

Ink Silings.

The Senate snubs GRANT and GRANT spits at the Senate. Radical harmony.

An exchange says, "BROWNLOW is low again." If he don't get well, he'll be lower soon.

The LYDIA THOMPSON blondee are now showing their short dresses and plump legs in Chicago.

In Oregon they have a river called Mad River. A contemporary expresses his belief that it foams at the mouth.

JOSEPH DEVIS, of Dublin, drank five glasses of whisky in rapid succession. There was crape on his door next day.

The town of Lost-Trail, in Montana, only has one woman. We presume the men don't lose trail of her very often.

FRISCK PIERRE BONAPARTE is to be tried on the charge of "homicide through imprudence." If convicted his pension will be increased.

Senator SAULSBURY has made a proposition to introduce a bill to restore the government of this county to the white race.

A man in Chillicothe, Ohio, has succeeded in making a whistle of a pig's tail, and calls it the piggolette. We think it could be called the swinoteot.

JAMES TRIPP stole \$15 worth of rope from a canal boat a few days since, and then at once tripped off to prison in charge of an officer.

The young ladies in Washington swear they danced with the Prince, and in proof they show how he squeezed them. We want the proof before believing.—Y. Democrat.

It will take about three quarters of a year to produce the proof.

A New York policeman chased a pole cat up street the other day in mistake for a squirrel, and captured it. After he got home, he attended the funeral of his own uniform.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG, of N. Y. cut his wife MARY very badly with a pair of scissors the other day. This strong armed ARMSTRONG was immediately put where the dogs can't possibly bite him.

Last November, on the 4th day, GEORGE PEANON died in England. His funeral ceremonies have just been concluded. It takes three months and four days to bury a man now, why, we just want to live as long as we can—that's all.

The Huntington Globe thinks it very strange that we should always be "there" just when a brother editor is getting "shot" or assailed to bed. It is a little curious, that's a fact, but then it's very fortunate for the "brother editor."

BONNER, one of PRIGHTAL murderers, used to make rat traps. His latest achievement in that line was the making of a man trap, and he caught himself in it.

A Sunday school teacher in God and morality Massachusetts offered as a prize to the boy who committed the most verses in the Testament, a meerschaum pipe. How's that? Wouldn't a larger beer glass or a deck of cards have been equally appropriate?

Not at all, Furey, we only meant to pay you in your own coin.—Huntington Globe.

We did lose a little Democratic money last week, but how in the deuce did it get into Dad LEWIS'S pocket?

A poor emigrant was defrauded of considerable money in New York the other day by a man named WILLIAM STUMMERS. By this little action Mr. STUMMERS secured for himself, rent free, a three summers residence in the State prison.

CHARLES SUMNER'S father married a quadroon girl from Demarara, because she had money left her by her father. This accounts for the nigger blood in CHARLES'S veins.

Some of the London papers can hardly believe that Mrs. STOWE would "utter a deliberate falsehood." Judging from her two most sensational works, "Uncle Tom" and the "Byron" story, we should say she is the most capable first-class liar we have ever known.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is fifty years old. Poor SUSAN. Speaking of the celebration of her birthday, BRICK POMEROY says they had such a bully time that now ANNA DICKINSON and OLIVE LOGAN want their semi-centennaries celebrated.

Speaking of ANNA DICKINSON who will soon be here to lecture, the San Francisco girls don't like her, and one of them, because ANNA spoke disrespectfully of them, has perpetrated the following epigram:

Of the girls on this coast, from Miss Dickinson's tongue,
A stranger might judge in harsh manner,
But we know the poor thing has no girls of her own,
And that's what's the matter with Anna.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 15.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1870.

NO. 8

The Chinese Question.

That portion of the press which is always enthusiastic in the advocacy of every new, novel or eccentric question or thing, which in the course of events comes up, having taken the Mongolian into its especial guardianship and defense, gives us the more important reason why the Chinaman should be introduced into our American economy, viz., that he will cheapen labor. With a boldness rarely evinced in the advocacy of any question so vitally affecting the masses, these subservient journals tell their readers, nine tenths of whom told in some honorable calling, that the Chinaman is coming over to this country—to do what? To take their places as laborers, mechanics, and working men. Why? Because the Chinaman can live on food which to an Anglo-Saxon is nauseous and unwholesome, and hence can work for much less; because he is an animate machine which may be used at will by the power which controls him, because he is as easily imposed upon, and will bear as much abuse as other domestic animals, and with as little resentment as the horse and cow; because, possessing no sentiment in common with a Caucasian, knowing no principle of freedom, nobility in no claim to rights as a man and an intelligent human being, inherent or acquired, he may be driven to excessive toil and may be ridden by power in whatever form a the demagogues of the Desert, or the asses of Cairo, be cause, in fact, he will be a more subservient and submissive tool for monopolists, grasping capitalists, and the unscrupulous bond and land lords of the Jacobin, money hunting, soul selling Black and saddle colored Republican, or Radical party.

