

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLE FONTE, PA.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 13, 1868.

Not Beaten!

No, not beaten, Democrats! We have only not won! We have moved upon the enemy's works, but have failed to carry them. But we are not routed, thank God! Our lines are unbroken, our spirit unshaken, our courage as high as ever! We are still a great army, of nearly three millions of men, with nothing lost in the present campaign, and the same objects to contend for that we have just failed to win.

The fight goes on! It must go on! We cannot give it up! This broad continent, baptized in the blood of the martyrs who made us free, and which was thereby not only dedicated as an inheritance of freedom to their posterity, but left as a free-will offering to all others of their own high, leading, governing race, of whatever nationality, who should become incorporated into the citizenship of the Republic, cannot be surrendered to despotic military rule, and made the home of a mongrelized, debased, low-browed race of political slaves!

No, never! By the Heavens above us, and the blood-soaked, sacred soil beneath our feet, this shall never be! We come of a stock which spurns the chain and defies the tyrant!

Then stand to your arms, white men of America! Though the victory is not won, the cause is not lost! You are still as great, as strong as ever! You have still a country, homes, children, liberty, in chains, still beckons you to her rescue! God of our fathers! Can we hold back from such a solicitation? Can we give over the struggle while freedom is denied us? Shall one-half the Union be surrendered to African barbarism, and the whole to the tyrant's sway? Will we become the willing slaves of money-kings, and learn to speak

"In a bondman's key, With bated breath and whispering humbleness?" Perish the thought! Trample on the suggestion, and curse the source from which it comes. The grand, heroic, old Democratic party, ever the party of the country, of the Constitution, of Liberty, is not dead. Its work is not done. Its glory is not dimmed. Its scepter is not forever departed! Born with the Republic, ever true to it, bearing it onward in its strong arms, and guiding it by its enlightened and patriotic councils for seventy years, in honor, freedom, prosperity, and greatness, it is the only historical party of the country, it is the only guardian of the Constitution, it is the only hope of Liberty! It cannot die, and the Republic live! They are bound in a common fate, as they are linked in a common history!

Then, to the Democracy of the Union, we say: do not lay down your arms, retire not from the field from which the enemy has fallen! We have you, but hold fast to your lines, put your array in order, look well to the condition of your arms, keep your powder dry, and still face and press the foe. Advance the fight, and keep it red hot! Let every man feel that he is enlisted for the war, and resolve that the war shall never end until the flag be conquered, and freedom be won!

Remember that it is a battle for life! For the life of the Republic! Aye, and for the lives of your children, who, if we do not save them, will be in their hands! Then pick up your rifles, and make the fight as desperate as the case is urgent. Be every man a hero, with but one thought—to save his country and make it again the land of the free!

No fear, no doubting, the soldier shall know, When here stands his country, and yonder her foe. One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky. One glance where our banner floats glorious on high. Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey. Let the sword flash on high, slaying the weak, hard way!

Roll on like the thunderbolt over the plain! We come back in glory, or come not again! —New York Democrat

A Villainous Bargain—Brownlow a Partner in the Profits of His Own Proclamation.

During the late term of the Circuit Court at Smithville, DeKalb county, Judge McLean presiding, a murder case was tried, on which Judge Mansen M. Brien, of this city, was engaged. In the course of his argument, Judge Brien made the startling declaration that "there is a regular partnership existing between William G. Brownlow and Colonel Blackburn, on the following terms: That the said Colonel Blackburn shall arrest and convey to Nashville all men in that section of the State who are accused of horse stealing, murder, and other crimes, and that when they have arrived in Nashville, and before they are tried, Brownlow shall offer a reward for their arrest. Brownlow and Blackburn divide the money between them, sharing equally in the profits arising from Brownlow's recent proclamation." Judge Brien elicited this statement from the evidence of Colonel Blackburn. He denounced the partnership as "a species of infamy heretofore unknown," and further stated that he "expected to be assassinated for exposing the parties and that the speech he was then making was the last he ever expected to be permitted to make at the bar." —Nashville Banner, October 18.

