary of the Navy, is his associate in its publication. To publish such a thing as an Imperial organ in this country is, to draw it mild, only the very worst form of sedition—a species of treason, that should merit for its authors the end of a hemp cord; but for a republican President and his republican secretary to be its authors—what shall we say?

Some of the more unscrupulous and more infamous of the subsidized black-republican journals, on the appearance of the "Imperialist" newspaper, were sufficiently held in falsely asserting that it had been established by Democrats. Will those journals, having the latest direct developments concerning its prime movers before their eyes, have the honesty—borrow it for the time—to say of them what they said of those whom they hoped to fasten it upon? We think not. The Republic can press as ready for anything—a republic, an empire, or a military despotism—or all three in one—if it is the policy of party. The fact is, that God, in his infinite but most inscrutable wisdom, never created a more damnable set of scoundrels and permitted them to live than the prime authors of all our troubles, the editors and orators of the Jacobin party. What they would not resort to, the Devil—their father—has no knowledge of. What they would not do, if it were not for their moral cowardice, the diseased brain of the vilest rascal in all this bedeviled land has never yet conceived.

Have they not fulfilled WEBSTER'S great prophecy, spoken to a friend?—Have they not deluged the land in fraternal blood, and bankrupted the country? Have they not done all that CHAS prophesied of them? Have they not put their impious hands upon the very temples of the ALMIGHTY and torn from their sacred desks the ministers of his Gospel? What more is left to them to do that they will not accomplish for party, if they have the power? So far as these rascals are concerned, "the Empire" is certain. They conceived it ten years ago.

Alf S. Kierolf, Esq. We notice by the Louisville papers that ALF S. KIEROLF, who, a few months since, was editorially connected with the WATCHMAN, is now a candidate for the Legislature of Kentucky. We hope he will make it. There is no man whom the Democracy and the working men of the 7th district of that State can choose, who is better qualified or would make a more earnest, honest representative than KIEROLF. He has the judgment to know what is right, the backbone to stand by what is right, and the ability to advocate what is right. The laboring men would find in him a true friend and an able defender of their interests. They might search the great State of Kentucky and they could find no one more earnestly devoted to the welfare of the great, toiling masses than ALF S. KIEROLF. He is their friend, and we hope they will see to it that his election is secured by an overwhelming majority.

SPRAQUE and ABBOTT now represent the "manly art" in congress from the two sections. Formerly it was represented by Brooks and Sumner; but the times are disjointed. It so happens that now the representatives of the "manly art" from both sections are of dunghill stock. The Southern rooster is a fizzle and won't fight, and nobody expected the SPRAQUE to fight. Isn't he a millionaire, and didn't he tell all about the cowardice of the millionaires in that regiment from "Little Rhody?"

Gen. Don Valmaseda, the Spanish commandant at Bayam, Cuba, orders all the women in his department found away from their homes to report at once at his headquarters, "or they will be brought by force." He evidently has been copying Benjy Butler's order against the fair ladies of New Orleans.

State News.

The new Court in Johnstown holds its first session in July next.

Jersey Shore has a steamboat that makes daily trips to Williamsport.

Lycoming county pays her superintendent of common schools, \$1500 per year.

An other new "ile" well was opened at the mouth of Clarion River, last week.

Miss Maria L. Banford received 35 votes for Superintendent of Common Schools of Chester county.

Jacob Kurts, of Ballsbury twp., Lancaster county, was killed by lightning on Thursday morning of last week.

James W. Steel, of Venango county, was suffocated by gas in an oil tank on the Snyder farm on last Friday.

Geo. Wilson, of Pittsburgh wants to be successor of Senator Errett from that place. Let him succeed.

Blind Tom tickled the Tightassvillians a few nights ago, with his performance on the Piano.

The New Castle Gazette and Democrat is printing a series of able articles in favor of religious tolerance.

The last Sunday in this month is fixed as the time for strewing flowers upon the graves of the soldiers of the late war.

The brewery of J. Becher, near Sunbury, was burned on last Wednesday night; loss \$6,000, one half covered by insurance.

Samuel Plumer, Esq., has been elected president of the First National Bank of Franklin, vice Hon. Arnold Plumer, deceased.

E. M. Gregory has been appointed to fill the place made vacant by the death of Ely, Marshal of the Eastern district of this State.