Cheap labor is not the only object to be attained by the introduction of this new inferior race into our American economy. The Mongolian, comes as well the inferior beings who have preceded him into this hated land, as an embryo Radical and Jacobin. He comes ultimately land, and abuse the ballot and to add to that undesirable population which are now, alas! all too numerous about the places where intelligent patriot and statesmen on a once deposited their suffrages. He comes to swell the volume of laziness and "beatle" about the polls of a free people, whose institutions are undermined and are giving way to a new and lower order of things.

It is distinctly proclaimed by the subservient journals of wealth and centralization, that the introduction of the coolies is for the express purpose of breaking down the price of labor in this country. It is asserted with devilish gleefulness that the Chinaman can and will work much cheaper than the American, the Irish, or German. These are to be rooted out and cast upon the market as employed laborers, to take their places beside the Mongolian at the latter's rates of pay for labor, which average about 20 to 25 cents per day and feeding.

At the present time it is estimated that there are about one and a half millions of Caucasian laborers, skilled and unskilled, out of employment in this country, and those employed complain bitterly of the low rate of wages for their toil as compared with the high price of living. What are our miners and coal and iron workers of Pennsylvania to do to earn a living for their families when brought into competition with this new disaster? And yet the editors of some journals which profess great friendship for the working people are daily and weekly doing all in their power to encourage the accomplishment of a dire calamity to every toiler in these States, by favoring the introduction of this ruinous and unprincipled competition.

It is a bad sign of the times that, while wealth is being piled up for the benefit of the few—while monstrous monopolies swallowing up the domain by patent grants are being fastened upon the people—while taxation is grinding the life out of the poor—while all the laws are made in the interest of the rich man and against the poor man's principle of the commonwealth—while capital rules the nation with a relentless rod, and beggary is staring us in the face everywhere—while the very Government is changing into a centralized aristocracy of wealth—that

there should exist an organization bold enough to proclaim their purpose in the introduction of a horde of pagan Chinese laborers into this country to break down the American labor interests!

And yet, year after year, as a vigilant sentinel of the People's interests, we proclaim notes of momentous warning, only to be unheeded as often as uttered. The people continue to vote their enemies into office and power.

In the name of God's American humanity—the honest, toiling poor people of this State and country, who are ninety-per cent. of the population, entire—we call upon them to arouse!—to awake!—to be vigilant!—to be ready! Throw off by an overwhelming majority this perfidious party of plunderers of the poor, who insult you while wronging you! Vote the poor man's ticket and be free again. The Democratic party has ever been the poor man's friend. Nearly all its voters are poor men, and all are white men!

Cuba.

We are not among those who howl for the recognition of the independence of Cuba, but, at the same time, we desire to see her treated fairly. Consequently, when she solicits belligerence it is right, which are refused to her only because Spanish gold determines the judgment of our leading newspaper men in regard to the condition of things in Cuba, we say the Government at Washington is wrong. We insist that the President and his Cabinet ought to determine for themselves the status of the Cuban question, and not trust it to the venal scribblers of those papers that make a pretense to lead our journalism. It is bad enough that such men can be purchased, but infinitely worse that such purchase should influence the action of our Government.

We say, therefore, that if Cuba has progressed so far in her rebellion as to entitle her to belligerent rights, by all means let us give her this trifling aid. If she be on the highway to independence, with a fair prospect of safely reaching her journey's end, let us, by recognizing her as a belligerent power, strew all the flowers we can in this her thorny way. Don't let it be said that the freest people on earth we speak as though writing twenty years ago, refused to smile upon the struggles of a sister people, endeavoring to strike the shackles from their minds and bodies. Let our Government act independently, wisely, boldly. Ascertain first the real state of the case, and then throw our influence into the scale on the side of struggling patriotism.

