Democratic Watchman

P. GRAY MEEK, - - Editor.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 14, 1864.

TERMS.—$2 per year when paid in advance $2,50 when not paid in advance, and $3,00 when not paid before the expiration of the year.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

GEO. H. PENDLETON,

OF OHIO.

ELECTORS AT LARGE.

ROBERT F. JOHNSON, of Cambria.
RICHARD VAUX, of Philadelphia.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

1st. Wm. Laughlin,	13th. Paul Leidy,
2d. E. R. Holmbold,	14th. R. Sweinford,
3d. E. P. Dunn,	15th. John Ahl,
4th. T. McCullough,	16th. H. G. Smith,
5th. E. T. Hess,	17th. Thad. Banks,
6th. P. S. Gerhard,	18th. H. Montgomery,
7th. G. P. Lepier,	19th. John M. Irwin,
8th. Michael Seltzer,	20th. J. M. Thompson,
9th. Patrick McEvoy,	21st. Erastus Brown.
10th. T. H. Walker,	22d. James P. Barr,
11th. O. S. Dimmick,	23d. Wm. J. Koopts,
12th. A. B. Dunning,	24th. W. Montgomery.

The Campaign.

For the glorious result which has crowned the efforts of the Democracy in this county, we are indebted to the untiring, persistent and brilliant efforts of a few noble and zealous spirits who battle manfully for the great cause. Among those brave spirits, who fought the battle to the death, who grappled with the grim monster and crushed him in all his hideous proportions, were John H. Orvis and H. Y. Stitzer All honor be to these men. First and foremost they breasted the storm, and against their herculean efforts the wild waves of fanaticism bursted in vain. Oh, it was a glorious fight—it was a glorious thing to see those two young men, single handed and alone, contend with the mighty powers brought against them. But they fought nobly—they two, and thanks be to God, success has crowned their efforts. Let the people remember them. and when the storm of war and fanaticism that now ever whelms the country with woe and horror, shall have passed away; and *sweet* peace once more returns to reign, let it be remembered that this joyful result was attained, at least so far as Centre county is concerned in a very great degree by the herculean labors and unselfish patriotism of John H. Orvis and H. Y. Stitzer.—Democrats of Centre county, you owe these men a debt of gratitude. Let it never be said that you have failed to repay them.

We believe this is the only campaign in which Mr. Stitzer has attempted to address the people of this county, and the glorious triumph of the Democracy is the very best evidence of the record in which he is held by the people. We congratulate and compliment Mr. S. on his complete success and hope that he may continue as he has begun to be a tower of strength, and an ornament to the Democratic party

Mr. Orvis is known throughout the length and breadth of this State, and ever in wider limits as one of the most powerful, logical and eloquent reasoners in the Democratic ranks. The writer of this is free to confess that he has never known or heard his equal as an earnest, sincere advocate of our principles in their purity. He is the first man in Centre county as a political speaker, and we doubt if there are any in the State, who can surpass him. He made a thorough and most effective canvass of this county, and his powerful logic and earnest reasoning, drove home to the hearts of his hearers every truth uttered by his lips. He is an earnest, eloquent and proud champion of Democracy, and as such the Democracy will remember him.

The chairman of the County committee, Major W. F. Reynolds, made several able speeches also during the campaign, and by his good management of affairs belonging to his position, contributed not a little to the grand result which has filled all democrats with joy. Mr. Alexander, owing to recent illness, did not take so active a part in the campaign as he has done heretofore, but nevertheless made several telling speeches. The main part of the canvassing was done by the two gentlemen to whom we have refered, and while all are entitled to credit, they are in an eminent degree, worthy of all praise.

How are you Woolies?

The election which took place in this county, on Tuesday last, squelched the wooly heads so completely that we shall never hear of them no more. Negro equality, miscegnation, and the other lovely planks of the Abolition platform were completely demolished by the honest white men of Centre county. The vulgarity, abuse and scurrility which the blackguards who run the shoddy machine in this county, heaped upon honest men, had no other effect than to swell the Democratic majority from 344 to nearly one thousand! Hereafter this abolition abortion, calling itself the *Union party* of Centre county will only be found in the history of the past. It was burried so deep on last Tuesday that there is no resurrection for it. The foundations of Republican Government public intelligence and public virtue, have been fully vindicated here, and we trust the same vindication extended over all our State.

