

Ink-Slings.

A cotemporary says he has never been to the penitentiary. He says this humorously, however.

Harrisburg has muzzled its dogs. If it will imprison its radical thieves, a stranger may feel some security in going there.

The song says, 'tis sweet to die for one's country. What a pity several thousand more Radicals didn't sweeten themselves in that way.

Mr. H. MILLER has been appointed postmaster at Greenfield, vice Eli Fuss, removed - Patriot.

A pretty good sign that there'll be no more fuss about that post office.

What a terrible thought it must be to poor old Seward, that while Mexico wants to sell us some more territory, he isn't in a position to buy it!

A Radical calls upon his party to go back to first principles. If they do, they will find themselves setting down widely under a palm-tree in Equatorial Africa.

A windy Radical named Blow, of Missouri, is to go to Brazil administrator in that country.

He will probably find leisure to get up a breeze in Brazil and his thimbleful of brains blown out.

The editor of an exchange has never been to the penitentiary, as he claims, sarcastically, will he please in turn as if it was through a flaw in the indictment or because of a disagreement of the jury?

Mrs. Dr. WALKER and Mrs. Dr. HENRIKSON, lately held a "convention" in Washington on the subject of dress reform. They appeared in loose pants and a sort of hermaphrodite dress coat.

They painted and the audience painted.

BRIANAM You see this eighteen Mormon Sunday schools at Salt Lake. If the old chap is such a man as he should be, with the number of wives that cling to him he ought to raise some profits enough of his own to fill them.

Some years ago a messenger of Adams Express company turned up "missing." Nothing was heard of him till last month, when he was discovered in London, to the utter astonishment of those who believed him dead. His name is CORROX, and he was only a young fellow a bender.

It is a happy notion of GRANT'S to appoint "Friends" as Indian agents. Surely there never was a people who so greatly needed "friends" as the robbed and plundered scalp-takers of the plains.

No wonder their fingers itch for the white man's scalp when they are constantly beset by thieves for agents.

Ulysses S. appears to be pretty shrewd in some things, darned as that he is. In looking over his foreign appointments, it is plain to observe that he has commissioned those to go abroad who ought to go for their country's good.

Great and convenient way of getting rid of some trailing politicians and vagabonds.

It is certainly reported that not entire unity, not all of farmers, holding stock in their hands, business men bear them about in their hats—in imagination—Clara Democrat.

The difference, then, between our business men and the editor of the Democrat amounts to about the value of a fine tooth comb—they carrying snakes in their hats, in imagination, he carrying crawlers in his hair, in reality. Dot and carry one.

The Republicans claimed for Secretary STANTON that he had sacrificed his fortune and time in the service of his suffering country—that he was poor and unrequited. Late reports show conclusively that he has suffered much and serious loss. Out of eight thousand a year, he succeeded, however, in saving a pittance, only about \$300,000. Poor thing!

GREELEY is a hero, after all. Generals may lead great armies into an enemy's country, and thus hazard the hopes of their cause; but he who, in his sane mind, will consent to go as security on the bond of a Radical official, deserves the highest praise for cool courage and chivalrous daring. GREELEY went on JONES'S bond for \$100,000 as postmaster of New York, last week. BRAVE GREELEY! BOLD GREELEY! UNFORTUNATE GREELEY.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the Yankee war historian, informs mankind and the CREATOR, in his "History of the Civil War in America," that Slughter's mountains in Virginia sit upon the plantation of Mr. R. B. SLAUGHTER! The Creator, (not, however, desiring to be irreverent), might be astonished to learn that Mr. R. B. SLAUGHTER had a farm there when He dumped that mountain down! Poor worm in New Eng and!—ren ler thou "unto CESAR the things which are CESAR'S, and unto God, things which are God's!

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The Southern Pacific Railroad--Remarkable Action of the U. S. Senate.