If the Johnstown Tribune and its pretentious correspondents want to make capital in favor of removing the county seat of Cambria county to that place, they will need pursue a different course towards the representative of that county in the Legislature. We happen to have the pleasure of an acquaintance with HON. JOHN PORTER, and can assure them that he is a man who will neither be frightened by their abuse, nor driven by their insinuations. Of course, in the matter of the removal of the county seat of Cambria county, we have no interest nor feeling. But we like to see fair play, and, if his is meted out, Mr. PORTER will receive credit, in place of abuse, for his course on that question. When elected, it was not an issue before the people; there was no expression of the will of the voters of that county on the subject, and until there is, Mr. PORTER'S course in standing entirely aloof from either side and allowing the matter to be settled upon its own merits, is the only course that any fair or honest representative could follow. During the time that he has represented the people of Cambria county in the Legislature he has made a record that the Tribune editor and correspondents might well envy. The interests of his entire constituency, have been what he labored for; and, because he spurring to become the tool of the few, accounts for the abuse he is now receiving at the hands of those who wanted to but couldn't drive him.

—Abraham Baker, an employee in the Huntingdon planing mill, had his jaw fractured by being struck on the chin by a piece of wood.

FADED VIOLET'S.

And so petite, you wish to know
What is more precious than the pearls
That grace your neck and put to shame
The treasures of an hundred ears?

Well, here it is—full fair to view—
Not Gauss's hid, rich, ruby gem,
Whose faintest perfume hides a spell
Which rouses Necromancy's powers!

To-day I would not barter off
A faded leaf or brittle stem,
If in exchange you offered me
The Old World's proudest diadem.

To-day, not all the Rothschild's gold
Nor Jew's "Kohinoor" to boot,
Could buy these flowers on whose dear leaves
You'd soon to press your pretty foot.

Not Begum's wealth indignant Durb,
Nor Gauss's hid, rich, ruby gem,
Could match in priceless worth to me
The value which I place on them.

'Tis true they are but faded flowers,
And yet they form the only link
That binds me to my childhood's day
Or holds me back from Hell's black ink.

Come! nestle closer to my side,
And lay your head upon my breast,
Mayhap its golden burden there
Will soothe my sick soul's wild unrest.

And while the moonlight's pearly beams
A halo o'er the world now cast
Live tongues we'll put in these dead flowers
And bid them bubble of the past.

A year ago I loved a man,
As woman is, her loves but one,
I found him good, most perfect plan,
Beneath the shimmering sun.

And humbly do I offer thanks
To that dear God whose love's grace
Hath spared me much, nor broken yet
My pearls so add to my life.

One year ago—some year, perhaps,
Set in a back from other years,
These flowers were blue as I;—glad eyes,
And wet with dew instead of tears.

My happy lover purchased them
From other clusters quite as sweet,
One day when arm clasped my arm
We roamed down to his busy street.

"Dear heart," he said, "come take your choice
From all the blossoms gathered here,
And let them perfume conscience
This day of days from all the year."

I touched these blossoms, with dew drops wet,
And smiled to mark his glad surprise
When I said "I—Love, don't forget,
I choose this one to hold in my eyes."

Thus only can I find the shade
And, dating, find the softness too
Which hides within the violet's heart,
Like your dear eyes divinely blue.

Smile then above our pearls as love,
Has drooped doubt's dark, my treacherous pall
And only too hand now sea left
The veil that shrouds my heart, my all!

For Mahoe with heaven's smile began
The spell of the honey from my flowers
And my poor life knew no more sun
It only counts the shady hours.

And yet unfeeling is the hope,
The crescent hope that will not set
Which, tells me the beloved now
No more than I can see to face.

And on some happy, future day
When sighing for that day of grace
We'll smile, gaze down vision gray
And see each other face to face.

And now you know, no more petite,
Why, going on these gleaming pearls,
To me these dead blossoms, dewed with tears,
More precious are than wealth of ears!

Now, now, you know my inmost heart,
And measure my soul's sick regrets,
And know why, just all price to me
Is this dead bunch of violets.

The Tariff Men Gloomy.

