

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

JOE W. FUREY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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BELLEFORTE, PA.

Friday Morning, August 20, 1869.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR. ASA PACKER, OF CARBON COUNTY. FOR SUPREME JUDGE. CYRUS L. PERSHING, OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Assembly—JACOB G. MEYER. For Prothonotary—JOHN MORAN. For Register—JOHN H. MORRISON. For Recorder—IRAZEL GREENLE. For Sheriff—DANIEL WOODRING. For Treasurer—SIMON S. WOLF. For Commissioner—JOSEPH McCLOSKEY. For Coroner—T. J. ARNOLD. For Auditor—D. H. YEAGER.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

1. That the federal government is limited in power to the grants contained in the Federal Constitution; that the exercise of doubtful constitutional powers is dangerous to the liberty of the government and the safety of the people, and the democratic party will never consent that the State of Pennsylvania shall surrender her great right of local self-government. 2. That the attempted ratification of the proposed fifteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution by the radical members of the last legislature, and their refusal to submit the same to a vote of the people, was a deliberate breach of their official duty and an outrage upon every citizen of the State, and the resolution making such ratification should be promptly repealed and the amendment submitted to the people at the polls for acceptance or rejection. 3. That the democratic party of Pennsylvania is opposed to the exercise of the right of suffrage to vote, and we do emphatically deny that there is any right or power in Congress or elsewhere to impose negro suffrage upon the people of this State in opposition to their will. 4. That reform in the administration of the federal and State governments, and in the management of their financial affairs is imperatively demanded, and no being made for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring man has our most cordial co-operation. 5. That the legislative branch of the republican Congress directly in the Constitution, the disregard of the majority therein of the will of the people and sanctity of the ballot box, in the exclusion from their seats, the establishment of military governments in States in the Union and the overthrow of all civil governments therein, are acts of tyranny and usurpation that tend to the destruction of all republican government and the creation of the worst forms of despotism. 6. That our soldiers and sailors, who carried the flag of our country to victory must be gratefully remembered, and all the guarantees given in their favor must be faithfully carried into execution. 7. Equal rights and protection for naturalized and native-born citizens at home and abroad; the assertion of American nationality which shall command the respect of foreign powers and furnish an example and encouragement to people struggling for national integrity, constitutional liberty and individual rights. 8. That the present internal revenue and taxing system of the general government be revised, and means adopted at once to be adopted to cause a modification thereof.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY MEETING.

On Tuesday evening of next week, a mass meeting of the Democracy of Centre county, and all those opposed to the late NEGRO LAW of the Legislature and in favor of REPEAL and REFORM, will be held in the Court House, in Bellefonte. Able speakers have been secured to address the meeting, among whom are Gen. WILLIAM McCANDLESS, and CHARLES W. CARRIGAN, of Philadelphia, and other speakers, and it is expected that Hon. WILLIAM A. WALLACE, late Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, will also be present. Let there be a full turnout, and let us have a routing time. Remember TUESDAY NIGHT of court week, the 24th instant.

Organize!

We earnestly urge our Democratic friends not to delay their organization. The campaign is not going to be a long one, and every hour and minute is important. But a few weeks remain until the election, and we must be ready to go to the polls with our whole force. Therefore, we say, ORGANIZE! Hold your meetings and organize township and school districts thoroughly. Let there be no work done that is not necessary, nor any neglected that is important. Be wide awake, and take neither ease nor rest until all your arrangements are completed.

The enemy are working hard. They are making their brags about overcoming the Democratic majority last fall, and will scruple not to use every means in their power to accomplish that purpose. Don't let any Democrat feel too secure. Over-confidence is as great an evil as despondency, and both should be avoided like a pestilence.—Democrats should work as though they felt that only they who work can win, and not as if the triumph of the Democracy was a "dead sure" thing. Work and win—sleep and loose. ORGANIZE!

If the white men of Centre county want a man in the Prothonotary's office, who believes and says they are no better than negroes, all they need do is to vote for SAMUEL G. BARR. In less than three weeks after he would take charge of that office, darkeys would loaf and lounge about it, as thick as they do now about the corner of Cherry alley and Allegany street.

The Two.

