

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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Ink Slings.

GRANT goes to Long Branch on the 19th instant. We don't know when OLIVE LOGAN'S going.
Senator SPRAGUE calls Congress a band of usurpers. The Senator is evidently waking up from a long sleep.
Mr. R. CLOUD and Mr. S. TALL have got back home again. They don't think much of U. GRANT & Co.
Warren county has three candidates for Sheriff, all named BROWN. That shire seems bound to have a Brown for Sheriff.
MIKE McGOOLE and TOM ALLEN talk of having another fight. We trust they will be allowed to punch each other's head off.

Attorney General ACKERMAN has taken the oath of office. Will he keep it? is now the question. Which all depends on what he has sworn.

A brass band, the members of which are all niggers, is the only one that has the privilege of playing in the State Capital grounds at Harrisburg.

At length Washington is deprived of the presence of Judge HOAR. The ex Attorney General has folded his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away.

At Jackson, Louisiana, a negro woman is post mistress. The Louisville Courier Journal thinks it might have been worse, though, as a carpet-bagger wanted the office.

BON BUTLER, who was arrested in Washington for stealing spoons, it seems is a nephew of his uncle BEN. His only regret is the disgrace it may bring upon the great squint-eye!

The magnificent steamer Robt. E. Lee, which won the late race from New Orleans to St. Louis, ought to be arrested. How can it be "loyal" for the Robt. E. Lee to be triumphant.

Massachusetts brought the first black slave from Africa to this country. She is now trying to fill her coffers one more out of the coolie labor of China. Most noble Nastysusetts!

In view of the impending disaster to the labor of the country, the white working men are waking up. We trust it is not yet too late. Radicalism is at last brought them to their senses.

The atrocities of the Cuban war for independence are great. GRANT pretends to be horrified at them, ignoring the fact that he ordered SHERIDAN to burn and devastate the Shenandoah valley.

The "loyal" city of Philadelphia fines organ grinders for annoying the neighborhood with their noise. And yet these same organists are the men who lost their legs and arms in the Radical "loyal" war!

The Lewisburg Journal calls upon the Democracy of that county to sound the reveille, and insists on the selection of good men and not old "tads" or "prostutants" for office. Right, brother McGINLEY—keep a harping on this string.

Mrs. H. B. STOWZ having told her story about the Byron trouble, now proposes to disgust the world with another lot of stuff about the DICKENS matter. In her young days HARRIET must have attended "the school for scandal."

The alarmists who told us some time since that the spots on the sun were lessening its heat of course knew all about it, as is proved by the exceedingly cold weather we have had this summer! What a fine thing it is to be a philosopher.

The defeat of Hon. ISAAC HAZLEBURN, that fine old line Whig and once a candidate for Governor, for delegate to a Radical nominating convention in Philadelphia, by a negro, is a magnificent commentary on the Fifteenth Amendment. And also a merited rebuke to HAZLEBURN for associating with such cattle.

While bells were ringing, bonfires blazing, and cannons thundering in commemoration of the 4th of July, the United States Senate was engaged in making invidious distinctions in the naturalization laws. They voted to extend them to the African savage, but refused to apply their benefits to the Chinese. So much for Radical consistency.

California papers chronicle the arrival in New York of a great Chinese physician, Dr. HI RANKEE ZER. This fellow is a Barnstable, (Mass) Yankee, and his real name is HIRAM KEEZER, the son of a quack doctor. He went to California in 1860, mixed with and learned the customs and habits of the Chinese in that city, and now turns up as a great medicine man. Vice HI RANKEE ZER!

The New Issue.

The most exciting subject of discussion in the newspapers just now is the Coolie question. Since that man SAMUEL SAMPSON, away up in Massachusetts, brought 75 Chinese there to manufacture shoes for him for about 20 or 30 cents a day, and thus foreshadowed the future degradation of the white labor of this country, the most intense excitement has everywhere existed among the working men, and so much has been said about it in the newspapers and in public meetings, that to day it usurps all other topics and becomes the one all absorbing and most pregnant issue. One, in fact, that is big with the fate of free white labor, and the solution of which is looked forward to with the utmost anxiety and alarm.

The "how" of it is this: there at present exists between certain New England capitalists and Chinese Coolie importers a contract, by the terms of which laborers from China are to be furnished to these capitalists at a price that white men would starve upon, but which is sufficient for the subsistence of a people whose greatest delicacies are rats and young puppies. A portion of the contemptible wages paid these poor, miserable Coolie slaves, goes into the pockets of the importers who bring them here and it is proposed by these New England capitalists to flood the country with these pig-tailed Chinamen, who work for almost nothing, thus reducing the prices of labor by substituting them for our own white laborers and at the same time making for themselves vast revenues, drawn, in plain words, from the pockets of the American, Irish and German mechanics and working men.

