

The Democratic Watchman.

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Effect of Protective Tariffs.

Few men in the great West and South, who have not lived in the East, or spent considerable time in examining the condition of the people, politically and socially, can form a really correct idea of the effect which years of protective tariffs have had upon the laborer and capitalist. In fact, few men out of the immediate neighborhood of the great cotton, coal and iron manufacturing districts, even in the East, who have not traveled much, have formed a correct idea of the wrongs which tariffs generally have inflicted upon labor. The cry has long been wronging that by protective tariffs the interests of labor would be wondrously promoted. This was the old Whig clap-net to win votes to its standard, and it has been left to the reflecting and thoughtful economist of this day, and under the rule of the successor of Whiggery, in the shape of the bond holding and land grasping Jacobin party, to study its effects. What are these? It would take volumes to do the subject justice; and we can find room here for but a few brief but pointed illustrations.

In the first place, after a long season of protective tariffs, we find the poor, poorer, and the rich, richer. From the ownership of naturally rich but cheap coal and iron banks, men have advanced in wealth in Pennsylvania in the past two decades, not only to millionaires, but owning millions by the ten, twenty and thirty. And what is the corresponding good which labor has derived? Let us illustrate here a single case. There is a city in this State called Pottsville. It may not be known out of the State, nor perhaps in all parts of it, but it is a city nevertheless, so far as population goes. Pottsville has a population, it is acknowledged, of somewhere between twelve thousand and twenty thousand souls. That, it will be admitted, is a pretty fair showing for a place that is scarcely known within the State, out of the town—and out of the State, near about unknown. Pottsville, however, is the location of several great iron companies, or, rather, the iron companies are the authors of Pottsville. There are immense iron works at Pottsville—there are a number of fine buildings at Pottsville—there is considerable business done at Pottsville—blocks of fine stores grace the central portion of Pottsville—but—

These are all owned and run by the great iron companies. For the great amount of business done at Pottsville, there is no money to be seen. A five dollar bill would astonish the inhabitants, a large majority of whom are the employes of the great iron companies. But how can this be? you ask. How?—this is the way.

The bulk of the people in Pottsville work for the great iron companies. The principal stores belong to the iron companies—grocery, dry goods, clothing, etc. The companies pay their workmen no money—greenbacks are of no use. They give their laborers at the end of each month, an order. This being the laborer's circulating medium, good only, of course, at the companies' counters for its equivalent, he takes it over to the company's block of stores, and lays in his supplies for the coming month. When this is done, he has nothing left; and he toils on, year after year, like a man pumping down water to keep from drowning, no better off in ten years than when he became the white, coal-blackened white slave of the great iron corporations of Pottsville. And so it happens that a large business may be done at Pottsville, and a dollar never pass hands.—The companies have simply to ship iron for supplies with which to meet the orders of their white slaves, and the thing is complete.

Wherein is labor benefitted by this? What has the protective tariff done but rob the poor man of his independence, his future and his aspirations?—It has made princely the iron and coal corporations of Pennsylvania, but what has it done for the poor white man who toils for them? It has given him labor, you may say. So it has, but it is an employment to escape from which would be an achievement worthy of greater notoriety than any black slave ever received from his abolition admirers on the issue of a successful trip on the underground railway, in times ante-bellum. Where is his little cot and his lands, where the school-houses for his children, growing up in snot and ignorance? Lands!—he might as well think

of buying a territory in the West as a foot of land near his hut where he now hopelessly sleeps and feeds. The iron company owns the soil, and it is too high for him; beside, at the low price of labor in the coal and iron mines and work-shops and furnaces, and the high prices of the necessaries of life, his darlings from eight and upward must, like him, toil; there is no time for school or recreation for the child of the white slave of Pennsylvania!

And how is it on the other side? The rich man of a year or two ago,—the speculator of a few years ago,—is a millionaire to-day. He lives in a magnificent mansion in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris or Rome. He travels abroad and enjoys himself like a Lord. His agents attend to his affairs. There is no risk—they handle no money—they only keep books, on which are audited the debit and credit account with labor and the railroad, and other purchasers of iron, crude or manufactured. Beside being a manufacturer, he does business for a whole community of 20,000 or more, by orders, as a banker! Whew!

