

# The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, July 29, 1870.

## Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular place of holding borough and township elections on Saturday, the 31st day of August next, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m. to elect delegates to appear at a convention to be held at the Court House, at Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the 1st day of August, 1870, which convention will put in nomination one candidate for Congress, subject to the decision of the conferees of the 18th Congressional District. One candidate for Senator, (subject to the decision of the conferees of the 21st Senatorial District), one candidate for Assembly, one candidate for Commissioner, one candidate for Auditor, and one candidate for Jury Commissioner. The number of delegates to which each district is entitled at the coming election is:

Bellefonte Boro.	5	Howard Twp.	2
Howard	1	Hudson	1
Millsburg	1	Liberty	1
Philipshurg	2	Marton	1
Dionville	1	Miles	1
Benner Twp.	1	Putton	1
Boggs	2	Penn	1
Burnside	1	Potter	1
Curtin	1	Rush	1
Ferguson	1	Snow Shoe	1
Gregg	1	Spring	1
Haines	1	Taylor	1
Half Moon	1	Union	1
Harris	3	Waker	1

By order of the County Committee.  
S. T. SHIGERT

## Radical Harmony Here!

The most completely demoralized party we have ever seen, is the Radical party of this county at the present time. One half can go the nigger, the other half can't. One half can go for Wilson; the other half can't. One fourth can follow the leadership of BILL BROWN; the other three fourths swear they won't. One lot wants this—the other that, and the rest something else. And so it goes on, despair, demoralization, and defeat written upon the face of every one there.

The only particular strength their seventy-five nigger votes will give them, will be the scent—they will make their party smell stronger, but that's all.

This principle trouble Radicalism of this county has on hand now, outside of the general dissatisfaction of the working men, who have heretofore voted with it and who now swear they won't because of the nigger taxes and oppression, that that party has fastened upon them, is the Senatorial question. WILLIAM P. WILSON wants to be Senator. For six years he has been boring every member of his party, who came to town to go for him. To get rid of his incessant importuning most of them have promised, hoping at the same time, that some unforeseen dispensation of Providence would relieve them of the pledge, by getting W. P. Wilson off the track, in some way or other. But Providence didn't interfere, and the pledged radicals are in a tight box—they don't want Wilson and yet they have to go for him. Wilson knows this, and knows also that an effort is being made to prevent his nomination on first ballot, by the few who would not promise him, knowing that on the second or third ballot, any one else could be nominated over him. Taking advantage of the situation, Wilson is doing his best to keep other candidates off the track. BEAVER has been bought off by being made to believe he was wanted as a candidate for Congress. COBURN has been choked down with the promise of Assembly, and as WILLIAM looks at it now, he imagines a very easy victory over BARLOW, his only competitor. The anti Wilson men not to be beaten are turning their attention to the district convention, and if reports are correct have set up his pegs pretty well to secure his defeat by the conferees of the district. Wilson's friends swear if this is done, they'll help elect a democrat, and his enemies swear if it is not done and he, Wilson, succeeds in forcing himself upon the ticket, that they'll help elect a democrat. And so it goes. The fight grows bitter and bitter every day, and WILLIAM P.'s chances of warming a seat in the State Senate are growing.

"Small by degrees  
And beautifully less"

The wing of the radical party that can't swallow ARMSTRONG, is trying to get BEAVER to run as a candidate for Congress. BEAVER would run, but he's afraid of ARMSTRONG's office holders, who have been hired to howl for him, in consideration of their appointments. As there is not much difference "twixt" the two, it matters little to us, who gets on the track. Neither one of them is fit to represent the white working men of the district, and it is not at all likely, that either of them will, in the next Congress.

Radicalism is getting better par in Tennessee. The Radical candidates there are all swearing they are conservative men. This shows which way the political wind is blowing.

