

The Democratic Watchman.

BY F. GRAY WEEK.

Terms, \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, June 4, 1869.

Light from the West.

There is now working an element which will one day produce a result most devoutly to be wished, to wit: the emancipation of the West from the chains in which New England has cunningly bound her, and a coalition of those portions of our country which have been sundered upon abstractions, and kept divided by the devices of those whose interests were served by the division. The West and the South are natural allies, and in nothing has the diabolical cunning of New England been more cheaply displayed, than in the work of arming against each other these two sections, between which the natural ties of union are so strong. The most superficial observer can see at a glance that the South and West being both producing countries, and both having the finest agricultural resources in the world, are naturally bound together by the strongest ties which can exist in the political world. And in the same views, no one can fail to see that the interests of both these great sections are antagonistic to New England. The country of wooden nutmegs and "great moral ideas" is capable of producing little from her barren soil, while she has the most splendid facilities for manufacturing that are any where in the world. She wants high tariffs upon her manufactured articles, while she desires to purchase the productions of the rest of the country at the very lowest figure. It is unnecessary to elaborate this idea, for it is only necessary to call attention to the existing facts to have them fully understood by all thinking persons.

With these facts before us, how strange a condition of affairs is presented when we look over the history of the country for the past nine years, and then glance at the situation in which things now stand. Did New England deliberately plunge this great country into war, and produce all the blood shed and suffering we have experienced, for the sole purpose of acquiring the dominion she has exercised ever since the war began? One thing is sure, it was New England ideas, propagated by New England men and papers, in violation of the spirit and letter of the constitution of the country, which planted hate in the hearts of brothers and led to war. And there is no record of any sectional difficulty ever arising between men of the different sections where the origin of it cannot be directly traced to New England. Whether all the agitation and deliberate systematic teaching of thirty years was meant to produce the war and give the controlling power into the hands which now yield it or not, no better means could have been employed, and when we see the rest of the country suffering intensely while New England thrives and fattens on their losses, it is strong presumptive evidence that she deliberately, and in the spirit of the devil, used the very means employed to produce the very result which has been attained. But it does not matter for our present purpose whether the end now before us was reached by the employment of means carefully prepared, or whether it is merely an accidental result of the workings of human affairs. In either case, the necessities of the country would demand a change, and the duty of the people would be to produce it. After the change is made, it will be well to consider the degree of guilt for which the authors of all our miseries must be called to an account.

But the hour is rapidly coming on when the great load which is crushing the mighty West to the earth will be cast off. The murmur which began a year ago is increasing to a universal roar of anguish and hate, and the time is not far distant when the South and West will stand shoulder to shoulder against the usurpations of New England, and strike for once a downright blow for that liberty which they love, but which the West has so poorly understood.

As surely as nature still works in her great realm, let politicians and tricksters do what they may, so surely will relief come, if from no where else, from the stricken and enslaved people of the West. The foothold obtained in the early settlement of the great States, beyond the Ohio by the ever-busy Puritans was a firm one, and only the most bitter experience, like that they are now suffering, could induce the people of those States to rise up in the great strength of their native manhood and shake off forever the claim with which they are bound. But the work once done, and it will be done for all time. The dominion of Yankeeism

once fairly put down in the West, and the natural good sense and vast power of the Western people will be exercised for the good and improvement of their own splendid domain, and their fertile soil will no longer produce its riches to be transferred to the bleak and barren New England hills.

When this time comes, and it cannot be far in the future, the Democratic party will receive an accession of strength which will enable it to accomplish the great work of preserving the government or our fathers from anarchy and from despotism. Whenever the West has suffered enough to get the eyes of its deluded people fully opened, they will rush into the Democratic party as to the only power which is able to help them against the common foe. Let those who have struggled manfully for nine doleful years, take heart to struggle on. Success will come, and the dark night through which we have never ceased to toil, will only make the day of Democratic victory more glorious, and more brilliant with hope for the future.

'Rah for the Nig.

The Executive Committee of Africans waited upon the President the other day, and presented an address, in which they pray him, to appoint negroes to high offices in the North as well as the South. Bully for that! Let's have the thing in all its beauty at once. In the meantime, we would suggest to our new postmaster, and all the other late appointees here about, to get their houses in order for the new state of things. If niggers are brave soldiers and good loil Black Republicans, why shouldn't they fill all the Republican offices? Are they not as honest as the rest of the party, and who will deny that they have more sense than the white fools who have hurried for them for eight years. In preference to politicians and one armed and one legged soldiers, a Republican nigger seems to be the favorite, with big odds. Hurrah for old King Africanus! Noble land of Dahomies! Beautiful devil bushes of Equatorial Africa!

