

Ink-Slings.

Ships in demand—clerk-ships. When speaker BLAINE reaches Alaska, he will undoubtedly be a very bad chill-blain.

If COLFAX is strictly a "temperance man," as claimed by his friends, why is he constantly "smiling?"

If GRANT's administration could be properly analyzed, it would be found to contain about 1 part dog pups, 1 smoke, 1 nigger and the balance bond-holder.

The Harrisburg Telegraph has found six radical papers out of one hundred and ten in the State, that endorse the nomination of GEARY. That's popularity for you.

The members of the Methodist church have lately voted in favor of lay representation. We hope their lay delegates will furnish eggs from which much good will be hatched.

The Patriot says "the London Times has a label suit." That's nothing more than every radical paper in the country is supplied with. Label suits are the kind they wear.

Lay Delegates—the ones who attended the radical State convention on Wednesday of last week, and laid in the gutters of Philadelphia dead drunk, until pulled out by the police.

A Harrisburg paper says, the authorities of that place are "going for" the violators of the liquor law. We know some of the authorities thereabouts who would much rather "go for" the liquor itself.

The editor of the Bellefonte Watchman, according to our remarks about the Market House says that if there are as many magistrates about as when he was here, it just present a purely appearance. Just so, but they left with you, you know—Altoona Vigilante.

Yes so. You and a few of your "but-ty's" came away with us, you remember.

Miss Susan B. ANTHONY has come to the conclusion that it is exceedingly unhealthy for two to sleep in one bed. Judging from Miss SUSAN'S "make up" we should think it was, especially if she was to be one of the two.

JOHN COVODE, who boasts that he is "a quiet man, wot erns his head with the sweat of his brow," and who but a few months since, swore GEARY was the "humbiggest gunner this State ever had," has been appointed chair man of the radical State committee.

Victor Hugo says "the original fathers of Philadelphia were all cowards, whom William Penn bought by the cargo, at so much a head, out of the English prisons." And Hugo is right, if we may judge from the conduct and character of a large majority of their descendants.

If the laboring classes—the toilers and tax-payers—of this country would make half as vigorous a war against their own enslavement by the bondholders of the country, as they did against negro servitude, during the reign of LINCOLN, it would show that they are worthy of freedom themselves, and had some idea of being their own masters.

A negro suffrage exchange, boasts that the platform of the radical party has the "ring of the the true metal about it." If he'll strike out "true metal" he'll have it exactly, for there never was a political platform in Pennsylvania that smelled as loudly of the "ring" as the one radicalism made last Wednesday week to set the hero of Snickererville upon.

The Baltimore Telegram asserts that, "Woman's sphere is getting to be as changeable as the periphery of her garments. As the hoops diminish so does the boundary of her ambition expand." We don't just know about the "ambition," but we do know that there is a certain boundary about the dear, delightful beings hereabouts, that expands at times until it is difficult for them to get into a common sized chair.

The editor of the Huntingdon Globe speaking of the radical convention, says: "We will give our hearty support to the nominees of that convention, and will use every honorable means in our possession to secure his election." We have no doubt of it. But if there are no other "means" used, than the "honorable means" in Dad Lewis' possession, the fight for GEARY will be about as slim as a scragged g—sausage holder.

A minister over in Huntingdon—the Rev. L. D. STROKEL—asserts through the papers of that place, that he "can present Jesus Christ and his Kingdom in such a form as will meet the crying wants of the age." He'll have to present them then in the shape of fat offices with plenty of stealings, and a few niggers thrown in, or he'll fall far short of meeting the crying wants of the radicals of this age.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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More Money and Better Times.

Scarcely a day passes, that there is not some intelligent, industrious young man, calls at our office asking if we know of any place where he can secure a situation. It seems that the country is full of men who are out of employment—full of honest, upright, go-ahead fellows, who have either nothing at all to do, or else are working away at some job or other, for a mere living, waiting for something better to turn up. Does it ever occur to them, why they have nothing to do, or the work they are at does not pay them? Do they ever stop to think what makes times so hard, money so scarce, and labor so unremunerative? If not, it is time they should. They can well remember the promises made by the radical party last fall, that if GRANT was elected peace would be secured, and prosperity guaranteed. They can well remember too, how the greenback doctrine "of the Democratic party was denounced, as unjust, outrageous and demoralizing—how every effort on the part of the democracy to secure a greater circulating currency, was assailed as 'reputation' and national dishonor," and how vigorously the advocates of radicalism opposed any idea that looked to the taking up of interest bearing bonds, and issuing in their stead, paper currency for circulation.

