

Ink Slings.

The party the girls favor—a wedding party.

The "Sunday Reading," in a Wisconsin paper is "Shoo Fly" and "kiah."

MARK LEMON of the London Punch is dead. It will be a poor Punch without LEMON in it.

The coolest business chap we have in these regions, is the man who loads the ice wagon.

Pittsburg has got a female suffrage society, and in the same vicinity there is a society of sufferin' males.

WELLS that don't hold water—the one the Galena sheep-pelt pedler, has just nominated for United States District Attorney of Virginia.

A Philadelphia sexton charged the widow of a man named BERTON, fifteen dollars for digging her husband's grave. She thought it a pretty dear button hole.

The "AMANDA" CRAIG and "BLISS" SPRUCE, breach of promise case is to have another trial. These two precious lovers have had quite a spell at it, in the past.

The carelessness of a conductor, named ODOR, in Missouri, caused a mangled up train, and about twenty funerals. A bad odor for a railroad company to have about it.

A facetious scribbler, denominates the Memphis, El Paso and Trans-Continental Railroad, the Memphis, Hell-Passover and Don't-care-a-continental Railroad. He's a Union Pacificer, well bet our last button.

If you ever seen a goose that was struck by lightning, you can have an idea of the result of the New York election on the mongrel quackers hereabouts. They are "salenter" than a ghost in a grave yard.

A Holidayburg fisherman (?) knows so much about trout, that every time the Standard man says anything about "the speckled beauties," he imagines it refers to the speckled faced girls of that ancient borough. He's evidently struck.

If there had been a mongrel party in the days of BURNS, his readers would have sworn that he meant it, in place of the devil, when he penned the following couplet:

Oh, thou! whatever title suit thee, Auld Horrie, Satan, Nick or Clootie!

The New York Democrat says "SUMNER is looking sweet towards the Sandwich Islands; the black Queen Emma having left a seed in his heart that is about to germinate." If correct, EMMA left more in SUMNER than he could have left about her.

Easton is to be enlightened by a speech from REV. J. ONE MIXALE, a nigger with a white hide, to do "de 'onors an' furnish de hog an' hominy fo' de 'caasion."

White skins an' black skins Yellow skins an' gray Mince an' Rev. Now 'de niggers' day.

The Holidayburg Register, states as a wonder, that a "black snake charmed a Miffin county boy the other day," just as if there was anything astonishing about it. The same colored "varmint" has charmed the entire mongrel party for the past twenty years, the Register man, a little more so, than the rest, and he never flutters a bit about it.

A Westmoreland county nabob, who wanted to get rid of paying taxes, some time since invested \$10,000 in government bonds. A few days ago he went to his safe to feast his eyes on his tax exempt property, when lo, and behold like Carthage then, the bonds were gone. That chap is anxious to know now, who clips the coupons, off his papers—would give five hundred dollars to find out who his substitute is, in "supporting the government" at this time.

JOHNNY GARDNER says he is tired with the tariff business, and in a speech the other day to the House, said: "If we fool much with this tariff business, some of us are going to have trouble next fall!" Well, we should say so, JOHNNY. You devils will have lots of trouble next fall, in the endeavor to get back to Congress, and the tariff is not the only thing you will be required to explain away. Your dirty work in the africanizing business is going to cause you the chiefest trouble.

Since the Africans of Kentucky have been made voters, the whites are going into a much closer political organization. It is now believed, notwithstanding the Radicals will get 40,000 new votes there, that the Democracy will beat them worse than ever. They can poll just as many votes as they want to suit any emergency.

Democratic Watchman

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N O. 21

90,000 Democratic!

Ninety thousand! That's all—all we had—all we want—all, if not more than we expected. How do you like it, Mr. Bondholder? How does it look to you, Mr. White Nigger? What does it promise you, Mr. Mongrel Office-seeker?

Promising, ain't it, Mr. Radical? You gave the bondholder his bonds and gold interest! You gave nabobs their scissors and coupons! You gave shoddy its title, and airs and offices! You gave thieves a chance to steal all they wanted! You gave loafers and loungers all the offices and wages they asked! You gave rascals the positions they desired! You gave the names, taxes, and tariffs and interests! You gave niggers a bureau and a ballot, and you gave the people of the Empire State a chance to vote, and see the result!

Ninety thousand Democratic majority!

Ninety thousand majority against your bonded aristocracy—your coupon-clippers—your tax exempt nabobs!