In the monthly report of the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture appears the following interesting record: "At Prince George, Md., pleuro-pneumonia attacked one herd of cattle, and four or five died. The rest were sent to Washington for beef, and the disease did not spread." This must be pleasant to housekeepers and Congressional hash-house bosses at the Capitol. What a pity it didn't spread among the two-legged cattle in the House and Senate, who seem to grow fat daily on worse than pleuro-pneumonia beef soup!

Let it ever be borne in mind that, when Virginia and her twelve sister sovereignties formed this Union and set up the promising pauper—the Federal Government—in business as agent of the States, she was the sole mistress of a vast territory now cut up into the States of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, etc. This territory Virginia ceded to the young pauper Federal Government as a dowry, with which to commence business. Now the once pauper Federal Government is master and notswearer of the States, and it has put its impious iron heel of power upon the neck of Virginia, its mother. An illustration, this, of the success of usurpation, and the drifting trap an unexplored and trackless sea of the ship of State. It is an illustration of liberties lost, never to be recovered except by a counter and irresistible revolution of the people.

JOSEPH ADKINS, a Radical carpet-bag State Senator of Georgia, was assassinated a few days ago, while riding along the highway. The assassin was a one-legged ex-confederate soldier—Terrible Ku Klux outrage. But when it is taken into consideration that Adkins had made persistent and determined attempts first to seduce, and then to ravish the soldiers sister, and died, dirty villain that he was, a proper and merited death, the Ku Klux part of this story, loses much of its force. Senator Adkins was no doubt a relative to "Sister Adkins" concerning whom it is sung, that "she lost her grasp on Canaan's happy shore." Whether or not she did, it is plain that he has.

Consistent.—To see the notice of the regular meetings of a midnight conclave of petty politicians, radical rascals, wench worshippers and Constitution defies, such as the members of the "G. A. R." are known to be, placed weekly, at the head of a Democratic newspaper. "Huntingdon Monitor please copy."

More than half of Grant's appointments in the South are Africans. This is no doubt a relief to the white people there, as a nigger is far preferable to a scalawag from the North of a paler hue.

A RADICAL REVIVAL.

"All the Decency in Conclave"—The God and Morality Party. Deliberate over Matters and Things.—The Kingdom of Brownlow in Convention.—An Eye Opener for Decent Men.

Some of the readers of the WATCHMAN will be surprised, others will doubt, and some will disbelieve that such a scene as is described in the following article ever occurred. Last week we had an editorial article on the same subject, but refrained from attempting to state the particulars, because we had learned them only from brief dispatches, and thought perhaps they might be colored by partisan bias or personal hatreds. Since writing that article we have received a copy of the Cincinnati Commercial an strenuous radical paper as is published west of the Ohio, from which we get the particulars as given below. If these scenes are not enough to cause a blush of shame to crimson the cheek of the meanest radical in this State on account of his political associates and friends in Tennessee, then indeed may we as well look for a spark of christianity in the lower most portions of hell, as for a tinge of decency in the compositions of Pennsylvania radicals. Here we have a good specimen of the "all decency—the God-and morality party" of this disgraced, debauched and demoralized country. These are the men who are making, enforcing and executing the laws of this country,—men who are not only a disgrace to themselves, their country and their race, but will disgrace hell and disgust the devil, in the great hereafter. After describing the meeting of the delegates, and the attempt to make a temporary organization the Commercial says:

Here the confusion and noise became indescribable. I never heard anything that approached to it before, in point of strength and volume, and old politicians who have grown gray in the service, say that it was beyond anything in their experience. Cate tried to appeal to their reason, and asked if they didn't want to behave like decent white folks. This was the signal for a fresh outburst. Cries of "Do you mean to insult the colored delegates?" arose from all parts of the house. "We're as white as you are," screamed the negroes, until their faces were neither white or black, but red. Poor Senator Cate only used the term "white men" as a sort of comparison, but he had got his foot into it, and the Convention would not listen while he got it out. Here confusion became worse confounded. Not one less than a dozen men, some white and others black, were mounted upon tables and desks, all fiercely speaking and gesticulating at once. It was a melancholy waste of words and wind, for no one heard what was said. Men were denounced as liars and fools, as they were abruptly indifferent thereto, as they did not heed the compliment.

