

Ink-Slings.

"A heavy failure"—the spayax in the White House.

"The fruits of radical reconstruction—young mulattoes and dark skinned scallwags."

"The 'beauties of radical reconstruction'—thick lipped, trumpet-nosed wretches.

Black Mailer—a darkey acting as Post Master. Vide Southern post-offices under radical rule.

Lancaster county is troubled with horse thieves. If these were the only radical thieves it was troubled with its citizens could rest in peace.

Sukrany is playing at Tightassville; whether marbles, bass-ball, poker, old-gidge, "hero I rattle at the match" or sick-like, the papers sayeth not.

An exchange says: "Married on the first inst., Mr. JNO. LAY to Miss LIZZY GRUNT." Considerate man; to top the grunt and make Miss LIZZY LAY.

There are 90 convicts in the penitentiary at Milledgeville, Ga., and there are three only because GRANT has overlooked them in his late appointments.

Miss CLARA BARTON wants Congress to assist her in "raising negroes for Congressional and Presidential duties." A big black nigger would be of more use to her in that business, than Congress.

Northumberland county, says in exchange, has sixteen lodges of Odd Fellows. Centre county can beat that if hollow. It has over one hundred lodges of Odd Fellows, and three or four bands and lodges for fellows not odd.

The Pennsylvania Rail Road has leased the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago route, and now advertises, "through to Chicago." If it could advertise "through to the devil," its cars would be crowded with radicals on their way home.

A beautiful poem from the pen of the gifted and accomplished author of "As by Fire." Miss NELLIE MARSHALL, of Louisville Kentucky, written for the WATCHMAN, will be found elsewhere, in to-day's paper. We hope to have the pleasure of laying before the public, many of her excellent contributions hereafter.

Two daughters of a negro equality advocate, by name of Hoy, at Liberty Schuylkill county, fell in love with a darkey their father had taught them to honor and treat as an equal. All in love so deeply, that the one married him and is now enjoying the sweets and stinks of a nigger husband, while the other is putting in her time, nursing a young mulatto, the result of her being the same luck "not wisely, but so well."

Chalk and ivory, heels and shoes—make a glory now begins—funky, funky, stinky O! If it ain't glory to be!

A Senator, called at the State Department in Washington last week to see Secretary Fish. As that pompous old rooster was busy doing nothing, he repeat word to the Senator that he would not be able to meet him for an hour. Upon which the indignant visitor reached for his hat, mumbling something, which the head clerk took to be: "Tell Fish to go to hell with his piscatorial establishment." What a lively and funny set of Roosters these complimentary jacobins are! How are you, old Piscatorial!

We have now the popular republican saturation at the White House of "Go to Hell!"—an invitation which all republican leaders must sooner or later make up their minds to accept. Fish's department of State is termed by one of the polished Senators to be a "piscatorial establishment," and the boss of it is requested also to "go to Hell!" PILE, of Missouri, an appointee of GRANT, is called the "Aggravated Hemorrhoid," and in fact the whole thing looks like the end, was equine.

Also and did this Pile mean blood, And did this Flak man dye, Did Grant devote that leath'ring, On a nigger's lap to lie?

The reason all Quaker applicants for office have been rejected is believed to be on account of their opposition to the popular practice of theft. None but the most unimpeachable slight-of-hand performers have any chance to get office under the Administration of Mr. JIMMIE SIMPSON GRANT.

A white nigger at Atlanta named Fox, who may have emigrated there from this county, lately shot his black mistress and then committed suicide. His remains were attended by a large procession—the undertaker and his assistants. About as many as would attend the funeral of the whole Black Republican crew.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

Imperialism.

There are but two successful opposites in government—the one is the system of absolute autocratic or monarchical rule, in which there is one sovereign only and many subjects; the other form of government is the one in which all are sovereign, and whose head is "the servant of the people." These two forms are as distinct and antipodal as the poles of the earth, as fire and water. The imperialistic system of government belongs entirely to the first class but is really the vile enemy of both monarchy and republicanism—however, more the enemy of the latter and a treason to the former.

Imperialism is the triumph of treason against the State, be it either monarchical or republican, for it is the triumph of the adventurer. It is successful faction, without principle, and means power and honors for traitors. There is no principle of government upon which it rests, excepting the principle of force; there is no system of regulation for it, for like an eruption, either of the skin or volcano, it is an evil which corrects no other evil.