But, in describing affairs at Pottsville, we describe the effects of that monstrous robbery of the poor of Pennsylvania in hundreds of other parts of the State. How long will it be before the masses will realize the truth and examine the question of cause and effect in its true light, with the evidences all about them of the practical operations of this most infamous scheme of tariffs?

No wonder that the question of empire and an emperor looms up in the distance. The influence of protective tariffs alone will transform this country from ennobling republicanism into an empire. It is only a question of time. When the wealth and lands are all absorbed by a few monopolies and overgrown corporations and individuals, the commonwealth will no longer exist! That word conveys the exact meaning of what our fathers intended this State and country to be—a commonwealth, and the whole, a commonwealth of commonwealths.

Another Radical Victory!

A young girl, only thirteen years of age, was violated by one of the black African jels of the Black Republican mongrels, at a point only four miles from the city of New Haven, Conn., the other day. The black fiend knocked the child senseless, and then dragging her half dead form into a woodland beside the road accomplished his truly "filial" end and aim. Were these infernal black beasts from pagan land only white christians, they would share a hard fate in America: but being black in color, proverbial thieves by profession, beasts by nature, and devils incarnate in practice, they assume great importance in the eyes of professing hypocrites in the Black Republican church of latter day saints, and at once become the key that opens the locked fount of Northern sympathies, prayers, and kindly offices. What a living comment on the sure existence of hell, is the fact of the existence of Black Republicans!

—Moccasin snakes in South Carolina are full of fun. They chase our lubly colored sisters there clear into town, making the wildest attempts to bite the colored sweethearts of the Republican party on their heels. A large number of snakes are found dead there; as a consequence, for as soon as one strikes his fangs into a nigger or carpet-bagger, he keels over. It scares the yankees, and it is death to the snakes.

—It is amusing to notice how readily old worn out politicians and Jacobin aristocrats can trim sails to the breeze, and become all of a sudden wondrously plebeian. In the Senate the other day, Senator Wilson talked about the time when he worked at a "mechanical employment." He must have been a botch workman, to make such a botch "statesman" as he is. When his fellow-workmen would tolerate him no more, he doubtless turned loafer and politician.

—Rev. P. Coombe delivered two sermons in this place on Sunday last, on the Evils and Sinfulness of the License System, and a harangue on the beauties of thieving, drunken, hypocritical radicalism on Monday night in the Court House. In his lecture he showed much more sincerity in bolstering up the dirty dogmas, and disgraceful practices of radicalism, than he did in his sermons to prove the beauties of christianity, or the evils of intemperance. If the temperance people about this place want to do good, let them have sense enough to get lecturers who are possessed of a little more discretion, sense or honesty, than the political brawlers they generally bring here, of whom this Coombe, and a very poor Coombe it is too, is a good specimen.

—It takes a darkey to get into the Freedman's Bureau.

O, Ye Hypocrites!

Nowhere in the history of any party, organization, or political leaders, in any age of the world, at any time or under any circumstances, is there a record of hypocrisy,—base, contemptible hypocrisy,—that will compare with that of the leaders of the Radical party towards the soldiers of the late war.

From the day that the first private enrolled his name to battle, as he was told, for the preservation of the Union, down to the present day, the conduct of that party toward them has been the most deceptive, truckling, ungrateful and hypocritical that has ever defamed man or heaped obloquy and defeat upon party.

They were told by them that they were fighting for the perpetuation of the Union; Radicalism made them fight for the freedom of the negro.

They were promised gold and glory for risking their lives; Radicalism gave them almost worthless greenbacks and negro equality.

They were promised large bounties and a speedy termination of the war; Radicalism gave the bounties to the negroes, and left the white soldiers to "tramp, tramp, tramp" after the enemy for months and years after the war should have been closed.

They were promised good food and substantial clothing; Radicalism gave them rotten herring and spoiled crackers to eat, and shoddy clothes to wear.

On their return home they were to receive all the honors, all the offices, all the ease and all the glory that could be heaped upon them; Radicalism has left them to grind organs on street corners, peddle packages through the country, live on the charity of friends, or starve in the almshouses.

When votes are wanted, they are then, in Radical estimation, the "dear soldiers," the "brave boys in blue," the "preservers of the Government," the "defenders of the old flag," and the good Lord only knows what all else, but as soon as the election is over, the crippled veterans are nobody—are fit for no positions—can do nothing, and deserve no encouragement nor help.

Soldiers! we ask you if these are not facts? We ask you to point to a single instance in which this party, that now claims your entire support, has ever made good one of its pledges? Can you? No!