It has been long known to the well-informed reader, that the only route to the Pacific, which promised to be a financial success, is the one termed the Southern Pacific Railroad from Memphis, Tenn., to San Francisco, across Arkansas, into the Indian Territory, across a vast natural highway and snow-unimpeded course, running far South of the Black Hill range via El Paso to the Pacific regions. This corporation was headed by Fremont and a company of Southern and French capitalists, who asked of Congress no subsidies whatever, but simply a right of way for its track. In the House, corrupt and fanatical as that body is, no opposition was offered, since, as a Southern enterprise, it asked not a dollar of aid from the country, and it passed. But when the bill came to the Senate, it was at once arrested, and the wise men of that body were scenting about to smell out what they feared must be a "large mice," for why otherwise could it be possible that a company to the Pacific could be organized in good faith, which asked nothing of Congress, and hence had no scheme and plan to feed that body upon spoils and plunder, as in the case of that monstrous lumbering—the Union Pacific Railroad? Months of delay was the consequence, and when the claims of the Southern route were being pressed for the passage of simply "right of way," the Senator thought it saw the dead animal looked for, in the information that Mr. Fremont had ten millions of dollars invested in France, subject to his order, with which to commence the great work, as soon as Congress will permit. "But O," says Congress—that select body of first-class thieves, "O, we see, you have means—ah! we thought you were paupers!" This changes the case. Now, if you want a right of way for this Southern road, although you ask nothing more, you must pay for it. If you can't build it, here's a right of way if you can, you shan't!

This is the philosophy which governed every act of the perfidious South. Like the scared French depositor in a suspended bank, who demanded his money, believing the bank did not have it, but when paid to him across the counter, declined to take it, on the principle that if the bank did not have the money, he must have it, and if it did, why there was no use in withdrawing it, so Congress says to the suspended South, if you have not the means, the country needs this road, but if you have the wherewith to build it, we do not want it! There is philosophy in this—it is that sort which the fool practices. There is magnanimity in it—it is the kind the log-woman indulges. If the South can build this great route without a cent's cost to the country, it shall not do so; for two sufficient reasons, strong with loyalists. 1. It will aid the South in competing with the North for the trade of the world successfully, as it is a route that snows never block, and thus defies coercive reconstruction, which is the life blood of the infamous Jacobin, red republican, revolutionary party. 2. Asking no aid from the people's treasury, we have no means of making it do what Capt Scott did with his coon on the tree—come down! In other words, it is not a corruptive organization, will surely be a success, is out of our control, and therefore should not be built. This is the view which the Senate must have taken of it. God help a people, when they have come to such a degraded condition, that the very hopes of the people are merchantable property—bought and sold in the gambler's halls at Washington! God help a people, who will tamely, and like whipped curs, submit to, and lick the hand that smites them!

The past winter added its testimony to what we have said of the utter worthlessness of the monstrous Northern Loyal monopoly dubbed the Union Pacific railroad. For months tons of mail matter laid blocked up in the Black Hills—blocked and buried, and the winter was an unusually moderate and brief one on the plains and in the Far West. We have told the people how they have been robbed to build up a grand moon hoax, now nearly exploded, and which as soon as the treasury

prop is pulled from under it, will fall with a mighty crash. We are satisfied to let time justify every word which we have said concerning it. Had it been necessary for the government to build a railroad to the Pacific—which necessity has never existed—the Southern route over a naturally-prepared gradeway and over a snowless plain and pathway, every sane man knows was the proper route. But the utter inability of a country to live under the rule of such incarnate devils as run the machine at Washington, is amply established in the incapacity and villainy apparent in every act of the infernal rascals who represent the accursed Black Republican party at Washington. It measures looking singly to the prosperity of millions, and not to any inferior political effect, cannot command the attention and support of the Jacobin Congress, how much less hope have the people that anything less than a general uprising of the masses will save their liberties and their institutions from decay and death in our land?

A Heavy Shot.

The Tropic Agitator, the leading radical organ along the brighted regions bordering upon the York State line, seems to know the editor of the State Guard, just about as well as there is any use in knowing a fellow. In its issue of the 12th inst., it goes for FORNEY in the following style:

The State Guard, Harrisburg publishes a list of the names of honest members of the Legislature. One of the "right" was to the above list, and is struck with its justice. Mr W. Forney neglects to mention the names of our members—Niles and Strong—among the elect. We presume that Messrs. Strong and Niles neglected to see Mr. Forney, before they left, as in all this time there is not a more honorable man than he. He offers to revise the list upon application by the reporter. We advise our members to ask it, or complain of the outrage. This is endorsed by the Tropic Agitator, though he is a piece of the devil's own.