Ninety thousand majority against your thieving Congress, your office-holding villains!

Ninety thousand majority against your taxes, and tariffs and tributes, that you take from the laboring classes of the country to give to the loafers about your public offices.

Ninety thousand majority against your negro bureaus—your negro voters—your negro equality!

Ninety thousand majority against your devilish debauchery, your racial rascality; your corruption, extravagance, oppression and crimes?

Ninety thousand majority against you Mr. Mongrel, in one State alone—a State too that at the last Congressional election, gave you eighteen out of thirty-one Congressmen—a State that the Democrats have barely carried but twice in the past ten years—a State too in which your infamous negro suffrage usurpation, added to your strength some 15,000 black voters, carried now against you by ninety thousand.

The stomachs of the white men of New York, don't relish darkey much—they don't hanker after wool, and chalk and ivory—don't digest nigger worth a cent! Do they?

And so it will be every where else. White men cannot, will not, allow a party that debauches itself and disgraces the country, by trying to make the negro the ruling power in the land, to control the government that their race alone built up and maintained.

The white men of every town, borough and precinct throughout the entire country, that have spoken since negro suffrage was forced upon the people, have said this, and the white men of New York reiterated it at the polls on the 17th instant, in a voice louder than the thunders of Heaven.

Ninety thousand Democratic majority!

What does it mean, Mr. Mongrel? Simply this: that your party might as well undertake to ride into Paradise on the coupling pole of an ox-wagon, as to keep yourselves in office with your nigger voters.

Forty one millions of acres of the public domain, is what thieving Congressmen attempted to vote away the other day, to the Northern Pacific Railroad monopoly. Think of it, poor tax payers. You have an interest in these public lands—they belong to you as much as to the wealthiest nabob in the country. Shall they be taken from you, and your children left without a chance of securing a home hereafter, simply to fill the plethora purses of speculating rascals, and official villains? Mongrel Congressmen think they should.

An instance this of how the South is rising to empire and population: At Dennis Lake, Florida, a man 87 years old, is the father of sixty children. A veritable Israel, indeed, and a Southern reconstructor of no mean quality. He seems to stand his season well!

Kentucky Bourbon whiskey is a liberal supporter of the "best government in the world." In the Covington district, two thirds of the Federal revenue comes from the tax on Bourbon whiskey.

"Skeered Again."

JOHN BULL'S air is again on hand, and 'er Majesty's subjects harrowfully 'ortfied. Fenianism, has broken out in a new place. This time it's away up along the Red River, if you know where that is. It seems there are some insurgents up there—headed by one REILLY, if anybody knows who he is, or what he is insurging about—with whom Gen. O'NEIL, the Fenian chief has gone into "coghoot." O'NEIL, tho' dispatches say, and of course they know all about it, is to have control of a certain portion of British Columbia, with Vancouver Island for five years, in return for the assistance he gives to REILLY, provided the bloody "Hinglishmen" don't chase him out of it, during which time he thinks he can harass the commerce of England enough to force a recognition of the rights of Ireland and her down trodden and oppressed people. This movement seems to meet with the approval of a majority of the Fenians, and in many places they are holding nightly meetings and receiving recruits and money as rapidly as in the palmy days of that organization. And in the mean time, her Majesty's subjects all along the border, from Vancouver Island to Halifax, are jumping about as if their shirt tails were on fire, bellowing "every one they see, 'the Fenians!' 'the Fenians,' the 'murderin' Fenians!' And this is about all it amounts to.

Whether this movement up the Red River, will amount to anything for poor Ireland, other than a tightening of the chains, which already bind her, the good Lord only knows. We don't profess to be prophet enough to see through the mysteries of the movement, but have our doubts as to any good resulting from it. Fenianism is right. We wish in our hearts it could succeed, but the way a few of its leaders have been fleeing its friends, and covering up their stealing, by alleging the money raised, was expended in making rails on Canada—a system they have of covering up what they can not account for—has done the cause more damage than all else besides.

But it is not ours to find fault. If raiding on Canada, will improve the prospects and condition of the people of Ireland, in the name of Justice let them be hurried up! But how, frightening the old granams, who govern the British Provinces on this side of the Atlantic, is to aid in making Ireland free, is more than we are able to explain to our readers. It will take an epistle from one of REILLY's Red River "rebels" to explain the matter properly. However, if the Fenians don't free Ireland, they'll have considerable fun frightening her would be enemies, and perhaps, they think they'll get the worth of their money in this way, if they don't in any other.