The Hartsville Vindicator says of this villainous conspiracy:

The case in all its horrible details was brought to light in open court at Smithville, before the Hon. Judge McLean, and from his well-known zeal in punishing illegal acts, it is fair to presume that the name of William G. Brownlow will soon figure in the list of indictments by the DeKalb county Grand Jury, and that he will learn that such exemplification of "loyalty" will not be allowed in the Mountain Circuit and especially in the chivalrous county of DeKalb.

"Reconstruction" in Louisiana—A Northern Man's Statement of the Condition of Affairs There.

What is the result of these Congressional reconstruction measures? They are in the full tide of success here to-day, and we are reaping the fruits. Behold them: A young gentleman from Illinois is our Governor; a big buck nigger is our Lieutenant Governor, and we have a Legislature composed chiefly of negroes and scoundrels. Bargain and sale, corruption and theft, stalk about in broad daylight; and all jobs have their price, and both are bought and sold as readily and as openly as any other marketable commodity. State warrants are at forty, fifty, and sixty per cent discount; and what they lack in value is made up by the quantity issued—not so much to the advantage of the State, but somewhat so to those who issue them. Let me cite an example of the way in which affairs are conducted in that august assemblage, the Legislature. The Senate, very properly, has an enrollment committee. That committee, of course, needs a clerk. They have them, to the number of nine—one chief clerk and eight subordinates, employed at the moderate rate of eight dollars per day for the chief clerk, and seven dollars a day for the remainder, making a total of sixty-four dollars per day for enrollment, which is all done by one clerk, and he only working part of the evening; devoting his time during the day principally to playing a very good amateur game of billiards, and a very scientific game of pool, if any of your readers hands in said enrolled bills next morning what that is the chief clerk, with a polite bow, which costs the State of Louisiana eight dollars apiece. Politeness pays, of course it does; who can doubt it after such a brilliant example, eight dollars per day for a morning bow? This is our State Government. The city government assimilates. We have an importation for chief of police; a police force of negroes, mulattoes, creoles, half-breeds and whites, large enough to protect the city against a foreign invasion; and yet not a single night passes that is not filled with burglaries, robberies, shooting affrays, murders, and other crimes. They do make arrests occasionally—give the d—l his just due, a straggling vigilante, a valiant chicken thief, or a stealing pickpocket strikes the police court, and attests the prowess of our watchful police. These are the immediate production of congressional legislation. What are the results? As a prominent banker, an ex-Mayor of the city, remarked in conversation with me, "We are in constant fear and danger. This continued excitement is destroying our business and trade. No man's life is secure. No man's property is secure. We know not when we will be called upon to protect the one or sacrifice the other. Our families are a constant source of anxiety to us, as we are liable at any moment to be involved in a most bitter, most destructive warfare, and the pity, the complicity of the leniency of a mob, are they not proverbial? Do not rage—lust, murder, and robbery guide their every movement." And such a mob too! Ignorant, vagabond negroes, led by white thieves and rascals! Would they not ravish our wives, violate our daughters, and slaughter our children? And the result is how I should like to threaten storm. We are all anxious to avert this impending calamity, but the excitement is so great that the least thing will bring it upon us. Some new-boy will fly a stone into their ranks, and it will light the torch; or a regicidal will fire a pistol in the air, and the report will have scarcely died away, ere the city will echo with a thousand rills. Are not the negroes prepared, drilled and armed? Let but a policeman's whistle sound, and they flock out of every street, by-ways, and back alleys in swarms of hundreds, eager, ruddy and anxious for the fray. For what purpose? Robbery, lust and plunder. Too ignorant, too infatuated to see, to know that it must result in their own destruction, but not until many a dwelling has been burned and sacked, many a woman violated, and many a child killed and mutilated, by the furious, raging passions of a brutal, lawless, murderous mob. It is no wonder that half our stores are closed, money locked up, or invested in other places—the little we may have left our wharves vacated, our commerce destroyed, our manufactures closed, our mechanics and workmen starving. There is no security for life, there is no security for property, there is no inducement for any one to invest his time or his money in business here, where one-half the population prey upon the other half, nor will there be until this question of reconstruction shall be firmly settled upon an enduring basis—until some judgment, some good common sense, is shown in the settlement of it. Negro suffrage is an ignis fatuus, leading to our destruction. Why, military government is preferable, a hundred times preferable, to the financial ruin of the State through the thievery and corruption of an ignorant and rascally Legislature; to the destruction of our business, our commerce, our manufactures, and our trade. Why, sir, immediately after the war, our revival from the prostration of the rebellion was wonderful; and, until this negro infatuation commenced, we were getting along prosperously; but since then, trade and business have almost entirely ceased, and five-sixths of the population of New Orleans are ruined men, owning not a dollar in the world. Why, sir, the administration of General Rousseau, if he was only allowed to administer the affairs of our State, would be considered a positive blessing. We would be relieved from this state of perpetual fear and excitement; we would be secure in our possessions; business would revive; and New Orleans would be again blessed with prosperity and power, and once more take her place as the great commercial city of the southwest, the centre of trade and commerce. And such is the condition of affairs—the fruits of congressional reconstruction—the harvest which the Mongrels have compelled us to reap. A more illiberal, destructive, pernicious policy was never devised; and its only result can be entire destruction of the financial interests of the South, the ruin of trade—the end of business—till, instead of being able to support our own institutions, and contribute to the national right, we shall become a class of beggars, requiring assistance, instead of giving it, and you of the North will have