And, to come now to home affairs, it is this most despicable system of government—the wall of the successful adventurer—which a party loud in its protestations of super-abundant republicanism, plotting to establish in this country. For it cannot be denied, no matter how politicians may wriggle or fawn to laugh, that by their acts and aims, at least by their conduct of affairs, it has gained a foothold in some quarters, and has merited and is meriting popular disfavour. That the question of Imperialism should so menace the future good of this country as to demand even a discussion of its demerits, is a shame which should bring the blush to every republican's face. But certain it is, from every indication of the current of the times, the question of Imperialism is assuming alarming consequences, and calls for such notes of warning of every true patriot, and particularly the conductor of any free press, must feel it his duty to give.

The times are revolutionary, uncertain, and to some extent, alarming—more alarming for the very vagueness and concealment of the assaults of our enemies. They work in the dark and with stealthy advances, and their weapon is the essence of insidious poison in the body politic. It has ever marked the opposition to the Democracy that it worked in the dark and struck silently but surely at the heart of the people's liberty; its poisons have been sophistry and the arts of the vilest demagogue, but whatever has been its chiefest means of assault, it has nevertheless at all times been more or less successful in poisoning the fountains of our political and mental virtues as a people. The curses of whig, knavery and demagoguery have, in this our fateful day, come home, like wandering pelters, to roost in our Liberty's sun-set.

But, by whatever course and means the objects of our manifold distresses as a people have been brought about, the links in their chain point to the end had in view—a destruction of the commonwealth principle of government, otherwise republican, and the substitution of the practical and adventurous system known as Imperialism. The first step toward this end had its successful birth in whig time, when the country was afflicted with that direst evil to the poor and miserable classes—politely termed a protective tariff, by which the wealthy have been enriched and the poor reduced to poverty indeed. This was the first great object to be attained. Then followed, the bond-arrigoeracy and the exemption of unproductive wealth from its due share of the burdens of taxation which have been laid with exceeding weight upon the very life of the people, those who toil and produce.

This calamity, once fastened upon the toilers, the advance to imperialism is more than half accomplished. No wonder that we hear from all quarters the strange voices and sounds that were a virtuous republican people, should shock our senses and cause the pride of our patriot fathers, to boil up in the republican hearts of their children. But we are degenerated and degenerating. The pure blood of our patriotic fathers has become contaminated, and we listen to the new

strange words and warnings with no feelings of indignation or rebellion. Alas! for a people when they have lost the virtues of their fathers, and have only, as a legacy, the vices of their enemies.

We say here, if the Empire is ever established upon the ruins of our democratic liberty, it will be our own fault, as a people; it will be a proof of the abject demoralization and degeneracy of the people; it will prove that we never were sincere and earnest republicans, and more, that the world must look to other and purer men for freedom from the thralldom of the old world's old system of government and oppressions.

By the graves of our fathers! By the memory of our mothers! By every hope of mankind! Let us swear anew the oaths of the freemen who left us liberty and the blessings of the commonwealth in the new world, that no government other than that under which we were cradled shall ever be ours. If we are true to the past, we shall be worthy of the future. If we falter now, and cease to be vigilant—if we rear not a barrier of patriot hearts and patriot arms against the insidious approaches of our mortal enemy, all will be lost.

Susan B. Anthony and a Sensation.

In New York city the other day, at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, there was a rich and racy scene between Miss Susan B. Anthony and a Rev. Mr. Foster—a praise God bare bones of the East. It seems that Miss Anthony is treasurer of the Society, and in a speech before that august assemblage of odds and ends, and not having the fear of enraged woman's finger ends before his eyes, the Reverend Rooster essayed to reflect upon the fair lady's honesty and honor. He found, or thought he found, a great discrepancy in Miss Susan's cash account, and possibly intimated that the anti-slavery hens and roosters were having their means expended for lace, paints, pins, lily white, *et cetera*. Shocking! And like the spark in the powder keg, a consequent explosion followed. It could not be otherwise—it was to be expected.

Now on this occasion, the front seats of the society's hall were occupied with a "considerable sprinkling" of sharp-tongued and antiquated members, while behind them were their thin shadows in the shape of attenuated femaleish men—humped roosters and gall-pated chickens—umbrella talons—errand (old) boys—whiskered help, and the husbands of the Mrs. So-and-so. Hence the Rev. Foster's comments concerning Miss Anthony's management of the funds caused great and profound indignation. At first tones, then, "Oh! the nasty, dirty man!" and finally expressions by no means complimentary or polite, intermingled with terrific screams of "police!" "police!" and a thousand hysterical sounds, sobs, groans, and wild ejaculations.