But forty-five persons attended the negro lecture in Wilkesbarge, on Friday evening last. Hadn't Congress better reconstrut that town.

A Mr. Feltinger, of Sunbury, was killed on the railroad, between that place and Northumberland, the other day, by falling between two cars.

The Scranton Republican announces that fifty miners and laborers in the Pine Brook shaft, in that place, have decided not to suspend.

The Post Master at Bedford, pays out to the other aspirant for that position \$300 per year. That's dividing the crumbs of radical comfort.

A man by the name of Emrick, residing in Allegheny township, Somerset county, hung himself not long since. One fool less in the world.

The planing mill of Messrs. Zoigler, Baker & Co., of Ludwick Westmoreland county, was destroyed by fire on Thursday of last week. Loss about \$12,000.

The Luzern Union says, it is currently reported about town that they have found a six foot vein of coal, on Hunlock's Creek, in Union twp., near the Longfolt Mill.

Philip M. Sterly of Mifflin township, Columbia county, was fatally injured by falling from a mow, on Friday the 7th inst. He survived the fall but a few hours.

Bald Mountain, Luzern county was covered with snow, says the Union, on Monday the 3rd inst. We had a slight touch hereways and Bellefonters thought of getting out their bells, robes and sweet hearts.

In Fayette county is an apple tree which was planted in 1772, four years before the Revolution. It is said to be still in good condition. Forty bushels of apples is its average yield each season. Long may it wave!

A Black snake over seven feet in length was killed in Ayr township, Fulton county one day last week. We have plenty of them hereabouts, six feet long, but we don't kill them because they are recognized as radical voters.

Some fool who wanted to go to the devil, but got scared back, tried to cut his throat, at a hotel near Callenburgh, Clarion county, on Saturday of last week, and after beginning the job, hadn't the courage to go through with it.

General John Ely, the newly appointed U. S. Marshall for the Eastern District of this State, died suddenly at his residence in Philadelphia, on Tuesday of last week. There's a chance for some one else to get his nose into the radical willow!

Dr. P. John, late editor of the Bloomsburg Republican proposes starting a radical newspaper at Elizabeth, North Carolina. He'd better turn his attention to raising mulattos, he can make more mongrel votes in that way than by publishing a radical paper.

The Post office at Mount Clare, Montgomery county, has been discontinued. Reason—nobody willing to perform the duties of Postmaster for the perquisites thereof. If they would move it up to Bellefonte we could find hungry radicals who would run it for a chew of tobacco and the "honor."

Some sharpers have been selling maple and sassafras sprouts for "mulberry" to the good people of Armstrong county. The same chaps could have sold the greensies out there, fishing worms for eels, and the poor idiots would have had nothing more to say about it, than they have at being "sold" by radicalism about forty times a year.

The Columbia Herald says the late flood brought us another large fleet of rats and the trade is quite active. We quote them at 10 to 20 cents, Pine Boards, \$20 to \$22; Hemlock, \$13.50 to \$15.00. Timber is from 3 to 5 cents higher than last year, nearly all other kinds have not advanced from last year's prices. Hemlock is a trifle lower.

Father Abraham, a super "loil" nigger nose rag down in Lancaster is after the Legislative delegation from that county for corruption, with a very sharp-piece of wood. It might with fully as good grace and as much truth "go for" about four-fifths of its party, on the same ground. The whole thing is as rotten as the leavings about an apple hole.

The Middletown Transcript, has the following. Among the novelties in Middletown was a Calico Ball, on Thursday night. The ladies were dressed in cutted dresses, white aprons, and cotton gloves, and the gentlemen wore calico collars, cuffs, and neckties, cotton gloves, and used white handkerchiefs. The occasion was one of much enjoyment. The ball was held in a newly-built house, and a short time before it commenced some religious persons assembled in the building and engaged in singing and prayer, thus illustrating Solomon's assertion of "a time to sing and a time to dance."

The West Chester Jeffersonian says: A singular casualty occurred to a gentleman residing in Fifteenth street, above Mastor, Philadelphia. At a late hour he was awakened by a painful sensation in his throat. He discovered that a gold plate, to which two false teeth were attached, had fallen from its position and slipped into his throat. All attempts to extract it proved futile, and since then he has lodged in the stomach. The gentleman is attended by eminent medical advisers, but there are fears that the result of the accident will be fatal.