to bear the burden. It does not require a great deal of foresight to announce the final result. Weighed down, as you are, with "doubt and taxes, the North will finally repudiate these pernicious doctrines more liberal treatment will be granted us; and, in a united country, under the Constitution, and through constitutional measures only, we will solve the great question of republican government." —Chicago Times.

Three Negroes Exultant—Determined to Vote in Pennsylvania.

The following call for a Negro National Convention we find in the Harrisburg Telegraph, the State organ of the Radicals.

AN APPEAL—Fellow citizens of Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster, York, Cumberland, Franklin, Perry, Snyder, and Schuylkill Counties—BROTHERS:—A National Convention of colored men will be held in Washington, D. C. on the second Wednesday in January (approaching) 1869. The necessity for such a movement at the time stated will be found apparent in the fact, that though we have borne the heat and burden of the day; held aloft the flag of patriotism under severest trials; more than once moistened the soil with the warm rich blood of our countrymen, thousands of whom went down to death bravely defending the honor of the Nation's flag, and today sleep beneath Southern soil, in unknown graves, yet, in some of the States of our Union (which, thank God, none have loved more than we have) we are partially, and in others totally excluded from the privilege of the ballot box—still deprived of the right of trial by a jury of our peers, and compelled to suffer taxation for the support of schools and other institutions, in which we are allowed no lot nor place and from which we receive comparatively no benefit.

This proposed National Convention promises to be one of wonderful importance—in fact, the grandest gathering ever held in the United States, by colored men—and it is of the utmost importance that all of our interests shall be fully represented, with the best moral strength, wisdom, intelligence and ability we possess. To this end we should meet and counsel, we should have a thorough interchange of views upon the policy to be pursued, the subjects to be discussed, and issues to be understood. We therefore invite and urge you, Brethren to meet in Mass. Convention, at Harrisburg, Pa., on Friday, at 10 o'clock a. m. the 11th day of November next ensuing, and let us send such a sound from the Capital of our State as will thrill with enthusiasm the hearts and energies of our people throughout its limits? Come prepared with business. Let every town, village, and hamlet in your respective counties be represented. Come from the hillsides, mountain fastnesses and plains.

Let each valley and sequestered plain, Enter its little bands of men, and send them forward to speak for justice? Come like brothers linked in a common destiny, and let us spend one day in a common cause—in a grand struggle for our liberties! Let us have a grand reunion and a happy shout in the Capital of the Old Keystone State!

