

Ink-Slings.

The Iowa Senate refused to ratify the 15th Amendment. They thought it a very ratty affair.

Queen Victoria has been sick with neuralgia, which has had the effect of compelling her to hold her jaw.

If Bucks county would send its big porker up to Harrisburg, it would have Pork and Beans, in the Legislature.

Talking of the Cardiff giant, we know several men about here who are bigger than it is—in their own estimation.

Baron Haussman, of France, is dangerously ill. He can now exclaim, with King Richard, "My kingdom for a horse, man."

Horace Greeley don't like the "naughty, dirty little slights" that the Rump Congress have been putting up on Virginia. How's that?

Bucks county is crowing over a porker that weighs seven hundred pounds. No wonder, when it has Beans that weigh over two hundred pounds.

Trumbull and Sumner have been airing each other's dirty linen in the Senate, on the Virginia question. Both were nasty, filthy, horribly unclean.

It costs thirty-one dollars to produce pig metal in Elay county, Indiana. It don't cost so much here. We find pig material every day on our sidewalks and in our gutters.

John Furlong was run over and instantly killed by the cars on the A. and G. Rail-road, on Saturday last. That was one furlong too many for them cars to run over.

The editor of the Clarion Democrat wants a fellow, who sent him a dollar and a half, to send his "name and post office." Rather greedy for an editor who gets the money to want the office, too.

The New York Democrat says "the latest sensation out is 'Ol Shaw Gal,'" and has reference to girls who show their speed and bottom." It can't refer to Pennsylvania girls, then, for they don't show them things.

Vermonsters boast of sending MORELL to the Senate, than any State in the Union, and Pennsylvania can brag of furnishing MORELL, for Congress, as JOHN BULL would say, than all the other States combined.

"A Mother of the Nineteenth Century," is what some female correspondent of an Eastern paper signs herself. If she is really what she subscribes herself, what a terrible lot of crime, folly and impotency she has suckled and swaddled.

A disappointed office seeker wishes lightning would strike GRANT. That would be nothing. He has been riddled through and through with the worst kind of "Jersey," and still he lives—minus brains, of course—but he lives.

General BADEAU has been drawing the salary of the Secretary of Legation to London, although he has never left Washington. The last account is that he has resigned, instead of saying "Bad, oh!" we feel like exclaiming "Good, oh!"

The Hollidaysburg Standard intimates that we are fond of "slings." Had we any assurance that it wouldn't go down his throat, we would "sling" the liquid assertion back into his teeth.

It is said that Geo. C. WRIGHT, lately elected Senator from Iowa—a stinking nigger thief—is a brother of the lamented Indiana Governor of that name, who once insisted, innocently and ignorantly, that the hydraulic ram should be introduced and tested, in that State, for the improvement of sheep!

Utah prays Congress for admission to the Union as a State. She would be a decent affair in the present family of States as reconstructed under private rule, and we don't know but what the deuce.

The city of Washington is said to be busted. Overdrawn her account, with the banks \$10,000, and can't borrow another cent. Pitiabie case. Why don't the Washington city officials do as the National officials do? Steal!

The most anxiety that Johnny Chinaman will appreciate will be in Western Texas. There his long queue or pig-tail, will fall lovingly under the eye of the ferocious and rapacious Arapahoe and Comanche, and one by one these queues will ultimately get into their belts some of the supreme skin of Johnny's scalp. Hold down your hair, Johnny, when you get to Western Texas.

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"Terrible Plot!"—Whew!

That well-known mourner over the grave of the late lamented JOHN BROWN, otherwise known as the Cincinnati Gazette, has just published the soul-harrowing and blood-freezing details of a plot most diabolical to repudiate the Public Debt. The account is a long one, but it is so innocently interesting that we, nevertheless incline to make a summary of its contents. Before doing so, however, we premise by saying that the whole thing is a first class April fool of the Federal authorities for the month of January. And the more the pity; for we cannot conceive of a more holy work for patriots or "conspirators" just now than the accomplishment of a successful plan or plot by which the whole burden of legal thefts, in the shape of Taxation, could be overthrown.