Good-bye Kurtzy.

George, we are sorry to part forever, even from one who is a renegade from the principles of his whole early life, and who has proved untrue to the doctrines inculcated by his worthy progenitor. In happier days, when Democracy ruled the country, George was an adherent of those very principles; but later, when the *storm of fanaticism overthrew* the foundations of our political system, George deserted his colors and flew into the arms of Abolitionism. Alas! to-day he sees his doom written upon the wall, and the finger of destiny, while pointing towards him, at the same time writes the "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*" of his career.

Ah, George, did you think when you vowed eternal hostility to the priciples which you once professed to hold in reverence, that so soon you would see them rise triumphantly above the shafts and darts hurled at them by an ignorant and bigoted despotism? Did you imagine that they would so soon become the hope of salvation to the people? Ah, no; else had you never deserted the grand old flag of Democracy to uphold the dirty rag of Abolitionism.

George, your past life has been a lie. You, for the sake of present gain, trampled under foot the, principles of your fathers, and to-day you see them risen to the full height of their majesty, while you, poor silly dolt, are groping about in the darkness and deceit which your own unprincipled and silly conduct has made your rightful inheritance. Oh, George, in our heart we pity you, but *while we* pity, we condemn. You are sunken—you are *down* but the degradation you have brought upon your self. Do you not regret the happy days once spent within the pale of the Democratic church? That was a holy altar, George whereon you once offered sacrifices to the Goddess of liberty, but how unholy and impure, O, George, is the one before which you now lay your sacrifices. Do you feel lik an honest man, George? Is not your conscience troubled? Have you no mighty dreams of blood and horror, and do not the ghosts of the sleeping slain come trooping across your startled vision? Ah Goooge, it is a serious thing to think of. We pity you, indeed we do.

Thank God! for victory, even though it be *only partly complete*. Thank God in that He has opened the eyes of the people and showed the yawning precipice towards whose brink they have been carelessly, so heedlessly rushing. George thank Him, too, that your doctrines have not prevailed, and that your principles have not led the people astray.—God be praised that there is yet hope of salvation for this poor bleeding country.

The Fate of Renegades.

Because Geo. Kurtz was not nominated by the democracy for Register and Recorder some few years ago, he turned traitor to his party and to his principles and now has his reward—being the *ostensible* editor of a little eight by ten Abolition sheet in a county where Abolitionism exists only by the sufferance of the Democracy. Oh, George, you should *have known you were not* able to play the *role* of John W. Forney, and by superior capacity in political management acquire a commanding position with fat contracts among your new allies. You are not a great man George, and your present position is neither enviable nor respectable. Repent and come back into the folds of Democracy, and in the distant future you may again acquire the standing you once had in this county, that of a man possessing *very* ordinary capacity but of respectable character. It requires more genious than you ever had to be successful in the treacherous and unprincipled course you have been leading for the last few years. This you must now see; for even the treachery of Col. Blair (although the reward was to have been a Brigadier Generalship) is only repaid by an office which is a disgrace to any white man to hold.—Blair has more ability than you, George, and yet he has been compelled to descend from the honorable and responsible *position of Colonel of a Pennsylvania* Regiment to be *Provost Marshall*, a position in all respects on a level with the slave catcher of the South. He forfeited his own self respect by his defection from Democracy or he never would have condescended to act the part of a blood hound for the Washington Despotism. George when you and Blair meet, consult together and see if you both did not make donkeys of yourselves by your perfidy towards your former party friends.

——The white man who tried to kiss a nigger wench and because she refused slapped her on the face was not a "copperhead as the *Press* falsely asserted last week, but a republican and one who took an active part in their meeting. Come George if you tell any more such lies, we will give the names of your practical miscegnationists. If you and your political friends prefer to kiss black women to white ladies, you ought not, after they resist "the soft impeachment" allege that it was somebody else. Shame on you George.

"To whom it may Concern."

All Americans of African descent are hereby ordered to observe the 4th day of March 1865, as a day of humiliation, in consequence of the total overthrow of shoddy, miscegenation, arbitrary arrests, negro equality, and official corruption, in Pennsylvania on the 11th day of October by the combined forces of truth, justice and a liberty under the command of General Intelligence.

"A. LINCOLN."

VICTORY! VICTORY!!

THE DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT!!