O. L. C. Huggins, Thomas J. Lovell, Rev. J. Carter, Rev. John Davis, Jacob T. Cruty, H. Burk, Martin Perry, Levi Fryer, Wm. B. Carlyle, Franklin Duffin, J. R. C. Smith, Richard Garrison, Joseph B. Popel, George W. Higgins, Geo. W. Sanderson, D. B. Chester, Wm. H. Rex, Wm. Carl, Wm. H. Vincent, M. Dixon, Geo. H. Brice, Samuel D. Bennett, Jonathan Betz, John Davis, Z. Johnson, Samuel W. Popel, S. L. M. D. neil, Walter W. Williams, Wm. Toop, John A. Rice, Robert Barnitz, D. M. Robinson, Rev. Geo. Beechey, V. M. Brown, Joseph Snively, M. Gattor, James Miller, James Thomas, Wm. Giles, Elias M. Stanton, H. J. Clark, Jos. C. Reynolds, E. C. Lumb, and H. B. Bennett, Middletown, Pa.

Governor Smith, of Alabama, on Reports of Violence—An Answer to a Radical Falsehood by a Radical Governor.

Governor William H. Smith, Radical Governor of Alabama, spoke at Lafayette, Chambers County, on the 11th inst. In his speech he put the following clenching denial upon the greater part of the Radical capital in trade.

Exaggerated reports may have gone North about outrages, and the damage to Union men. I have always been a Union man. I never professed any other, and never except from 1862 to 1865, have I been afraid to go anywhere I wanted to, in this community. With that exception I have always felt safe here.

I have looked on the people of Alabama as a people who were disposed to abide by the law, except when engaged in hostilities to the Government of the United States, and I have so represented them on all occasions. Of course there have been many violations of the law, by desperate characters, and I have blamed the people in some localities for not punishing offenders. Not long ago the Legislature passed a resolution calling upon the President of the United States for troops to assist the civil authorities. This was done on account of some trouble, chiefly in the valley of the Tennessee River. I did not feel called upon to vote that resolution; but I did deem it my duty to do what they requested me and that was to go to Washington City with the committee, and I went. I went to represent truthfully the condition of affairs in Alabama. I saw the President and told him, as I told all the news papers reporters, and every body else who spoke with me on the question, that a large portion of the people, I would say more than nine-tenths, were disposed to be peaceable, quiet, law-abiding citizens; and that so far as I was concerned, I did not believe it was necessary, in very much the larger portion of the State, to have any military force for the preservation of law and order. I went to say that, so far as I am concerned, I never have misrepresented the people of this country, and I never will, if I know it. Whether people thank me for it is no matter. It was an honest duty that I did in making these representations.

A couple of white men were beaten the other day in Washington because they refused to drink with negroes

Had There Been no Republican Party.

"If there had been no Republican Party, slavery would to-day cast its baleful shadow over the Republic." —Schenck's Colfax.

Had there been no Republican party, five hundred thousand true-hearted, vigorous American citizens would not now be sleeping in their eternal sleep.

Had there been no Republican Party, one-third of our sovereign States would not to-day be laid waste, its masters slaves, its slaves masters, and the future full of crushing disaster.

Had there been no Republican Party, ten millions of American people would never have been arrayed against the country that gave them birth, and the Constitution under which they had lived and prospered.

Had there been no Republican Party, "the baleful shadow of slavery" would ere now, have given way to the light of freedom, brought about by peaceful means.

Had there been no Republican Party, a once happy and prosperous people would not now be burdened to the earth with taxation and the heaviest national debt of the world.

Had there been no Republican Party, hundreds of thousands of American citizens would not to-day be at the point of beggary, distressed for the present and alarmed for the future.

Had there been no Republican Party, ten millions of people, bone of our bone, and blood of our blood, having the same ancestry, would not be estranged from the Government, nor be the subjects of a hate and tyrannical oppression unknown in the annals of the civilized world.