## The Labor Question.

The importation of Coolies into this country has set the people to talking—and not only to talking but thinking. The laboring men, especially, are beginning to look upon it with alarm; and well they may, for it is the beginning of the end of the working man's independence. Some sanguine individuals comfort themselves with the belief that it will soon end, but we tell them that it will never end, unless an end is put to it. If left alone, it will spread from the Gulf to the Atlantic, from whence it will flow into the interior and ramify throughout every section of our country. And when these lice eaters and rat devourers fill up every nook and corner where honest labor ought to thrive and prosper, at its own prices, it will then be seen how foolish and short sighted were the people who flattered themselves, in its early existence, that this infamous importation would "soon stop." Such things never stop, and this will go on, from bad to worse, until 20 or 30 cents a day becomes the standard price of labor throughout the Union. Capital is encouraging this thing, you see, and Capital is all powerful—and when was it ever known to work for anything but its own interest? It is a solemn fact that our whole labor system is in danger, and this influx of Chinamen is but the advance of a horde of voracious come to prey upon the substance and trample upon the rights of the poor.

Daily and hourly this evil grows upon us. Every vessel from the empire of the "Brother of the Moon" brings its cargo of these puppy-loving wretches, who are eagerly seized upon and distributed by our capitalists and manufacturing monopolies throughout the country. Some go east, some west, some north, some south. Everywhere they are extending, and soon there won't be a State in the whole country that won't have its thousands of pig-tailed, lousy, chattering Chinamen thrusting themselves into all the avenues of labor and crowding out the poor, hard working and honest white laborer. Such is the prospect, and such we fear, is the consummation to which we are drifting.

Now, this must be stopped, and the laboring men must stop it. How to do it is the question to be considered, and it is one that demands immediate, earnest and comprehensive consideration. Our space will not allow us to devote more time to this question now, but we earnestly suggest that if a remedy is ever found for this disease of our labor system, it must be found outside of the Radical party. That party is the main cause of all our troubles. For years it has been the bitterest enemy of the people. Its skirts are all bedrabbled with infamy, and the coolie calamity is the last thing it has thought of to complete the ruin of the country and perpetuate its own power. See to it, working men, that you vote next time with your eyes open.

## A Game that Won't Win.

If ever there was a lot of men who wanted to do something, and didn't know how to go about it, it is the leaders of the radical, negro voting, coolie favoring party, of this county. Did they possess Heaven—a place they never can have any interest in—they would willingly barter it for the defeat of the Democratic party.

Since 1860 they have used every means they could resort to—drafts—arrests—soldiers—and every thing else, to try to drive the honest, intelligent farmers of Pennsylvania from the support of the Democratic party, and when these failed, they resorted to the cry of the "ring," and the most barefaced lies about the condition of the county finances, in order to create dissatisfaction in the Democratic townships that pay the greater proportion of the taxes of the county. But this "ring" and lies wouldn't work. Pennsylvania Democracy was a little too sharp, had too much intelligence, and knew to well the object radicalism had in roasting about "rings" and lying about county officers, to be gulled by such stuff, and this card lost.

Now, another game is started, and we venture the prediction that radicalism will gain no more by it than by any of the others. This time they are trying to make believe that so much dissatisfaction exists among the Democrats of Pennsylvania, that an independent candidate for the Legislature is to be brought out. In order to give shadow to their story, they have had an agent over there trying to buy some Democrat to allow them to use his name in this connection. This is their game. It won't win. First, because, in the entire county, we don't believe there is a man who claims to be a democrat who would lend himself to any such a bargain; and second, if there was, he wouldn't get enough of

Democratic votes to cover the bottom of a ballot box. So they may as well deal their cards over and try some other game.

Pennsylvania Democrats can neither be frightened, forced or bought, to work and vote for a party, such as the one that is led by BILL BROWN in this county. No matter what schemes it may resort to.