But the Rev. Rooster was persistent and claimed the right to the floor, when a movement was made to eject him by and of the police, which was successful, when the dear crowing pullets and hens cackled, shook their feathers, and continued to cover their nests, and set, and hatch out their abrogator eggs for ducks.

Fred Douglass (Africa) the peace-maker in all these odds-and-ends assemblages, was on hand to comfort and to calm—to pour his crude black oil upon the troubled white waters, and to say, "peace, be still." But he was not very successful; for up jumped Miss Anthony and delivered herself of another egg in the shape of a speech of spite, in which she asserted that negro suffrage had been given at the cost of woman's rights. Too bad.

Then another nigger tried his hand. He is a white nigger and a member of Grant's cabinet, Boutwell being this present name. He thought it was very wrong in the Reverend Rooster to act so ungallantly to the injured Hen, Susan.

And thus the performances continued for a time, and finally ceased from sheer exhaustion. Truly there most regal assemblages of negroes, femaleish men, pariah women, and Black Republican politicians, are rich affairs. They are the fruit and blossom of a spring time of evil things in society, politics, and nature.

"YOU'LL THINK OF THIS AGAIN SOME DAY."

BY NELLIE MARSHALL.

In sternness, and in haughty now,
From one who loves you well, you turn;
And every earnest, truthful vow
In scorn, you coldly from you spurn.
But, love, remember what I say:
You'll think of this again some day!

I may be far—I may be near—
We know not what a day brings forth,
I'm banished from your love, dear,
But sure as leaves bud South and North.
Remember well what I now say:
You'll think of this again some day!

When lanes and alleys between us lie,
These sad regrets may come to you,
Then thinking of the days gone by,
You'll feel your banished love was true:
Ah! dear, it will be as I say:
You'll think of this again some day!

It may be when in crowds we meet,
And cold as veriest strangers seem,
When passing on the busy street,
Then like the shadow of a dream,
It will be daring, as I say:
You'll think of this again some day!

It may be when your tears fall hot
When gazing on my grave-draped face—
When lips you've kissed will answer not,
Not of a death—peace smile give, true
But sweet heart! mark what I now say!
YOU'LL THINK OF THIS AGAIN SOME DAY!

LOUISVILLE, KY., 1869.

The Sprague at Memphis.

Senator Sprague, the great New England manufacturer, whose brads of prints stand first throughout the country, was present at the great commercial convention which met at Memphis the other day, and, of course, made a speech. The Senator has many American qualities, among which are prominent those of brass and audacity, but as a scholarly orator, if the reports of his speeches are correct, he will never set the river on fire, whatever he may do with a few individuals, under the peculiar circumstances of his fame and opportune presence.

But, politically, Sprague is now nothing more or less than what he always was. He is the enemy of free trade, and his speech at Memphis was little more than a bid for the trade of the South. His cotton mills are numerous and extensive, and his white slave operators as numerous as the sands of the sea. Does he not own the State of Rhode Island, or so much thereof as is worth owning? He has already given a warning of how much worse "it might have been" if he had "house" and a certain other "house" of his State had united their fortunes and their interests. Why he did not, is of no particular consequence, without it is his intention to ultimately swallow up his opponents, and to dictate the terms of their conquest.

As a New England manufacturer, he is a representative man, so matter what may be said of his late senatorial excursions. And as a New England manufacturer, it necessarily follows that his ambition is to extend his business on New England principles, politically and otherwise. Therefore, if he can get the people to thinking him a man of the people, whose sympathies are with them and against the Eastern capital monopolies, he accomplishes a double purpose, and makes it pay him well.

Simply, Senator Sprague is a candidate for Presidential honors in '72—that is all of it. Simmer down all his late "oratorical" efforts, and reduce the extract to a double distillation, and there is simply the New England manufacturer left. Taste it—smell it—what else is it?

Ye cannot change the spots on the leopard, neither can ye find a true representative of the people's interests in the womb of New England. The same ideas—at times crooked, twisted, or handed out back-end foremost in bad English to gaping crowds—are the basis of everything from the East, our "Baylon, mother of harlots and abominations of the earth"—which it is.

Sprague is the latest Yankee Notion. Beholding the decline of New England's hold upon the people, he advances to the rescue. See him in the Senate, rising in his seat and shaking a huge bundle of letters, indorsing his late speech, ere the time had elapsed for the said speech to have been published throughout the country.