Indignant.

A pretty pink from the Night shade of pantans progress, by name of HAYES, who edited a paper called Zion's Herald, once devoted to the doctrine of Cassianity, but latterly dabbling only in the stink pots of dickerdom, has got his "staid" back up his philanthropic "phelms," wounded, his devoted soul disappointed, because the saffron-colored darkey, FRED DOT GLASS, has not been appointed Minister to England, or elected member of Congress from Rochester. This sanctimonious representative of New England Unitarianism, this tool horn of Northern methodism, wades into somebody in the following manner, to wit, thusly:

"Some journals fancy they are doing a 'big thing' in the way of the government to appoint Frederick Douglass Minister to Hayti. This is carrying coals to Newcastle most decidedly. Mr. Douglass more probably was nominated by our Washington correspondant, last week, as Minister to Brazil. This is far better, but we trust he will not leave the country. He is wanted presently in the way of advice. He is needed at home to break down our foolish opposition to color. If sent out of the country, his influence will be lost, unless sent to some European port. He had better go to England. The people will receive him with far more cordiality than they will Mr. Motley or any other man not of color. But he should first of all go to Congress. If the Essex District can choose which of two Middlemen to debate, Butler or Dana, perhaps he can get a step farther, and settle between Butler and Douglas. In the high Douglas would win. It is a shame that his good qualities will not stand him. It contents itself with adorning nobodies, when it might take the lead of the House, if it would put the foremost man in all its district into Congress."

We pity brother HAYES. His darkey should have a position should be sent to England, Brazil, or Congress, and he should be sent along to black his boots, and keep his nose clean. It is wrong to disappoint DOUGLASS, it is wrong to disregard HAYES. But "such is life." Brethren let us sing "This world is all a fiction" show. For man's illusion given. Fred Douglas now can stay at home, And sleep with brother Haven.

Gen. Logan, and another nigger from San Domingo, it is reported, called to see the man at the White House the other day, in relation to selling him that volcano and nigger blest piece of dirt; but Grant refused to be worried to death by niggers and their associates, and he declined to see the sweet couple. Poor Grant!—he is to be pitted indeed!

Pike, of Missouri, who is to be rewarded with a foreign appointment of some sort, if possible, it is said, picks his nose in open Congress, and is in all respects a filthy, slouchy, dirty man, or thing. Is this patriot PIKE one of the "blind" or "bleeding" sort?

The Eight Hour Movement.

Congress passed an eight-hour law during the 40th Congress, but like all the acts of the dishonest party in power, the law was so worded that the operative who enjoys its benefits, must, under the interpenetration put upon it by the Administration, also submit to a reduction in wages. This is like everything else which Congress has done for the sons of toil. It is hollow and valueless, and as a consequence occasions the profoundest indignation among the laborers. The occasion of this law was a combined movement among all those who labored for the Government in the Navy Yards and workshops, to have the hours of labor reduced to such number as to give the toiler eight hours for recreation and improvement, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for labor. It is claimed by the working men of America that they can do as much labor in eight hours by this system, as in ten by the old, that they are better qualified to work the eight than the ten, that nature is not violated thereby, and life is eased of its apprehensions. It has been proved that wherever the eight-hour system has been in practice the productions of the labor exceed those under the ten hour system, that capital is benefited by it; that morals and society are improved, and that the people are happier with their lot, and capital more remunerative.

It is claimed also by the leaders of the movement, that labor should be made remunerative and attractive, that thereby there may be fewer drones and non-producers, and more industry and thrift. This is certainly a sound principle in economy, that the system which promotes labor and industry is the most healthy and wisest to a country. We are not prepared to show that the reduction of the working hours as applied to all callings is a benefit to each, but sure it is, that labor was never designed by the Almighty, that Greatest Laborer of all, to be required of man to the injury of health and distortion of nature. It is not right that the human frame should be required to toil till the form is warped and bent, till the spine is crooked, and the cheek grown hollow and wrinkled. Labor is the normal and proper condition of all men. It was intended to aid health, to develop and strengthen the muscles and tissues of the manly and womanly form. More than this, is to wrong nature, to violate a great natural law, and necessarily to entail a correspondingly natural punishment.