The editor of the *Republican*, don't like to hear any one cry "stop thief." Whenever he hears that, he knows there is somebody after him. Since the day he went out of the Treasurer's office of this county, with thirteen thousand two hundred and forty dollars, belonging to the hard-fisted, honest, over-taxed working men of this county—the farmers, mechanics, and day laborers—in his pocket, he has never heard any one say "thief," that he didn't prick his ears and wonder who was after him. Now, we don't wonder at him for this. Nobody does. But we do wonder that he has the effrontery to talk about his "influence," or the impudence to say a word about "county taxes" or anything else that concerns the tax payers of the county. None but the brassiest wretch, the most brazen scamp, could look one of the toiling tax-payers of this county in the face, after robbing them as BROWN has done.

There is not a laboring man in the county but is now toiling to make up the money the leader of the radical party stole from them when in office. For ten years he has had that money—until with principal and interest it amounts to twenty one thousand dollars. When he or the radical politicians who he is laboring for, pay this amount back into the county treasury, it will be time for them to tell the people of the county how their finances should be controlled and by whom.

To CRIPPLED SOLDIERS—One of our exchanges has the following which is of importance to named soldiers:

To Maimed Soldiers—A law was passed, and approved by the President, providing "that every soldier who was disabled during the late war for the suppression of the rebellion, and who was furnished by the War Department with an artificial limb or apparatus for resection, shall be entitled to receive a new limb or apparatus as soon after the passage of this act as the same can be practically furnished, and at the expiration of every five years thereafter, under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Surgeon General of the Army provided, That the soldiers may, if he so elect, receive instead of said limb or apparatus, the money value thereof, at the following rates, viz: For artificial limbs, seven to five dollars; for arms, fifty dollars; for feet, fifty dollars; for apparatus, for resection, fifty dollars.

The *Republican* says our county taxes are now almost six mills on the dollar. The county finances are controlled by Democrats. The borough of Bellefonte is under the entire control of Radicals, and the interest tax alone—the tax to pay interest on the borough debt, made by radical management, is one per cent. on the assessed valuation of all property in the borough. The borough tax is one half per cent., street tax one half per cent., poor tax over one half per cent., school tax two per cent. and water tax almost two per cent., making in all seven per cent. Six mills or a little over one half per cent. is the tax levied for county purposes, to pay the county debt contracted by the radical party when in power from 1854 to 1860. Seven per cent. is the tax levied by a radical borough to keep it moving along. Which party finances the best?

BILLY ARMSTRONG, has fixed up his platform for the next campaign. He's going to ignore the nigger and coolie altogether, and go it on the tariff. Up in Tioga and Potter he's to be a "free trader." In Lycoming, Clinton and Centre he is to be a high tariff advocate. To prove that he's a free trader, he'll point to the fact that he dodged the vote on the pig iron tariff; and to show that he is a tariff man, he'll refer to the swollen waters of Muncy Creek that prevented his return to Washington to vote for the pig iron tariff.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August, has already made its appearance. It is an elegant number, filled with rare engravings and the choicest reading. Godey's is the ladies favorite, and is found upon every centre table. It is a model magazine, and still grows deeper and deeper into the love of the people. Louis A. Godey, Proprietor, Philadelphia. Price \$3.00 per year. It is now in its 81st year.

The *Printing Gazette* for June is before us. It is an elegant specimen of typography, and is filled with interesting and valuable information. Published by G. S. Newcomb & Co. Cleveland, Ohio.

## About Correspondents.

The military authorities of the French army do not propose to have their plans foiled by ambitious newspaper correspondents. Orders have been issued by them not to admit reporters within their lines, and we believe only one man belonging to the press has yet been so fortunate as to receive a pass. This single exception is an English Bonapartist, and his admission is, we presume, a stroke of policy on the part of the Emperor—if that magnate does really pay attention to such matters, which we doubt.

The experience of our own great war, shows that it is not best to have too many newspaper writers in the army. They are apt to tell a good many unpalatable truths, and, with military men, the truth is not always what they want told. Then, again, there are a set of parasites, holding newspaper positions, who couldn't tell the truth if they wanted to, and who are continually disgusting the people by insouciant adulations of contemptible nobodies. On the whole, therefore, it is just as well to keep them out of the lines of an army, as, where one does good, two will do the opposite in some way or other.