OVER 500 GAIN IN CENTRE!!

ABOLITIONISM "SQUELCHED."

We give below the returns from all the townships and boroughs of this county as far as heard from. They show a democratic majority of *over nine hundred!* This is a glorious result. All honor to the intelligent and brave democracy of old Centre! The puny efforts of such men as Wilson, Furst, Yocum, and the prayers to an "Anti-slavery God" by Hicks, were powerless against the onward march of justice, liberty and correct political principles. The redemption of Centre county from the control of the *dark powers* is now complete. All hail to glorious Centre! *Three cheers and a tiger* for the Copperheads. But roll on the ball. The enemy is defeated, demoralized and routed. By a vigorous pursuit we will *bag* them all in November. We can give McClellan *fifteen hundred majority!!* Democrats, don't cease your efforts. Work, work, and let the trembling myrmidons of *despotic sway* know and feel your power when laboring on the cause of constitutional liberty. From all parts of the State the same good news is brought. Clearfield gives us 1,800 majority, Elk 400, Clinton 600, Lycoming 1,000. "Everything is lovely when" *Brudder Hicks* sings the *sockdolager*.

	Dem. Maj.	*Rep. Maj.*	*D. Gains*
Bellefonte bor.	00	28	49
Howard bor.	—	—	—
Milesburg bor.	00	23	7
Union bor.	00	8	31
Boggs twp.	00	92	39
Benner	80	00	50
Burnside	4	00	26
Curtin	—	—	—
Ferguson	41	—	27
Gregg	217	—	5
Harris	126	—	2
Half Moon	—	24	33
Harris	—	46	46
Howard	—	14	7
Huston	—	8	34
Liberty	—	—	—
Marion	42	—	4
Miles	179	—	—
Patton	4	—	12
Penn	225	—	—
Potter	219	—	26
Rush	9	—	23
Spring	12	12	37
Snow Shoe	43	—	19
Taylor	—	17	14
Union	—	30	9
Walker	40	40	54
Worth	4	—	2
	1232	312	548

Up to the hour of going to press, the indications are that the State will give a large democratic majority.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

A telegraphic despatch, to a gentleman of this city, says the *Age* of this morning, announces that at the election held in Nevada Territory, for the adoption of a State Constitution, and also for the choice of a delegate to Congress, the Democratic ticket was elected by some 1,200 majority. A. C Bradford, Democrat, is the successful candidate. This is clearly indicative of a sure Democratic triumph in California and Oregon.

Indeed, we have information, by very recent letters, that leaves no more doubt of those two States coming to swell the triumph of Democracy, than we have of New Jersey or Pennsylvania. The despatch from Nevada is unquestionably reliable.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN PAPER FOR McCLELLAN.

We can scarcely pick up an exchange without noticing some important accession to our ranks from those of our opponents The Ann Arbor (Michigan) *Journal*, one of the ablest and most influential Republican papers in that State, has taken the names of Lincoln and Johnson from the head of its columns, and substituted the name of Geo. B. McClellan and Geo. H. Pendleton. In justification of its course, it uses the following arguments, when we commend to the notice of every honest Republican:

"Public sentiment in favor of Gen. McClellan has been increasing in force very rapidly during the last thirty days. A large majority of the people seem to be strongly impressed with the necessity of abandoning the Abolition policy of Abraham Lincoln of *falling back upon the Constitution* as it is, as the only bond of Union between the States, and of electing a man of military experience, wisdom and regard for the Constitution; a man who is ardently devoted to the Union, and is capable of prosecuting the war successfully and determined to restore the Union as it was. * * * * * *

Being well satisfied with the nomination of Gen. McClellan, and with the resolutions constituting the platform adopted by the Democratic National Convention, we shall give our support to that ticket, and have taken from the head of our columns the names of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, and substituted in their places the names of George B. McClellan and Geo. H. Pendleton. We do this in the full and firm belief that it is impossible to restore the Union and to establish peace throughout the United States under the emancipation policy adopted and persisted in by the present Administration; and that it is necessary to change rulers, with a view to a change of the policy of the Government, that those most desirable and important objects may be attained.

——Kurtz said that Hon. Gen. T. Alexander was not an honest man. Nine hundred majority of the people of this county says that George *lied*.