The effects of the defeat of the Democratic idea, are now being felt in the scarcity of that which the public has learned to look upon as money—greenbacks—and in the want of remunerative labor.

Every one must admit now, that the circulating currency of this country is not sufficient. If it were the scarcity of money would not cause the continual and well grounded complaint of "hard times." There is too much of the surplus capital of the country in active—too much of it tied up in gold interest bearing bonds, and other government securities—laid away in the vaults, and safes, and drawers of the pets of radicalism—the bondholders. Let it be got out of these. Let these bonds be filled with greenbacks—the kind of money the farmer, the mechanic and the day laborer are compelled to take—and these greenbacks will be invested in some thing else, in manufactures, improvements, or other business by which the masses will be benefited as well as the few nabobs, whom the government has made millionaires. It will make money plentier and taxes less. It will give the producers of the country money to prosecute their various branches of business. It will create a demand for labor at fair prices. It will give the idle employment, and renew prosperity all over the land.

Bond-holders and gold speculators will cry "inflation." Let them cry!

Better have inflation than starvation.

What we want is more money, fewer bonds, less interest and lower taxes.

What we need is men in power who will protect the interest of the toilers and producers of the country, in place of legislating exclusively for the benefit of the capitalist and the tools of the bond-holders, and money lords of the country are now doing.

Let the tax-payers remember that the convention which nominated JOHN W. GEARY for governor, voted down, almost unanimously the following resolution offered by Mr. QUAY: Resolved, That the Republicans of Pennsylvania, regarding the demand of public opinion, pledge themselves to a retrenchment of the expenses in the management of public affairs, and so far as in them lies, to the reduction of every abuse that can give rise to complaint.

The following touching, pathetic, and truthful epitaph can be found upon a tombstone between Tyrone and Lock Haven: "Here lies a man of good repute, who wore a number 18 boot; 'Tis not recorded how he died, but sure it is that opened wide. The gates of Heaven must have been To let such monstrous feet within."

RETRIBUTION.

For the Watchman. BY NELSON WAREHEAD. Nay! why should we talk of the past? 'Tis useless to do so, I trow! The jest was better as Abbot's fast— But what does it rock to us now? You would me as most men do now!— And I listened and loved you then! Pass-time for you—with naught else to do!— Most charmingly idle of men! I was a simple, young maiden, Who carried her heart on her sleeve; With pure faith and tenderness taken, And glad in your love to believe. The strength of my memory to prove, You gave me a lesson to learn; You taught me to conjugate Love, In every conceivable turn. Before I that lesson had learned, I had given you all my heart— A heart that you carelessly spurned,— And laughed at the giver. Don't start! I've forgiven you long ago, For the grief that you caused me then, I'll not be a "sensible woman!"— And proved you the "wisest of men!" You taught me most heartless to be, To doubt all things professedly true, Since your "past-time" was to deceive me, My duty is now to doubt you! Nay whisper, no more vows of love!— Nor will we talk more of the past— For your foolish flirtations you'll win Love's retributive justice last! 1869

"Moderate" Democrats.

We would just remark that if the Watchman would exercise a little more moderation in its leaders and selections, perhaps the Democratic majority in Centre would increase instead of decrease.—Huntingdon Monitor.

We have heard of "moderation" before, and always from individuals, whose very moderate abilities prevented them from doing anything only in a very moderate way. Our friend of the Monitor belongs to this class. He does his best, but can only get out a moderate paper, which secures for it but a moderate circulation, with a moderate income and a very moderate influence. He would do just as we do, if he could, but the trouble is he can't. He would get out a paper, that would wield just as much influence, show just as much vigor, make war on wrong just as earnestly and be just as radical in the right, as determined to succeed in putting down wrong, and as bitter and as blighting to mongrelism, as the Watchman is, if he could, but his "moderation" prevents it. And the moderation of the Monitor is what's the matter with it. People don't take it, because it is so extremely moderate—and men don't read it because they cannot tell whether it is in favor of a moderate kind of Democracy or Mongrelism moderated, and we doubt if the editor himself can.