If that man who has lived so long in the mountains of East Tennessee, who, it is asserted has not heard of ANDREW JACKSON'S death, can be found, he will stand a good chance of getting a cabinet office from GRANT. GRANT, like his abandoned Digger Indian love of long ago, is raking low for vermin for his geological cabinet.

Gen. JOE LANE, of Oregon, who ran on the ticket with BREKIDRIDGE, for Vice President, is a candidate for Senator from that State. We hope he may be elected.

## Declination

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN—Permit me, through your columns, in reply to numerous inquiries, to say that I am not a candidate for the Senate this fall, for various reasons, one or two of which will be sufficient to subserve my present purpose.

1st. The Democracy of the 21st Senatorial District nominated and elected me, without solicitation on my part, to the Senate three years ago, and I do not feel that I should press myself upon their kindness and confidence now. That I was not permitted to remain in that body the full term for which I was elected—that there was a man in the District mean enough, in the interest of a corrupt ring and a partizan majority, to demand and occupy my seat, to which he was not elected, and that a purchased, perjured committee did not hesitate to consummate the bare fraud, was no fault of the generous constituency who returned me as one of their representatives in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

2d. I do not care enough either for the honor or the office, to place myself in the position of competing for a nomination which other gentlemen are so solicitous to obtain, whether in the interest of the *travelling missionaries* who have taken upon themselves the duty of "setting up," or of those having peculiar personal interests to promote.

In a word, Mr. Editor, expressing my sincere thanks for the honor and confidence awarded me by the people on a former occasion, let the WATCHMAN inform the public that I am not a candidate for further favor.

Bellefonte July 24. S. T. SHIGERT

## Auditor.

EDITORS WATCHMAN.—As it is important that a good, capable and honest man should be nominated for Auditor this year, allow us to mention the name of Michael Shafer, Jr., of Walker township, for that position. No better man could be selected, and we trust his claims may be duly considered by the convention.

## MANY DEMOCRATS.

## Napoleon's Proclamation.

The Paris Journal Official of Saturday last contains the following proclamation of the French Emperor to the people of France.

Frenchmen. There are in the life of a people solemn moments, when the national honor, violently excited, presses itself irresistibly above all other interests, and applies itself with the single purpose of directing the destinies of the nation. One of those decisive hours has now arrived in France. Prussia, to whom we have given evidence, during and since the war of 1866, of the most conciliatory disposition, has held our good will of no account and has rewarded our forbearance by encroachments. She has aroused distrust in all quarters, necessitating exaggerated armaments, and has made of Europe a camp where reign distrust and fear of the morrow. A final incident has disclosed the instability of the international understanding, and shows the gravity of the

situation in the presence of the new pretensions. Prussia was made to understand our claims: they were invaded and followed with contemptuous treatment. Our country manifested profound displeasure at this action, and quickly a war cry resounded from one end of France to the other. There remains for us nothing but to confide our destinies to the chance of arms. We do not make war upon Germany, whose independence we respect. We pledge ourselves that the people composing the great Germanic nationality shall dispose freely of their destinies. As for us, we demand the establishing of a state of things guaranteeing our security and assuring the future. We wish to conquer a durable peace based on the free interest of the people and assist in abolishing the precarious condition of things where all nations are forced to employ their resources in arming against each other. The glorious flag of France, which is once more unfurled in the face of our challenges, is the same which has borne over Europe the civilizing ideas of our great revolution. It represents the same principles: it will inspire the same devotion. Frenchmen, I go to place myself at the head of a valiant army, which is animated by love of country and devotion to duty. The army knows its worth, for it has seen victory follow its footsteps in the four quarters of the globe.

I take with me my son, despite his tender years. He knows the duties his name imposes, and he is proud to bear his part in the dangers of those who fight for our country. May God bless our efforts. A great people defending a just cause is invincible.

