



DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, GEORGE W. WOODWARD, OF LUZERNE.

COUNTY TICKET.

ASSEMBLY, B. F. MEYERS, Bedford Dor.

PROTHONOTARY, O. E. SHANNON, Bedford Dor.

SHERIFF, JOHN ALDSTADT, St. Clair.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE, SAMUEL DAVIS, Bedford Dor.

TREASURER, J. B. FARQUHAR, Bedford Dor.

COMMISSIONER, GEORGE RHOADS, Liberty.

AUDITOR, DANIEL BARLEY, M. Woodberry.

POOR DIRECTOR, HENRY MOSES, Bedford tp.

CORONER, JAMES MATTINGLY, Londonderry.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet at the office of J. P. Reed, in the Borough of Bedford, on Saturday, the 8th day of August next.

Glorious Gen. Grant!

It is a significant fact that the only General besides McClellan, who has successfully led an army against the Rebels, is in politics, what the stay-at-home Abolitionists denominate a "Copperhead."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

"Godey," for August, is on our table, and we must say, entirely maintains its high position as a leading fashion magazine.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

We have before us the August number of this valuable work. It is filled with choice literature and the illustrations are numerous and very pretty.

The draft has been suspended in the Bradford district.

owing to the fact that the papers of the Provost Marshal have been stolen from his office. This is pretty well for one of the blackest Abolition districts in the state.

The news from Mexico is to the effect that that country has been declared an empire.

Maximilian of Austria, to be the Emperor.

Messrs. Lowry & Eichelberger have made some valuable discoveries on the iron ore road of Messrs. Schell, Russell & Tate, at Bloody Run.

They have proved the Hematite seam of ore to be from 10 to 14 feet in thickness. They have shafted over forty feet through the ore and have driven a tunnel from the rail road in to the ore.

The vein appears to be inexhaustible. Bedford is emphatically the Iron County of the State, inasmuch as it can be manufactured here cheaper than any where else.

We have ore, coal and limestone in close proximity, plenty of timber and fine water power.

"The Curse of Party."

Under the above caption the Bedford Inquirer, of last week, indulges in an overstrained and grandiloquent homily upon the subject of clinging to party.

Who's for Sale?

The Abolitionists are badly in want of some saleable individual who has hitherto pretended to be a Democrat.

Death of Mr. Crittenden.

Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, died at Frankfort in that state, on Sunday morning last.

The editor of the Inquirer, having failed in his efforts to instigate white mobs,

now turns his attention to his "colored brethren" and suggests to them the use of violence against the whites.

When the war broke out, although the Executive and a majority of Congress, were anti-Democrats,

the Democracy rushed to arms to maintain the authority of the Constitution and the laws.

But no sooner had the Democrats entered the army and Democratic statesmen committed themselves to the war,

than Congress repealed the resolution in which it had declared the object of the war to be the vindication of the Constitution and the restoration of the Union.

When Gen. McClellan saved Pennsylvania, from invasion and after the battle of Antietam,

compelled the rebel army to fall back into Virginia in spite of the prayers of the people and the entreaties of the soldiers, that gallant General, at the instance of Abolition politicians,

was removed from his command by the President, who again clung to his party against the best interests of the army and of the country.

The "curse of party" deprived the army of the Potomac of its ablest commander and to this day keeps him in retirement.

Thus we might multiply instances of the close adherence to "party" on the part of the opponents of Democracy, but it is unnecessary to do so.

Every body knows how virulent and bitter are the adherents of the present Federal Administration in their opposition to all men who do not give that Administration an unqualified support in all its measures and acts.

Did not these men when the war began, set neighbor against neighbor, on account of politics? Did they not threaten to hang the Democrats and did they not destroy Democratic printing-presses and mob Democratic meetings?

Why, their partizan rancor led them to the most shameful excesses, to riot, arson and blood-shed.

The "curse of party" has been their curse and to this day they have not shaken it off.

But, to conclude, if the Inquirer is so earnest on this subject of abandoning party, why does it not recommend its own political friends in Somerset, Allegheny, and other "Republican" strongholds, to withdraw their tickets and allow the people of those counties to elect men to office without reference to politics?

"The proof of the pudding is the eating of it," and when the "Republicans" of Allegheny and Somerset and Bradford and Lancaster masticate the no-party pudding of the Inquirer, we shall begin to think that it is not gotten up merely as a bait for weak and unwary Democrats.

Until then, however, we can only consider it as a "very transparent trap set for gulls in a country where gulls have never before been seen."

The arrivals at the Springs, during the past week, have been more numerous than in the first part of the season.

Among them we notice Gen. Thos. J. McKaig, Col. J. P. Roman, T. Devconon, Esq., Messrs. Jones and Combs, of Cumberland, (Md.) and Messrs. Taylor and Anderson, Merchants, of Philadelphia.

Roorback No. 1.

We cautioned the public some time ago against the canards which, we were informed, the Abolition leaders intend to put afloat concerning the Democratic nominees.