But to the narrative. It seems that certain chap by the name of KING, who hails from some obscure town in Kentucky, but who conceived the idea that he was chock full of "developments" and "startling confessions," betook himself a short time since to the United States Marshal of Cincinnati, and made oath to the statement that a society existed, with headquarters in New York, and a capitol of only twenty million of dollars, for the purpose of breaking down the greenbacks, buying up a few thousand tons of gold doubloons and eagles, embarrassing finance, throwing the continent into confusion, strangling the public credit, and forging repudiation. This society, he says, is presided over by that awful traitor FRANK P. BLAIR, who, it seems, is at the bottom of every terrible nightmare according to the Jacobins. (Frank ought not to scare these Republicans unnecessarily!) After having "sworn and subscribed" to this statement, the visionary King of Kentucky laid back to observe its effect on the pub. funds. As was to be expected, they got terribly excited over the conspiracy, and forthwith telegraphed to Washington. GRANT snoked his cigar and thought about it, and sent back further instructions, more must be got out of KING. So the "pump" of recognizing authority was applied, and at every oscillation of the handle KING discharged horrors upon horrors—more of it and worse. Truly things began to look serious. His next developments laid things bare. The twenty millions capital of the large band of traitors was invested in the purchase of the greenback plates out of the treasury at Washington, and presses, and that the traitors were even then printing genuine fully signed greenbacks by the ton in a certain 5-story building in the city of New York; that as soon as they got as many shiploads printed as they wanted, they would go to work all at once and buy up all the gold in the country and leave the country, plot broke, on a paper basis. Oh! horror! This was a smasher! "Enough," thought GRANT: so he sent on for the King of Kentucky; but that eccentric rooster was too full of "astounding developments" to let the authorities suffer for the want of something to think of. "Why, sirs," said he, "the conspirators have bought the plates from one of Johnson's treasury appointees, and he has taken stock and is now—even now—superintending the printing." "Ah! Come on, says GRANT; and the King of Kentucky, all too willing to serve his country North now as he had served it, South a few years ago, and ever ready for a trip over the country at the Government's expense, took up his carpet-bag and brushing the bloody dust from his regenerated boots, crossed the Ohio and boarded the iron horse for Washington—for what? Why to show the detectives and government officers the very building in New York where all this enormous work was being done—the very building and no mistake.

And so the King of Kentucky, with a trail of spies and detectives at his heels, sped on over the country, to Washington, and from Washington to New York. But alas! Too bad! Poor King went up Broadway, into Broome, out the Bowery, in and out of each the cross streets and avenues from the Battery to 150, 000th street, but all to no purpose. The confounding traitors and manufacturers of green-

backs by the ton, had evidently heard of King's apostasy, and fearing detection and sudden vengeance, had not only betaken themselves to other quarters, but had to all appearances pulled down and removed the very building itself stealthily! But be that as it may, find it again, the royal rooster from Kentucky could not.

Somebody felt "sold!" Somebody put his finger to his forehead and tapped it significantly, and looked at his royal highness in jeans. His royal highness, thereupon took the hint, swore out a warrant against himself, and was put in the Tombs!

And this ended the farce. The man King was pronounced a monomaniac, and the detectives drew their tales between their legs, and shipped back to their kennels at Washington.

Oh! humbug! For what else can it be? There is no important election immediately at hand and hence we do not expect to hear much more concerning the "Plot to Repudiate the Public Debt," if not to throw the monetary planet off its shin-plaster axis.

About Mining.

Senator BROADHEAD, of Carbon county, we learn from the Mauch Chunk Times, is making an effort to secure the passage of a general bill for the better regulation of mining operations and for the protection of the miners, whose duty it is to labor within the bowels of the earth. If the Senator succeeds in this laudable endeavor, and particularly in that portion of it which relates to the protection of the lives of the miners, he will have accomplished something to be proud of and have earned for himself the gratitude of the people.