A Washington dispatch a few days ago to a Western journal conveys the cheering intelligence that the West, irrespective of party lines, is almost entirely united in hostility to the demands of the Tariff rings and cliques. On a motion to table some resolutions of Judge Mansfield, of Illinois, relating to the Tariff question—declaring that the Tariff should be substantially adjusted to a revenue standard—the vote stood 61 to 61 on one or two ballots, and it was only after a rally by the Tariff men that they received such strength as to have a majority vote, but failed in a two-thirds. This first showing of strength—or rather want of strength—by the Tariff promoters has had a gloomy effect upon the monopolists of Pennsylvania. We are informed that their representative present in Washington at the time expressed fears for the result of their new tariff scheme now in process of incubation in back parlors. The spirit of gloom broods over the princely iron corporations, and like Sister ADKINS, of the song, they feel, no doubt, like as if they had "lost their grip on Canada's happy shore."

We, a representative of the Maees, glory in the state of affairs coming about. It is high time that the West and South—the Empire of a great population—free of the lordly "establishments" and white slave-drivers in power here—aided by the farmers and working men of our own State, should rise up in the majesty of their power, and throw off the iron fetters of a favored few, and lead THE PEOPLE out of the house of their bondage—away from the grip of the impetuous Yankee speculator and his brother leech, the tariff land-absorber of Pennsylvania!

Long live the free West, and the brave South! and the unbought, fearless freemen of our own State. With out organization, and with the old but dying fires of sectional and party rancor to step between men, otherwise a unit, they have shown their hands, and they are against any further burdens upon the poor for the benefit of monopolists.

This, may we not hope, is but the beginning of the end so devoutly to be wished.

Shame.

In the name of the past, in the name of liberty, right and humanity, won't our philanthropic government do something to protect the right of American citizenship? It makes our very blood boil within us for shame! America citizens insulted and shot dead in cold blood in Cuba—our flag torn down and trampled in the dust, and not a word of reparation from the government. Is a flag not to be respected? Are these Spanish dogs to insult us to our teeth? Shame! Is the honor of American citizenship a face? But the other day an American led to deny his citizenship in Cuba, and claim English protection to save his life. The man feared the wrath of England, and spared him. A few days before they attacked a party of Americans, and though they claimed their citizenship as protection, shot one dead on the spot, wounded two others, and but for the intervention of English bayonets, would have brutally killed all. Have we, indeed, come to this? Around we can be insulted with impunity. Have we forgotten the lessons taught us by our forefathers, and the more recent lesson of shame taught us in the Mason and Slidell disgrace? England humbled us then. Will we still be humbled by the truth that abroad it is to be an Englishman than an American?—Sulzbury Guard.

Quite likely. A Government that can not protect its citizens at home, is not to be expected to protect them abroad. Here in our own land, our Southern citizens are subject to insult, outrage, and even murder at the hands of Carpet-buggers, niggers, and other scum, but yet the Washington Cabinet is unable to protect them. Congress laughs at such outrages, and thinks it a fine thing to have a Southern man or a Southern community maltreated, and the President, be he ever so willing, is too much of a coward, morally, to interfere for their defence. Just so it is with Cuba. As long as our "Government" (??) Heaven save the mark!—can live in peace and fitness, as it is now doing, it does not propose to annoy itself with the troubles or the miseries of our citizens abroad. As long as it can drink wine, smoke cigars, eat good dinners and debauch itself on the blinding virtue of other men's wives and daughters, what need it care for the insults of some dastardly foreign power to some poor unprotected American citizen? It could spend money and blood to conquer the South,—for there, as in Packerham's time, "what beauty and booty" to reward it, but what is there to be gained by taking the part of a poor devil of a citizen in a foreign land? No, the "Government" eats and drinks and makes itself merry, at the expense of the tillers of the soil and the tax payers generally, while the merchant or the traveler is left to the mercy of the Spanish Government or its menials and tools in Cuba. Had we a Democratic administration, things in Cuba, fair Isle of the far sunny South, would wear a far different aspect, and no miserable Spanish dog would dare to lift his hand against a citizen of the "Great Republic," but as long as the present Radical rule obtains, we can scarce hope that the insults of Spanish despotism to American freedom will be avenged. Our friends of the Guard, therefore, need not be surprised to hear of Americans being shot down like dogs in the streets of Havana, for at present we live under a Government that does not pretend to hold any foreign power responsible for its trespass upon our rights or liberties.

The Hartford Times declares that when Senator Sumner complimented Mrs. Senator Revels, upon the good fortune of her husband that delighted lady replied: "Thank you, sir; I don't do Lord stick you with a white skin, he gave you a heart as black as anybody's!"

