

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

The Knell of Free Labor—The New Slavery of the New Nation.

We shall hear from the American laborers now! This class has submitted to unexampled wrong and oppression from the party in power, it not without murmuring, certainly without the effective resistance which might and ought to have been made.

Labor pays all taxes, and American labor has submitted to the heaviest taxation imposed on any people on the earth.

It has allowed the bondholder total exemption; and it has paid the bondholder's share from the wages of daily toil.

It has given twenty-five cents out of every dollar it has earned, to enrich protected monopolists.

It has seen the public lands—the joint property of the whole people—once set apart for cheap homes for the poor—given away by tens of millions of acres to land sharks and lobbyists!

And yet, strange to say, with the ballot in their hands, and with the power, if exerted, to reverse the whole course of Administration, and preserve its rights, and protect itself, it has remained passive, suffering wrongs without resistance.

But as we said, we shall hear from it now!

The importation of Chinese laborers, their substitution, in all forms of labor for Americans or Europeans, is the most momentous fact of the time. It is replete with disaster to workingmen. It means starvation, ruin, slavery in the worst of conceivable forms.

IT MEANS STARVATION!

It means starvation to white laborers. In Massachusetts a single firm of shoe manufacturers have imported one hundred Chinese operatives. They do the work well. They are ingenious and quick to learn. And various other industries are watching the results of the experiment, intending as soon as they are assured of its practicability, to make similar importations.

These Asiatics work for a term of years for fifty cents a day, and board themselves. The men whom these Paganas have supplanted received from \$2 to \$6 a day.—The latter are now out of employ; and soon, in all human probability, every shoemaker in the State will have to come down to the Chinese price per day, or go out of employ.

IT MEANS SLAVERY.

This is slavery in its worst form. By the Southern system the master provided for the young, the old, the sick, the infirm. There is no obligation on the new master in the New Nation, to do anything of this sort. The helpless may die with no more care than is bestowed on a dog. The master may pay a price on which no American or European laborer can live, and the first day's inability to work, destitution comes to the slave.

THE HIVE OF LABOR.

There is absolutely no limit to the amount of this cheap labor. Enough may be brought from China, just so soon as steamers can convey Chinese men to our shores, to do all the labor of every sort that is required in the United States.—Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty millions of these laborers can be supplied if needed!

All willing to work for fifty cents a day, and board themselves. Able to work in mines, effective hands on railroads, so ingenious that they can at once, with former experience, supply the places of trained shoe makers in the great factories!

Is not this a momentous fact for the American mechanics and laborers of every sort?

And so far as we have observed, every Republican paper is in favor of this Paganian irruption—this inundation of slaves—intended to destroy American labor utterly, or reduce it to the degraded condition which is inseparable from unrequited toil.

Laboring men, look to your interests. Work while it is yet day, for the night cometh?—Northwest.

How to Pack Butter.

The method of packing butter on the Pacific coast, as will be seen from the following description, is very unlike our own. They never use pails or kegs, but put it in muslin sacks, made in such form that the package, when complete, is a cylinder three or four inches in diameter, and from a half foot to a foot in length. These sacks are made of bleached muslin, and the butter is put into them as soon as worked over. The packages are then put into large casks containing strong brine with a slight mixture of saltpetre, and by means of weights kept below the surface. The cloth integument always protects the butter from any impurities that chance to come in contact with the package, and being always buried in brine, that protects it from the action of air, and it has been ascertained on trial that butter put up in this way will keep sweet a long time. These butter sacks are ranged upon the counters of the dealers as readily as bars of soap; and when any portion of one is wanted, the end of the sack is stripped down, and the necessary quantity detached, when the sack is replaced, leaving the remaining portion as secure as before any part was removed. This plan might not be feasible in our climate without the aid of ice in summer; but the immersion in brine is worthy of consideration on the part of dairymen and butter dealers.

—The King of Saxony, although a very old man, has recently commenced studying the languages of Russia and Poland, in order to translate the works of some of their foremost poets into German.

Anecdotes.