For our own part, when we know we are right, we believe in fighting for it, with an earnestness, that shows others we are in earnest in what we are doing. We cannot be too radical in the right, nor too moderate in the wrong, nor should we fail to uphold truth, through fear of offending truth offenders. If mongrelism is wrong it is our duty to say so, no matter who may be offended. If the dogmas of that party are destructive of the prosperity and happiness of the people, debasing and debauching to our race, it is our duty to battle it, as we would any other great evil. There can be no compromise between right and wrong—no terms between vice and virtue. The farther we can get from evil the nearer we are to good; the greater the distance from vice, the greater the safety for virtue.

A farmer might just as consistently use a pewter spoon or a wear kid gloves to shovel manure, as a Democratic editor, a dull pen and easy words to describe the dirty dogmas, of Mongrelism. Or one might just as well dress himself in broad cloth and take his tooth pick to fight a skunk, as a newspaper writer to clothe himself in moderation and gentility, when he attempts to battle with the debaucheries of fanatics.

The editor of the Monitor can go ahead in his moderate way—can, to please its owners, stick his fingers into the stink pot of mongrelism, and pulling them out, smile complacently and say, "it looks good, it smells good, it tastes good, but nevertheless it's only moderately good, and if you'll excuse me, I believe I'll not have any more," or do anything else he sees proper, to please and conciliate the enemies of our country, the debasers of our race, the robbers of the people, the stranglers of Liberty, the oppressors of the toilers, and the friends of tyranny and

wrong, but he will have to excuse us from sailing in that boat.

As to the Democratic majority in Centre, we have only to remind him of the fact that when we first took charge of the Watchman, this county had almost an entire "republican" majority as Huntington had—(361) but since, it has in every instance, given Democratic majorities, and would today poll one thousand majority for the white man's party, if Union, Huntington, Blair and Clearfield, would keep their white-skinned niggers at home to vote. At that time the Democracy of Centre polled but 2500 votes, now it polls over 3700. Can the "moderate" man of the Monitor show a greater increase in Huntington on account of his "moderation?"

Grant and the Soldiers.

When Gen. GRANT entered the White House, as the so-called President of the United States, but rather as the head of our present subverted republic, galling hearted and void of nobleness of soul as he was generally, and no doubt, with much truth, reputed to be, it was, however, a charitable and natural supposition that, in his official actions, he would, at least, show some little feeling of regard and sensibility towards the soldiers of the late war, through whose endurance, courage and sufferings alone was the final success of the Federal government due. This was not only expected of GRANT, personally, as representing the head of an army that had fought its way, through fire and blood, and, at last, had come to a victory over the Confederate soldiers, but because of the oft-vaunted boast of his party, that it was the only party in the land that was the "soldier's friend."

We have had four mouths of GRANT in the White House. We now pause to ask, how has this charitable supposition been verified? How has this natural expectation been fulfilled? Do the many soldiers appointed to office by the predecessor of GRANT, as a slight reward for meritorious services on the battle field, still occupy their places? And have others, since then, been selected, in anything like a fair proportion to numbers, for appointment? We ask, in all candor, is not directly the opposite of this the fact? Have not nearly all such soldiers, not fully in accord with the most advanced ideas of radicalism, been ruthlessly removed and thrust aside, without respect to merit or fitness for the places they filled, and equally regardless of services rendered or sufferings endured? And, in all instances, are not their successors greedy, grasping, blatant politicians, of the "loyal" stamp, who could not be coaxed, cajoled or driven to within a hundred miles of any battlefield of the war? This also holds good with regard to changes amongst civilians. In almost every instance, the claims of even Republican soldiers are totally ignored, and the same class of cattle who supplant soldiers in office carry off the most tempting prizes.

Perched upon his high pinnacle of dubiously earned fame, GRANT seems to regard the real soldiers of the war, to whom he owes everything, (for they made him) with a stolid indifference that is disgraceful and astounding. Politically, he slaughters them, at the present day, as remorselessly as, in the past, he forced the veterans of the Army of the Potomac to real and useless slaughter through the tangled jungles of the Wilderness, or before the frowning entrenchments of Cold Harbor.

Of the absolute truth of the above, take the following case, as one amongst hundreds: "Gen STEPHEN MCGROARTY, who was wounded twenty-one times, including the loss of an arm, is removed as Collector of the 2nd Ohio district. One of GRANT'S relations, who stayed at home and was loyal, takes his place."

What a disgraceful commentary upon the base spirit of radicalism is this cruel proscription of a gallant soldier to make room for "one of GRANT'S relations!" In the light of such a fact, how meanly deceitful, and basely hypocritical the loudly vaunted and thousand times repeated declaration, "we are the soldier's party, and the soldier's friend!" "The soldier's friend," forsooth. Look at the wholesale removal of soldiers from office that has taken place,

throughout the length and breadth of the land, since GRANT'S accession to the Presidency, for no other reasons than that family relations, debilitated bums who had strength enough to shout loyalty, and corrupt party politicians must have a chance to feed at the public crib.