The calamity at Avondale not long ago, and the more recent one at—have made the public mind particularly sensitive upon this subject, and there is a demand for some legislation that will secure to these men at least the same immunity from danger that is enjoyed by laborers in other vocations. The blood of the murdered men at Avondale cries up to God from the ground, and if the heartless coal monopolies, whose wealth and fatness spring from the sweat and muscle of the men who go down into the earth to dig out the black masses so necessary to our happiness and comfort, pay no attention to that fearful warning, they will assuredly feel the vengeance of Heaven. And our legislators will likewise be equally guilty if they neglect to place upon the side of the miners the protecting arm of the law. Mining companies must be made to construct their mines that the lives of the persons engaged in them will be safe. When men, compelled by the necessity of living and providing for their families, venture down hundreds of feet below the surface of the ground, they should at least have the comfort of knowing that their lives are secured so far as the foresight and ingenuity of man can make them so. And companies should be made to do this, and to know that if any more such accidents occur as those to which we have alluded, the law will not hold them guiltless. Hence, we are pleased to know that Senator BROADHEAD has taken the initiatory steps in this matter, the more so, as he is an extensive coal dealer himself, owning mines and employing miners. We trust he will urge the question to a happy consummation, and secure to the miners of Pennsylvania exemption from unexpected and calamitous accidents. By so doing, his senatorial course will be crowned with honor, and he will have the satisfaction that a clear conscience always gives a man when it whispers to him that he has not lived in vain.

"Loyalty."

A few miserable wretches, with much impertinence, and souls the size of mustard seed, have come to believe that "loyalty" is centered in them, and that nobody can love his country and wish it well who is not a "loyal" puppy. We thank God that the Democratic party is not and never will be loyal! Loyalty is a species of abjectness and humility of person and spirit which no sovereign Democrat can ever entertain. We owe loyalty to no party, man, creature or thing on the earth or under the Heavens. Allegiance to the laws, veneration for God, respect

for virtue and the opinions of men is as near to "loyalty" as a Democrat can come. We are the subjects of no ruler, the slave of no slave-driver, but Democratic freemen, loving our country when right, and demanding that it shall never be otherwise. We owe "loyalty" to nothing, and we pity the poor things who do. Loyalty is a word decidedly anti-American. It was good stock for rascals in the days of GEORGE the Third and of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but it won't do to leave for a legacy to one's children in free America. "Loyalty" burnt down the widow's house over the heads of her orphan children; it massacred men and women in cold-blood at the dead of the night; it dragged the defenceless to bastilles; it plundered happy homes of unresisting people; it made hell-hounds of the wronged and hell itself of the fairest land in the world; it robbed the people's premises and the people's treasures; it made a despotism of the government; it trampled the constitution, law and precedent; it has rioted in a carnival of blood and misery, and left behind it nothing to commend it. It is the only place we have heard of that is worthy to enjoy the diabolical sentiment.

One Thousand Millions Per Annum.

This is the estimated loss to the working, producing people of this country, each year, under the operations of that dastard robbery of the poor called the TAXES.

One thousand millions of dollars wrung from the fruits of the farmer's orchard, the wheat of his fields, the corn in his crib, the clothes on his back, the sweat of his weary brow!

One thousand millions of dollars! The tribute of the masses of the South and West—of Pennsylvania and the Middle States—to avaricious, grasping, cold-hearted New England monopolists and bond-lords.

One thousand millions of dollars wrung from the horny hands of honest toil for the benefit of great, heartless corporations, the owners of which live in idle and extravagant luxury and lord it over the people as the Feudal Lords of Britain did!

One thousand millions of dollars of unjust levy upon the necessities which the poor toilers consume to build up the rich and to impoverish the poor!

In the name of common sense! will the people never learn the simplest lessons of life? Do they not see plainly that they, one and all, each and the other, pay the taxes? Can they not feel that they pay the taxes and tythes laid upon them? Are we a nation of fools and knaves, that we should submit to be plundered year after year? How long is this tariff villainy to be practiced—till a few men own the whole country, and we, the people, become aliens, vagrants, and paupers in the land of our nativity?

The Eastern Question.

Preparations are apparently being diligently made by the Viceroy of Khedive of Egypt to put that country in a condition to defend itself against the Ottoman Empire.