An old man whose gray hairs should have commanded respect, and did command silence for a few seconds, pointed to the portrait of Lincoln, which hangs in the hall, and said "that it was a wonder that it did not frown upon this disgraceful scene." Here the yell for "Butler," "Pearne," and "Order," set in again, and one man leading off by saying that old Abom might frown and be damned, he was not going to be run over by a set of G—d—d political hacks, and was ready to fight it out on that line, regardless of the time it might take.

A very sensible negro, being sagacious enough to see that nothing could be done with three chairmen, all determined to act in that capacity at once, moved "Dat we do now adjourn," and was rewarded for his praiseworthy effort in behalf of peace by being pulled over the desk backward. As he struck on his head, however, he was not hurt.

Here the irrepressible Pearne made another effort to train the Convention of his existence. Drawing himself up to his full height, he screamed, "Gentlemen, I will be heard," and putting as much breath behind the word "will" as would be necessary to preach an ordinary sermon. The Stokes men were equally determined that he should not be heard, and they carried the day. All this time Cate kept rapping his gavel with commendable perseverance.

Henry Dutch, of Chattanooga, mounted a desk at the back end of the hall, and spoke for full ten minutes, apparently boiling over with rage, but nobody paid any attention to him, except an old white-headed negro, who pointed to the eloquent but excited Dutch, and requested the Convention to "listen to that d—d fool." But they would not.

And thus matters went on (or rather didn't go off) for two hours and a half. It was one continued scene of confusion. The three chairmen all tried to act at once, and all spoke at once. Nothing whatever was accomplished. The galleries were crowded to suffocation by men who watched the combined circus and menagerie below with the liveliest interest. How long this might have continued, I know not, had it not been for Butler and David Nelson getting together to a fight. Nelson approached Butler, who was trying to act as chairman, and words ensued, the import of which nobody knows, when they clinched, and what have rolled over on the floor had not the crowd been so great that they could not. And here ensued a scene, such as is not witnessed often. Every body rushed pell-mell over the desks, pistols and knives were drawn, and if ten or fifteen pellops had not been in the room, there would have been blood shed. It was a hard matter to tell who was fighting and who was trying to part those who were fighting. Some rushed out, believing that there would be a general fight, and others rushed in, believing the same thing, and wanting to take part in it. More police made their appearance, and after a good deal of pulling and hauling, sweating and swearing, E. R. Butler, member of Congress, and David

Nelson, of Knoxville, were marched off under guard, each accompanied by a number of "friends."

And now ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. Twenty or thirty were on the floor at once (or rather upon the desks,) and the display of passion was terrific.

An old negro who had apparently been well raised, proposed that "De'vention do now open with prayer."

A delegate—"Yes, old man, a prayer would be a d—d good thing. Grind on, brother Pearne."

A voice—"G—d—d old Pearne, he can't pray."

Another—"No, but he can't act the d—d fool."

A delegate—"Gentlemen, this 'ere is disgraceful. Les 'ourn or else do something. Stokes and Senter are both good men. I am willing for either."

Here he was interrupted by a colored gentleman, with his kinky hair parted in the middle, who raised to a "pint" of order.

"D—d you and your order, you black rascal, set down or I'll knock you down."

A delegate—"Gentlemen, for God's sake pray."

"Say for old Pearne's sake he's running this machine."

Brownlow—"I will be heard."

"No you won't—the Brownlow family's played out."

Cate—"Please listen to me one moment, [interrupted by cries of "Pearne, Pearne,"] I have only to say—[D—n you and your say.] I believe—[here he was completely drowned out and forced to give up.]

Pearne advanced toward the speaker's stand and endeavored to say something, but he only got out, "Whither, ah, whither are we drifting?" when a negro answered, "to h—ll," which was followed by a roar of laughter, and cries of "Butler, Butler." Butler essayed to speak, but the Senter men told him to shut up his d—d rebel mouth, and cheered lustily for Pearne.

Here a man fell off a desk, and the cry of "a fight," "a fight," was raised, which brought the police and everybody else pell-mell on to the unfortunate man.

A young fellow mounted a desk and commenced denouncing Stokes, when the Stokes men yelled, "take him down! Take him to his mother," &c., and the jeers of the negroes who cried out, "Stokes ain't like Senter, he didn't have to have his difficulties removed."