NAPOLÉON

## VOODOOISM.

Some of the Newly Enfranchised Who Help Make Our Laws—Their Pagan Rites and Ceremonies—Fears that a White Child has been Stolen and Sacrificed.

The colored citizens who regulate the affairs of Louisiana and send men to Congress to legislate for the nation, have just held their annual voodoo festival, and though it is not mentioned that the Lieutenant Governor of the State attended, the rights were participated in by large numbers from New Orleans and vicinity. The localities of the orgies was the wild country between Lakeport and Bayou St. John, where tents were erected, squares laid out, sacred circles formed, and the doctors, queens and high-priests of Ob set up their paraphernalia of incantation.

Eliza Nienax, one of the most powerful *queens of the sect*, had the most elaborate manufactory of charms on the ground. It was a cauldron mounted on a pedestal draped with black, with fire underneath, strung about with beads feathers and claws of wild animals. Here, with disgusting and brutal incantations, prepared the charms of beef hearts, and bones and clay, of which the degraded negroes stand in such fear. One of these charms hung on the door of a house by a servant who had been dismissed for dishonesty, recently drove all the other black servants out of the house in terror. The holders of the Voodoo priesthood manufactured these charms at certain hours of the day, while the devotees indulged in wild and lascivious dances, maddened by liquor and superstition, until they ceased from exhaustion. In spite of the influences of freedom and the ballot, which were announced to work such wonders in elevating the negroes, this degraded superstition holds full sway over the clouded minds of the new citizens of the South showing itself once a year in these orgies, and appearing every day in some out-cropping of superstitious crime in their ordinary life.

The priests of the order have an influence over the negroes such as can be acquired only by those supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers, and it would be interesting just at this time, to learn from some of the Christian Congressmen whether they consider this heathen superstition less degrading than that of the Chinamen who worship his grandfather with decorum and affection.

## THE MODE OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

The New York Herald correspondent gives a long account of the Voodoo orgies now in progress, and claims that Lieutenant Governor Dunn, Parsons Turner, the Chaplain of the State Legislature, and almost every negro in New Orleans, are subject in some degree to the superstition. We quote from a lengthy letter in the Herald.

It is horrible to think that even human sacrifice is not beyond the requirements of this horrible initiation. On such occasions great mystery is affected, and none are allowed to be present except a chosen few. The victim, strange to say, must be white, if attainable, and of such age to imply innocent blood. In this requirement there is easily to be seen a horrible allusion to the crucifixion of the Savior. When all is ready the votaries assemble in their rude temple, in the center of which is placed a large iron cauldron containing a snake. If circumstances are extraordinary, requiring actual human blood, the victims, as stated, must be a white infant, if it can possibly be had, of very tender age.

The officiating priestess, in a state of almost absolute nudity, and her assistants, in simple loincloths, while garments lead a wild and fanatical dance around the cauldron, during which the dancers, one at a time, drop out of the circle and prostrate themselves beside the cauldron. By proper appliances, the snake is then forced from his retreat over the cauldron and allowed to crawl over each prostrate form. All touch, then follows the work of sacrifice and expiation, the innocent blood of the child being sprinkled upon the

cauldron, upon the snake and upon all the worshippers. All this takes place amid dancing and wild, incoherent incantations.

This completes the sacrificial ceremony, and afterwards the priestesses array themselves in the most gaudy and costly garments, the head priestess being adorned and honored as a queen. Word is then sent out of great festivities at the Voodoo temple, and for far and near the dusky children of Ham flock to the place, and for days and nights give themselves up to feasting and the most extravagant amusements.