Commandant—It he received so many letters of indorsement in such short time, how many millions have congregated since?

But his speech at the Memphis Convention was a mere jargon—an assemblage of meaningless words, did we ex-

cept his response to the banking system. It was a terrible attempt to use words without expressing an intelligent or perfect idea.

It may be very gratifying to the Senator to hear the loud response in cheers which interrupted his address at various times during its delivery, but he will find that he has left nothing for the people to reflect upon that is of any real value to them. If we except his effort to disparage free trade, his speech is pointless and aimless, beyond his own personal gratification.

Senator Sprague is a great man—a statesman—in no sense whatever. He is only a successful, prosperous, audacious, and very mediocre New England manufacturer, who has catered into the field of politics with a "rush," but without the elements to hold himself up before the minds of men as a leader. He is an ideal man, who has much self-esteem, and who seems to believe homage is due him for his great wealth. In true European style he talks about his "house," as an synonym of royalty would refer to the genealogy of their ancestry. He evidently seems to believe that his "house" (that is, his name, connections, and possessions) are on a par with the House of Hapsburg, or other "houses" in a royal and aristocratical light.

His missionary labors against free trade will accomplish nothing, and beyond the personal enjoyment to hear himself speak, to read the reports of his speeches, and to hear his name spoken, nothing extraordinary will come of it, beyond a better knowledge of the proprietor of "Sprague's Standard Print," in a calico point of view.

A Finnish Act.

Time changes all things, says the philosopher; but there is one thing which the plowshare of a heartless farmer on Malvern Hill has changed—that is, a graveyard to a corn field. We do not know when we have read of a more sacrilegious act than the one recorded of a Yankee farmer on that celebrated battle ground, in which he ploughed up hundreds of graves, dragging the dead from their graves in his field, and planting corn around and beside the thigh bones, skulls and remains of the gallant but unprotected dead of the South there. Here is a subject which no doubt has in it matter of genuine rejoicing to thousands of fanatics in Pennsylvania and the North, who so hate the memory of the conquered freemen of the South that death and obliteration will not satisfy their cowardly and barbaric natures. We have met such creatures often, and known them at night as the praying and shouting derisives of the North, preachers to-day, politicians to-morrow, fanatics all the time—devils who reddened to a florid hue in the frenzy of diabolical hate, and become as pallid as death in the presence of manhood and true christianity. Alas! for a people who fall conquered into the hands of some such creatures as we have here in the North! Better that like their kinsmen, their skulls should be plowed up to whiten the corn fields of Yankee farmers, for the dead are at peace.

We told the white-skinned Republicans long ago that they were not fit to fill the offices under either Federal or State Government. GRANT seems to agree with us; for we notice that he has suspended farther white appointments, and is now nominating negroes to office exclusively. When a scabby, knotty-nosed, potato-nosed nigger is found to be the better qualified, than they, it is pretty certain that the whites in the Republican party are tolerably near nothing.

The Harrisburg Patriot is complaining of the theft of the petitions said to have been forwarded to the Legislature by citizens of Lycoming county, favoring the passage of the outrageous act by which Judge Gamble was to be legislated out of office. We do not believe there ever was such a petition, notwithstanding the fact, that a great array of names was presented there, pertaining to be those of citizens of that county.

A train on the Nashville and Northwestern railroad ran over a deranged nigger a few nights ago. It didn't hurt the nigger much, but crashed the train awfully.

Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Bricker, of Huntingdon, has been appointed a whiskey inspector.

—A \$40,000 passenger car was recently turned out of the Allegheny car shop.

—1,000 bills have been signed by Governor Geary during the past five months.

—Lawson is still troubled with thievery, and will be until it gets rid of the radical.

—The officials of the Southern counties are agitating their "border claim" matters again.

—The Susquehanna Synod of the Lutheran Church convened at Bloomsburg yesterday, Thursday.

—They have commenced laying the rails on the Williamsport and Birdsboro' Railroad, near Castlesville.

—Lycoming county has instructed her mongrel delegates for the Hero of Snickersville, for Governor.

—An unknown man was run over and killed by the cars, at Cameron station on the P. & E. R. R., on the 27th ult.

—Brother Hayes of the Bloomfield (Perry county) Democrat will flourish in a new office, which he is now erecting.

—John B. Lips, Esq., of Lewisburg, is preparing a history of Buffalo Valley, and will be thankful for available data.