——Over two millions four hundred, thousand men have entered the army since the beginning of the war. The impending draft will swell the number to THREE MILLIONS. Yet, with all these brave and gallant men, Mr. Lincoln's fatal and miserable policy has failed to accomplish the pretended object for which the war was begun.

Wounds Not to be Lightly Closed.

A healing-plaster stuck on a malignant ulcer, may ease it, or dry up the issue, but the virus will break out on another part of the surface, or settle in, on some vital organ. As with the human body, so it is with the political. No scratch or puncture from without, has caused the hideous wounds from which the people of these States suffer. Riotous living, bad atmosphere, and disregard of organic laws, had rendered the issue of the body unwholesome. It was a question of time and occasion, as to where the contracted disease would show itself.

A change of political rulers is of urgent necessity. A stopping of the insane meddling with the slavery question is of pressing importance. The madness of Puritan teaching—that the North ought to "hate the South"—must be done away with. But if these were all accomplished, one festering sore would only be checked, to have others—perhaps worse ones—burst out, or strike in, in its stead.

To restore our public society to anything like its ancient happiness, there must be a moral, and a political reformation. It was often remarked, in the earlier history of the late Union, by our wisest statesman, and by the most affectionate of foreign observers, that such a system could never exist except among an intelligent, and, above all, a *virtuous* people. The generation in whose hands the fabric of the late Union crumbled and that sees the more fundamental organism of State Governments tumbling into chaos, had become corrupt in political morals, and shallow in political understanding

The material wealth that, from every side, poured in on the community, made the people extravagant and careless in regard to their institutions of government. *Money became the Jupiter of their highest worship*, and they found that, by neglecting altogether political interests, they could *make* enough of money to enable them, as a community, to laugh at the corruptions of their professed politicians. That was a condition of things which, of rigorous necessity, *expelled* from political life all that was most lofty, most pure, and most constructive in the intellect of the country.

The vile canker grew apace—unobserved, except by a few, who were laughed at for their prophetic forebodings. It struck its roots into the vital organs of the States.—It ramified beneath the surface. The infamous Abolition fanaticism, nursed into political effect by such despicable grovellers as Weed and Seward, served as the pimple on the surface, towards which all the vicious humors of the body politic made their way. Thither thronged all the clergy who sought the flesh, and not godliness, in their ministrations. Thither thronged all the restless *crowd of men out of occupation*, and disjointed in the common society—all the disorganizers—all the common prowlers and thieves, who live on a people's weaknesses, or fooleries, or vices and aberrations—the bankrupts in character—the eccentric tomtits, who try to live by being *odd*, because they have no chance of living by being *good!* These, altogether, made up that most hideous conglomerate, the "Black-Republican party," with Seward as its silly figure-head, and Thurlow Weed as its foul and filthy—*stomach! Heart* it had none!

For fifty-five years—ever since the immortal Jefferson quitted the Presidential chair in 1809, the study and discussion of our Constitutional law, as understood and inculcated by Jefferson and his school, has been ignored and neglected in the Northern States. These were the true, the traditional, the *living* interpretations of the Constitution of the United States, and of the States. Tradition, from father to son, has kept alive here and there, at the North a faint glimmer of those teachings. But *Yankee schooling*, and *Yankee class books* and misinterpretations *have been at* work, industriously, to distort the truth, and to train amiss the public mind. *Industry* has succeeded against genius and against *true science*. The Jeffersonian interpretation of the Federal Constitution alone prevented the disruption of the Union in 1801—twelve years after it was inaugurated. This is a matter of acknowledged history. It is equally a historical fact that for the last half century, at the North—in *all* the Northern States, this nominally accepted, and only correct, *Jeffersonian* interpretation of the Constitution, has been ignored. It was ignored under the Administration of Jefferson's successor, Madison—a "Southern man with *Northern* principles!" It was ignored under the well meaning Monroe—a good man, whose fortune it was to rule in an "era of general good feeling." There was some slight "reverting to first principles," under the second Massachusetts Adams, in order to upset his insidious Yankee policy. This subsided when, in 1828, Gen. Jackson, as a Democrat was elected President. *His* purposes were all patriotic—singularly disinterested—but, *without his meaning or willing it, partizanship* took a new start, under his administration, as overriding patriotism. Martin Van Buren next became President, and, *through* the malice of disappointed ambition, in not being re-elected, became the father of Free-soilism, and the grandfather, and original patriarch of the Black Republican infamy!