Of course this is a direct blow at the trades unions. It aims to overthrow the settled prices of labor throughout the country, and to put the control of our industrial, mechanical, manufacturing and laboring interests into the hands of our capitalists. It is a fierce attack of the rich upon the poor for the benefit of the rich, and an attempt to degrade or pull down the earnest, hard working, toiling, tax paying, white laborers of the country to a level with the spiritless, en-slaved, licentious, disgusting, and rat eating Chinese. For, if this new system of labor, guaranteed by contract, is to prevail, white men must abandon the lower branches of labor, or accept the prices that the capitalists pay the Chinese. This is the long and short of it. It is a question that demands instant attention, and one that must be speedily solved in favor of our own labor system, else the whole superstructure so carefully reared by our trades unions for the protection of labor against capital will fall to the ground.

But how to solve it? This is the question that is now agitating our people and causing the immense mass-meetings of working men that are being held in all our great cities. The spirit as well as the letter of our Constitution precludes the idea of forbidding the importation of the Chinese to our shores, because we claim to be a free country where all men have the right to come and earn their livelihood. But the working men demand some protection against the efforts of capitalists to reduce the prices of labor and earnestly protest against the contract system by which Coolie slaves are introduced into these States to work for a mere pittance. They demand of Congress some act that will prevent the country from being overflowed with these greasy lousy, wretched creatures, whose very presence upon our soil is a contamination, and whose morals are as disgusting as were those of the men of Sodom, who surrounded Lot's house and cried out for the gratification of their hellish lusts.

It is in keeping with all her previous history of disorganization, treachery and sensationalism that the first cargo of Chinese, brought east of the Mississippi for the purpose of degrading white labor and starving white laborers into submission to the demands of capital, should be landed upon the soil of Massachusetts. It was Radical Massachusetts that first dealt in negro slaves from Africa, and it is eminently fitting now that she should be the first to inaugurate this new slave traffic. Upon her skirts hang nearly all our sins as a people and she seems bound to fas-

ten yet one more crime upon us. On her infamous hands and on the hands of a class of men whom her teachings have made our rulers will be the blood of our working men, should this coolie system prevail. Let them remember this, and let them remember, too, the party under whose administration of affairs this great calamity has come upon our country.

The Democratic party alone have always contended for the rights of the laboring white men, and had the laboring white men of the country always stood by the Democratic party, we should not to day have the spectacle of Coolie slaves usurping the God given rights of honest white working men.

Toadies.

All the Nations of Latin America are uniting against Spain, and offering the Cuban revolutionists aid and a general republican league, just at the very time when the infamous and thieving and villainous combination of un-lung scoundrels at Washington are lending the aid and prestige of this devoted Last Republic to Spain and her chronic cut-throats. Swedenborg asserts that God damn no lost soul, but that the evil and devils go to Hell from first choice by the attractive force of Satan operating upon his lusts—evil attracting evil from pure sympathy. On the same principle, widespread seas and diverse tongues and forms of government, fail to offer a barrier to devils on earth to unite in a sort of political international Hell. The sympathies of the American Jacobin has gone out to every enemy of our Republic, from its earliest establishment to the present moment. The progenitors of the men who "rule to run" to day, were recruited Tories in the Great Revolution, they were the friends of Britain in the war of '12; they disgusted the EAR ALEXANDER in all his wars, by their fulsome praise and admiration of royalty and unbounded personal power in Government; they hoped American soldiers would meet with "hospitable graves" in Mexico in '49; they trot around and buzz about the heels of perpetrating royalty and European stuck-up snobs like the true flunkies that they are. There is no hiding the fact the combination now in power is a European cabal of Native and Foreign Traitors to true Republican Government. Such cattle ought to be driven out of the country by their fathers' "alien and sedition laws," which ought to be re-enacted for the present vile generation.

At a recent session of the United States Circuit Court held at Williamsport, Pa., CHARLES STOWZ, a farmer, was fined for selling vegetables of his own raising, without a license from the United States government. The decision of Judge MCANDLESS in this case applies to every farmer. It has heretofore been considered lawful and generally practiced, that a person could sell his own agricultural products without first obtaining license from the government, but the United States Court, one of the highest Courts in the country, now decides that any farmer selling his productions without first paying for a license, is liable to be heavily fined and imprisoned for the violation of the revenue laws.