—The annual Convention of the teachers of this State, is to be held at Pottsville, commencing on the 10th of August.

—Bohemian borough boasts of an engine which was built in London, in the year 1800—before our oldest inhabitant was born.

—The New Castle Gazette and Democrat is publishing a series of well written and able articles on "The intolerance of Digby."

—D. D. DeWitt, Esq., of Wyoming county, is the senatorial delegate to the next Democratic State convention from the 14th District.

—Mr. Henderson, flagman at Boliver Station, on the Pennsylvania railroad, was struck by a passing train on Monday last week and instantly killed.

—The Governor has signed the insane Bill and it is now a law. It gives a chance for some persons who are wrongfully put in mad houses to get out again.

—Mr. W. R. Jones, formerly of the Oil City Register, is about publishing a history of the Petroleum Region. It will no doubt be a history of Oregon—(Greaso).

—Mrs. John Miller an aged lady residing with Henry Shaffer at Derry station Dauphin county, was struck by lightning and instantly killed, one day last week.

—B. B. Vail, a confirmed opium eater, hung himself on the 23d inst., at Forest Lake, Wyoming county. That's one vessel for the devil to look through in this country.

—The Franklin, Venango county Spectator says: Within the last two weeks three large producing wells have been struck on the river territory, a few miles south of this city.

—The Lycoming Standard is anxious to know the whereabouts of a genteel young scamp named Charles P. D. Howard. He'd 'd' that office to the tune of \$50 for job printing.

—A reward of \$500 is offered by the commissioners of Lycoming county for the apprehension of John Fields, who made a murderous assault upon two gentlemen of that city.

—The tipsy stole a five-year old child of John Shiffert, residing at Derry station Dauphin county, on Friday last week. All efforts to recover it have as yet proved unavailing.

—A spoon correspondent of the Free Press tells us of a man who, in the fact that Grants Initials, U. S. G., stands for United States Government. A great discovery, what next?

—The Germantown Telegraph thinks the "bad fisheries" along the Delaware "are becoming more successful," and says that a "recent haul four hundred bushels of white catfish were taken."

—The Lock Haven Republican says, that town narrowly escaped a disastrous conflagration on Monday evening last. It is about the only one it has ever escaped, when there was the least chance for a fire.

—Gideon Bishi of East Buffalo, Union county had a valuable horse and buggy stolen on Tuesday night of last week. Let Union county burgo itself of radicalism and horse thieves will be scarce down there.

—The Northumberland Democrat, has noticed of no less than five raids made by horse thieves, in that county during the past week. Had our Centre county farmers and stock owners better be on the look out.

—Harrisburg had another mad dog on Friday last. Bellefonte had one the other day but it wasn't mad hydrophobically, some one had tied a tin pad to its tail and, it was, as a natural consequence, impudently angry.

—The one hundred and twenty-second Annual Convention of the Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania, is now in session at Reading. The regular business meetings commenced on Monday; and will continue the greater part of this week.

—A few days ago Anton Rieber, a German, while sick of brain fever in a third story room at Bethlem, in a delicious fit, jumped through the window to the pavement. No evidence of injury could be seen, although he died the following day.

—The annual convales of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, of this State, will convene in Erie City, on the 8th inst. Preparations are making all over the State, by the Commanderies, to attend this convales. A delightful time is anticipated.

—The Dauphin Democrat says: Asparagus was selling in Philadelphia last week at twenty cents a bunch—and as positive proof of the county being in advance of the city, it brought here forty cents a bunch. Of course our own is a superior article; but the price is somewhat superior too.

—A man named Stanton was killed of the 27th inst., by being run over by a train of cars at Bellevue station, Luzerne county. If it had only happened to have been Edwin M. Lisle secretary of war, it would have been no joke to the country, and but few mortars would have followed the worms to the grave.

—The Hollidaysburg Standard says the Johnstown Tribune's contract for publishing the laws of the United States closed last week. Brother Frank is the only country editor, to our knowledge, who ever enjoyed a similar streak of federal patronage. Barring his politics, no one is more abundantly witty of it.

—The Mendonville Dispatch of Wednesday last says a little boy five years old son of Peter Blyse, of Cochransville, in trying to climb through a fence (near his school) and in falling his head struck between two rails, and thus he hung half life and snug. His mouth was pressed down so that he could make no cry, nor could he breathe through his nostrils, so that he soon suffocated.