And now we have JAMES P. COBURN asking to be sent to the Legislature. Such a request, from a man of his political character, is the height of impudence in Centre county. Let the people send him there, and they will find themselves betrayed four weeks after he has taken his seat. For, be it remembered, Mr. COBURN is heart and soul with the extreme portion of the Radical party, and is strongly devoted to negro suffrage. The object of the people this fall is to send men to Harrisburg who will repeal the odious nigger law of last winter, but Mr. COBURN was nominated on a platform the exact opposite of that desire. Mr. COBURN will vote to sustain the Radical legislation of the last session, and would do more to secure the suffrage to the "colored cubs from Africa" than he would to secure it to the white foreigner from Ireland or Germany. Ah, no, Mr. COBURN, you can't go. The people don't want you there this winter, nor any winter, unless you change your course, and become a decent, respectable white citizen. When they desire to fill our legislative halls with black men, they will send for you, or some other person of the same calibre and opinions. Send a man to the Legislature who wants to see and will help to make Pennsylvania negroes the equals, socially and politically, of our white citizens! Great Heavens! the idea is preposterous—too horrible to think of!

People of Centre county, vote for JACOB G. MEYER. He will do you credit at Harrisburg, and will vote to withdraw the consent of Pennsylvania from that odious, infamous, damnable 15th amendment. If you want negroes to be your equals, and walk arm in arm with you to the polls, vote for COBURN. But if you want to preserve the purity of the ballot, and confine it exclusively to white men, vote for MEYER.

A few weeks ago there was an election in Virginia, which resulted in the triumph of the Democrats and Conservatives. WALKER was chosen Governor by a handsome majority, and sufficient members were elected to the Legislature to insure the choice of two conservative United States Senators. It now appears that Gen. CANBY, the military commander of that department has arranged with the President to apply the test oath to all the members elect. In this way it is expected to get all the members who served in the confederate army thrown out, and thus secure to the Radicals the election of the United States Senators. "This," says the Philadelphia Bulletin, a Radical paper, "is justly regarded as an important action, affecting the question of the election of two United States Senators. If the rebels who cannot take the test oath are thrown out, the Radical wing of the Republican party will be enabled to elect the Senators." Here is an acknowledgment, by one of his own organs, that President GRANT desires to defeat the expressed will of the lawful voters of Virginia. It is a most infamous and unrighteous transaction, and should bring upon the heads of GRANT and CANBY and the whole Radical party the execrations and contempt of the country.

Our Radical friends, having no hope for the success of their county ticket, as a whole, are already trying to drive sharp bargains. They have inaugurated the trade business, and offer to do so and so, if Democrats will only do so and so. Don't trade, Democrats. Stick to the ticket, and be not deceived by your Radical opponents, who hope to elect one or two of their men by their old game of trade.

The Democratic ticket is a good one. We can elect every man on it, and we therefore caution our friends not to listen to any suggestions of the enemy.

Lewis Hess, the negro suffrage candidate for Commissioner, made himself rich cheating his neighbors in Potter township with worthless "oil stock." Wouldn't he cheat the people of the county, if he could make any money by it, and could get the chance? He is not the kind of a man to make a good commissioner.

If the Pennsylvania rail road company can buy JAS. P. COBURN, as director of the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek rail road, can it not buy him, as representative?

If JAMES P. COBURN, would sell the people of his own valley, and their rail road interests to the Pennsylvania company for a price, would he not sell the people of the county if he had an opportunity to do so?

If you want a man for Commissioner who skinned his neighbors with worthless oil stock, and would skin the county if he got a chance, go for LEWIS HESS. He's a skinner, and the profits fall into his own pockets.

A STARTLING FACT!!

Upwards of Seven Millions of Dollars Disappear from the State Treasury in Two Years!!

WHO ARE THE THIEVES?

The astounding corruption of our State Government, under Geary's administration, is shown in the following statement from the Harrisburg Patriot. By perusing this the people can see where their money has gone, or, rather, they will see that it did not go where it should have gone. Only Four Millions of Dollars paid on the State debt out of a gross receipt of eleven millions! Where are the other seven millions?—Let Geary and his minions answer. Read the following:

The reports of the Auditor General for 1867 and 1868, taken in connection with the statements contained in the last annual message of Governor Geary, develop the astounding fact that during the last two years upwards of Eleven Millions of Dollars have been taken from the State Treasury, only Four Millions of which have been applied in payments on the State debt, leaving Seven Millions to be accounted for in appropriations for the current expenses of the Commonwealth, interest on the State Debt and other expenditures.

Table with financial data: Balance in the Treasury at the end of the fiscal year of 1866, \$1,741,000.27; Receipts during the fiscal year of 1867, \$12,380,412.89; Receipts during the fiscal year of 1868, \$12,380,412.89; Total receipts, \$24,760,825.76; Disbursements, \$17,000,000.00; Balance at end of fiscal year, \$7,760,825.76.