A delegate—"Disabilities, you G—d—d fool."

Another voice—"Who removed Butler's disabilities? He used to be a rebel!"

truths he had spoken had sunk deep in to the hearts of his hearers, and the tumult began again, and raged worse than ever.

Alas Poor Georgia.

The Empire State of the South seems to be re-inflicted with the special afflictive consideration of the unscrupulous powers that be? We observe that a cabinet meeting has resolved to push troops into Georgia, if the carpet-bag Governor will consent to make a requisition of the government for troops to suppress internal insurrection. It will be no stretch of conscience on the part of BULLOCK to assert that troops are necessary to preserve order, and that the civil authority is inadequate to maintain itself. Any scalawag is competent to the task—BULLOCK certainly is, and we shall soon see a large portion of the Federal army moving into and overriding the civil authority of the great Empire State of the South, on a false and lying assumption of a false and lying carpet-bag Governor, with the direction of the venal and corrupt Government at Washington.

If there is any considerable trouble in Georgia, the Administration and the prime movers of it. Let the infernal fiends who have been sent into that section be left to their own resources—let the garrisons be removed—let the people of Georgia have the control of their own destiny—let the black people shift for themselves, and like the white people there, be compelled to work an earn a living—let the agitators and fanatics rest for support upon their own merit—and we shall have no more of this "insurrection" as it is called. Life is as safe in Georgia and the South to-day as it is anywhere under the folds of the flag; for life is secure nowhere. In the North a continuous reign of murders, assassinations and crimes unparalleled in its ceaseless record. It is no worse in Georgia; but it ought to be. The Georgians to the soil indigenous have a natural moral and divine right, to say nothing of a right constitutional, to govern themselves, and it is only wonderful that they have not long since hanged the rascals sent among them to insult, outrage, and rob them, and to tyrannize where freedom live and where liberty is cradled.

"Let us have peace," said the seven-year's man when he sought the people's suffrages. But had he said "let us have eternal war," he could not have indicated his policy more perfectly. It is a rule of perfidy and oppression—of unjustified interference—of inexcusable intermeddling—that the Jacobin party seek to establish. If bloodshed is rife in the land, the Radicals are happy; for in commotion, uprisings, and internal turmoil only can the festering and damnable evil exist.

If the Georgians want peace, let them first hang their carpet-baggers. These dogs will never permit peace to come to the people. They are as low and characterless set of rascals as ever fled the north to escape scot free the crimes for which they should now be the inmates of our penitentiaries. There is not one of them who has any character whatever. They improved morals in this section by going away from it, but God help those who are afflicted with them. Hang them! War leads to peace—Hemp is cheap—liberty is dear—hang them by the score, and "let us all have peace!"

As the WATCHMAN editors are notorious for "lukewarmness" which they conceive to be witty, without any respect whatever to the truthfulness or truthfulness of what they assert, we are quite willing to accept the above as something worthy of notice.—Leawtown Democrat.

More Radical Victories.

Radicalism is progressing. It is making a vigorous fight for a firm foothold on this continent, and in many instances is coming out triumphant. The Pottsville Standard gives the following account of a victory of radical doctrine in that county, which for the benefit of the supporters of that party in other sections of the State, and especially hereabouts, we transfer to the columns of the WATCHMAN:

A Negro Marries a Radical's Daughter and Seduces Her Sister.

Mr. Daniel Hoy is a Radical who lives at Lorberry, about four miles above Pinegrove, in this county. He is a thorough believer in the doctrine, teachings, and principles of Radicalism, and regularly votes the Radical ticket. He was an advocate, too, of the Fifteenth Amendment, and treats a negro as "a man and brother." Mr. Hoy has a daughter, Eliza, by name, who is very fair to look upon. John Bowe is one of the "coming men," as black as the egg of spades, but what else there is enticing about him we are unable to say. Between John and Eliza some time since there sprung up a warm intimacy and

affection, which resulted about two weeks since in the twain being united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a Radical clergyman of Pinegrove. Now they are man and wife.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth," and Mrs. Bowe's father had raised a storm of indignation over the result of his own parental teaching and belief. His daughter believed that her able lover was "a man and brother," and as good as she was herself. What difference to her if his skin was many shades deeper and blacker? Him she loved, and to him she pledged her vows. He was her all in all, her present and future, the sunlight of her existence! Were ever the characters of Othello and Desdemona better assumed? What the sequel will be, remains to be seen, as the father of Mrs. Bowe is still on the war path after the clergyman who disgraced his manhood and calling, by tying the nuptial knot between two such lovers!