## A MISSING CHILD.

It is impossible to say how many times human sacrifice has thus been practiced, as the greatest possible secrecy is generally observed in regard to the place of celebrating the festival of St. John. The singular and mysterious disappearance in New Orleans of very young children every few years, has led to a firm conviction in the minds of many that they were sacrificed on Voodoo altars. At this very moment the people of New Orleans are greatly excited by an instance of this kind. On the 6th of June, only a few days before St. John's day, a negro woman stole the infant child of a Mr. Digby, residing at the corner of Howard and Poydras streets. The case was immediately placed in the hands of the police, and the most efficient detectives employed. Constant and unremitting search has been made from that day to this without the least particle of success, notwithstanding heavy rewards have been offered for the recovery of the child. No one appears to feel authorized to say that it was stolen for sacrificial purposes, as thousands believe such was the purpose of its abduction, since neither Mr. Digby or his friends have any knowledge of any specific reason why his child was taken. The entire absence of any feuds, animosities or jealousies within the knowledge of the child's parents, as usually exists where children are stolen, leaves a wide margin for conjecture, of which Voodooism is not the least improbable.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD OFFERED FOR THE CHILD.

The Governor of the State, at the request of many citizens, has offered a reward of \$1,500 for the recovery of the child. The advertisement now before us says:

The little girl was born in the city of the Hills of France. She had rather a fair face and delicate features, small mouth, complexion round blue eyes which she had a trick of closing. She had very light hair, not curly, and a broad spot on one side of the back of her head, produced by a fall which will remain so for many months before her hair will grow out. She answers to the name of Mollie or Mollie and calls herself Baby trying to comfort her father, who always calls her Mollie. She can say a few words of French, and speaks very nicely but can't read words together in a sentence. She speaks English and French.

She was taken by a bright mulatto, twenty five years of age, very tall and thin, with a very fine and straight nose, and most like a white woman. She has brown eyes, blue hair, and a very fine complexion. She was accompanied by a white boy, a black woman apparently older than the girl, who had a very good voice. It was reported that she was not certain that she was the child's mother.

She and some other persons, placed and others are reported to try to find out if they have seen such persons. The child was taken on the 6th of June, at the house of her father, who lives at the corner of Howard and Poydras streets. It is reported that she was taken from the house of her father, who lives at the corner of Howard and Poydras streets. It is reported that she was taken from the house of her father, who lives at the corner of Howard and Poydras streets.

The promised reward will be paid to the person who shall produce the child, or to the friends, every human being, who will help its recovery, to help to find out where our only little child is.

Her father's address is: Thomas J. Digby, Howard street, between Poydras and the river, New Orleans. All who wish to see the child, or who wish to help its recovery, are requested to call on the undersigned. From the New Orleans Bee.

But more than this. It is said to suppose, the child a little girl, seventeen months old, has been victimized by negro devotees of voodooism—a supposition based on the grounds that it was of a suitable age, and that it is said to have been stolen by a negro just before the day of part for their voodoo rites. St. John's day—certainly no stone should be left unturned, let it cost the people what time and money it may, to have the fact ascertained and the heathenism, if necessary of such heathenish worshippers.

But the friends of the parents, of whom—the mother—it is said, has been sent to an asylum, while the father is almost distracted—should encourage such an idea in their minds, possible, as that their child has been thus victimized as long as there are other equally accountable means for its substitution as an heir to some estate, or property into the control of the kidnappers, in which event the parents may reasonably hope to recover their child.

A WONDERFUL FALL.—Last Friday morning a lad named Martin Crossman, aged four years, and son of Rev. James C. Crossman, pastor of the Evangelical association chapel, fell over the precipice at the head of Van Braun St., in the Sixth Ward, and lodged upon the track of the Connellsville railroad, three hundred feet below. The express train on the road was just coming in sight at the time, and the body was in imminent danger of being crushed beneath the train, when a workman happened to see the danger, and seizing the apparently dead child carried it from the track just in time to escape the new danger. So close was the train upon the man that it almost brushed his clothing as he stood pressing his body against the rocky hillside until it passed. He found that the boy although unconscious was not dead, and speedily carried him to his father's residence, on St. Patrick's alley. Physicians were called, and it was found that no bones were broken, although they were several internal injuries, and numerous external cuts and bruises on the body. There are hopes that the boy will re-