Had there been no Republican Party, we should not see the Constitution overthrown and openly set at defiance, the ordinate branches of our Government acting in deadly hostility, and men, whom the people have honored with high position, rioting on the fruits of public plunder, disgracing the positions they hold, by conduct that would damn the public men of any semi-civilized nation on the face of the globe.

Had there been no Republican Party, the groveling, brutish African would not be clothed with rights and privileges he knows not how to exercise, or be arrayed with feelings of fiendish animosity and hatred against those who raised him out of a state of barbarism to a civilization unknown to his race elsewhere on the face of the globe.

Had there been no Republican Party, we should not see our whole people demoralized, our Democratic institutions overthrown, or sadly changed, and a once happy country tottering to its final overthrow and ruin.

Had we never known a Republican Party, the United States would to-day be the happiest, the grandest, and the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth, instead of the distracted, demoralized, degenerated, and corrupted people that we are. Radicalism has cursed America. —L.

Your Money or Your Life, or Both.

During the infamous draft period, the days when the bloated bondholder was heard thanking God that "we had a government," the most vociferous congratulations, that "we had this wonderful thing called a government," came from these same bondholders, who, while they lauded the beneficent government forty cents, took its promise to pay for one hundred cents, and were also able to hire some poor "heuse" to go into the army as food for southern bullets, and thus preserve their own dear carcasses. As the war daily put money into the coffers of the rich men while it tore the poorer men from the bosom of their families, and set them up as targets for the "snice" rifles, the money bloated bondholders North were heard to cry out in the joy of their hearts, at escaping the risk of battle, or the risk of battle on the one hand, and on the splendid opportunity of growing rich out of the war, on the other. And the fervent thanks that "we had a government" went up till the national butchery was brought to a close.

But we would ask the "loyal" money lender, at a hundred and fifty per cent premium, if, when the government dragged men from the bosom of their families, to be sacrificed as food for bullets, it had also demanded the gold from the rich man, on the same terms, a patriotic sacrifice upon the altar of his country, whether he would have "thanked God that he had a government?" If the "government" had sent its myriads into the rich man's house, to bag his gold, and take it to carry on the war, as it clutched the poor man from his starving family for the same purpose, should we have heard the pious howl, "thank God we have a government?" No, sir. You and your friends and your neighbors, and the town, the county, the State would have resisted to a man. Had not the government as good a right to draft your money on sight, as it had to draft your servant or yourself? Most assuredly it had, just as good a right, which was no right at all; and you, Mr. Bondholder, would have fought to protect your money, and it is a most lamentable mistake that you did not have the opportunity. If the war making administration had a constitutional right to take men my force, it had the same right to go into the Wall Street banks and take gold. —New York Day-Book.

COURAGE DEMOCRATS.—Do not talk about waiting four years before we retrieve our defeat, or recover from the result of the late election. In less than two years there will be an election again for members of Congress, and judging from the indications of financial troubles and embarrassments that lie in the path of a reckless and revolutionary Congress we may sweep them out of existence in less than two years from this date. But more than that, let the Democratic party add a few more to their party vote, in the large Northern States, and in one year from this time, change the Northern Legislatures, and the effect will be, as it always has been, to settle all violence and fanaticism in Congress. A popular demonstration of this kind is equal to a Congressional defeat of the Radicals. Then we say to the Democrats all over the land, "Take courage," stand up like men for the Constitution and the Union, and the day will yet come, when it cannot be said, as it now is, that Congress is the Government.

—Dull—business, since the election.

Eloquent Extract.

Writing of the "closing scenes" in the history of General Lee's army, J. Quintin Moore, Esq., thus thrills a chord that will vibrate forever—thus bequeaths a gem to the literature of the South:

"There stood the mournful remnants of that once glorious army, that had dipped its conquering banners in the crimson tide of eight and twenty sanguinary battles, and strewn its heroic slain from the feet of the Pennsylvania mountains to the gates of its own capitol city; that gave Manassas to Beauregard and twined the fame of the Seven Pines' battle in the laurel wreath of Johnston; that had caused the waters of the Shenandoah eternally to murmur the name of Stonewall Jackson; and stretching its right arm out to the distant West, had planted victory on the drooping banners of Bragg; that had witnessed four gigantic campaigns, and through all their shiftings and tragic scenes, and under all difficulties and dangers, had remained steadfast and faithful to the last. And, after having witnessed the rising of the Southern constellation, as it loomed up brightly on the horizon of war, pursuing, to its splendid zenith, the fiery path of Mars, now beheld, not unmoved, its declining splendors going down in the gloom of eternal night. And he, its illustrious chief, whose lofty plume was ever its rallying point in battle, and around whom its affections warmly clustered, now commended it for its past devotion, and bade it adieu forever. Slowly and sadly he rode from that mournful field, and the cause that he fought for was beneath the foot of Power. Few were the eyes that grew not moist at witnessing that departure. It was the agony of a great cause, and in expression in the sublime soul of its great defender. And, though that cause be dead, yet, will its memory continue to live, and ever honored will be those names that were sacrificed at its altars. And, on the scroll of fame, no name among the list of eminent worthies will shine as purer, serener, or more resplendent light than that of Robert Edmund Lee. His fame is monumental. His name will be placed by the side of those of the great captains of history—of Marlborough and Saxe, of Tilly and Eugene; and as long as the fame of the Southern struggle shall linger in tradition and song, will his memory be cherished by the descendants of the Southern races; while his character will stand up in the twilight of history, like some grand old Cathedral, lifting itself in imperishable beauty, above the objects of Earth, majestic in its vast proportions, awful in its solemn statelyness, sublime in its severe simplicity."

Had there been no Republican Party, we should not see the Constitution overthrown and openly set at defiance, the ordinate branches of our Government acting in deadly hostility, and men, whom the people have honored with high position, rioting on the fruits of public plunder, disgracing the positions they hold, by conduct that would damn the public men of any semi-civilized nation on the face of the globe.

Had there been no Republican Party, the groveling, brutish African would not be clothed with rights and privileges he knows not how to exercise, or be arrayed with feelings of fiendish animosity and hatred against those who raised him out of a state of barbarism to a civilization unknown to his race elsewhere on the face of the globe.

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OUR SHOTGUN.

—The colored Radical convention nuisance after a session of three days in Macon, Ga., has adjourned.

—The late session of the carpet-bag legislature of Louisiana will cost \$5,000,000!

—Gov. Bullock, of Georgia, has issued a proclamation suspending the collection of poll tax until after the next regular session of the Legislature.

—The Californians are for a bill to abolish Chinamen. Well, get the Rump at it. They can abolish everything except dowry of all sorts and sizes.

—Where is Greeley? A negro has been sent to the House of Correction for stoning a Democratic procession. This "outrage" calls for some special act of Congress.

—The Mongrel party in Ohio allowed 8,500 negroes to vote illegally in this and disfranchised 4,000 white voters in Philadelphia in the October election. The man who sustains such a party, if he is not himself a negro, he ought to be.

—The Monrels of Indiana had to throw out all the white votes of an entire precinct in the town of Richmond, in order to re-elect the rascal, Julian, to Congress. Richmond must be a good place to live in—for negroes.

—Anything like a fair election, there are one-third more Democratic votes in the United States than ever before. Let themselves look at that fact, and then answer if there is any just cause for discouragement!

—Butler has a bottle of wine 104 years old, which he pretends a Southern gentleman gave him. More likely some Southern cellar gave it to him when the gentleman was absent. These Southern cellars were very liberal to Butler.

—A crippled soldier on the New York Central Road has been arrested for selling political badges without license. His sin consisted in reporting the excess of Seymour badges over the Grant article sold.

—The Mongrel press is very fond of calling Democrats "repudiators." But see what the negro party has done in that line. The poor who deposited gold in 1863 can draw nothing but greenbacks in 1868, which are worth about one-third less than gold. This is a nice party to talk about repudiation!