We see it stated occasionally that some of the well-known general officers of the late war in this country, on both sides, have accepted commissions in the Egyptian service against Turkey. Had some of those from the North, in the late war at home, done so some years ago, a number of Southern hen and turkey roosts would not have been invaded by their aid. If Turkey feels anxious about their enlistment in arms, under the Viceroy, she has only to show these valiant the rear entrance to the houses of non-combattants, women and children, and the Ottoman Empire will live, for all the harm they can do it! Or, again, if the Khedive of Egypt would overtake the Sublime Porte, all he has to do, is to convince his Yankee officers that Sublime Porte is something good to drink without having to pay for it, and that the opponent of Egypt is a gobble off roost, and he will find them ready to move "on to Richmond" by that line—not otherwise!

But we need not continue upon a subject, the truth and point of which every body knows, and that is that a Yankee officer would rather steal than fight.

The Eastern question, by the way, is one destined to absorb the interest of the whole world in a short time. War is almost certain to occur between Egypt and the Turkoman government at Constantinople. The Viceroy has offended the Sultan by his independence. He does not hear that deportment toward the conqueror of Egypt which the crescent demands, and since the completion of the Suez canal the Viceroy is less likely to kneel before his old master. And it has been rumored at intervals during the past two years that large quantities of improved arms and warlike material have been made in this country for the Viceroy, and stealthily landed in the land of the Simoon and the Arab. An issue at arms between the bitter self conceited Turk, on the one hand, and the Europeanizing Egyptian on the other, will be one of mere speculation as to the result, for the odds in numbers and power lie with the first. Still, we look for Egyptian independence in the apparently coming issue, for all civilization will favor and serve the latter. Such a war may bring out Egypt into great importance, and the East may yet arise from its long slumber to overtake the advanced and advancing West in that grandeur which was the former's when the latter was not known to even navigators.

"College of the Barrens."

Our attention has been called to an article in the Pittsburg Commercial of the 21st inst., under the title of—"College of the Barrens, otherwise our State Agricultural College"—which seems to us a remodeled addition of a libelous article which in August 1868 appeared in the Press of Philadelphia, over the signature of "Casual Observer"—the authorship of which was then attributed to one FRANCIS FOWLER A. M. professor of English Language and Literature in the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, who had shortly before been relieved by the trustees of the responsibilities and emoluments of his Professorship. The occupation of this FRANCIS FOWLER, prior to his connection with the College, had been that of a correspondent for the newspaper press, which occupation he must have resumed. It is not, however, in the authorship, but the falsehood of the article that the public are interested, and to demonstrate that we need but refer our readers to the communication over the signatures of ANDREW GREGG, JOHN H. ORVIS, S. T. SHUGART, ROBERT VALENTINE and DANIEL RHOADS—six of the most intelligent, respected and worthy of the citizens of Centre county, which appeared in the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN of the 18th of August, 1868. These gentlemen prefaced their exposure of the falsehoods thus—

The article entitled "The Agricultural College of Pennsylvania," published in "The Press" of the 1st inst., over the signature of "Casual Observer," contains imputations and allegations so startling against men whom this community have been accustomed to esteem as not only honest and honorable, but as sacrificing in the devotion of their time and money to the promotion of the public good, that we have taken especial pains to ascertain their truth or falsehood. Having never participated in the control or management of the college, and having no interest whatever in it beyond other citizens, we have taken this trouble and make this statement simply as an act of justice.

The falsehoods then and there so fully and satisfactorily exposed, that no reply was even made in the Press or elsewhere, are now reiterated through the columns of the Pittsburg Commercial.

We are greatly mistaken if both articles did not have their origin with the same dishonest and unworthy correspondent.

The author's malice,—now that the college under the efficient and judicious management of Dr. THOMAS H. BURROWS, the President of the faculty, is gradually recovering from its depletion during the administration of the faculty of which Professor FOWLER was a member is stirred afresh and now vents itself anew through the columns of the Pittsburg Commercial, whose editor in the admission to its columns of such an article has, no doubt, been deceived, as was the editor of the Press.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the auctioneer, novelist, and infidel, has concluded to accept a moderate raise in his salary of \$5,000, which now makes the total per annum \$20,000. \$20,000 to belie the Christian religion, to insult God, wrong many, and to play hell and lie generally!

Spawls from the Keystone.

The Pughal murderers at Huntington have been found guilty, and unless pardoned by Geary, will stretch hemp.

A druggist's clerk in Pittsburg killed a sick woman by giving her opium in place of rhubarb.