In one case, a gallant soldier, bullet scarred and armless, must be made to "walk the plank," without a single charge against him, solely and simply because there is a relative of the "reigning family" who wants the place. He didn't go to war.

In another, a political bum must be provided for, though, perchance he did escape the draft through physical debility resulting from that popular and extensively prevailing malady of the hour—chronic diarrhea—and only a soldier, bearing upon his body enduring marks of the battle field, must get out of the way. Said bum didn't go to war.

In still another, a shoddy speculator, or, perhaps, a rascally mule contractor must be enabled to add to his coffers, already overflowing stolen gains, and only another soldier, seared and seamed with bullet scars, to go back to his shoemaker's bench to earn a pittance with which to buy bread for wife and children depending upon him for support and sustenance. Said mule contractor didn't go to war.

These are but a few of the many shameless and disgraceful removals of soldiers, out of the hundreds that could be named. Logless, aimless and mindless heroes have been cast aside to make room for the brazen profligates of radicalism everywhere in the country, and still the radical party claims to be the soldier's friend!

Soldiers, the above is the truth! In it you have radical friendship for you as exemplified by the administration of the "Great Captain of the Age!" Are you not almost tempted to become profane, and say "d—n such friendship."

A Radical Blessing (?)

The Washington Chronicle, FORKAYS paper, which the radical readers of the Watchman will take as good authority, sums up the cost of the late war for negro equality and mongrel supremacy as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Cost to the Federal Government: \$5,000,000,000. Cost to the States, cities, and counties: 2,500,000,000. Cost in the loss of productive labor: 2,500,000,000. Cost of the war to the Federal Government and the North: \$10,000,000,000.

Of this, Pennsylvania pays one sixth or one hundred and sixty six millions of dollars!

This is a nice sum white men of Pennsylvania to pay to give negroes the right to rule over you! A nice sum to raise, ye toiling, sweating millions to free the darkey, that you may be compelled to keep him at a cost of millions upon millions of dollars more, to break your heads the polls and sit in the jury boxes to decide your cases, as radicalism will have him to do in less than two years, unless you have the courage to stand by your white brethren in support of the white man's party—the Democracy.

Just think of it. Over fifty five dollars, for every man, woman and child in the State, just to free the nigger—then more than double that amount to school him, clothe him, feed him and maintain the Freedman's bureau and its thousands upon thousands of worthless, vagabond officers, to over see him!

'Tis sweet to contemplate, ain't it laboring white man? Consoling to think that your own little ones, must be exempt just so much in their food, so much in their clothing, so much in their schooling, and deprived of all the luxuries of life and of many of the necessities, just to pay for "freedom" for 'em, that he had not 'spirit' enough about him to fight for himself, and for victuals and clothes for him, because he is too lazy to work and earn them for himself.

This little matter is one of the blessings (?) radicalism has secured to you, and it has many more of the same kind in store. If you want them, stick to the negro party and vote for the negro candidate for governor this fall, JOHN W. GEARY. If not, stand by the Democracy, who believe this government was made by white men for white men, and will let the niggers starve and be— if they are too lazy to work to keep themselves.