These figures are taken from the reports of the Auditor General for 1867 and 1868, and the reader is referred to those documents for verification of them. From these statements the fact appears that Eleven Millions, Three Hundred and Sixty-Six Thousand, Four Hundred and Eighty-Seven Dollars were taken from the Treasury during the fiscal year of 1867 and 1868. In Governor Geary's last annual message, transmitted to the legislature, January 6, 1869, is found the following:

By the report of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund for the year ending September 30, 1867, the loans redeemed amounted to \$1,794,569.50, and by their report for September 30, 1867 to November 30, 1868, the loans redeemed amounted to \$2,414,815.54, making a total redemption of \$4,209,385.04, in two years and three months, of \$4,209,385.04. By the Auditor General's reports, we have learned that the sum taken out of the Treasury during the two years of 1867 and 1868, was \$11,567,487.52. By Geary's message we ascertain that the whole amount of the State debt paid off during the period of two years and three months anterior to Nov. 30, 1868, was \$4,209,385.14.

It now remains for the defenders of Governor Geary's administration to show what became of the seven millions and upwards remaining in the Treasury after the payments made on the State Debt. How much of this sum was wasted in extravagant appropriations? How much of it was squandered in increased rates of interest on the State Debt? How much of it was given to radical State officials and a radical legislature, in the shape of increased salaries? How much of it was stolen by radical pasters and folders and other officials of the legislature who did not render a day's service to the Commonwealth? And let it also be explained how it comes that upwards of One Million of Dollars are permitted to lie useless and dead in the Treasury, when that sum might be applied to a further reduction of the State Debt and the savings of a large amount of interest to the taxpayers of the State. What has become of the Seven Millions? Who gets the interest on the One Million? Where does the money go to and who are the thieves?

It is said now that the Cabinet meetings of this administration amount to nothing more than select social parties. At the last one, the President and his constitutional advisers amused themselves relating to each other how they used to, when boys, extract warts from their fingers, and some very ingenious methods were described. It might be well for GRANT and his Cabinet to turn their attention to removing the warts from the body politic. There are some huge excrescences that need immediate doctoring, and from which the public health is already greatly suffering. Will the President, as head physician, try to discover a remedy?

A vote for JIM COBURN is a vote for one of the men who sold the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek rail road out, and prevented the people of Pennsylvania from getting a rail road.

If the supporters of JAS. P. COBURN will tell the people how much he got for voting to sell the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek R. R. charter to the Pennsylvania rail road company, they can have a pretty fair idea of what that company will have to pay for his vote, should he be elected to the Legislature.

A vote for COBURN is a vote against the repeal of the villainous resolution ratifying the negro suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the general Government.

If you are in favor of negro suffrage, vote for JIM COBURN. He pledged to vote against the repeal of the resolution by which negroes are to be made voters.

Who are to be Bought?

In view of the fact that the Radicals express great concern lest a portion of Mr. PACKER's wealth should be used to carry the election for the Democracy, the question arises "Who are to be bought?" Democrats, certainly, have no need to be purchased to support Mr. PACKER, and, of course, if there is any buying to be done, it must be Radical votes that are for sale. On this subject, the following remarks from one of our exchanges are full of pith:

"Who is to be Bought with Packer's Money?—The Radicals profess to believe that the coming gubernatorial election will be carried by money; that voters need to be bought up by money. Who are in the market? Certainly not the Democrats, for they will all vote 'the ticket, the whole ticket, and nothing but the ticket'; and the Radical voters up for sale? We know that many of the leaders sell themselves as often as a purchaser can be found. Grant was bought up by Stewart, and Borie was purchased time and again by the lobby and the legislative ring. That Stevens died with two hundred thousand dollars of Pacific Railroad bonds in his possession, and to this day his Executors have declined to file and swear to an inventory of his property. The Radical Congress has been repeatedly bought up by whisky rings, railroad rings, New England tariff rings, internal improvement rings, and multitudinous other rings. Simon Cameron purchased a seat in the United States Senate two years ago, and last year the Pennsylvania Railroad bought the place vacated by Buckalew for its pet solicitor John Scott. Radical members of our legislature could be bought during the last session for five dollars a piece. We know the leaders of the Republican party sell themselves often, and that they sell themselves very cheap in Pennsylvania; but are the masses of the party in such a position? The tone of the radical press would lead us to believe that they can be bought in droves for a trifling sum per head. Perhaps it would be well for the chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee to examine into this matter. A few thousand dollars might bring us many thousands of votes, and that would simply matter as to how the masses of the Democratic party are as usual as its leaders, or it means nothing."