Old Quash, an African who lived in Plymouth some forty or fifty years ago, was a remarkable instance of genuine wit in a mind totally destitute of all education. He was unable to read or write a word, yet he seldom used an expression that did not almost convince his hearers with laughter. Among the many jokes we have heard of his production, there was one he played off upon Judge Paine, which is well worth preserving. Possibly the reader may have met with it before in some shape; but be that as it may, the following we believe is its true origin:

Judge Paine, while riding out one morning, overtook Old Quash on the road, to whom he was well known, as indeed were all the members of the bench and bar in that vicinity. The Judge, being something of a wag himself, no sooner saw his ebony acquaintance, than he determined to try his wit, and accordingly hailed Quash, he said, with a very dignified and solemn manner, "Mr. Quash, have you heard the alarming news that has just reached town?" "No, Massa, poor nigger never hear noting first-handed?" "Well then, old Mr. Quash," continued the Judge, with all the gravity he could command, "I hereby inform you that the devil is dead!" "Gor a-mighty! what dat you say? De debil dead! I didn't tink him so far gone as dat, though he hab been a good while in Paine." The Judge good humoredly confessed himself out done, and rewarding Quash for his wit, proceeded on his ride.

How the Debt is Being Paid.

The financial editor of the Philadelphia Ledger says:

It has heretofore been deemed wise by the powers that be, that the people should be taxed as much as they in their good nature would stand, and under this policy, there has been paid off in a very short time nearly \$120,000,000 of Government bonds. This is perhaps all very well, but having accomplished so much, they naturally hoped to be rid of the cost of carrying the load by stopping the payment of interest on the amount. This however, is not to be done—interest is to be continued just as if the debt had not been paid and the bonds cancelled. It is a queer operation, and brings to mind the anecdote of a certain man, who, on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked if he would bring it to his house? "Certainly," "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay for the barrel when the cider is gone?" Tax payers having paid the bonds, and are now paying the tax upon them, we are naturally looking for an inquiry from the Government as to what will be given for the cancelled and cancelled bonds.

AN ANECDOTE OF JUDGE TAPPAN.—Tappan did not in all cases vanquish those with whom he came in conflict. On one occasion Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric genius and preacher, who he came famous for his wit and sarcasm some thirty or forty years since, was invited to preach at Stubenville, where Tappan lived.

Tappan, unlike his two famous brothers in this city, was an avowed infidel, and had a number of followers among the prominent men of the place. Hearing that Dow was to preach, they arranged a scheme by which they would have an opportunity to try his mettle.

Tappan called upon him, under the pretext of respect for his eminent reputation, and invited him to dine. Dow, who was fully apprised of the object, at once accepted the invitation. Tappan had all his infidel friends present, and the conversation naturally turned on religious subjects. All sorts of questions, intended to embarrass Dow were put. Finally, Tappan, in his squeaking nasal tone, addressed him somewhat after this fashion:

"Mr. Dow, what kind of a place is this they call purgatory? They tell me it's about half way between here and hell."

Judge Tappan, said Dow "that's a subject in which you have no sort of interest. When you die, you'll go straight to hell, without any half way about it."

RETURNING A SALUTE.—A most amusing story is told of Judge B., now occupying a high post in the Pennsylvania state government. Travelling some years since by rail to Harrisburg, on a blazing hot day, with some friends, the non-horse had stopped to water, when suddenly he drew his white handkerchief from his pocket, and began waving it vigorously in the air, at the same time bobbing his head out of the window in a very energetic manner. "What are you about, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., without rising from his seat.

"Why, don't you see yonder?" "There's a lady waving a white handkerchief, and I'm returning the salute."

"What is she doing?" asked Mr. Q., as he looked in one corner.

"Well, the fact is, I don't exactly know; I'm quite near-sighted, and I can't recognize her; but she is dressed in gray silk, and stands yonder, under a big maple tree, near my friend John B.'s house."

Mr. Q., hobbled over to the Judge's side and gazed in the direction indicated, but saw only that the Judge had been exchanging salutes for ten minutes with an iron-gray mare, whose long white tail, as it flapped away the flies, had been taken by him for a white handkerchief, waved by a lady in a gray silk dress.

The buttons that were subsequently picked up in that car are said to have been exceedingly numerous. The Judge didn't swear, but he changed the subject to saw mills, the only intelligible portion of which being the frequent repetition of the word "dam."