Since Van Buren's time, politics, at the North, have gone from bad to worse. There has been no generous reliance on the virtue of the people. There has been no general appeal to them, *on principle*. Political campaigns have been conducted, generally, by charlatans, paid and huckstering buffoons, and the like. There has been nothing like what was kept up in the Southern States, where their ablest public men went before the *people*, and in long arguments, discussed fundamental principles.

Politics, at the North, for these reasons, and because, for nearly half a century, men of real merit, who will not barter, nor buy and sell, have shunned politics thus degraded, and have gone into commerce, industrial enterprises, in all phases, and professional avocations—for these reasons, politics have been generally the partage of designing scoundrels, without character, and of vain simpletons, who have learned, at a price, that political advancement is but a gibbet, on which, like a jacketed monkey on a pole, the higher the fool goes up, the more he shows himself to be what he is!

These have been the works of darkness Darkness of the intellect—*fools* thinking *honor* was a thing to be *bought!* Darkness of the *soul!* Thinking that *money*, gained by corruption, could bring either honor or comfort!

Avaul! deeds of darkness and of infamy!

But we, who are of the day! We, who have not stained our garments in crime or in dishonor! *We* have got a work to do!

It may be *before* the election of November, or it may be *after* it! It may be by the war of words, or it may be by *manly deeds*. *We* who mean still, and after all hazards, to maintain our *rights* as a people on this soil, *we* have a work to do!

Nothing that is real lives but by its *principles*. Principles are a thing of *tradition*. On this soil, attacked, indeed, but not yet abated, we have the principles of personal political, social and religious liberty! We *ought* not to stay here; we *ought* not to leave families here, after us, unless we leave them the inheritance we have received from those who have gone before us!. They, struggling and suffering, handed down to us the trust. Shall we prove recreant? Have you not heart for the struggle? Then seize this auspicious time—the last—when you can sell your greenback values for *nearly* fifty cents on the dollar—and go—whither, we cannot advise! If you resolve to stay and see it *through*, we bid you welcome. We, too, *mean* to see this fight out—But it is not to be ended by the November election, nor this *year, nor next!*

Life is a trial, and a combat! *Rest* from toil, for the right-hearted, is in the world hereafter. *This life must be one of warfare.* Oh, friends! acquit yourselves like *men!*—*Men, true* men, do not make *money*, or *ease*, the aim of life! Awake from this sleep of sensualism! Are you like Asiatics? Do Americans *degenerate* from their European ancestors?

The wound of this people is *deep!* It needs, indeed, grander surgery than *politics* or politicians, as we are, can give it. It needs *faith*. It needs a foundation of immutable *morals!* After that, the people need, what we urge on them, courage—daring!—*Freeman's Journal.*

An Infamous Outrage.

On Saturday last the Democracy of Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, held by far the largest meeting which ever assembled in that part of the State. They met peacefully, and without arms in their hands, not dreaming of insult and outrage, but before they dispersed they were taught that Democrats must go armed in this contest if they wish to be safe. Had justice been done, not one of the miserable scoundrels who acted so brutal a part would have been suffered to escape alive. Let the people learn a lesson from the following account of the outrage at Pottsville:

"Mr. Strouse had just adjourned the meeting, and the immense crowd, which had filled the streets in the neighborhood for four hours, began slowly to dispelse.—There many ladies and children among the people, and Mr. Strouse had scarcely left the stand, when suddenly a party of twenty cavalrymen, with drawn sabers, rushed out of a by street, and attacked the people. One man was on horseback, and led the others. They charged upon the mass of the people, trampling some, cutting and slashing others with their sabres. They all belonged to a camp on the outskirts of the town

"Many women fainted, others shrieked.—The people thus suddenly beset, for a moment gave way, but as soon as the surprise was over they turned upon the soldiers, and began hurling stones and clubs at them.—The Democrats are resolved to defend themselves, and a few, fearing attacks had brought weapons with them. For a moment it appeared as if there would be a *fierce riot in the street*, but as quick as thought the soldiers turned into an alley, and got away. Not one of them could be found.

"Six citizens of Pottsville were wounded, some of them badly I did not hear of any of the ladies being hurt, though many were frightened, and some fell and were bruised Among the wounded men was a returned soldier, who had just returned home; having served three years and seventeen days in the army Another was an old man. Both Democrats. The cavalry who committed the outrage belong to a regiment of one year's men, raised at Chambersburg They never been in any engagement with or even seen the rebels.