Instead of giving places to your wounded comrades, it has turned out of office those who were in Major R. H. Forster, as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword,—shot to pieces and broken down in health from three years service in the army,—is dismissed from the assessorship of this (the 18th) district, and one of these long-tongued loyalists, who stand at home, braving about his love for the soldier, is appointed in his place.

JOHN WARD, another wounded soldier, who left a true wife and a family of little children to take care of them selves, while he risked his life, as he believed, for the perpetuation of the government of our fathers—a brave man who did his duty as a soldier, nobly, until the loss of a leg sent him home a cripple for life—is turned out of a little post office at Halfmoon, (which assisted him to some extent in providing his wife and children with food and clothing), in order to give the place to an able bodied young Radical, who is rich enough to own a store and is part owner of one of the most valuable farms in that valley.

CHARLES SMITH, another crippled soldier, who will carry with him through life a coat sleeve without an arm in it, a brave boy, fearless in battle and faithful in the office to which he was appointed shortly after returning home—the post office at Fleming—has been sent out to make a living as best he can with his one arm, and his position given to a brawling Radical who staid at home to denounce Democrats and urge braver men than himself to go to the army.

And still, not satisfied with turning out these three crippled soldiers, here in our county, they are after the remaining one, who acts as mail agent on the Bald Eagle Valley road—JOSEPH PRINER. It is true, Mr. PRINER was not wounded in the army, but he served his term and returned home to have his leg smashed off while attempting to save the lives of a car load of soldiers. He, too, will have to go. Radicalism has some pet, some poor, pitiable, petty politician, who has been active in cheating at the polls, is in favor of negro suffrage and wants the position; and he will get it. Wounded soldiers stand no chance in the fight for office with these gallant stay-at-homes.

It is not only in this county that the crippled veterans of the war are being put out of office; it is in every section of the country, and in no place are they giving positions to even wounded sol-

diers of Radical proclivities. If they are, will some one who believes in this hypocrisy tell us where it is?

To you, soldiers, we point these instances of Radical hypocrisy right here in our midst, and ask if this is what was promised you? If this is the treatment your comrades deserve? If you think it right; if you are willing to be tickled with windy professions and false promises; to be satisfied with deception and be made tools of designing politicians, go ahead with Radicalism and the nigger.

But if not, if you want to be independent men,—white men,—spurn the wretches who have lied to you—cheated you—deceived you—robbed you, and now attempt to degrade you by making you vote along side of the negro.

Negro Suffrage the Issue.

It is really amusing to see the vigor with which Radicalism, through its different leaders and various channels, is trying to get up issues for the coming campaign, in order to avoid the final settlement of the negro suffrage question. One set are clamoring loudly that a prohibitory liquor law must be the main question; another that a protective tariff must be the absorbing issue; and still another set think they can hide the nigger under the old howl of "copperhead," "rebel," "traitor," &c.

Now, when the prohibitory liquor law and an increase of tariffs be come the questions of the day, the Democracy will be ready to condemn or approve, just as they think right and the good of society and the country demand; but until negro suffrage is settled, until the people have a chance to say whether they shall be degraded, by giving negroes the balance of power at our elections, no other questions can be considered.

Radicalism can't cover up the woolly heads or stay the stench of their African proteges, under the horrors of a whisky barrel.

It can't stick the ballot into the hands of its black barbarians, while it howls about the necessity of protecting "home industry."

It can't evade the negro suffrage question longer or lie out of it again, for it is upon us in all its blackness and debauchery and disgrace.

The question next October will be the election of members of the Legislature pledged to rescind the infamous resolution making negroes voters in this State without the consent of the people. This question can't be dodged, it can't be drowned in whisky or covered up by tariff, and Radicalism may as well make up its mind to this now as at any other time.

We, the Democracy, do not intend to be driven, coerced or fooled into any other issue until this one is settled. We believe negro suffrage to be wrong, debasing, villainous and suicidal. We believe the people—the white voters of Pennsylvania—should have a voice in determining whether negroes shall vote in this Commonwealth, and we intend, by the help of God, the support of white men, and the righteousness of our cause, to elect a Legislature which will rescind the resolution binding this State to negro suffrage, and put the question for decision where it properly belongs—in the hands of the honest white men of the State.