The late glorious results achieved by the Democracy in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Montana, &c., are but the prelude to the final grand triumph of the Democratic party. In October, Pennsylvania will once more wheel into the Democratic line, and the "Keystone of the Arch," as of yore, become the wheel-horse of our grand old party. The victories of the Democracy in the States named and those that are yet to come, most abundantly justify the following lines:

"See! White men of America, The Niggerhead decline! Virginia and some other States Are working into line. We'll find a glorious day, The Carpet Beggars quake, And office seeking scallawags With fear begin to shake! Press on then in the noble cause, Nor falter on the way. Beyond this gloom and bloody road We'll find a glorious day! The Peoria spurs the tyrant; They sink not in despair; They work for Texas and Juarez, They'll find redemption there!"

Interview at Omaha between an Indian and a Quaker Agent.

The following dialogue shows about how peace is preserved by our Quaker agents among the Indians. It will be recollected that the appointment of Quakers as Indian agents was one of GRANT's brilliant ideas. See how the thing works. We extract from the Newcastle Gazette and Democrat:

Indian—Me much sick, me want whisky. Agent—How much does thee want? Indian—Five gallons. Agent—Why thee must certainly be crazy; two large spoonfuls would be plenty for thee.

Indian—No, me no crazy. Me want five gallon. One gallon for me, and one gallon apiece for two squaws, and two gallons for one big Indian who must inspect whisky before we drink it; and he must just drink one gallon before he knows enough to inspect whisky.

Agent—Why, thee really scares me, thee seems so determined. Indian—Yes, me and squaws all much sick, and must have plenty of whisky. Agent—Oh, my good Indian, I cannot let thee have five gallons. Gen Grant would dispense with my services if I did.

Indian—Big Captain Grant no know anything about it. Suppose you give me five gallons. You then fill the barrel up with water. Or you can drink much whisky every day, and charge it to poor Indian. Agent—Does thee mean to insult me? I do not drink, neither do I fill up the barrel with water. Indian—Well if you no fill up barrel with water, you are the only honest Indian Agent in the United States; and if you no drink whisky, you be the only sober man that big Captain Grant ever appointed. For suppose a member of Congress to be a little sick, his government give him a whole barrel of whisky to make laws to cheat poor Indian; but when poor Indian be much sick, and only want five gallons of whisky, you no want to let him have it.

Agent—Well I declare, I do not know what I will do with thee. Indian—Only give me my five gallons whisky, then me be off. Oh, me much sick—two squaws much sick—squaws much sick—inspector much sick—all want whisky. All big Indians and squaws and squaws much sick, and want whisky. Yes, majority say whisky, and big Captain Grantsays majority must rule, and suppose you no give me any whisky, me go and get warriors and take it by force. And me like a few of big Captain's cigars too.

Agent—Well, here is thy whisky. Take it, be off. Let us have Peace. Indian—Oh, bow sick me was but me no sick now. Me get plenty whisky now. Good-bye, Mr. Indian whisky agent. Me thank you for whisky. Let us have Peace. A. J. C.

A good Democratic document—the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Oh! I cannot forget thee now, My sister and my mother; And one dear form lies sleeping low— It is my only brother. 'Twas years ago we fondly met By loving mother's side, And vowed how we would never forget The hour that father died. But soon, alas! too soon for us, Death robbed us of another, And left our home so sad and lone Without our elder brother. Then why should I so soon forget Thy ones I dearly love, Three are living here below, And two in joy above.

Outrageous Rascality.

Last year the Democracy charged the Radical State Administration with paying a lot of fellows large salaries, as pasters and folders, who never did any work. As usual, the charge was denied, but, truth, like murder, will out, and now we have the confirmation of that charge, strong as proofs of Holy Writ. A Mr. A. C. Hlyus, of Lancaster county, was one of the men who never did a stroke of work, and yet drew seven hundred and twelve dollars out of the State treasury. The following is his sworn affidavit:

NARRAVILLE, PA., Aug. 5th, 1869. Editors of the Express—I notice in your issue of the 4th inst., that the Hon. A. Armstrong, in a letter, is vindicting himself from having any connection with my receiving pay at Harrisburg as paster and folder in the session of 1868, and implicating John M. Stehman, that through his influence I was paid for that position. I deem it but an act of justice to Mr. Stehman to state through your valuable paper, under oath, the exact case.