Hence it is that a law—any law—which seeks to confine labor to its proper limits, purpose, and aim, is a law conferring a great and necessary boon—one absolutely necessary in the crowded cities of the Eastern and Middle States, where great bodies of mechanics and operatives are employed, and where the toilers are generally oppressed and robbed, and misused at the caprice of capital and its tyrannical tools and instruments.

It cannot be concealed that there is a system of white slavery in this land more oppressive, onerous and tyrannical than any of which sentimentalists have inveighed on behalf of the black bondmen. It is a slavery which ought to awaken some sense of shame in the breasts of our latter day blatant humanitarians and abolitionists, and it is time that the workingmen, human nature itself, outraged and wronged as it is, should rise up in its might, and cast it off.

From Boston in the East, to the slopes of the Missouri, and as far beyond as the Eastern speculator in human woe has found his way, are habited and huddled in our great cities the sons and daughters of ceaseless and hopeless over toil. Who is there among us who will be their Moses to bring them forth out of their bondage?

Burlingame and his select troupe of performing pig-tailed celestial mandarins are played out. He made a good deal of noise about what influence he had over the Chinese people, and how he was going to introduce successfully numberless improvements, including our civilization into that empire. It turns out that the Chinese won't have him, or his "barbarian" notions, and he writes to this country of his failures. What, in the Republican party line, is not a failure?

"A Few Points."

Under this head, the Bellefonte Republican, of this week, with evident gusto, copies an article from an obscure radical newspaper, called the Mifflinburg Telegraph, published in the adjoining county of Union. The following is an extract from the article, and is, no doubt, considered one of its strong "points":

"Why, alas, if Johnsonized Republicans possessed of susceptibility they could hardly look an honest Republican in the face, much less ask political favors of him."

Now, the best point we see in this, though intended for another, is that it applies much more aptly to one of the editors of the Republican—even the immaculate W. W. B. himself; for, beyond all question, as a genuine specimen of a "Johnsonized Republican," in this county, at least, he stands, alone in his glory, without a peer. Every one here well remembers his famous speech, in our Court House, in the fall of 1866, on the eve of the election. With what vigorous vim he "went for" and demolished all the small fry of our local radical politicians—HUTCHISON, KURTZ, YOCUM, FEAST, and all the rest. Such bitter invective! such burning sarcasm! such sparkling wit! such boisterous eloquence! the like was never heard before or since! For instance, who that heard, will ever forget that inimitable description of a certain prominent and very acute ornament that adorns the classic face of the eloquent HUTCHISON—his present partner—and which, as W. W. B. put it, was so admirably adapted, and so often used, for the exceedingly laudable purpose of "noosing into other people's business!" And then the nickname applied to Kurtz, at that time editor of the Press, to express contempt for the position he occupied in the army. "Crackers!" How startling and terrific it was, to be sure! And poor Yocum, with just mental capacity enough to enable him to judge a "good cigar." Even Feast, characterized as a mere bundle of "nothing." Who, we say again, that heard, will ever forget these trenchant personalities? What ponderous blows he did strike, both right and left! How ably he vindicated and defended the "my policy" of ASH JOHNSON, and how ardently he advocated the election even of CLAYTON over the redoubtable hero of Snickersville. For a "Johnsonized Republican," it was, indeed, a truly brilliant and entertaining performance.

Well, considering the sequel to all this, and that this same "Johnsonized Republican" subsequently became a carpet-bag agent of the Freedman's Bureau, and, as a radical employee therein, is said to have acted as a kind of general supervising wet nurse to the nigger babies of Tennessee, and, further, that he is at present the editor of a radical newspaper, it becomes a very easy matter to see, at least, one of these "few points." That is, that this one particular "Johnsonized Republican" has a sufficient amount of "susceptibility" for almost anything. "Susceptibility," that not only enables him to "look an honest Republican in the face," but even "ask political favors of him." Is the "point" well taken?

One of the remotest stars, the astronomers tell us, has broken loose from its moorings in the distant heavens, and is rushing directly toward this earth, at the rate of twenty eight miles per second! It is ascertained by observations taken in the WATCHMAN office, through a glass funnel with a bottom in it, that it will strike the earth in the neighborhood of Bellefonte. A standing committee of arrangements for its reception ought to be made at once, as it will probably strike "jibe" and flatten this world into a half done pancake in the next three hundred years. Pity it don't travel faster.