—The Philadelphia Evening Bell, the great Eastern organ of radicalism, detects Irishmen as thoroughly as the Chicago Post. The Bulletin says: "It would be better to place the franchise in the hands of the most stupid negroes, than to give it to these men, who not only do not comprehend our institutions, but are utterly incapable of doing so."

—Hacking and scalping the dead is an amusement about which the police and a couple of the radical party are busy. The dead body of Howell's son, a day or two in the hands of a party of scalps.

—The World, the London Standard, and the great Eastern organ of radicalism, detects Irishmen as thoroughly as the Chicago Post. The Bulletin says: "It would be better to place the franchise in the hands of the most stupid negroes, than to give it to these men, who not only do not comprehend our institutions, but are utterly incapable of doing so."

—The Louisville Journal says that "the last games of the great game of the world" were played in the city of Louisville, on the 11th inst. The circumstances as related to this reporter at police headquarters, are as follows:

Wednesday morning last, Mrs. Phelps, an old lady sixty years of age, residing near Wraggs Swamp, about three miles from town, between the Dauphin and Government street roads, came to the city early yesterday morning for the purpose of making a few purchases. On her return home with a sack of mail, and accompanied by her son, a little boy of thirteen, she was stopped about ten A. M. when about half a mile from the city, by three negroes, who relieved her of her mail. After doing this the negroes consulted together for a short time, after which one of them seized their victim, and dragging her to one side of the road, perpetrated a diabolical outrage. The boy had a pistol presented at his head, and was made to keep quiet under threats of instant death. Hearing a fire a short distance off, and the attention of the negro villains being distracted, the boy managed to make his escape, and proceeded as fast as legs could carry him in the direction of the report. After going a short distance he fell in with a young man named John Loline, was out gunning.

Relating to him what had befallen his mother, Mr. Loline promptly accompanied him, and upon arriving at the scene of the outrage found the negroes gone and the lady lying in the middle of the road in an unconscious state. She was taken to her house and her wants attended to. The negroes, finding that their deeds of lawlessness and outrage, in nine cases out of ten, go unpunished, are daily growing bold, and effective measures should be at once adopted to meet out to the black scoundrels who are running riot through the community, perpetrating deeds that would make devils blush, a punishment that would effectually deter others from like offenses.

The matter was referred by the Mayor, in writing, to the Radical Sheriff Granger, and no action has yet been taken by him to ferret out the guilty parties. By delay the negro villains will be allowed ample time to effect their escape and avoid the punishment which they so richly deserve. —Mobile Register.

—William Lloyd Garrison, at the last anti-slavery convention, moved "That the publication of the Anti Slavery Standard be discontinued. Now that slavery is abolished, our labor is done." "No, no, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Phelps, Greeley, Anna Dickinson and others; "Our work is not yet finished; we have yet a great work before us; we want that the negro shall vote and hold office; we want that he shall be put upon the same footing and equality in every respect with the white man."

—A practical solution of the female suffrage question has just been made in England. Thirty-three women in the parish of Ashford, East Kent, and two others in the East Riding of Yorkshire, have obtained the right to vote. Their names happened to be enrolled on the registry of voters, and the revising barister decided that in the absence of any objection he could not erase them.

—Indiana has 11 members, of whom 8 are radicals and 3 democrats.

—Notwithstanding the Constitution of Ohio prohibits the negro from voting, in several districts where the Radicals had a majority of the election boards every negro vote offered was accepted and counted. This is Radical respect for law.

—Throp of the leading colored radicals of St. Martinsville, La., publish a card in the Teche Courier, announcing their withdrawal from all participation in politics. They do this, they say, that they may live on terms of amity with their old white friends.

—A negro named Steve Lawrence was arrested in Memphis the other day for complicity in several murders and robberies, and confessed that he was one of a regularly organized gang for robbery and murder of Democrats. He was committed for trial. Such is loyalty.

—Carpet-bag Governors are selling a new fashion in the South. Gov. Scott of South Carolina, it is said, travels about over the State in company with a woman of color well-known in Charleston. One paper says he thinks if the Governor will have a colored female for a traveling companion, she should at least be respectable.