At half-past seven o'clock an indignation meeting was called, and John M. Crosland Esq., placed in the chair. After a brief address from McAdam, Mr. Cook was introduced, and then Mr. Wite All were decided in their denunciation of the outrage committed in the afternoon, and one half of the Democrats who come to the night meeting, had arms with them. They were determined to protect themselves

No attack was made, however, though there was some hooting and stone-throwing (quickly hushed up though) from dark corners. The more moderate Republicans deplored the day's violence, and urged the commander of the cavalry to keep his men in camp. It was feared that riot might occur in the evening, and the Abolitionists were afraid of getting hurt. Weapons were plainly exhibited, and the Democrats showed a termination that was unmistakable.—However, no outrage occurred, and after tremendous cheers for the Democratic candidates, the meeting, at about ten o'clock adjourned.

HE SAVED THE STATE.—Let Pennsylvanians bear in grateful recollection, that the recollection, that the gallant chieftain of the Democracy; Gen. George B. McClellan, by his skill and prowess saved his native Commonwealth from the devastating consequences of "rebel" occupation, by his splendid and never memorable victory over Gen. Lee, upon the bloody field of Antietam; and that the victory at Gettysburg was largely due—according to the testimony of many soldiers—to the report then current, and doubtless purposely set afloat, that their beloved commander had been recalled and was directing their movements. This report so inspirited our gallant men that they hurled themselves upon and overwhelmed enemy. "We are again commanded by Little Mac," passed from mouth to mouth, and the cry was equal to a reinforcement of fifty thousand veterans. Thus was Pennsylvania saved a second time. Will our people now turn their backs upon the noble-hearted, chivalrous, unselfish and patriotic McClellan, and fasten upon their country a military despotism, unrestrained by constitutions, and ruling without law? NEVER—NEVER—NEVER—NEVER—"GOD IS JUST," and so are the American people.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Ex-President Fillmore is out for the hero of Antietam.

FROM AN OLD LINE WHIG

A VOICE THAT WILL BE HEEDED.

LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

The following letters from Ex-President Fillmore were addressed to a citizen of Philadelphia:

BUFFALO, Sept. 26.

John Bell Robinson, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I have yours asking permission to publish my letters, but I have such an aversion to appearing in *the papers, that I cannot consent*; but if you think it can do any good to the McClellan cause to show it to your friends, or read it at your meetings, you are at liberty to do so.

Truly yours,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

BUFFALO, August 12, 1864.

John Bell Robinson, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Your kind favor of the 30th, came to hand on the 6th inst., and now I have just received *yours* of the 8th, and while I fully and gratefully appreciate your kind intentions I hesitate about responding to your inquiries, chiefly because I am unwilling to write anything for publication.

While I take the deepest interest in the *fate of my country*, and look with painful apprehension to the future, yet I have retired from public life, and can hardly appear again before the public, even by letter without having my motives impugned and misrepresented; and therefore I have invariably refused to attend any public meeting, or write anything for publication.

I sincerely feel that the country is on the verge of ruin, and unless the *policy* which governs our national affairs can be changed, *we must soon end in national bankruptcy* and military despotism. Perhaps the former cannot now be averted, but the latter may: but in my opinion the *policy* can only be changed by a change of *administration*.

Everything seems to have been done to unite and exasperate the South, and intensify its hatred to the North, so as to render a Union impossible; but still I am not without hope that a change of administration may change the feeling of the South towards us, and eventually bring about a restored Union and an honorable peace; but I have no faith in that policy which proposes to exterminate the South, or hold it by military subjugation. To maintain this Union by force of arms, merely, would require a standing army that would exhaust all the resources of the nation, and *necessarily* convert our government into a military despotism. This is a result that no patriot can contemplate without horror But I have said more than I intended, and you will please to consider it *private*, and believe me,

Yours, etc.,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

The Pending Contest.

The Louisville *Journal*, long one of the most prominent organs of the Whig party in the country; but now vigorously supporting General McClellan, most clearly and eloquently characterises the real issue of the great political contest now going on.