"Got its Foot into it!"

Harrisburg is evidently in need of "reconstruction." The home of the old Winebago needs his attention—darkeydom is in trouble, and the head nigger on the Progress of Liberty—the organ of unadulterated darkeydom in this State—is in bonds. HIGGINS, we believe is the Congo's name, that lies at the mast head of the Progress of Liberty, as "editor and proprietor." Mr. HIGGINS said to be a "better half fit fegm" that the Progress &c., hasn't progressed very fast. The funds didn't seem to be sufficient to keep the Progress, progressing and Mrs. HIGGINS in petticoats, potatoes and sich, and consequently Mr. HIGGINS left Mrs. HIGGINS to provide for herself, while he provided for the Progress. Mrs. HIGGINS couldn't "see the point," and on Tuesday last had him arrested and put under bonds for neglecting to provide for his family. Will Congress dare it—overlook this outrage upon the "coming man"? What right has the law of Pennsylvania, to take hold of the ebony brother? Aint he a nigger and hasn't he got the right to leave his wife and children starve, just as often as he pleases? We pity HIGGINS, Georgia will be a paradise in comparison to it if Congress finds out, that the woolly head of the Progress of Liberty, is to be compelled to keep his own family.

In the case of Gen. HANCOCK, it is thought by "exceed" many, that Mr. GRANT, has acted very unbecomingly.

Another Monster Land-Grabbing Scheme.

The telegraph to the West contains a full account of the monster scheme before Congress, dubbed the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the likelihood that the land-thieves will succeed by the aid of the Pennsylvania Jacobins.

Here we have the novel spectacle of the Representatives of a State in Congress, sustaining what they know to be a monstrous swindle, because, forsooth the company is to build its road with American iron only, and hence the Pennsylvania iron men expect to have a sale for some of their manufactures. We lay particular stress on this point, as exemplifying the corrupt state of the people—the spirit of sectional aggrandizement at the cost of general welfare—unknown in the days of American purity, of patriotism, of Democracy.

This scheme is intended to grasp millions on millions of acres of the people's domain, won years ago by the blood of American soldiers and poor men at that, for the benefit of their country, themselves and their sons!

The route of the road is, of course, further North than the present Union Pacific road, which is frozen up several months in the year, the great objection to which has ever been, among sensible men, that it was too far North. But the present is not intended to be of use to the people, but as a means or cloak of accomplishing wholesale robbery unprecedented in the world's history.

It is remarkable that the white thieves in Congress are anxious and ready at all times to vote away millions of acres, mints of money, and monarchical franchises to all these worthless robber schemes, they are utterly inimical, worse, they are hostile—to granting even a common right of way through the country to the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific railroad company who ask no aid of Congress. But that road, which, nature, commerce, and public economy demands, must remain unbuild till Congress bankrupts the country.

God help such a devil-cursed and fiend-outraged people! They however, have nobody to blame but themselves.

Several sets of Jacobin editors in the West are on the war-path. They apparently want to pin back ears, and swallow each other. There is no accounting for the rise of their duelling propensities; except that, as there is nothing convenient to steal, they must necessarily be employed in some other way. But a Jacobin duel is only a funny thing. Nobody ever gets hurt. There never was a Black Republican editor who fought till he died, except in the quartermasters department! The very idea of a Radical editor fighting a sure-enough, lead and powder duel, makes one feel like laughing right out.

The Republican wants to know if we will inform our readers, that "Wm B Reed a copperhead of Philadelphia," is a defaulter to the amount of \$200,000. Of course we will, if the Republican will tell us what office REED held in loyal Philadelphia, that he got a chance to pocket that amount. Will it tell its readers, that there was an election in New York last week, and that the copperhead majority was about eighty eight thousand?

Forty one millions of acres of public lands, worth at the lowest estimate \$1.25 per acre, or fifty one million five hundred thousand dollars, is what "our Congressman, W. H. ARMSTRONG voted to take from the laboring men—the tax-payers of the country, to give to speculating Yankees, and thieving contractors, who pretend they want another Pacific Railroad.

The papers state that GEARY has left the gubernatorial chair of this State, and gone to Washington to act as lobbyist for the Northern Pacific land swindle. It will be a relief to this State to be rid of him for a while, and it will put one of the biggest fools in Washington, that ever blubbered round that City.

There is some significance in the great impetus given to the culture of hemp in Kentucky. The people of that State seem to have a prophetic instinct that a great lot of hanging is yet, or ought to, be done!

