The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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About Respectability.

It is honorable to labor with one's hands. Labor gives dignity and health, and rightly directed, brings competence and wealth. Why, then, should there be such a prejudice against those whom fortune has compelled to earn their bread in the sweat of their faces? The rich men is no better than the poor man's equal. It is only by virtue of his money that he assumes to be better, if he does so assume. But rich men of sense, of intelligence, of brains or manhood, do not claim to be any better than their poorer neighbors. It is only the light headed, empty, brainless conceited boys and dandies of a community that pride themselves on their possessions or look with contempt upon those whose means of living are not equal to theirs. It is true, that there are many men at the head of what they claim to be haughty houses of first families, who live in style and magnificence and cannot tolerate or deign to associate with those who have chosen an honest calling or wealth has placed in their hands. These are only gold fools, who have money, but no sense, more gauze and brains. In this country, money made or coming to make, the ways, and the **mere possession of wealth** is, of itself, no sign of merit. Give that the possessor has been fortunate or is a shrewd, calculating, grasping, avaricious rascal. We do not mean to say this that no rich man is honest. Far from it. But we want to be understood as saying that riches are not a sign of real merit, though there is many a meritorious **rich man.**

Labor, then, should be honored in all its various branches—in the field, in the shop, in the store, in the kitchen. Yes, just here we might say a word in reference to hired girls. This is a class that is looked down upon, and yet there is no dishonorable work in a kitchen. On the contrary, it is just as honorable as any other kind of labor or profession. It is followed in order to make an honest living, and we hold that any work which enables us to do that, is not only not dishonorable, but highly meritorious. A conscientious and faithful performance of duty will elevate *any* calling in life and make it *respectable*, we don't care whether that calling be that of a merchant or a hostler. It is, therefore, just as honorable to labor in the kitchen as to queen it in the palace, always *provided that the humble duties of the palace are well and faithfully performed.* A queen who neglects the sacred duties of her position, is less to be honored than the poor kitchen girl who conscientiously sweeps, and dusts, and cooks, in her employer's house.

Our hired girls, therefore, are entitled to some consideration. We take it for granted that the great majority of them are industrious, honest and virtuous, and many of them are intelligent and well informed. Such girls should not be looked down upon. On the contrary, they should be encouraged to rise. Should be sympathized with, respected and kindly advised. Many a girl who works in the kitchen is more intelligent than the mistress who fingers the piano in the parlor. It isn't birth nor wealth, but brains that should be respected.

We conclude this rambling article by repeating what we started out with, that it is honorable to labor with our hands. Regardless of the frowns of fortune, therefore, or of the sneers of those whose sneers are not worth minding, let every young man and every young woman endeavor to faithfully discharge their whole duty in whatever station in life it has pleased God to place them. Thus will they make for themselves an honorable, even though it be an humble, name.

——The *Globe* cries out for the return of ANDY CURTIN *from Russia*, and says that if GRANT wants to save Pennsylvania to the Republicans next fall he should immediately recall Gov. CURTIN and give him an important place in the Cabinet." And has it come to this?——Is "*our Andy*" the panacea for the dreadful disease that has seized upon the vitals of Radicalism? Well, well—*who'd a thunk it?*

——Just now a great fuss is being made over the returned Fenians. Their levees at Sweeney's hotel in New York have been crowded, but just wait till they again take up the line of march for Canada's happy shore, and see how many of their present laudators will accompany them.

Revels.

HIRAM REVELS, the negro Senator in Congress, goes out of office on the 4th of March next, thus relieving that body of the stigma that has rested upon it ever since he was admitted into its counsels. During his whole official term, REVELS has been a "no account" nigger, and has done nothing, either for his country or his race. At the time of his installation, a great fuss was made over him, and when he delivered the speech that was prepared for him by somebody, for effect, the whole Radical Party threw up its hands in admiration and cried, "What a genius!" But that speech, poor worthless thing that it was, is the only thing he ever said or did, and since, he has been as dead to the public as though he had been out chopping wood in the forests of Maine or fishing for herring in the shallow waters along the Yankee coast. Divested of the glamour thrown around him by SUMNER and other Radical honors, he has turned out to be a very ordinary darkey, and even the least penetrating of his own race have discovered that he is nothing to brag of.

So much for the experiment at elevating the negro race through one of its own representatives. Its disastrous failure is but a trifle to the pretensions made by the Democrats concerning it, but it has nevertheless done some good, inasmuch as it has disgusted the people. The Radicals now in the House will still further [illegible] this nauseating process, so that, after all, the dose may be good for the political health of the country. REVELS we think, is about the last senatorial experiment of the kind that will be made, for the rapidly rising Democracy are vigorously insisting that White Men shall reoccupy the places from which they have been almost entirely excluded since the advent of the Radical Party.