First, in the session of '67 I was one of the Transcribing Clerks of the House, being then appointed through Mr. Stehman, but as the session was cancelled in the Fall of '67, I and my friends, Mr. Stehman included, prevailed on Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Stehman, in the event of their re-election, to have me reappointed as Transcribing Clerk, which they agreed to do. They asked me repeatedly to use my influence in their behalf, which I did, in my own district, and several other districts. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Stehman, and I were many votes he could depend on from Manheim township. I told him about fifty, and he was satisfied—but he gave me several more. After his election, my friends urged me to accept of the position he would have it done when the caucus met, prior to the organization. Mr. Armstrong refused to go into caucus, and in consequence of this, I (then being in the position of the above-named position) I fell. After the House attempted to organize, Mr. Armstrong, with eight other members, locked the organization out of the House, and I was sworn in. After the House was organized, and Mr. Armstrong voted for Mr. Davis for Speaker, Mr. Davis and others, offered to give him a position as paster and folder for me—but said that a clerkship could not be had. Mr. Stehman and others urged him to accept it, and I agreed to take it. But Mr. Armstrong still refused to accept it. The day after, Mr. Stehman said that they may now do as they please, he would have no more to do with it, and went home. Mr. Armstrong then told me he was going to have me appointed by resolution, and that he had made arrangements to that effect with Mr. Davis and others, and in consequence of a failure for a clerkship, I should have the appointment of paster and folder, any day, and did not go up any more until toward the close of the session. I wrote to Mr. Armstrong asking what would be done in my case, when he sent me the following dispatch: Harrisburg, April 13th, 1868.—To A. C. Hlyus, Come up. [Signed.] I did go up, and at the close of the session, Mr. Armstrong said I could get my salary by calling at the Chief Clerk's desk, when one of the clerks filled out my papers, and the Chief Clerk and Speaker signed them. I then proceeded to the Treasurer's office and drew \$712, as pay, and mileage for paster and folder.

The above transaction is only another instance of how the public treasury has been robbed under Gov. GEARY. Hlyus' testimony, voluntarily given under oath, convicts ANDREW ARMSTRONG, Speaker of the House, the State Treasurer and the Chief Clerk, of being concerned with him in this piece of downright thievery. How can honest republicans vote for such a man as GEARY, or give their support to a party that will tolerate such wholesale robbery?

Historical Ruminations of a Discomfited Candidate.

ALF S. KEIROLF, whom the readers of the WATCHMAN will remember as being editorially connected with it during the early part of the present year, was, at the late election in Kentucky, a candidate for Legislature from the 10th ward of Louisville—an independent, workingman's candidate. As JOHN COVODE would say, he was "unsuccessful" and judging from the following address to his "fellow-citizens of the tenth ward," ALF takes the result, just about as philosophically and pleasantly as it is possible for human nature to take such a result. Then there is no telling what the people of that district have lost, in losing KEIROLF as their representative; neither is there any conception of the career, crosses and calamities that he has escaped, in being permitted to remain at home and maintain his independent Democratic character:

Fellow Citizens of the Tenth Ward: Two months ago, with a degree of (London) assurance unparalleled in the history of modest modern American patriotism, I announced myself a candidate to represent you in the Legislature of Kentucky. Last Monday the election took place; therefore, gloria mundi—but "Not for Me, Joe"—you asked me to stay at home. I met the enemy, and they are not mine! I waddled along in my own ways, but I didn't Waddell enough to win. I'm disgraced by another man, and sold out by the people without a price. The election is over, and so am I—overboard. I set out vigorously to impress you

with the idea that all three of my competitors were grand rascals. You hearkened unto me. You believed me. You thought you had found your man. Therefore you elected him; but there's where I fooled you, my dear friends, Pearson is not a villain, and you're cheated. This was strategy. Bah for Pearson!

But I'm alive, thank God! Perhaps to much alive for comfort, were reference made to a fine-tooth comb. "I'm sick, send for Magines!" "Save me, Casius," I prayed lustily; but I hadn't enough cash to save me. Early in the morning I started forth fresh and in the bloom of youth and hope, and with "head and tail erect," "Where now are the Hebrew children," or any other man, including myself? Noon found me wilted; night wrapped me hopeless. "In yonder mansion" (that's Pearson's) the lights were gleaming; but mine were darkened low, and alone I meditated upon the ingratitude of republics generally, and the Republic of the Tenth Ward in particular.