—Governor carpet-bagger Bullock, the white, black hearted nigger-bossman of Georgia, has, it is reported, fled from "rebellion," having absquatulated with all the funds of that "reconstructed" State. When an honest by-stander would steal, there's something wrong. Show us one who hasn't stolen when the opportunity offered!

It is a good sign for the effect of the "Labor Movement" throughout the land, when blotted rascals at Washington "snuff the battle afar off," and set themselves properly before the country as "Workingmen." They are now toiled in the tools of party, where as formerly they used to toil for a living.

The upheaval, land-slide movement of the "Land, Labor and Money" men is bringing a note of terror to politicians. We now begin to see how it came about that a certain manufacturing Yankee in the Senate smelt something afar off. Sprague is putting his house in order! He is not insane—only a little smarter than some of his fellows.

—Judge JAMES C. TAYLOR, independent Radical candidate for Attorney-General of Virginia, is a discreet and cautious politician. When asked to define his position, he replied: "I am a supporter of the present administration of the National Government—so far as I am able to understand it!" That's what's bothering most of the Jakes; but they don't all seem to "understand it!"

Progress Southward of Northern Barbarism.

The latest news from Cuba is to the effect that the Spanish loyal don, who commands the Castilian army in the Eastern division of the island, has issued a proclamation requiring that all persons above the age of fifteen, under pain of death by summary execution, shall remain at home. If any man, without the best of reasons, shall be found absent from his domicile, he is to be shot down, and the question of the value of the reason or excuse for absence in the majority of cases, is, of course, left to the decision of the squad commander who shall make the discovery of absence.

The Spaniard bears an unenviable reputation for treachery and barbarity, but the ear-marks of this, the chiefest of his modern barbarisms, are purely American, and entirely Yankee. They resemble the ear-marks of numerous similar barbarisms and outrages which made the late "unpleasantness" conspicuous on the pages of the world's history, as the most heartlessly vengeful, the modern world had been compelled to record against poor, cowardly human nature. A parallel to this General's order, we find in the bloody rule of the notorious, blood dyed and damnable SPAIN'S G. BURRIDGE, of Kentucky, and the two are so near alike that we smile they are pens from the same shell.

In 1863, we think it was, that this monster BURRIDGE inaugurated that reign of medieval barbarity which made a residence in Kentucky undesirable to cannibals much less so to christians. He it was who issued an order that no guerrillas should be taken prisoners in the State of Kentucky—that every man found upon the highways who could give no satisfactory account of himself should be shot down on the spot!

And there were hundreds of the best men who have lived in Kentucky for the past decade, as a consequence, fell by that order into the hands of the blood-dyed villains who had charge of small roaming Federal squads, and were butchered upon the highways, or shot down through the doors and windows of their homes, and their hearts' blood poured out in the presence of their agonized and heart and soul-stricken families. Every sergeant and corporal, or thieving scoundrel, who could get charge of a squad of men under BURRIDGE, wreaked a terrible, murderous and cowardly vengeance upon his personal enemy, or those whom for any reason he disliked. As a consequence, for every actual guerrilla ever taken and shot-down, half a dozen peaceable and unoffending citizens paid the same penalty. Then the guerrillas, so called, retaliated, and a reign of hell intensified by the participation in it of real devils, to the manner born, was the result.

All this was the necessary result of the introduction of a barbarous spirit of butchery by cowardly fiends raked up from the pits of moral depravity in the glorious North, and yet the loyal party, who are running this country, now as then, pretend to sympathize with the rebels of Cuba against a cause much like their own, and men to execute its interests much like those whom it employed to exterminate the rebels of the South! O, consistency! thou art a jewel indeed! When the party of barbarism in the late war who exerted its mightiest efforts to establish a strong brutal government in this country, can find room in its rotten heart to entertain sympathy for the struggling rebels of Cuba, it is time to look for wonders indeed!

We have not seen a printed copy of the order referred to by the news from Cuba, but when it is published, we shall expect to find that it is but a copy verbatim et literatim of the one published by the crimson-souled villain BURRIDGE a few years ago. If not, then we are sure it is a pretty fair copy of some other infamous Yankee proclamation issued during the late war between the States. It is palpably, no matter what may be said of the Spanish character and qualification, a copy of something furnished by the Yankees in the late war. They went to the bottom depths of infamy. No Spaniard has ever lived who could get lower than a real sneaking, stinking, thieving Black Republican Yankee.