As for Mr. REVELS, we advise him, as soon as his term is out, to hunt up that poor house again, and pay his old and infirm sister a visit. Perhaps he can spare her another fifty cents now, as the world has gone on prosperously with him for some time back. And after he does this, he can recommence preaching and barbering, which will be the most effectual way of overcoming his regret that he no longer wears the senatorial toga. REVELS, adieu.

EXEMPTING PROPERTY FROM TAXATION.—When the bill chartering a line of steamships, to run from Philadelphia to different European ports, says the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, came up in the House the other other day, it was discovered that it contained a provision which read as follows.

It shall vessels and other property [illegible] *and* [illegible] *issued by and the earnings of said company shall be exempt from all taxation.*

We do not know whether the discovery of the above clause was the sole reason why the bill was referred to the Committee, but it was certainly a good and sufficient reason why it should not pass without amendment. Other corporations pay tax, and why *should* this one be exempt? It might be proper to grant it the favor of such expectation for a brief *period of years*, but even that would be a move of exceedingly doubtful propriety. It would be *opening a door which ought to be* kept tightly closed. If such exemption is accorded to one corporation *others will demand like favor*, and it will be hard to prevent them from obtaining it. The true way is to keep up *the bars*. Not even the Pennsylvania Railroad should be allowed to cast them down, as it is trying to do in this instance.

After all the trouble and expense *that has been incurred* to take the census, we find it pronounced, by reliable authority, a failure. We are *told* that it has been taken in a very loose and unreliable way, and that men notoriously incompetent and corrupt were employed to perform the work.

Of course. But we submit that such *has been the rule with GRANT's administration* ever since it come into power. Whether intentional or not, bad men have always been selected for office, and hence the outrageous manner in which official duties have been performed. A really good man in office, under the GRANT administration, would be a curiosity. He would be put out of countenance by people staring at him.

——The *Tyrone Herald* is terribly afflicted because Gen. BLAIR was elected United States Senator from Missouri—we suppose because BLAIR is able, talented and *white*. At least, we don't remember that the *Herald* had anything objectionable to offer when the darkey REVELS was sent to the Senate, or when those three or four niggers from South Carolina were elected to the House. The *Herald* is a very fair paper, on its own side.

The End of the French Empire.

The end has come. France has fallen. Paris has surrendered. This was the news brought to us in Monday's papers, and latter intelligence confirms it all. JULES FAVRE and Count BISMARK have agreed upon terms at last, and all France, with the exception of Gen. BOURBAKI's army has been surrendered to the Prussians. The Paris forts are now occupied by the German troops, and the [illegible] lately under the command of TROCHU, are prisoners behind the walls they so long defended. Thus has the mighty struggle culminated in the complete overthrow and subjugation of the late lately vast and powerful French Empire.

The articles of the surrender, as dictated by Count BISMARK, embrace the following principal conditions:

First. The cession by France to Germany of the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Second. The cession of one colony which has not yet been designated.

Third. The payment by France to Germany of [illegible] as a [illegible] money indemnity [illegible]

Fourth. The [illegible] in favor of the city of P[illegible]

The news of the capitulation created intense excitement in Paris, and there was a good deal of rioting and disorder, which however, was soon suppressed. At Bordeaux, of course, there was rejoicing, and we have no doubt that even in France, now that the worst has come, there will be a general feeling of satisfaction at the termination of the war. Humanity, civilization, we hope, may now look at the horrors behind them, and may Heaven grant that it may be many years before another such a fearful war shall visit the earth again.

In connection with FAVRE's acceptance of the terms submitted by BISMARCK, Prussia agrees to recognize the French Republic, and will treat *at once with the Republican Government*, as soon as delegates can be elected to the French constituent assembly.

Gen. LONGSTREET says that MEADE fought the greatest battle of the war at Gettysburg. This is high praise, and we doubt not that General MEADE will appreciate it at its full value.

But how will GRANT like it? He has been accustomed to consider himself the hero of the struggle and has been flattered and tickled so much that he imagines himself the second CAESAR. LONGSTREET, too, holds his lucrative office as collector at New Orleans from GRANT, and we think it is a little rough for him to go and talk this way. ULYSSES had better see about this. LONGSTREET must be taught that it won't do to place MEADE before GRANT. It turns out that the Orleans family are intriguing for the throne of France. This house has long been waiting to have a finger in the French pie, but thus far have been unsuccessful. Now that BONAPARTE is down and *France threatens to become permanently* a Republic, they are at it again. Better have NAPOLEON, a thousand *times over, than any member of this* scheming, intriguing, treacherous family.

