

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The lesson will not be lost. Its salutary effect will be great and lasting. Both for the present and the future it will improve the tone of public morale, repress the unblushing effrontery and corruption of the lobby; curtail the influence of arrogant corporations; and secure the sincere commendation of all good and patriotic men.

The assault upon the treasury, in the passage of the nine and a half million bill, though the most conspicuous example of the evil influences of corporations upon the legislature is not the only one. It possesses pre eminent importance, but it does not stand alone. Then, fellow citizens, has not the time come for determining the question of title to sovereign power in this Commonwealth? Is that power a rightful and inalienable estate of the people, or does it reside in corporations created by our laws? Will you, with your eyes open, consciously surrender the control over your own representatives, and give your consent that corporations shall decide your law? Shall your government be pure, patriotic and just, true to yourselves, and true to sound principles of administration; or shall it be the instrument of corporate ambition and avarice, and an agent of "the little people" and "reprobate"? On these words, shall corporations supersede the government and become the masters of the people?

And now my fellow citizens, with this warning, I leave this important subject in your hands, trusting that you will be inspired with the will and the resolution to defend the integrity of your government and to preserve unshaken the credit and the honor of the commonwealth.

JOHN W. GEARY.

EXCELSIOR HANGER, Harrisburg, Pa., June 16, 1878.

BARBARIAN YAWP!

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

What do you think of such a feller
As I am?—I'm a barbarian.
It was hauled up for trial,
Like a beggar. Sunday school
At all times I'm a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
Nestled in a white nest,
Singing like a lark.

Let me be a man,
Not a barbarian;
A real man, not a bore,
With a horrid temper, too.

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!

Yawn! Yawn! Yawn!
I'm a bore, I'm a bore,
Strikingly like a lark.

"And the King made gold and silver at Jerusalem as plentiful as stones." This was a staple currency. Jude Boutwell makes mention.

"And Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt, and linen yarn; the King's merchants received the linen yarn at a price."

Cash, my boy!

"And so brought they out horses for all the kings of the Hittites, and for the kings of Syria, by their means."

Free trade is as old as Solomon.

The second chapter of Second Chronicles contains the beautiful circumstantial story of building the Temple, which is to architecture what Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" is to navigation.

"And Solomon sent to Hiram, the King of Tyre, saying:

"As thou didst deal with David, my father, and didst send him cedars to build him a house to dwell therein, even so deal with me."

How will you trade, Hiram? Make me a bid.

"Send me now, therefore, a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that can skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and Jerusalem."

"Nothing said here about the pauper babies.

"Send me also cedar trees, fir trees and alam trees out of Lebanon (for I have seen them in the land of the Cedars).

"My servants shall be with thy servants.

"Operation, my learned friend!

For all this, Solomon proposes to open his ports and furnish Hiram with free wheat, barley, wine and oil. We think we are reading again the account of Gold, negotiating the French treaty.

Hiram responded in the spirit of nobility.

"Blessed be the Lord, who hath given to David, the King, a wise son, endowed with prudence and understanding."

"We will cut wool out of Lebanon as much as thou shalt need, and will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem."

Nothing said here about the pauper babies.

"Send me also cedar trees, fir trees and alam trees out of Lebanon (for I have seen them in the land of the Cedars).

"My servants shall be with thy servants.

"Operation, my learned friend!

At last the temple was finished, and in the sixth chapter of Second Chronicles it was opened by the Free Trade League. Solomon—doubtless bought up by British gold—thus addressed the Lord in behalf of those who had the misfortune to be foreigners.

"Moreover, concerning the stranger, which is not thy people, Israel, but is come from a far country, for thy great name's sake, and thy mighty hand, and thy stretched out arm, if they come and pray in this house, then hear them from the heavens, even from the dwelling place, and so according to all that the stranger calleth to Thee for!"

Where was Kelly on this occasion, upon whom the Methodist preachers of Philadelphia wanted the other day to pay their respects for nothing particular?" Where was the venerable Nelly? Where were the men who wanted oranges and peanuts protected? Where were Moreland and Morris? Also! Here are left out of the book of Chronicles and appear clearly in the Washington *Chronicles*, the later Gospel of Continence, confused!

An Elephant At West Point.

The First Negro Cadet Arrives at the Military Academy.

West Point and the entire National Academy were almost breathless with excitement yesterday. The son of a colored American citizen arrived here in his new role of military cadet. There had been rumors that negro boys had been appointed to the National Academy, but the absolute arrival of an African, commission in hand, took much for West Point human nature to endure. Aristocratic professors and panty cadets are speechless. The time for the breaking forth of their indignation has not yet arrived. They cannot do the subject justice, but their indignation connoisseurs and common folks indicate the coming storm.

Cadet Master Charles Howard, (colored) came from the State of Mississippi. His appointment is from the Secretary of War, and was noticed to be in testimony of the fact that he could not be sold. In testimony whereof he signed his name and affixed his seal and left at Bellfonte the 2nd day of April, 1870.

Sheriff's office, J. H. MORRISON, Clerk of Court.

May 25th, 1870. J. H. MORRISON, Clerk of Court.

J. H. MORRISON, Clerk of Court.