A Chinese Temple in the Rocky Mountains.

On the 6th inst., the Celestials of Virginia (City, Nevada), dedicated a temple which they had just completed. They began, says a local paper, about four o'clock in the morning, when they had a feast of roast hog, and other fat things, sweetmeats, cakes, etc., interspersed with singing, kneeling, bowing and praying, with the firing of a brass howitzer, borrowed for the occasion, the explosion of bombs wrapped about with bamboo splits, and an immense consumption of fire-crackers. At noon these proceedings were repeated. The temple is a frame building, and cost about \$300. The interior is fitted up with a profusion of tinsel ornaments, at a cost probably of \$800. In the west end of the temple stands the high altar, and seated upon it are three crowned and bearded gods or kings. Two of these wooden gods have long beards and mustaches, while the beard of the third is of the sailor cut. All three are seated behind a sort of curtain, hanging down from a canopy, and looped aside that they may plainly be seen by their worshippers. In front of the altar is a table, whereon was a full-grown roasted hog, with cakes, sweetmeats, etc. Before the altar were a number of colored candles burning, and dishes containing burning sandal wood. The priests were dressed in long blue robes, and were quite imposing in appearance. The ceremonies consisted in blessing certain robes with which the gods were clothed, blessing the wine and food before the people, and in many bows and genuflexions. Upon the conclusion of these exercises in the temple, there was a grand discharge of bombs, and fire-crackers outside, which lasted for half an hour.

A Few Questions.

Why is it impossible for a man to boil his father thoroughly? Because he can only be "parboiled."

Why is a book of musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a handle.

Why is a treadmill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of conviction.

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step farther.

Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic cable? Because he is settled to his heart's content.

Why should there be more marriages in winter than in summer? Because in winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies mufflers.

Who was Jonah's tutor? The whale who brought him up.

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog? One wears a skirt and the other pants.

When was Ruth very rude to Boaz? When she pulled his ears and trod on his corns.

If a man and his wife go to Europe together, what is the difference in their mode of travelling? He goes abroad and she goes along.

A TRIPPLE NEGRO.—"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.

"Had a little taste of it sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No sah, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah, would hab run sooner if I had known it was comin'."

"Why, that is not very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin' my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothing to me by the side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

A nice points old man in Massachusetts thought his oxen had out strength in brushing away flies that might be used hauling the corn plow, so he tied bricks to their tails. The plan worked well until one of the bricks struck the old man on the head, when he was carried to the house on a door. He said that he had not thought of that contingency. The oxen's tails are loose now, and the old man has had his brains soldered in with silver.

One of Red Cloud's squaws has been rechristened "Iron Road," in honor of the railroad. The swift mode of the locomotive greatly impressed the delegation. In expression of their amazement at the celebrity with which they travelled they made gestures denoting the drawing of an arrow from a bow, and indicated the flight of eagles with their arms to show the comparison of the speed of the railroad, suggested to their picturesque imaginations.

His REVENGE.—The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two year old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered "No." "What is the reason you will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa will kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls." He was permitted to play with the Christmas tree.

—The American hotel, kept at Mayence on the Rhine, has been closed, the proprietor having run away from a debt of 90,000 florins.

—King George of Greece, has given Mrs. Lloyd, a sister of one of the victims of Greek brigandage, \$5,000 out of his private purse.

A GREAT fact crops up—A Bateau gardener is the most generous of men—it is a pleasure with them to "fork over" their ground.

Printing.

BILL HEADS.

LETTER HEAD

ENVELOPES

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IS DONE IN A STYLE

THAT DEFILES COMPETITION

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WEDNESDAY SEPT 7th, 1870.

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COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

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BEST LIQUORS,

At prices lower than can be found elsewhere outside of Philadelphia. His stock consists of the best

Old Rye, Bourbon, Moutongahala and old Irish Whiskeys, Holland Gin, Cogniac and other

Brandies; Jamaica and New England Rum, German, Madeira, Libon, Sherry and Port Wines, Cordials, and

All kinds of Syrups, which he is selling as low as to astonish all

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

WINES & LIQUORS.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—

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MARTIN BRIMGORD, Administrator.

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