——JOHN HANLON, the wretched murderer of little MARY MOHRMANN, was *hung in Philadelphia on the 1st* instant. He met his fate stonically, asserting that he was prepared to die, *and asking forgiveness of all whom he* had ever wronged. The murder of little mary MOHRMANN, who was only six years of age, was committed on Sunday evening, September 6, 1868. The villain first decoyed her away from her mother's house, after which he outraged her person in an alley, and then endeavored to cover up the evidences of his crime by murdering his victim and throwing her body into a *pond*. For this horrible crime he was hung on Wednesday. They may tell us as much as they please that HANLON *was repentant* and died happy, but if such scoundrels go to Heaven, what is the use of *keeping up the other place?* In our opinion, it is just such wretches as this for whom the hottest *corner ought to be reserved.*

——The February number of *Leisure Hours*, edited *and published* by TRAINOR KING, 501 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has been received. It *contains interesting* biographies of Hon. WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Senate, and of Hon. J. H. WEBB, Speaker of the House, with portraits, besides much other interesting matter. *Leisure Hours is a good magazine*, and is fast gaining in popular favor. Price $2,00 a year.

——*Our cotemporary*, of the Lewistown *Democrat* proposes to publish a new paper to be called *Fast Line Jottings*. If its character is to be in keeping with its name, of course it will be just the reverse of the *Democrat*.

What Next?

The Paper says that the vote taken in France was on the occasion of the *plebiscite*, and, as most of our readers will remember, the vote was an overwhelming endorsement of NAPOLEON III. Since that, great events have transpired; war has brought calamities and woes *untold*: *in the wreck* and carnage the NAPOLEON dynasty went down, and out of chaos and terror sprang up, *in an hour, the new republic*. BISMARCK throughout claimed that there was no republic, basing his declaration on the ground that the government of FAVRE and CAVAIGNAC had not received the sanction or endorsement of the French people at the ballot box. Notwithstanding the truth of this, the people of France did endorse the republic by supporting its men and measures *to the fullest extent, and now* we have WILLIAM treating with the provisional government for the surrender of Paris and the conclusion of hostilities. The government at Bordeaux, in order to make itself secure against [illegible] to restore the prisoner of Wilhelmshohe to imperial honors, has called for a general election for the national chambers. The voting will commence on the 8th of February and the newly elected members will meet in Paris on the 15th, when the subject *of the future form of government for* France will be taken up and decided.

It is really impossible at this writing to guess what the result will be. The people of France are a mercurial set and may perform a great many antics before even the 8th of February arrives. It is well known, however, that BISMARCK favors the restoration of NAPOLEON, and we would not be greatly surprised if the prisoner of Ham and Wilhelmshohe should end his days upon the throne he has struggled so *hard to reach*.

The Huntingdon *Globe* wants us to lend it our optics "to see what the Legislature has done since the first of January?" And then it goes on to answer itself by saying that "*one month* has dragged its slow length along and absolutely nothing has been accomplished." *Well, then, what are you* growling about? If nothing has been done, then no harm has been done, other than the wasting of so much valuable time. Better waste the time, however, than to misimprove it. As for the "one month that has dragged its slow length along," it has "got up and got" just about as fast as any other month that has 31 days in it. We think it went fast enough—a good deal too fast for us. But then the *Globe* fellows are all such *fast* chaps that even Time itself does go quick enough.

As for that little railroad bill you speak about, we can't say that we exactly *understand to what you refer*. But, if it wasn't right, why didn't your Radical fellows in the House defeat it? *You know you have ten of a majority* there now, and the biggest half of the bad legislation will be laid at your door, as a matter of course. The Democracy are only responsible for what goes through the Senate. You fellows can't saddle your nasty House tricks upon us.

——About Senator BUCKALEW the Radical journals just now have some very bitter things to say, and all because he was chairman of the Committee that made such an unfavorable report on the claim of LYNDALL to Col DECHERT's seat. But the Senator can stand it, we guess. He has considerable more brains than all the Radical members of the Senate put together, and it don't matter to him, particularly, what that party says about him. Mr. BUCKALEW is a lawyer of eminent ability and a man whose private and public character is above reproach. He knew what he was talking about when he made that report, and the silly comments of Radical newspapers upon his action in the matter are as nothing to him. He looks for commendation to the people—not to the paid advocates of political prostitution.