"What's the Matter with Dad?"

DAD LEWIS, editor of the Huntingdon Globe in that county, a leader of the mongrel party, who has done so much dirty work for his party during the past seven years as any man of his influence in it, is evidently getting his eyes open.

He sees the leak in the radical craft, and tries to raise the alarm. But it's too late. The people have seen too many promises broken; too many pledges violated; to much corruption, extravagance, profligacy, robbery, debauchery and crime by the "dishonest and unprincipled politicians" of his party to continue, trust or support them again. His warning is too late, but we give it in order that our readers may see that some of the mongrel leaders are getting their eyes open to the true state of affairs. He says:

"It would be well for the Republican party if Congress would adjourn and Senators and Representatives go home to learn the sentiments of their constituents. The elections everywhere indicate falling off from the Republican party. The masses are getting tired of being governed by dishonest and unprincipled politicians who never consult or respect public opinion. If the Republican party should be defeated next fall in the election of Congress men and other officers, the fault will be with the leaders in Congress and other high places."

Go on Mr. Mongrel.

Should the bill now before Congress to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment become a law, any nigger anywhere, offended at any one, can swear him into the Penitentiary and \$1,000 fine, by simply making oath, that his vote was tried to be influenced. If you have a nigger working for you, and you find him to be worthless and turn him off, though it be three months before or three months after an election, all Mr. Nig has to do, is to make oath that you discharged him because he wouldn't vote as you desired him to, and the United States Court sends you to prison for one year, and imposes a fine on you of \$500. Who will be safe when this devil conceived act becomes a law? Not you Mr. Mongrel, because for five dollars, eight out of every ten niggers in the country, would swear you into the Penitentiary in less time than you could say "Jack Robinson."

But go ahead if you think there is no hell. Its your party—the men you placed in power—that are trying to fasten these outrages upon you, and if you can stand it, we "copperheads" can. If you want the nigger on top, pick him up and pat him there. He'll look no better over us, than he will over you.

A new practice has been introduced into the military service on the plains. It is a new kick in Indian warfare. It is this: Our soldiers are taught to lift feet of foot. They are learned how to raise their feet lightly, in order that the Indian may not be able to raise their hair in the same way. It is believed by old soldiers that if the U. S. Army on the plains will only succeed in acquiring looseness of foot, and will stay closely in camp, that a good many of our noblest blue-coats may be saved from the scalping knife. How humane!—how very clever!

J. M. PACKER, wants to be the mongrel candidate for congress again from the Dauphin, Perry & Snyder district. He thinks he has not disgraced his constituents enough yet, and wants another chance to daub them over with his dirty niggerism. Corrupt, venal and delinquent, as PACKER was, yet he was an honor to his district in comparison, to the thing that represented the voters of the 18th, ARMSTRONG balked at nothing, no matter how corrupt, debasing or infamous—PACKER did at a few of the doses presented by his party.

Loyalty is a great institution. When a fellow once becomes "truly loyal," it seems that he takes to stealing as naturally, as a pig does to a swill trough. One SUSSEX of St. Louis, became extremely "loyal" a few years ago, in fact he was a kind of a double distilled lump of loyalty. He got to be the loyal Treasurer of the loyal funds of that loyal city. Now the loyal SUSSEX is in limbo, and the loyal city of St. Louis minus \$140,000.

Spawls from the Keystone.

—Alltown had another fire last week. —Harrisburg is luxuriating on scarlet fever. —Montrose is to have some new side walks. —The Johnstown Tribune boasts a sign eight feet long. —New Castle is scourged with spring fever. Unhappy place! —The next State fair is to be held at Scranton.

—Hay in Easton is \$22 per ton. In Bellefonte it brings from \$12 to \$15. —Philadelphians raised ten thousand dollars for the Richmond sufferers.

—Three Scranton fishermen caught five hundred trout in two days, last week. —The Lutheran's have just finished dedicating a magnificent church at Milton.

—Synopi is the name of a new post office just established in Schuylkill county. —Junata county, has a buttonwood tree that measures thirty-three feet in circumference.

—Hon. Cyrus L. Pershing is spoken of as a candidate for the Legislature from Cambria County.

—The Columbia niggers, says the Herald, wants equal school privileges. How's that for high.

—Jefferson county is getting temperate. Three heeoped houses, are all the court allows that county.

—Edward Paine, of Slocum township, Luzerne county, was cut completely in two by a crushing saw not long since.