Pennsylvania. —Philadelphia had 241 funerals last week. —The wife of Judge Woodward died at Wilkesbarre on Friday last. —A young Pittsburger, by name of Brown, has fallen a victim to the poison Indian. —Ex-Secretary Borie has returned to Philadelphia, and Philadelphia may expect to be bored. —G. M. Richart has retired from the position of Gazette, and is succeeded by Messrs. Pugh and Howell. —Two Sullivan county ladies went down the Delaware to Philadelphia lately, as "rats" to do shopping. —On Monday the 24th inst., a bear weighing over four hundred pounds was killed in Centre township, Union county. —R. L. Brown has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-third Pennsylvania District. —Miss Annie Keller, of Epswath, Lancaster county, was killed by falling from a cherry tree on Tuesday of last week. —Efforts are being made to secure a railroad from New Castle, Lawrence county, to Franklin, Venango county. —A German named A. Warnstiel committed suicide by hanging at Altoona the other day. He says the Watchman. —Three radical papers in Philadelphia have bought the local ticket, and favor the nomination of independent candidates. —Capt. P. H. Schreyer, of Milton, has been appointed a mail agent on the Pennsylvania railroad, between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. —B. Y. Young had retired from the editorship of the Clarion Independent. While he run it, it was young and independent. It will be so no more. —The Jockeys of central Pennsylvania had a "high old time" at Williamsport last week. Bellefonte furnished several "sports" and fast horses for the races there. —Goodlander, of the Clearfield Republican, is after the traveling "cure alls," who are feeding the people of that county, with a very pointed pen and black ink. —A daughter of Miss Heslop of Johnstown, coughed up a pin and a quarter long, which lodged in some of the passages of the chest a year and a half ago. —The car shops at Harrisburg have discharged quite a number of hands, and reduced the wages of the others, during the past two weeks. 'Rah for radical good times! —The Philadelphia Evening Telegram says on the best authority that the correspondence between Secretary Biele and President Grant published in a New York paper is a forgery. —Samuel Spangler, foreman of the York Trust Democrat office, had his fingers smashed in a garden job press, the other day, so that two of them had to be amputated. A bad job for that jobber. —A black snake measuring six feet and a half in length was killed near Bedford the other day. We have some over here almost that length but they run on two legs and hurrah for the nigger. —The editor of the Millintown Democrat, says: "Amos Kester made his appearance in our office last Saturday, looking lean, lank and bloodthirsty. He expects his entire family here by the first of July." —The coal miners of Schuylkill county, after a protracted strike have concluded to resume work, fearing that their continued idleness might lead to the repeal of the tariff on coal, as in all probability it would. —A little daughter of a Mr. Robinson, of Duncanville, Bedford county, died a few days ago from the effects of eating poison that had been mixed with butter and spread on bread for the purpose of killing rats. —Northumberland county has a new town called Riverside. We suppose it is like the rest of the towns in that county, got two beer saloons, a bady house, a half dozen radical bums, and about forty purps. —The Democracy of Clarion, have nominated for Assembly R. B. Brown, for Prothonotary, J. H. Watson, for Register, J. W. Long, for Treasurer, B. Vossel, for Commissioner, V. Bick, and for District Attorney, W. W. Barr. A good ticket that deserves a good majority. —The store of Mr. Webber, at Meyer's Mills, Somerset county, and an adjoining building in which were stored several kegs of powder and some barrels of coal oil, were consumed by fire on the 17th instant. Several persons were severely injured by the explosion of the powder. —The Telegraph fears that the "republicans will have to fight this year against coal mines and bank and railroad stock." Having already conquered through these mighty agencies, the radicals will be lost, indeed, without them. —The prospects, certainly gloomy enough for our opponents.—Patriot. —Coffee of the Shippensburg Sentinel is about having his new store office finished, and he is the editor of the Clarion Volunteer, has commenced the erection of an office which will be seventy-seven feet in front, and when completed, one of the most spacious printing offices in the State, outside the cities, with the exception of the Watchman office, now in course of erection. —The Lewistown Democrat says. —The lease of Lock's Mills whisky distillery, Mr. Lowther, together with all his principal employees, and also Holmes Macley, Esq., the government whisky inspector for this district have been placed under bonds, charged with the violation of "every section of the revenue laws relating to distilled spirits." Such an instance "loil" chap as Lowther, we had supposed, would be the last man in the world to attempt to evade the government tax. —The Pittsburg Post, the old reliable organ of the Democracy of Western Pennsylvania, is out in its new suit of type, and presents a particularly fresh, clean and business like appearance. The Post has a large circulation, is well edited, fully up in its news department, and is entitled to the place & holds among the leading papers in the section in which it is located. We are gratified at the unmistakable evidences of the prosperity of our bold and outspoken Democratic co-laborer. —A WARRIOR IN A CHURCH.—Out in our cemetery we were wandering on the afternoon of last Wednesday, when we discerned in the central avenue, perfect in proportions, the famous White Robin which has so long been the wonder and ornament of the grave grounds. It is now five summers since this rare robin bird of beauty waved his white wings above the marble faces—and every season which has followed has found him back again, still peering among and ever hovering above our loved and lost ones—the only wave of life waved upon the sea of departed souls. At first his garb looks like an alien apparel, as if reminding one of that last tribute "ashes to ashes—dust to dust!" but when as this thought filled through our mind in melancholy mood—up from the green grass leaping—the bonny bird waved his white wings, spotless as the snow, and heavenward flew.—Doylstown Democrat.