——The *Southern Magazine* for February has been received. It is published by Murdoch, Browne & Hill, at 166 Baltimore street, Baltimore, and is one of the best magazines in the country. The yearly price is $4,00, but it is fully worth it, as it contains 256 pages of solid matter. Every northern man ought to have a copy of this *Southern Magazine* in his family, monthly.

——For a long time there has been a war of words, in reference to the late EDWIN M. STANTON, in the *Galaxy magazine*, between Judge BLACK, of this State, and Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts. In the last letter of Judge BLACK's, however, the Senator is completely used up. BLACK is too much for him. It is the fight of a pigmy against a giant.

The Radicals Wisely Counseled.

The *Huntingdon Globe* treats its Radical readers to a short homily upon their duty, this week, taking as its text our remarks upon its opinion of the Legislature. The *Globe* does well to counsel its party, and we are glad to perceive that its remarks are founded upon wisdom. Had the Radical party a score or two of journals, as honest and independent as the *Globe*, there might be some hope of a reformation in that direction. But the trouble is, that party pays no heed to *wise counsel, but goes ahead* loosely, recklessly and defiantly. So it happens that it at last finds itself in the mud, and sinking deeper every day. Well, let it sink. The quicker it gets in over head and ears, the quicker will the people be relieved from the terrible incubus that now rests upon their energies.

The remarks of the *Globe* are so *pertinent that we republish them* for the benefit of our Centre county Radicals. It says:

The Bellefonte Democrat, a Democratic paper—intensely so—is elated over our article last week, giving a comparison of the members of the Senate and House. Of course, the *Watchman* does right in catching at any "straw" in the wind, but at the same *time we intended our remarks not so* much for the interest of Democrats as *we did for the good of the Republicans*. We, as Republicans, have been too much overjoyed at past successes, and that overjoy has been the partial cause of our recent disasters. We, like the ancient Romans, have become proud and vain, and our members have *caught the infection. Relying upon* their great majority, they have swept things with too loose a hand, and the people in consequence, have shown the party that there is reason in all things, and a limit to forbearance. The Democrats, on the other hand, are working assiduously to *retrieve their lost honors*, and every nerve is stretched for *the overthrow of Republican power*. Republicans will do well to perceive and know this fact, and our members in Congress and the Legislature should so act that nothing they may do will be construed into an attempt to subvert the will of the people into conformity with their *own notions*. Selfishness and greed of further power among Re*publican officials* has resulted in the overthrow of the Republican party in many States and districts recently, and if the evil is not remedied, we will lose power altogether, from the Chief Magistrate down.

Precepts vs. Practice.

The people of New *England*, says an exchange, almost unanimously voted for the equalization of race for the perpetuation of Radical rule, yet they do not practice what they preach. They, among themselves, cling to caste, particularly to the aristocracy of wealth, whether attained through the profits of the river trade, or the African slave trade, or the high tariff, or untaxed property in the shape of war debt bonds. They can snuff the African afar off, and, like Wendell Philips, keep the dusky son of toil from between the wind and their nobility. They are the codfish aristocracy, the shoddy aristocrats, who never suffer poor, but honest men or women either, to enter their front doors, or loll in their parlors, or intimacy with their sons and daughters. We subjoin the following faint picture, colored of course, as furnished by one Dr. Holland, a *New Englander*, to Scribner's magazine:

"While our fine New England girls are bemoaning the lack of young men, and the scarcity of beaux who are marriageable and *mean marriage, there is* a class of young men whom they do *not recognize* at all, yet who will furnish to the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, of position and of wealth. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and they are to day, drudging in offices, and counting rooms, and [illegible] and machine shops, and print[illegible] *establishments, the* [illegible] who, in twenty five years, will [illegible] the nation socially, politically and financially.

Every [illegible] of them means to be married; they will, as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily *improved by* [illegible] and by bringing them into *good, intelligent society*; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many *dogs*. Virtuous young men from the country go into the city, and live for years without any society, are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt; but those young men have a hold upon the future; and when their success is won, in whatever field of *enterprise* it may be, the fashionable will be glad to claim *them as belonging* to their own number. We regret to say that, as a rule, the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers, amount to but little in the world; and we rejoice to say that companions chosen from those who have their fortunes to make and their position to win, are those to whom a well bred woman can generally with safety entrust her happiness and herself."

——Ben Butler sustained a signal defeat on Tuesday, in his attempt to keep out Hon. S. A. Corker, Representative elect from the fifth Georgia district. Notwithstanding Butler's passionate appeals to party prejudices, Corker was admitted by a large majority.