This is what the country has come to by being cursed with ten years of Radical misrule. Farmers and honest men, what do you think of it?

The Lewisburg Gazette says: "General John P. Taylor, a gentleman who distinguished himself as a cavalry officer in the late rebellion, now residing in Kishacoquillo Valley, Mifflin county Pennsylvania, on the site of an old Indian town, and less than a mile from the camp and spring of the celebrated Chief Logan, in 1830, in order to repair the foundation of an old house that has stood six or seven years, found imbedded in the earth about four feet under the surface, a silver spoon with the name 'Wm. Penn' handsomely engraved upon it, as also the name of the maker, trade mark, etc. The spoon is perfect and the engraving perfectly legible. Is it part of the promise money given by Wm Penn to the Indians for Pennsylvania, and may it not have once been the property of the great Chief Logan?"

In reply to the first of our cotemporary's questions, namely: "Is it a part of the purchase money given by Wm. PENN to the Indians for Pennsylvania," we reply, we don't know; and, in response to the second, "may it not have once been the property of the great Indian Chief LOGAN," we would remark, suppose it was—what then? —Hot—the weather.

Don't Drill In That Squad.

Under the head of "Loyal Excitables" the Southern Home edited and published by the gallant Gen. D. H. HILL, copies many of the best things said by Northern Journals. In this department of the paper we frequently find extracts from the WATCHMAN. Fully appreciating the kindness that copies from us, and with due deference to the General's opinion of our political status, yet we very decidedly protest against being placed in the catalogue, the Southern Home would place us in, or being considered either a "loyal excitable," or an "excitable loyalist."

It there is any one word, that we despise more than another, it is the word "loyal." If there is any one thing, more than another, in our political record of which we are proud, it is the fact, that we have never yet committed any act that would even cast the suspicion of "loyalty," upon us. Thank God, we were born free, and with courage enough to believe that we have a right to live and die a freeman. We acknowledge no earthly master—we are no mans subject.

For refusing to be "loyal," one of our ancestors fell at Monmouth, and another at Valley Forge, at the hands of a loyal British soldiery. Since then a kind of hatred for the word—hatred for the doctrine—has run in the blood, and we are not going to be the first one of the family who disgraces his name by being base enough to acknowledge that he is "loyal."

Had we been "loyal" one of the battles built by American "loyalists" would have had one prisoner less—a "loyal" United States court would have had two cases less, and about a dozen of "loyal" provost marshals, and a small army of "loyal" officers, ranging from generals down to sergeants, would have had much more time to have cursed, watched, threaten, and arrest other white men, who refused to bow the knee to the ban of abolitionism.

No General, we don't run with that "masher,"—we don't "train in that squad"—we're not "loyal," and any little "eccentricities" you discover in the WATCHMAN are not "loyal eccentricities." Furthay? Please remember—no loyalty in our'n. No, not any thank you.

Drunkenness and Theivery.

Dick Gates, the Republican Senator from Illinois, is really unfortunate. The other day, he occasioned another scene in the Senate chamber, by his attempt to address the chair while so very drunk that he could not stand. The presiding officer refused, or failed to recognize him, when the maudlin Dick, chief of the Illinois Temperance and Free-Love Republicans, endeavored to let the chairman know that he should recognize him. But drunken Dick couldn't come it, notwithstanding he kept on spluttering and spewing, howling and gagging, talking and hiccuping. At length the Senators about him took hold of him, and by sheer dead weight—a sort of Senatorial hydraulic pressure—unbowed, unshaken, squeezed, bore him down into his seat, when the illustrious Dick grunted, and smiled, and bowed, and looked piously resigned. He said patronizingly that he would waive a demand for recognition from the Vice President in compliment to his friends, "but he'd be d—d if he wasn't the peep of any man drunk or sober."

This is a humiliating ornament upon the party of loudest temperance and morality professions! No such scenes ever occurred before in the highest assembly of any civilized people. But while it is a sight to make a phalarope sick at heart, to behold a Senator so beastly drunk as to disgrace the Senate chamber, this evil is not the greatest which besets our American parliament. Crime in all its unblushing abandon holds riot there. Monstrous thefts, darken its history, and thieves with nerve ply their calling with the largest reward ever dreamed of, not excepting the palmiest days of the Knights of the Pad. Whole peoples are bought and sold. The continent for miles, yea, leagues, are parcelled out to under agents, and Congressmen are grown mightier than ever the champion of Aladdin had power to make. Congress is the 33d degree of

Perfected Theft, and what its members have not learned in the art of theivery, there is little use in our common highwaymen and housebreakers learning.