It is said that Gen. Grant is falling away in flesh rapidly, and is morose and still more speechless; that his wife is anxious for him, believing that the office will kill him. Whose fault is that? Once, the office of President was not altogether a burden, but since the offices have been triplicated, the rights of the States absorbed, and all power centered at Washington, it is to be expected that there will be no rest for the wicked.

Oppressing the Farmer.

Speaking of the iniquitous attempt of Radicalism to place the great burden of taxation upon the shoulders of the farmers, the Cincinnati Enquirer asserts, and asserts truly "that if anything, any fact or any argument were required still more plainly to substantiate the position of the Democracy, than a recent legislation has been and is in the interests of the few rather than of the many, a late decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue might be cited. Under the enlightened views of the civilization of the nineteenth century, as interpreted by every nation under the sun that has succeeded in emancipating itself from the thralldom of the middle ages—with the exception, alas! of the United States—articles of prime necessity, even although imported from abroad, are subject to a taxation simply sufficient for revenue purposes. When Cobden and Bright triumphantly carried their attack upon the iniquitous Corn Laws that sapped the very vital energies of the people, that made their food dearer, while the producers of the food by that very fact were mulcted of their legitimate wages, none were louder in their peans over the people's victory than the citizens of America. But all seems now to be changed. A storm in the Mediterranean, that in a quarter of an hour dashed the blue water into a wilderness of angry waves, is the only parallel, to the sudden metamorphosis—the practical legislation of the American people. Before 1860 we were a free people, and, as such, impartial law makers strove, with all their ability, to make our physical equal to our civil condition. Then taxation, light as it was, was levied not upon the food and the necessary clothing of the hard working man, the farmer or mechanic, but imposed upon the luxuries of the rich. But the mighty are fallen; and as political iniquity has elapsed from the producer to the consumer, from the maker to the mere appendage of wealth, so the burden of supporting the Government, the necessity of contributing to the exigencies of armies and navies, and the extraordinary military bureaucracy has been shifted from off those able to bear the weight to the shoulders of men unable to support the insupportable load. The millions of acres of agricultural land in our country, from the improvement and occupancy of which our future prosperity must most certainly be derived, are left bare and uncultivated, because, in its love for a few capitalists, the central quasi-imperial Government at Washington prefers to draw its means for bribery and corruption from the farmers rather than the manufacturer or contractor, who, for years of the midling, has filled his purse with a sufficiency to stuff the pockets of Senators and Congressmen, and thereby add to his store, like an eagle who throws a minnow into the water to hook a better fish. For the last six years this has been the policy of the rascally owners of all gotten gain, who, to the misery of the people, have had the control of affairs at the seat of Government. But until now they have attempted to veil the abominable discrimination under some apparently innocent pretext. But the veil is now rent, the fox unearched and the thief detected.

With a damnable ingenuity conceived from the union of craft and peculation—but in law fortunately misbegotten—the commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that farmers are manufacturers. The farmers of the country have been and are taxed for the benefit of New England in everything they wear, in every article with which they can add, to the comforts of their families, in all by which they can adorn their homes or improve their fields. Four thousand articles of prime necessity, the majority of which enter into the consumption of every farmer's household in the land have long been taxed. The iron of which the plowshare is made is taxed; the saw that fashions the beam is taxed; the cotton that clothes the little ones is taxed; the coat he wears to shield him from the weather is taxed; the nails that fasten the roof over his head are taxed; the drugs and medicines with which, in sickness, he endeavors to postpone death or allay the agony of pain are taxed; and now, not satisfied with covering the whole man and his dwelling with taxation, the vampire must change its nature, and prey upon the stomach. The farmer is declared by the commissioner to be a manufacturer, and to be taxed as such for every peck of wheat he may grow and convert into flour, to feed even his own hungry children. They may cry for bread, but the father must give them half a loaf, in order that by saving the remainder he may satisfy the craving maw of the tax-gatherer. This is the result of Radical rule—the good Lord only knows how long the people are to be subject to it. Grapes are not made of thorns, or figs of thistles, and it will not be by means like this that our waste places will be populated and our deserts covered with blossom.