EXTENSIVE ART-GALLERY.—Next to the Bible, no book is more useful than Webster's Dictionary. The Unabridged is an extensive art gallery, containing over three thousand engravings, representing almost every animal, insect, reptile, implement, plant, etc., which we know anything about. It is a vast library, giving information on almost every mentionable subject. It indeed has been well remarked that it is the most remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.—Household Advocate.

Late Publications.

"SHELLEY AND HIS MEN."—One of the most interesting books which the late war has given rise to is that relating to the exploits of SHELLEY, the Confederate guerrilla, in Missouri, which has been published, and is for sale by the Miami Printing Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHELLEY was the MARION of the South, or the SUMTER of the war of 1861. His adventures, at the head of a small band of partisans, truthfully remarks the Cincinnati Enquirer, will form the basis, for agents to come, of poetry and romance. There were few, if any, qualities of intelligence that he did not possess, and, in consequence, he was one of the most successful of all the Confederate leaders.

STUART and MORAN being upon a larger theater, perhaps attracted, in a greater degree, the attention of the country; but, in brilliancy of achievements, the Missouri Confederate was certainly not inferior to either of his rivals. The book, which records them, to a large mass of the people will be entirely new, for during the war our figurative of Confederate valor and exploits was exceedingly small and imperfect.

When, in after years, the history of the civil war of 1861 to 1865 is written, these memorials of SHELLEY will be perfectly invaluable, as throwing light upon some of its most important achievements. Those who desire to read one of the most interesting books of this period—a book full of adventure, and of curious incident in its narrative—will buy Shelley and His Men. We do not hesitate to predict for it a great and deserved popularity; a popularity far exceeding most of the biographies of the war period.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered "behind the scenes in Richmond." Containing curious and extraordinary information of the principal Southern characters in the late War in connection with President Davis, and in relation to the various intrigues of his Administration. By EDWARD A. POLLARD, Author of "The Lost Cause," &c., &c.

We have been favored by the National Publishing Company with a copy of the advance sheets of this work, soon to be issued. That it will be of interest—deep interest to the many who will buy it, there can be no doubt, but that it will be an impartial work, the enmity between the writer and the subject, precludes even the possibility. Mr. POLLARD has had advantages to gather facts about the late confederacy and its President, that no other man, perhaps, could hope for. He has the ability to put them in shape to make an exceedingly interesting and readable book; but the coloring he will put upon it, and the little personal differences that have grown to be great personal hatreds between him and Ex-President Davis, leads us to believe that the book will not be an impartial collation of facts, such as a work coming from a Southern gentleman or an impartial historian should be. We may be mistaken in our surmises—we hope we are. But however colored it may be, it will detract none from the interest or actual worth of the work. That it will meet with a ready sale, the flattering notices it has already received from the newspaper press of the country, guarantees, and the fact that it comes from one of the most ultra Southern men in the entire country, giving the "secret" history of the lost confederacy—a view "behind the scenes" of those who acted a prominent part in the great war for the preservation of Republican institutions on this continent, will create for it, a demand unsurpassed in the history of book publishing.

Little Matters for the Ladies!

—Thin gauze veils are coming into use. —A New York groom estimates the expense of a first-class wedding at \$2,600. —Mrs. Storer, the daughter of ex President Johnson, was married at Greenville, Tenn., on the 29th, to William Brown, a merchant of that town. —Mrs. Capt. McGuire, who navigated her husband's ship, during his illness, from Calcutta to New York, has been presented with \$1,000 by the underwriters. —It is stated by scientific men that lightning strikes more women than men, every year. This is a complimentary fact, for it implies that women are more "attractive." —A late Parisian fashion is a garland of tufts worn upon the head, so arranged that the heat of the room causes the tulips gradually to unfold, displaying diamonds, rubies, &c. —A lady acquaintance has had five children, all of whom had red heads. As both herself and husband are similarly afflicted, she has wisely concluded that it is hereditary (hereditary) in the family. —There is a practical advance toward the "woman's rights" coveted by the Dickens people, in the fact that a lady of Des Moines has gone to learn the tinner's trade. Another not less suggestive case is that of a young lady at the Portland mill, near Tidonite, Pennsylvania, packs eight thousand shingles every day, and earns one dollar each day, as much as most male laborers. She has kept this up for the past two months, and says she will henceforth peck tea.