Is it thus, fellow-citizens, that you reward my self-sacrificing patriotism? Didn't I tell you that I ought to be elected? Didn't I stump the district and tell you all about it? Who says "bah!" Didn't I pour forth upon the astonished night winds the pent-up storm of words at war in my noble bosom, on several occasions, to crowds of suckers? Is this my reward?

Didn't Hop and I hop around lively? Poor fellow! he's up the spout about a yard, too. Then there's our noble African friend of many plows, and a very sick kitten he is also. He's up the spout in the neighborhood of four yards. He's up further than any of us.

Like the poet, "I'm saddest when I sleep," excepting when beat for Legislation. But "here's a tear for those who love me and a sigh for those who hate"—to get swamped on election day. Misfortune makes us D. D.'s wondrous friends indeed; misery loves company, and I embrace them all like brothers, although I cannot help remarking that some of them smell loudly of the "balm of a thousand niggers."

Now where are the three noble patriots who stood by me like a wall of fire as long as they could stand at all? They were my voters. God bless them! May they never be as unquenchably "dry" as they were on election day! Bless their parched souls! I never can forget them. If I do, "may this right arm wither and this body dry up, as poor Hop would say, or words to that effect. They are forever pensioned from my ample purse, and may live in luxury all their lives, if they are able to. They shall receive THE BELLEFORTE WATCHMAN free forever, on paying down "\$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance."

Well, I'm bus'ed swamped, chawed up, caulkmuzzed, cooked and a little raw, and, as the old lady at the crossroads said when the locomotive knocked her husband out of time, "Who's a goun' to pay for all this darned foolishness?"

Where are the 2,000 patriots who volunteered to vote for me? Like Salt Lovengood's a firm porker, I'm listening for an echo answer. They're coming!—these chaps, with little slips of paper, on which my name appears before that diabolical abbreviation, "Dr."—dear little williams calling for small sum; but I tell them to "call again," when I hope to be out!

But it's all over, and that's a great comfort, small though the dividend be. My savings from this "wreck of worlds and crush of matter," are a variety of electioneering articles, composed principally of crumpled tickets, cards, cigar stumps, half-chewed quids, vermin, empty pockets and bottles, violated promises, unsettled bills, lost time, blighted hopes, etc., all of which are for sale to the highest bidder, "the purchaser to remove property on day of sale," as Uncle Sam's auctioneers provided, during the war, when selling dying mules!

"Many voters!"—my voters—where were they on election day? They had climbed the mountain of Hepidam (or some other d—n place), where the lion roared and the whangoodle mourned for its first born, and they left me to "gnaw a file!"

In conclusion, my fellow-citizens, I would say, feelingly, that I forgive you from the bottom of heart, "for you know not what you do"—especially when you vote for another against me. Look at me—see what you've lost! Oh! if my competitors had only made you believe me a rascal; then I would have been elected! But it's all over; don't worry fellow-citizens; I forgive you.

I've thoughtless thank my stars, that, like the poor preacher who passed his boomer fruitlessly at a stingy meeting, I got my hat back from this congregation! Ho! for Salt River! Adieu. Yours, sadly, ALF. S. KEIROLF.

New Advertisements.

DISSOLUTION.—The co-partnership heretofore existing between J. S. Lonberger and John C. Henry, has been dissolved this 13th day of July, by mutual consent. The books of the firm are in the hands of the senior partner, J. S. Lonberger, for settlement, who will conduct the business as heretofore, as the old stand.

J. S. LONBERGER, JOHN C. HENRY.

NOTICE!

Proposals for grading and building the Agricultural College Junction Turnpike, from the end of Moon's lane to the Agricultural College, a distance of about 2 1/2 miles, will be received up to and including the 15th day of August, at the office of McAllister & Bowers, in Bellefonte. Bids may be made by the section, one mile each, or by the rod.

For Surveys, apply to Moses Thompson, Esq., President, Centre Furnace. Address, Agricultural College, Centre Co., Pa. 14-28-114

NOTICE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Whereas, my wife, Ellen Light, left my bed and board and deserted her family in November, 1867, without just cause or provocation, and still remains absent with her daughter, M. E. Light, conspiring to ruin myself and family, now, therefore, this is to give notice to all persons not to trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting.

R. LIGHT, Julian Furnace, July 31, 1868.

WANTED!—FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of goods for which the highest market price will be paid by STEINBERG & BRANDEIS.