

Incidents in the Life of Grant—Radicals, Behold Your Caesar!

The last twelve months have been prolific of what purports to be the life of Grant—some of them professing great minuteness in "incidents" of his life from infancy.

Radicals, Behold Your Caesar! We do not pretend to give all the incidents which go to illustrate his character, (as his Radical biographers say, as they occurred, but here intend to give our readers a concise summary of his life.

Radicals, Behold Your Caesar! We beg leave to underwrite them by relating one or two little incidents of which we have lately received authentic information.

Radicals, Behold Your Caesar! These facts are vouched for by a citizen of St. Louis, a gentleman of excellent character and high social position, whose name is at our disposal.

Radicals, Behold Your Caesar! A drunkard, a gambler, and a whore-monger. A fit representative of the Radical party, who had had the reins of power in their hands for the last seven years.

There is another "incident" in the life of Grant, which his biographers have overlooked. After Grant was court-martialed and left the army in disgrace, his father-in-law, Gen. Dent, gave him a farm of 800 acres, ten miles from St. Louis, on Gravois creek.

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fering condition, and would have suffered from Grant's habits but for the compassion of Mr. Dent, who supplied them with the necessities of life.

It was the habit of Captain Grant, when he was farmer Grant, to haul his wood to St. Louis and there dispose of it; to leave his cattle in the street, or whether they might happen to be standing, and to purchase oblivion at the nearest grocery.

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Why they Voted the Radical Ticket.

Ask some mechanics why they vote for Grant and Radicalism, and their reply is, we want a protective tariff—we must have it to protect home industry.

Why then support such a party? Suppose you were to get what you desire—a protective tariff—how much would it benefit you?

You are the slave of capital. By increasing it by the labor of your saltwater arms—you produce the wealth of the country—you make the gold that capital pockets.

Open your eyes to the stern reality, and vote, on the 3d of November, not for your employers, but for yourselves.

Those of our Democratic friends who imagine that the Presidential election must go in favor of Grant, merely because the late elections, by a tight squeeze, went Radical, are advised to look at the following figures before clinching such a conclusion.

Table with 2 columns: State and Votes. For Grant: Florida 3, Illinois 10, Iowa 8, Louisiana 7, Maine 7, Massachusetts 12, Michigan 8, Minnesota 4, Nebraska 3, N Hampshire 2, Ohio 21, Rhode Island 4, South Carolina 6, Tennessee 10, Vermont 5. For Seymour: Alabama 5, Arkansas 5, California 5, Connecticut 6, Delaware 3, Georgia 13, Indiana 9, Kansas 3, Kentucky 31, Maryland 11, Missouri 7, Nevada 3, New Jersey 33, New York 33, North Carolina 9, Oregon 3, Pennsylvania 26, West Virginia 6, Wisconsin 8. Total: Democratic electors 175, Radical electors 119, Democratic majority 56.

It is thus seen that Seymour has yet the best chance of election; for even should Pennsylvania go against him which is by no means certain, he will still have 80 majority; and, should Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin, and West Virginia, which really are the only States that are doubtful, all go against him, he would still be elected by a majority of four in the Electoral College.

Why should Workingmen Vote the Radical Ticket.

Said Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, in his speech at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Wednesday last:

"The country is more prosperous today than it was on any 7th of October in its history. The truth is we are increasing the wealth of this country quite fast enough for our own good."

What say the workingmen—the laborer, the mechanic, and the artisan? Do you, whose toil and sweat produces this national wealth, and which has made this country so great among the nations of the earth, feel that this October is the "most prosperous" you ever enjoyed?

On the other hand, we have shown that it is the policy and the interest of the Democratic party to correct these abuses, and to materially relieve the present burdens of the working classes, by taxing this vast amount of wealth which Radicalism has exempted from assessment.

What right have you, then, as workmen, to vote against your own interests? With what justice can the Radicals claim your votes when they would deny you the bread of life?

If you want to work harder and grow poorer, vote the Radical ticket.

If you want to become slaves of a monied aristocracy, vote the Radical ticket.

But if you prefer to be free men, and return to old time prosperity—with equal taxes and equal privileges throughout the whole country—vote the Democratic ticket—Ex.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Schuyler Colfax's Speech, Made in 1855. After his Return from the Know-Nothing Convention in Philadelphia.