Journalistic.

Col. PETER DONAN, formerly editor of the Missouri Vindicator, more lately connected with the New York Metropolitan Record, is the editor and one of the publishers of "The Caucasian," Lexington, Mo. Colonel DONAN, who is well known throughout the country for his extravagant humor, furnished years ago to the Metropolitan Record, over the non de plume of R. E. Bell, is stirring up the Jacobins of Missouri with a long pole sharpened at one end, and he is having lots of fun out there, and making money, too. The "Caucasian" is alive, cutting, slashing, thrashing, machine, and all who are put through it, come out chewed up. Good luck to the Colonel and bad luck to them fellows life is making hunt their holes. We like THE CAUCASIAN.

Who's to fill the next Cabinet office? is now a profound question in the far away ends of the earth. Each distant and unknown village is a competitor with its equally obscure neighbor for high administrative honors. Success depends upon the honor of being the abiding and the hiding place of some seedy mediocre, the more asinine, stupid, and boorish, the brighter the prospect. Rake up the dreary O ye unknown ends of the earth!

The fuss which the Radicals have made about WHITTEWORE is sheer hypocrisy. Without offering an apology for him, we insist that WHITTEWORE is one of the most modest thieves of Congress. There are very few of the mongrel members of that body but what have stolen as many thousands as there are hundreds charged to him.

UNAMBITIOUS.

BY N. E. DE

I leave the world of men whose nose and rat tail
Make earth a hell, and full of devils born
For those far fields of furze and grazing corn
And nature quiet as creation's morn
At every step I throw away some sorrow,
And lose some memory of a past regret,
My cares I put away until to-morrow,
And all of life, except to-day, forget

Forget that I have ever dreamed of glory,
Or smile to think that I should ever care
For all the sounding names in song or story,
When every life may be so free and fair.
When every life may wreath itself a garland,
And crown itself with laurel and with bays
And make a world as radiant as star-land,
And reign a king within it all its days.

I stand upon the rocks and watch the play
Of the brown birds among the waving spray

Happy as birds the whole long summer day,
Lie upon the ground and feel the beating
Of my weak heart against the mighty earth,
And think how convenient 'tis and fitting—
Dovey is written on it from its birth.

Here on the mighty rocks, the rocks of ages,
Constant and changeless in eternal youth,
They teach us lessons, that the old time
pages

Have never taught us, of immortal truth
And when a man can learn of such a teacher,
He need not go for wisdom to the books,
He'll find in nature many a pleasant preacher,
"Sermons in stones and books in running
brooks"

A stream comes down from out the distant
mountain,
Singing a song of gladness on its way,
Sometimes it sports and spitters like a foun-
tain,
Then glistens as pleasant as this summer
day

The cattle come to drink of it near me,
And gaze upon me with a strange surprise,
I come so often, that they do not fear me,
They only wonder when their stary eyes.

Oh, are they not more tender and more human,
Than many a one that bears the human
form?

Their eyes are softer than the eyes of woman,
Their gazes I know are just as true and
warm

There's in the grace that comes of Nature's
breeding—
There's in the bounding footstep, firm and
free,
Careless of thought and toil their wild life
leading
Over the rocky waste and sandy lee.

Perhaps those scenes are nothing to another,
But they to me are dearer than my life;
Each blade of grass that grows there is my
together,
Fairer each slender flower than maid or
wife;

Oh, may I die to be calm, pleasant weather,
And thus be carried by the friends I loved
And left to be among the fragrant heather
Where during life my footsteps fondly roved
MORNING, July, 6th 1870

Spawls from the Keystone.