Wherein the wife of the darkey Senator told the truth to a dot. Because, of all the miserable, black-hearted wretches living, CHARLES SUMNER is among the blackest and the meanest. His heart has always been so filled with spleen and black impulses from Below, that he could not rest until his efforts had culminated in civil strife between his countrymen and in the moistening of the soil of his native land with the blood of hundreds of thousands of his

brethren. Truly his heart is "as black as anybody's"—nay, more, it is less white than even the darkest of his colored friends from Africa. So clouded over is it, in fact, with hatred of his own race, that he seeks affiliation with none but the children of Ham. The pure Caucasian blood is his especial horror, and, although some of it flows in his own veins, every bound of its purple purity, as it leaps indignantly through his darkey hide, burns him as if touched by heated iron. Mrs. REVELS, black old wench as she is, told the truth when, in her assumption of the superiority of the black race, she complimented him on his heart being "as black as anybody's."

Which is it?
As bearing on the question of negro equality, Mr. SAULSBURY, of Delaware, recently presented a memorial in the Senate, in which the following opinions of eminent men are given. It will be seen that either they were behind the age or that the age is retrograding towards social degradation:

John Adams said:
I have never read reasoning more absurd, sophistry more gross than the subtle labors of Helvetius and Rousseau to demonstrate the natural equality of mankind.

Thomas Jefferson said:
Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people (the negroes) are to be free, nor is it less certain that the two races equally free cannot live under the same government.

Daniel Webster said:
If any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale for the transportation of the colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to no accomplish that object.

Henry Clay said:
Of the utility of a total separation of the two incongruous races of our population, supposing it to be practical, none have ever doubted the mode of accomplishing that desirable object has alone divided public opinion.

Stephen A. Douglas said:
I believe this government was made by white men for the benefit of white men and that posterity forever, and I am in favor of continuing citizenship to white men of European birth and descent instead of conferring it upon Negroes, Indians, and other inferior races.

Abraham Lincoln said:
I am not, and never have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with whites; and I will say further, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races, which I believe will forever forbid the two races living on terms of social and political equality.

Col. McClure and the South Carolina Legislature.

Col. ALEXANDER K. McCLURE formerly editor of the Chambersburg Repository, is now in South Carolina trying to engineer some of his pet schemes through its nigger Legislature. He is thus spoken of by our friends of the Lancaster Intelligencer.

Col. A. K. McClure, a politician who has a reputation in Pennsylvania which no honest man ought to envy him, has discovered and is now actively working in a new field. He is lobbying certain railroad enterprises through the Negro Legislature of South Carolina. The faith of the State is to be pledged as security for the stocks of McClure's railroads, and that gentleman expects to succeed in repairing his shattered fortunes at the expense of the property holders of the Palmetto State. We should not be surprised to see him recover in this way some of the thousands he is reported to have lost at the fair table. McClure is one of the most plausible politicians in the country, and has been noted as a successful manipulator of legislative projects of a dubious character. He is the very personification of that fictitious character Oily Gannon. He will stop at nothing to secure the accomplishment of his designs, and will bring all the appliances by which the Pennsylvania Legislature has been corrupted, to bear upon the negro law-givers of South Carolina. We notice that he has had printed in the Chambersburg Repository a most flattering notice of the sable solons among whom he is laboring. He eulogizes the leading men among them, as he used to eulogize politicians in this State whom he expected to use. The Col. lays on the "soft soap" with an unsparring hand, and we have no doubt the ex-barbers, ex-ports and ex-field-hands will be delighted when they receive extra copies of the Repository, and see the letter copied by leading Radical Journals. Of course the Colonel does not rely upon flattery—alone to carry the projects through.—He will have more substantial reasons to offer, and the negro legislators of South Carolina will have to be more scrupulously honest than Col. McClure ever found a Radical majority in Harrisburg, if he does not succeed in carrying out his projects. The State of South Carolina is to be saddled with debt by a negro legislature in order that Col. McClure and a few other impudent and impetuous adventurers may make money. In contrast with such swindlers Dick Turpin and Jack Shepherd shine out as honest men, and highway robbers look respectable.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

—The Alton Sun is authority for the statement that Charles Murray, the inventor of cork legs, is an inmate of the Cambria county Almshouse. We think it the duty of that county to put him on his legs again at some respectable business.