An old Fenian friend of this city has handed us the following from his scrap book for publication. It is an extract from one among the many speeches delivered by Schuyler Colfax, Radical candidate for Vice President, on his return to Indiana from the national Know-Nothing convention, at Philadelphia, in 1855.

"Some tell me that many foreigners are intelligent; yes, intelligent. How in the name of the Almighty God can they say it? Look at the Dutchman, smoking his pipe, and if you can see a ray of intelligence in that dirty, idiotic looking face of his, show it to me! Look at that drunken, bloated Irishman, with his rotgut whisky bottle in his pocket, and show me in that polluted face any spark of morality, intellect or education. The idea is perfectly absurd; it is preposterous! We must change the laws of the land and prevent these ignorant, degraded paupers here from voting and holding office.

and kept down, if it has to be done at the point of the bayonet and with powder and lead. There is no use of talking mincingly, or of fearing results in regard to the matter. A great cry has went up by old liners about the foreigner being driven away from the polls, and not being allowed to vote. This I suppose is true in many respects.

"Again: You see a lop eared, wide mouthed, mullet headed Dutchman coming up just from some hut in the Land of Krant; with the foam of beer still sticking in his horse-tail whiskers, and his breath smelling of garlic and onions, enough to kill a white man three hundred yards, and before he can say anything in the world but 'Democrat,' he must vote, and that vote counts as much as yours or mine. This is outrageous and abominable. These foreigners that have carried elections for old liners will have to learn their places. They have no more right to vote than the brutes of the field, and have not the sense of a good Newfoundland dog, and God knows that were I a candidate for any office, I would tell these paupers and vagabonds these vile, dirty filthy, degraded, idiotic foreigners, I did not want their votes and if I ever am a candidate, I hope to God I never will get them!"—Vincennes (Ind.) Star.

Once More to the Polls!

Democracy! There is to be no such used as fail! We have given the enemy a good fight and CAN BEAT THEM NOW, if we will rally to the polls in force. Their colonized voters along the New York line have gone home and can not return. Their money is spent, and in all probability, cannot be replaced! Their rejection in Philadelphia of naturalization papers cannot and dare not be repeated. In many localities, the local tickets kept down our vote. The Local and Congressional tickets are now out of the way.

Therefore bring out the Democratic vote at the November election, and the victory will be ours. A speaking canvass is unnecessary but a tall with your neighbours may do good. Remember, it is not a trifling change of the vote in each district; to give the State to Seymour is a handsome majority! Some deem it inevitable. The two elections cannot be alike. The question is, shall the change be favorable or unfavorable to the Democracy? It is for you, Democrats, to answer. Let the answer come, on Tuesday next, in tones of invincible power, that shall crush the poltry majority which was achieved through fraud and dishonesty by the Radicals in October, and give Pennsylvania's 26 electors to Seymour and Blair. It can be done! It must be done! It will be done!

Under the legislation and administration of Democrats, the farmer and poor man knew that there was a General Government in the interest of all the States only by reading. Now the Federal Government enters the farmers house, by the front door, the back door, through the windows, and down the chimney! It is omnipresent—like in the parlor, in the bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen! Behold the stamp on the mustard and spice boxes—on everything! On the boots on his feet, on his children's shoes, on his wife's gaiters! On his coat, pants, vest, and hat! He is but a walking eating and sleeping stamp and shipplaster! This is the price of "loyalty!"

Did the Federal soldier—the poor man and farmer—suppose when he went into the army to fight for "the Union," that he would thereby permanently dissolve the Union and establish a Dictatorship over half the States and a bondholding aristocracy in the other? Who dares deny the truth of this?—Sentinel on the Border, Council Bluff Iowa.

A white Radical in Georgia used the following language in addressing the negroes: "I tell you not to consider or treat any man, white or Black, who is a Democrat, as a gentleman, and if any of the whitelivered scoundrels come whining around us on election day, with suggestions or advice as to how you should vote, knock their teeth down their throats."

Yankees and niggers are driving the poor white man before them out of the Atlantic and middle States into the unexplored West to again have a path for the Puritan trader and his nigger partner. This is the poor man's reward for being "loyal" to the wealthy highwaymen who are absorbing the smaller estates and grasping a landed power!—Sentinel on the Border, Council Bluff Iowa.