There is, no doubt, considerable activity among the friends of the conservative candidates, but not enough. We want more, a great deal *more*. *The present activity is* but apathy in comparison with what we might and ought to have We should, with a wild, ringing shout, throw our whole strength and energies into the struggle We should go into it as McClellan and Grant and Sherman and Hooker go into the battles of their country This canvass is one of the battles of the country, and destined to be in its results, by far the greatest and mightiest of them all

We hear no roar of artillery, we see no smoke, no flash of sabre or gleam of bayonet, but we all feel in our souls that vast agencies are at work among us, which in their influences will bless or curse our nation, throughout the present age and the near and far-off ages.

There are two dark, fierce spirits of evil against which we, the conservatives of the country, standing in the van of the conservatives of the world, are now called on to make battle with all the might that God has given us. One of them is the Southern spirit of the rebellion against the Union, and the other the Northern spirit of rebellion against the Constitution We must crush them both if we would be a free people or if we would be worthy to be called a nation. But the annihilation of the Southern rebellion is more immediately committed to our glorious armies in the field, and our especial business as conservative citizens, at least until after the great election, is to rescue our bleeding Constitution from the desperate grip of its mortal foe in the loyal States *and to heal the deep wounds of which it is* now fast dying We must accomplish this tremendous work; or the fate of our great Republic, which has blazed like the morning star upon the nations of the earth, will inevitable be either despotism or anarchy, warning off by its darkness and terror the millions whom it has for almost a century allured by its brightness and glory.

Then to your work! to your work! to your work! oh valiant conservatives of the Union! For the next five weeks, work for yourselves! work for your country! work for the race of man! Be prepared for whatever may confront you, let it come in what form or shape it will. Shrink not before the mutterings or the threats of power. Know and feel that you are men, free high-minded men, and, as such, respect yourselves and make all respect you. If need be, take your lives in the hands wherewith you cast your ballots, and defy the worst that accursed tyranny can do you. Swear before the Spirit of the Universe not to give up the fight until death or until you have crushed the Satanic party, that fierce architect of ruin, which has been rending and prostrating the great pillars of the Constitution and the laws, but is as impotent to *rear them up as the* earthquake to reconstruct the cities and temples it has shaken down.

CHANGE OF BASE—READ AND REFLECT.

In order that the people can see how far Abraham Lincoln has gone from his original love, we copy from his inaugural of March 4th, 1861, as well as from *his proposition* of July 5th, 1864. How any one can read these productions and entertain any confidence in the man now at the head of affairs is more than we can conceive. Unless the people are blind to their best interests they will place in his stead an individual possessing some consistency, respecting the vital issues of the country. Will the readers of the WATCHMAN call the attention of their radical friends to these extracts?

Lincoln's Inaugural March 5th, 1861.

I declare that I have no purpose, DIRECTLY or INDIRECTLY, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have NO LAWFUL RIGHT TO DO SO, and have NO INCLINATION TO DO SO. * * * * * The RIGHT of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its judgment EXCLUSIVELY, IS ESSENTIAL to the balance of power on which the perfection and ENDURANCE of our political fabric depend.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln to the Rebel Commissioners, July 8, 1864.

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the ABANDONMENT OF SLAVERY, and comes by an authority that can control the armies now at war with the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson for McClellan—A Scathing Letter.

The following letter is from Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the oldest Senator from Congress:

Saratoga Springs, Sep 14th.

GENTLEMEN—your invitation to the meeting to be held in Washington on the 17th instant, *to ratify the nomition of McClellan* and Pendleton is but just received.

It will be out of my power to be with you, my stay here for some days longer being unavoidable. Opposed as I was to the original election of Mr. Lincoln to the station he now occupies, from a conviction of his being unequal to its duties, the manner in which he has met them, has but confirmed me in that opinion. With more than two millions of soldiers placed in his hands and *an unlimited amount* of treasure, his policy and his manner of using his power, instead of putting the rebellion down and bringing to our ranks the thousands of Union men who were then in each of the seceded States and who in some are believed to outnumber the rebels, have but served the double purpose of uniting them against us and of dividing the public opinion of the loyal States. The effect, of course, is that notwithstanding the gallant deeds of our army and navy and *the manifest* justice of our cause, the Union is even more effectually broken now than it was when his administration commenced. Whatever of honesty of purpose may belong to him, and I am willing to admit that he has had it, his vacillation, his policy, now conservative, now radical, his selection of *military officers grossly incompetent*, his treatment of those who were evidently competent, his yielding in this to what he has himself been often heard to say as an excuse was "outside pressure" his having not only not punished, but as far as the public know, unrebuked the vandal excesses of military officers of his special selection, shocking the sentiment, of the world, and disgracing us in the view of Christendom by the burning of private dwellings, and depriving their often exclusively female occupants of home and means of livelihood, all demonstrate that he is grossly incompetent to govern the country in this crisis of its fate.