HARPER'S *Weekly* publishes a portrait of Gen. SCHENCK, the new minister to England, which will not be apt to captivate the fancy of the people. According to that, he is one of the ugliest and most villainous looking men in America, *and will be likely* to create a sensation at the court of St. James. We hope, for the honor of the country, that SCHENCK is better than he looks, for, if he is not, our interests at the English court have been confided to very bad hands. The HARPERS ought to be bastinadoed for printing such a rascally looking portrait.

The Lancaster *Intelligencer*, in some remarks in reference to the Auditor *Generalship, takes occasion* to refer to our distinguished fellow townsman, Mr. SHUGERT, in the following complimentary terms:

Hon. H. T. Shugert of Centre County, has been very favorably spoken of as a candidate for Auditor General. He is a man of ability *and of the most unquestioned* integrity and purity of character. He was fairly elected to represent the double district in which he lives, in the State Senate, three years ago, and was cheated out of his seat but by a swindle which was *manipulated by John Cessna*. Mr. Shugert would make a gallant fight.

——It is rumored that both Senators MORTON and SUMNER will oppose any further reconstruction of the South. We hope this is true, but we are not yet prepared to believe it. When such unscrupulous *Radicals*, as the two Senators above mentioned, agree to let the South alone, there will *indeed be a hope of* better and brighter days.

The United States Treasury.

In Washington!

At last they tell us that the United States Treasury is in Washington.

Then we read of the amount of money therein contained. The people look to forged, doctored and *unreliable* reports, shake their heads and nod them, and say, all is well.

Public officers are defaulters every day, but the United States Treasury is good for it, and so the robbery goes on! But the Treasury is not in Washington. It is in the arms and good muscles of American laborers.

No matter what their *politics*, native or foreign born, Christian or infidel, *Jew or Gentile*, white or black.

The Treasury of this country is not located at Washington.

It is in the factories of New England, on the prairies in the West, in the rice and cotton fields of the *South*, on the rivers and lakes, sailing off inland seas, in the *forest*, *handling* the axe, in the room where women prick *the record of their wants* into the ends of their fingers, in the mines, the fields, the shops, the offices, the stores, the business places of the land.

Let every arm that labors to day be stricken with palsy *or paralysis*, and then tell us where will be the United States Treasury to morrow!

Let death overtake the exempt aristocrats who live in idleness and draw interest on their bonds to night, and see how much less will be our labor to morrow!

Let the prison doors close upon the thieves, *plunderers, and tax pocketers* now in power, under the protection of the President, whose partners are thieves, and see how many millions will be saved to the Treasury of the United States—to the workingmen at once!

Every workingman in the land is the Treasury to a certain extent. The money to pay for Government is like the blood drawn from his stout arm.

Every idler who pays no taxes is a robber of the Treasury, and it is for the living, breathing, working, enduring, humanized Treasury to say if it shall protect itself; or suffer the robbery, corruption, and weakness of the nation to go on. Let the "Treasury Department" look *well to this matter* before this time in the coming year.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

——A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of an interview with B. F. Wade, one of the San Domingo commissioners, in reference to his accompanying the expedition.

The President finally ordered that I should go. The *Governor* (Morton) directed me to take my letters to Mr. Wade who, with his son, was stopping with Vice President Colfax. This was on Sunday, and the Vice President is a pious man; still I ventured, and ringing the bell at the little white house on Lafayette Square, the blackest kind of an enfranchised, or reconstructed feminine, came to the door, with the whitest kind of a young Colfax in her arms.

The family had all gone to church, Mr. Wade and his son with them, and would not be back "fore 1 o'clock, sartin." I started for the Arlington, and had gone but a little way before I met Messrs. Wade and son. I handed the letter to Mr. Wade, *sr.*, as directed by the Governor. He looked it over briefly *and said*: "Are you the man accredited from the *Commercial* to go on this expedition?" "I am." "Is your name J——?" "It is." "Well, your men there are a pack of damned guerrillas, but the President has directed me to pass you. You will meet me on board the vessel in New York, to morrow." "Very well," said I; "I will walk over to the Arlington, and see Mr Platt, and complete my arrangements for leaving this evening." "Damn Platt is another damned pretty guerrilla," and that was the last I heard of Brother Wade till I saw him at the train.

We hope the *Commercial* will not feel jealous at the partiality shown by Mr. Wade in designating it only as a "d——d guerrilla," while he calls the *Cleveland Leader* "the damndest, meanest paper in the State." The *Leader* still wears the belt.