—They have pigeon roosts a few miles above Emporium, Cameron, county, with hundreds of thousands of pigeons upon them.

—M. M. Steel of Armstrong county, wants to be re-nominated for the Legislature. He has an appropriate name for a radical rooster.

—Easton Clergymen refuse to preach funeral sermons on Sunday. They have no objection to gin and milk on that day, however.

—Sunbury is putting on style, or rather it thinks it is. It has got a steam Fire Engine, that squirts water, over half the town, when wanted!

—Pottsville has a kind of a careless fellow who has been on a drunk for the past thirty-five years. The devil will get him off of it some of these days.

—D. C. Boper of Sunbury late conductor on the N. C. Railway, was one of the victims of the smash up on the Pacific road at Lawrence, Kansas, a few days since.

—A Coffeyport Hotelier drank ammonia for lemon syrup, and didn't find out his mistake till the blisters filled his mouth so full that he couldn't take suthin' with a friend.

—A Bucks county farmer boasts of living in a house that was erected in 1718. The same chap doubtless plows with a hooked stick, and as the "old folks" did in ye ancient times.

—Greenburg has been having an excitement over a "female dead beat" as the papers call her, who doctored the fair sex around there for a few weeks, and then left without settling her board bill.

—A couple of niggers in Montrose went into Mr. Knoll's barber shop, and demanded a shave. Mr. Knoll, who was a white man, couldn't see it, and emptied the "ouled individuals" into the street.

The mongrel papers of Huntingdon and Blair counties, are troubled, about an organization of Laboring men, that has lately broken out in different parts of those counties. Labor organizations are not very healthy indications for mongrelism.

A misplaced switch on the Pennsylvania Rail Road below Lancaster on Tuesday morning last, resulted in smashing up two trains, and killing two employees of the road—Thomas Newayre a brakeman, and Daniel McDevitt, a laborer. One or two others on the train were wounded.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. Clerk Harrison, a carpenter, living in Hyde Park, took the freight train for his work. When above the tunnel, the caboose broke loose from the train, and it and Mr. H. started down grade. It was soon met by the wood train, the caboose smashed, and Mr. Harrison horribly mutilated.

The miners in and about Bennington Furnace have been on a strike for some time past. Last week one of their number went to work at the old prices and the same night two or three shots were fired into his dwelling house—one of the shots taking effect in the leg of his wife, causing a very painful wound. No arrests have yet been made.—Cambria Freeman.

The Last Survivor of Penn's Victory.—Ben. Fleming, who was a maltopman on board Commodore Perry's flag ship at the battle of Lake Erie, died at Erie a few days ago, as a ripe old age. The poor old man, who had been buffeted to ske out the latter days of his existence almost in want of the necessaries of life, was honored with an imposing funeral and a military display. But such is the way of the world.

The citizens of Conemaugh borough, or the Council rather, did a good thing in having an ordinance passed prohibiting any railroad engine, car, or train of cars, from running faster than five miles an hour through the said borough. Many children in going to and returning from school, have to cross the railroad track, and by running a train rapidly they might be instantly crushed to pieces. Each engineer is required to ring a bell constantly, when running within the limits of said borough.

Johnstown has had a sensation in the shape of a mail bull and a cross cow. The bull attacked and severely gored a Mr. William Flowers and a little girl, and then broke the tongue of a wagon, coming towards him. A little further on he met another wagon which he upset and broke, and, taking out the Sculp Level turnpike, he did his latest best by knocking down the toll gate. He was finally shot. The cow tossed a lady up in the air a couple of times, injuring her considerably.

The Erie newspapers speak of Fleming as the last survivor, but he was not the last. There is one of Perry's men now living in this county—Mr. Samuel McKenny, of Crabberry township, who has a medal given to him many years ago, by the United States government, which issued medals to the survivors of Perry's squadron. Mr. McKenny is how somewhere between ninety and a hundred years of age, and is probably the last survivor of the battle of Lake Erie.—Yankee Spectator.

One of our exchange says that the Appendale mines, at which on September, 1869, the breakers were burned and 110 men and boys smothered, has just gone into operation again. A new breaker, with the necessary buildings and machinery, has been constructed at an expense of \$80,000 and an air shaft, 84 feet in depth has been sunk at a distance of 125 feet from the mouth to the shaft. In addition, a tunnel has been driven from the Appendale to the Union mines, a distance of 846 feet. The air shaft cost over 3,000, and the tunnel about 4,500.