How can an honorable man believe that one who has so signally failed for almost four entire years, can be successful in another four years be granted him! No one in Congress, certainly. Not twenty members believe him equal or at all equal to the mighty task. He has been tried and found wanting.

Let us have a change, none, if loyal, can be for the worse. It is not that we wish to use his own classic figure to swap horses in the midst of a stream, but that when we are on a journey and safety depends on *making our destination* at the earliest moment, we should cast aside a spavined and thin horse, and secure a sound and active one.

In General McClellan we are furnished—in the history of his life, in the purity of his character, his refinement, his attainments civil and military, and, above all in his perfect loyalty—every assurance that under his executive guidance, the war, now so exhaustive of treasure and blood, will be soon brought to a triumphant termination, and this Union which "at all hazards" he will never agree to surrender, will be restored

With regard, your obedient servant
REVERDY JOHNSON

HOW THE SOLDIERS WILL VOTE.—All our account from the army agree in predicting a heavy majority for McClellan in the soldier vote, especially that cast in the Army of the Potomac. Of course this is upon the supposition that a fair canvass and vote will be allowed.

In addition to the letters on this subject from soldiers, some of which we have published; the following from the Patterson *Register* furnishes confirmatory evidence of the feeling in the army for "Little Mac":

We have gratifying intelligence from the Army of the Potomac, indicating that Gen. McClellan still possesses the confidence, love and respect of the vetterans of that gallant army. A returned Volunter of the Fifty-seventh New York regiment, who has just arrived from the front, informs us that a vote for President was taken in the Second (Hancock's) army corps recently, with the following result

For McClellan,	10,556
For Lincoln,	3,555
McClellan's majority,	7,160

At Camp Distribution, where there are several thousand soldiers, a vote was also had a few days since. It resulted thus.

McC[illegible]	4,067
Lin[illegible]	1,859
Mac's majority,	2,677

Here is a total army vote of 19,468—of which McClellan has 14,111, or a majority of 9,058—nearly double the total vote that Lincoln received!

This information is reliable. We have it from a soldier who belonged to Hancock's corps, and who is a Republican. It proves what has all along been said; that the soldiers are almost to a man for McClellan and the Union, and will so vote in November.

A STRANGE STORY.—The truth of the passage that the way of the transgressor is hard, was never more clearly illustrated than in the case of W. W. Treadwell, of Hudson, Michigan. He was a man of family, possessed of wealth, education, influence and respected by all who knew him. He was a banker, and the good name which he bore in the community caused hundreds of poor people to deposit their savings with him. Thus situated, with all the comforts that a man could wish for, he suddenly absconded, in company with a confederate named Crowell. He took all the deposited money with him, was arrested and convicted, but escaped from custody. Months passed, and a short time since, near Napoleon, Ohio, forty miles south of Adrian, a man was passing through a piece of woods, and was attracted by a stench, which he found to proceed from a decomposed human body. The flesh had been picked and gnawed by wild beasts and birds, the head was detatched from the body, and lay some distance from it, an arm torn off and partly eaten; two bullet holes were found in the skull, and the clothing, contents of the pockets, and other unmistakable evidences proved it to be the body of W. W. Treadwell, the Hudson Banker; and subsequent developments proved that he had been murdered by Crowell, his partner in iniquity, who has since been arrested.

——Mr Lincoln has been "swapping horses" again. He has dismissed Blair from the Postoffice Department. Blair was too honest. He did not want the mails tampered with to carry out Abe's political plots. Enough said: "You have done nothing wrong." Mr. Lincoln, says "I have heard no complaint against you! but the time has come for you to leave." Hereafter let the people look well to their letters What they don't want Lincoln's officials to see, let them keep out of the mails. The people will "swap" off Mr. Lincoln on November. He is the poorest piece of property they ever had. He has been unlucky from the beginning.