But this is not all! Mrs. Bowe has a sister, as fair to look upon as she. Between the sister and Mr. Bowe an intimacy has also existed, the fruits of which will be reaped shortly. "She loved not wisely, but too well," and soon another Japhet will appear in search of a father. She has heard of, read of, and seen many a black sheep in a flock and from her conduct seems to prefer the black! To her sorrow and shame, she has found out what a gay deceiver this black Lothario has proven himself to be. We presume Mr. Bowe is a happy "man and brother," being the husband of one sister, and soon to assume parental relations to a little "kinky," the mother of whom we have already described. So much for Mr. Bowe, Mrs. Bowe, and her fair sister.

Another glorious victory for that party over which the Sanctified Nations of radicalism can shout until their throats are sore, has just occurred away down in Georgia, where reconstruction and radical progress has been making such rapid strides since the closing of the late "unpleasantness." The Athens (Ga.) Watchman records the particulars as follows:

On Tuesday of last week a very respectable young lady, named Gray, sixteen years old, while at the spring near her mother's, in Oglethorpe county, was brutally outraged by a negro man named Geo. Hopkins. After he had accomplished his hellish purpose he shot her through the head with a six-shooter, and it is supposed she died instantly. Her body was found some two hours afterwards by her mother. The negro has been arrested.

Loafers and other green things can be seen in profusion about this place at the present time.

Items for the Ladies.

CAN WOMEN WORK!—Some women, shak'g off the incubus of sorrow, or holding it in abeyance, face the world and become mistresses of the situation. We have such among our wealthiest customers, and gladly would we see their number multiplied. A most noble instance is the honored woman, Mrs. Bailey, who died on the 21st of February last, in the sixty year of her age. Mrs. Bailey's husband—Robert—was a printer, who died in 1808, in embarrassed circumstances. Undismayed by her loss, she took her husband's place, and for fifty-two years she conducted the business successfully. In 1861 she retired from business. Until the introduction of steam-power and machinery her office was one of the largest in Philadelphia. She instructed forty-two boys in the mysteries of typography, and some of our present prosperous master printers served their apprenticeship under her. For a considerable period she was elected City Printer of Philadelphia by the Councils, and her imprimatur was well known. She had great energy and decision of character. She was upright and high religious principle. For seven years she bore her death sickbed composedly the physical weakness inherent to protracted years, but her energy of mind remained intact. At this period a large rent was offered for one of her houses by a person who desired to convert it into a drinking-saloon. "What!" she exclaimed with emphasis, "rent my property opposite my own church for a tavern? Not you give me six thousand dollars a year!"—Baltimore Sunday Telegraph.

A PRETTY WOMAN.—A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country—an angel in masquerade. She makes sunshine, happiness, and blue sky wherever she goes. Her path is strewn with delicate roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem written in rare colors and chosen style, and principles. She stands up before her as so many admiration points. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of paradise or the perfume of Habbahbells. Without her society would be her truest attractions, the church is barren, the young men their very best company. Her influence and generosity radiate the virtuous, strengthen the faint hearted. Whenever you find the virtuous woman, you also find fringed bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, and modern institutions generally. She is the tower of humanity, and her inspiration the breath of heaven.—Exchange.

Sir Charles Kean says of Cromwell "When we reflect on the baneful influence which this wretched invention must have had for the last ten years on the tastes of the rising generation, we begin to feel by how much less than ourselves little misers, who are still in their teens, will be capable of appreciating the Venus of Milo, or the drapery of any other antique statue."

"We all know," says Alfred de Musset, "how much a pretty woman who has a perfect figure gains from having her form reflected under the aspect of numerous mirrors. She dazzles, she envelops, so to speak, the man whom she desires to please."

The objection to women practicing medicine is stated, dated back to 1421, when a petition was presented to King Henry the fifth, that "no woman use the practice of sayle, under payne of long imprisonment."

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a law to authorize any married woman to be an executor, administratrix, guardian or trustee. This completes the equality of the married woman with her single sister.

Messrs. Phoenix Cozens, of St. Louis, and Miss Fickham, of Milwaukee, are both studying law, and intend prosecuting their profession. The Chicago Legal News is conducted by a lady Mrs. Broadwell, "with ability, discrimination, and courtesy."