- Hail storms of late have done considerable damage in various parts of the State.
- Charles Schriener, of Union county, is now lecturing in the west on "Free Trade."
- The Lewisburg depot was entered by burglars the other night and robbed of \$208.10.
- Michael Carey, a laborer, drowned himself in the boom at Lock Haven, on Friday last.
- The new shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Altoona, will cover twenty-one acres.
- The two largest inland towns in our State, Reading and Lancaster, are without a street railway.
- Gen. William McCandless, of Philadelphia, has sailed for Liverpool, in the steamer Java, from New York.
- Rev. Jeremiah Shindler, a prominent Lutheran minister, died in Allentown, the other day, aged about 65 years.
- Pittsburg is attending to its own business. A new work will soon be issued there entitled "Pittsburg and its Interests."
- Three hundred and seventy-five convicts find their habitation in the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburg, at the present time.
- The new Baptist church at Lewisburg was dedicated the other day. Its cost, exclusive of the lot on which it stands, was \$30,000.
- A foundry at Reading has just completed the manufacture of a rifle cannon that is to throw a hundred pound cannon ball ten miles.
- A fire occurred at Lewisburg, the other day, which burned the Buffalo House and stable. Loss about 10,000. Insurance \$7,000.
- A late storm at McConnellsburg tore off half the roof of the Court House, and moved the walls of the new Methodist church from their foundation.
- The Spawls Democrat thinks the depot at that place is the most filthy and inconventient one in Pennsylvania or perhaps in the whole United States!
- There have been rafted out of the Susquehanna boom, at Williamsport, the present season up to June 30, 255,822 logs, scaling 51,875, 236 feet, board measure.
- A freight train on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad was thrown off the track, above the Jersey Shore station, on Wednesday morning last, was considerably wrecked.
- Two of our Pennsylvania Congressmen, Judge Kelly, of Philadelphia, and John Cassin of Bedford county, voted for the re-adjournment of the cabinet-peddler, Whitmore.
- Sunbury has a pond of water which is now filled with dead cat fish. As a consequence a bad and unhealthful odor arises there from, and the Democrat is making a fuss about it.
- A tremendous oil fire occurred at Pittsburg on the 28th ultimo, caused by two tanks of oil in the 18th ward being struck by lightning. The loss is supposed to be about a half million of dollars.
- Samuel Poole, of Asylum township, Bradford county, met his death by being jabbed in the face with a pitch fork while trying to enter the house of a prostitute, through the window, on the 25th ultimo.
- Clusters of cherry trees should be cautious. A Mrs. Malick, of Shamokin township, Northumberland county, fell from one the other day, a distance of 20 feet, fracturing two ribs and injuring her spine.
- In Snyderstown, Northumberland county, a young man named John Hull struck another young man named Edward Carr, on the head with a "blilly." Carr now lies in a very serious condition, and Hull is at liberty.
- H. Vanness, of Standing Stone, Bradford county has a cow which after going dry 3 1/2 months during the winter and spring, commenced to give milk on the 10th of May last, and is now furnishing sixteen quarts a day!
- The Lacton Arms says: Lately a Mr. Meyer by a gun shot disabled a crane in the Lehigh near Catasauque, and captured it. It measured over six feet from tip to tip of wings, and when erect its tail was enough to pick out a man's eye.
- A lad named Hess was drowned in the saw mill pool of McCrery & Newhard last Friday. With a number of boys he was running a row the logs, when by some mischance he slipped and fell into the water. His body remained under the logs and was recovered after an hour's search.—Miltonian.
- A little daughter of Liepfer Evans, of Drummore township, Lancaster county, vomited up a small snake, about eight inches long, last week. She had been suffering since last October, but the cause was unknown. The snake is supposed to have been taken from her stomach while drinking from a spring near the house. The vomiting of the snake was only a temporary relief to the little girl, as her system had become so exhausted that she died the next evening.
- Hydrophobia.—The Germantown Telegraph, in noting a number of recent deaths produced by hydrophobia, remarks:—"There is nothing so effectual as ammonia, or tartaric acid, as a remedy. It should be applied at once to the wound. It is a thousand times better than the treatment of quack doctors who pretend to possess a preventative. A rabid dog may bite a half dozen persons, and not one of them may be affected with hydrophobia; while on the other hand, a dog not rabid may bite a single person and produce hydrophobia."
- A Bad Story.—The Scranton Republican tells a mournful story of a casualty on the Lockport and Bloomsburg railroad last Saturday night. "Mrs. Gaven with three children, two little boys aged six and seven years, and a babe, was at the depot at Pittston to take a train. She put her two little boys in a car and then returned to the station for her babe. Meanwhile the train started. The station-master signalled the conductor to stop, and the little boys screamed at being carried away from their mother. But it seems that the train neither stopped nor was any care taken of the children. The mother telegraphed to put them off at Scranton. Nothing further is known of them till they were found on the railroad track about two o'clock Sunday morning—the youngest one killed, and the other lying insensible, with his arm cut off close to the shoulder. The poor little wanderers had been run down by a train in a deep cut; but how or why they were off the train no one knows. We have rarely read a more distressing story."
- RED CLOUD'S wife is as straight as an arrow. Her name is the Woman Without a Bow, or as we say in English, The Woman Without the Grecian Bend.
- A QUEER temperance pledge was once circulated in Russia. It bound the signers to abstain from brandy—ill, brandy should be better and tolerably cheap.