Bordenburg, one of the Peigotal murderers at Huntington, is writing out a full confession.

The legislature will adjourn finally on the 17th of March. Pity it had adjourned finally on the 17th of January.

Johnstown had three lectures and a "fifteenth amendment" ball last week.

Successful religious revivals are progressing in the Johnstown Methodist and Lutheran churches.

The proposition to increase the Governor's salary to \$7,000 per year was defeated in the lower branch of the Legislature by a vote of 44 to 47.

Two miners in the employ of the Cambria Iron Company, at Johnstown, named Henry Bennett and James Vincent, were seriously injured, last Wednesday, by the premature explosion of a blast. The leg of the former was so shattered that it had to be amputated below the knee, and the latter was seriously burned in the face.

On the public buildings and grounds at Harrisburg \$32,268.71 were expended during the year.

George Boutwell, of Schuylkill county, Pa., has left for England to receive a fortune of \$200,000. The property has been in chancery for forty years.

The miners of the Schuylkill Valley are on a strike.

The Mauch Chunk Coal Gazette says that John Powell, of Weisport, in that county, is to receive a fortune of seven millions. We would rather see the documents than hear tall of them.

The Editorial Association of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg yesterday, Thursday.

They are getting up the grease excitement at Franklin again.

Some wretch tried to poison the family of Samuel Reed and Rob't. Irwin at Mercers, the other day by putting arsenic in the well from which they used water.

Edward B. Moore has been confirmed as United States Appraiser for the Port of Philadelphia, with a salary of \$3,000.

Mekean county had a snow and sleighing on Monday. Bellefonte had a rain and mudding at the same time.

John Diehl was convicted of murder in the first degree at Reading last week.

A tobacco manufactory was seized by the U. S. Commissioner on Monday for violations of the internal revenue law.

A fellow by the name of Whittier,—not John G.—tried to make \$25 by swearing falsely in Pittsburg on Saturday last, and in place made his boarding and lodging free for five years—in the Penitentiary.

The Knights of Pythias have 236 lodges in this State. Bellefonte has one of 'em.

The Firemen of Harrisburg had a calico ball on Thursday night. Geary and his darkey company didn't attend.

Tells All. If there was anything needed to substantiate the newspaper charges of corruption against the radical speaker of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, and his sympathy with and support of rings and roosters, of that body, a simple glance at the names of the men he has appointed chairmen of his principle committees, would be sufficient. Five more outspoken, acknowledged, confirmed "roosters," never crowded over a "divy," than DAVIS, ADAIR, HONG, BUNN, and CLOUD. DAVIS, chairman of Ways and Means, ADAIR, chairman of Rail Roads, HONG, chairman of corporations, BUNN, chairman of Iron and Coal, and CLOUD, chairman of Passenger Railways, tell the whole story! We pity the parties whose legislation will have to pass through these committees. If they are not "bled," it will be because there is no blood in them. If they don't think that getting legislation is an expensive necessity, it will be a wonder to us.

Let any one take up the Legislative record of 1869, and look at the names recorded in favor of the Western Oil Pipe monopoly, the "Boiler Bill," the bill blotting out the 29th Judicial district, the Tax bill, the Philadelphia Police bill, and every other outrageous, and infamous measure that was before that Legislature, and you will find the names of these men, who are now made chairmen of the most important committees in the House. What other conclusion, then, can any sensible man come to, than that, Speaker STRAIN is one of the "ring" and one of the "roosters," of that body.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

PRENTICE advises parents to be careful about naming their brats HORACE, on account of the bad characters of that name. He says there is HORACE COOK (the preacher who lately ran off with a school miss and left his wife and children in want), and HORACE LINGARD (who exposed himself with a lewd woman at the N. Y. Tombs lately), and lastly and worse than all—HORACE GREASEY (concerning whom the least said the better.)

The London Times gave up four columns lately to a review of Mrs. HARRIS BROWN'S book on the BROWN scandal. The Times thinks that maybe LADY BROWN did believe as Mrs. BROWN says. If the Times pretends to give credit to anything from HARRIS'S pen, it will find its mistake. The Times don't know, perhaps, that Mrs. BROWN is a crazy, old abolition scandalmonger.