Philadelphia Letter.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22, 1868. Philadelphia has now assumed a more quiet appearance. Politically, the Union Leaguers are trying to hunt up enough basemen—paid witnesses—to swear to any thing in the coming contest for the various offices, carried by the Democratic candidates on last election, but not yet installed into office. Messrs. Myers, of the 3d district, and Taylor, of the 5th, declare their intention of taking their seats this session, notwithstanding the popular view and vote of the people of their district, requesting them to remain at home. Backed by the League financially, and by corrupt men who have already had their part assigned them to swear to in the contest—Philadelphia may yet lose the reputation she gained on last election by her choice of officers, and in burying Radicalism so low never again to rise, notwithstanding, all attempts at fraud at the polls.

Radicalism declares the majority don't rule, minority must. Their action speaks as loud as their word. In regard to our Mayor, considerable influence is being brought to bear in order to cheat him of his laurels.—And if it was not for the determined will of the people in rallying to his support as they did on election day, the certificate of election would have been withheld until the excitement abated and the Leaguers had time to concoct some damnable scheme by which to deprive him of his rights. But in Mayor Fox they have found their equal.—Strengthened by the support of the people, Philadelphia may thank her stars that the days of our Mayor for going a fishing on important occasions is about played.

By present appearances our newly elected Democratic District Attorney bids fair to have his hands full, as our democratic Committee have enough suite pending against Radical candidates, judges and policemen for extra officiousness on election day last, in arresting peaceable citizens, destroying naturalization papers, offered and properly vouched for, and with mal treating the holders of the same, for daring to vote the Democratic ticket. In one instance we find one of their good (?) honest (?) law abiding (?) judges, destroying the naturalization papers of a voter, which paper dated back some 15 or 16 years. For this offense we have him under \$3000 bail, with a fair prospect of going him boarding in Moyamensing Prison for one year or more unless sooner released by our feeling Governor, whose heart is always tender on such occasions, in relieving Radicals from their just dues.

Considerable censure has been brought to bear against our efficient Sheriff, Gen. Peter Lyle, who, notwithstanding the storm of opinion of various Radicals against him, in the hour of need, took the advantage of the old law, that in cases of preventative was worth a price of four, in appointing deputy Sheriff's in order to prevent rioting on election day.

In a speech made during the present week our prefect, but now think God, no longer District Attorney Wm B. Mann, that honorable and distinguished (what for?) gentleman, occasioned to openly charge and arraign Sheriff Peter Lyle as accessory to the murder of the innocent child killed on election day during a fracas with a Deputy and a mob of illegal voters. Thus assuming the double position of Judge, Jury and Hangman, for our Sheriff.

The Democratic Headquarters, 9th and Arch, are now nightly by enthusiastic citizens in pursuance of a call from committee. Good speeches, exhorting loyalty to party, another strong pull in November next, in order to carry the State for Seymour and Blair, good music and mutual interchanges of ideas, seemingly every night to prevail, and with fair prospects that Philadelphia may be put down in November next, good for 5000 majority in our candidates as the Carpet-baggers, thieves, murderers, and renegades, have gone back to Massachusetts, Vermont, these States needing their vote on that occasion. We are led to believe that we can increase our majority 5000, about the number of staffers we had to contend against on last election. Trusting I have not worried you.—I remain yours, N. L.

LABORING MEN, Have your wages increased under radical rule in proportion to the advance in price of groceries, dry goods and provisions? Answer the question yourselves—we leave it to you. Capitalists, bondholders and government plunderers have grown rich on the late Abolition war. Have you? Answer again. Would a CHANGE hurt you? In fact, don't your circumstances urge you to try a CHANGE? We have no doubt you will say yes. Well, then, make the CHANGE—you can do it, and we think you WILL DO IT.

BRING OUT YOUR TEAMS!—Democrats, in each township in this county, bring out a sufficient number of teams on election day to bring voters to the polls. Do not let this duty fall upon one or two men, and postpone it till late in the day. Go to work in the morning, and rain or shine, bring out every voter. It can only be effectually done by previous arrangement—by getting together an evening or two before the election, and making the necessary arrangements.

BROTHER DEMOCRATS, True to your faith—devoted to your country, gathering around the Jackson flag, and firm on the hickory platform—next Tuesday go in the might of freemen to the ballot-box, and then, Strike, for your altar and your fires! Strike, till the last armed foe expires! STRIKE, for the green graves of your sires, God, and your native land.

Rallying cry for the people down with taxation and all corrupt tax-gatherers!