For the Bedford Gazette.

Sights and Sounds from up a Tree.

Ensnared in my usual "perch," a "knot of those peculiar admirers of the 'free American of African descent,' known as 'Republicans,' gathered beneath me.

"Well, what do you all think of the prospects of our party? They look a little blue, don't they? We will have to overcome 625 majority if we want to beat the Democrats.

"We can't touch bottom. The people have lost confidence in us, because they say we told them that if Lincoln would be elected we would have better times and no war; and then, there's Shannon and Meyers, confound their Copperhead skins!

"I think (hic!) you are both mis (hic!) taken! Call the fellows on the Democratic ticket (hic!) et 'Copperheads,' and I'll bail you we'll (hic!) fetch 'em!"

"Poor Durborrow!"

"He ought to be in 'juxta-contact' with George Sigafos and the two in 'juxta-contact' with an insane asylum!"

"Jerusalem! Sig (hic!) afoos 'I use his arm (hic!) in defence of his country! You'll see he will!"

"Well, well, we're getting off the question. I still think we may be able to make something by coaxing some weak-kneed, disaffected Democrats to go on our ticket for some of the offices.

"We can then get up the cry of 'Union ticket' and 'no party,' and we can brow beat the Democrats at will for keeping up party divisions.

"The plague is to get any of these Democrats to stand our nomination. They know that we'll be beaten and we can't make them believe any thing else.

"But we have a few nibbles, now, and we may catch some suckers yet. Two of our lawyers and another person called on a young Democrat some time ago, to see him to run for the Legislature, and he was assured that his being a candidate would be agreeable to influential Democrats, he peremptorily refused.

"We are hard up for candidates, but I think we can find somebody willing to go over the course for form's sake."

"We're bound to beat the Cop (hic!) heads!"

"Well, it'll take sober men in their very sober senses to do that. By the way, we're not half cautious enough about our proceedings.

"Meyers knows every thing we do. Some of our fellows must tell him some things. Why, he even knows where our 'secret league' meets and who attends it and what is done there, and when we get any of his party to slip in with us, he knows it instantly and gives them such hard hints about it that they are afraid to meet with us again. We must be more cautious."

"I think his hash 'll be settled before long. We sent a couple of his lay papers to Gen. Milroy, and I think Meyers is a prominent candidate for Fort McHenry. If the soldiers had listened to us we would have been rid of him long ago.

"But I find a good many of them think just about like he does. But, never mind; Ft. McHenry will bring him to his senses."

"Well, I must go and write a letter for the Inquirer, locate it somewhere out in the country, sign it 'Old Line Democrat,' and ask the people for goodness' sake to vote for an honest candidate for the Legislature. Ha! ha! won't that be a good joke!"

"I must look after some Government property. Politics before pleasure, but business before either. Charity begins at home."

"I'll go and take a (hic!) drink. To h—ll with the Cop (hic!) heads! Hello! I believe there's one of 'em (hic!) cussed snakes in my boots, now! Go 'way there, you man with the (hic!) red hot poker! I am no Copperhead! I am I- (hic!) oyal!"

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Bedford, July 27.

ST. CLAIR TP., 7th mo., 27.

FRIEND BENJAMIN: EXCUSE me for troubling thee again. But "when duty calls 'tis ours to obey." Hence I write thee at this time. Let me say (thy defence of the Democratic candidate for Sheriff, was well-timed and true. He has lived long among us, and the effort of Joseph Durborrow to connect him with rowdism or barn-burning, only recoiled upon the author and his party.

But let me say a word about our national troubles. Oh! for one morsel of that blessed sentiment uttered in the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the peace-makers!" Who in their madness and bigotry will now say, "no peace!" We all say peace here. It is but a little finger-board, perhaps, but it points to the hearts of the people throughout the country—to the weeping widows—the deserted firesides—the fatherless children—the desolated land. We claim to be honest in our peaceful opposition to the draft. It is the universal sentiment—not only of the Democrats, but Whigs and many of our Republicans. The man or party that now advocates it, we will put down at the ballot-box. The blood of their brothers is even now crying from the ground against them. Over two long years of bloody, gory war proves it not the remedy

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"Well, what do you all think of the prospects of our party? They look a little blue, don't they? We will have to overcome 625 majority if we want to beat the Democrats. I am afraid we can't do that."

"We can't touch bottom. The people have lost confidence in us, because they say we told them that if Lincoln would be elected we would have better times and no war; and then, there's Shannon and Meyers, confound their Copperhead skins!

"I think (hic!) you are both mis (hic!) taken! Call the fellows on the Democratic ticket (hic!) et 'Copperheads,' and I'll bail you we'll (hic!) fetch 'em!"

"Poor Durborrow!"

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Partizan Villany Admitted!

The Pittsburgh Gazette of the 20th inst., in an elaborate article, fastens on Gov. Curtin's administration all the crimes and peccation with which we have charged him for two years past.

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