

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

JOE W. FUREY, Associate Editor.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, September 10, 1899.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR, ASA PACKER, OF CARBON COUNTY.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE, CYRUS L. PRESHING, OF CAMBERT COUNTY.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Assembly—JACOB G. MEYER. For Prothonotary—JOHN MORAN. For Register—JOHN H. MORRISON. For Recorder—DRAEL KRENOBLE. For Sheriff—DANIEL W. WOODRING. For Treasurer—SIMON S. WOLF. For Commissioners—JOSEPH McCLOSKEY. For Coroner—J. F. LARIMER. For Auditor—D. H. YEAGER.

ARE YOU REGISTERED?

This is a question that concerns every Democrat. Don't put it off till the last moment, but go immediately and see that your name is on the Registry list. Remember the success of the Democracy depends on getting out our whole vote, and every man must be registered! It won't do to neglect this matter; therefore let it be attended to at once.

Jim Coburn and the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek Rail Road.

It is not hard to deceive honest men once. It is now days difficult to sell out unsuspecting friends or trusting neighbors a single time, but there is some trouble in getting an opportunity to play the same trick twice. Jim Coburn reached the highest pinnacle of greatness he ever attained when he was elected one of the directors of the Lewisburg & Spruce Creek R. R. Co., some six or eight years since. It is about the only position the people ever gave him, and he had scarcely got the chair upon which he sat at the councils of the company warmed, until he sold his friends, the friends of the road, his neighbors, and every advocate of the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek Rail Road Company. What price he got for his vote on that occasion—his vote to sell the charter of that company to the Pennsylvania rail road—no one but Jim COBURN and the purchaser will ever know. That he got a price, he will not deny; if he does then we ask him why he voted to take that charter out of the hands of the people of Pennsylvania, who wanted and needed a road, and to give it to an over-grown monopoly, that cares not if the road is ever touched? Can pleasant James answer? If, as a director of that rail road company, chosen by his neighbors and friends to represent their interest in that proposed improvement, he would sell those who had trusted in his integrity, where is the assurance that he would not sell the people of the county if chosen as their representative at Harrisburg? We assert here plainly that Jim Coburn did sell the people of Pennsylvania in that rail road matter, and his friends dare not deny it. Will they again trust him in a position where he could sell them again, not only in rail-road matters, but in every other matter in which they were interested? Had that rail road charter, not been sold to the Pennsylvania company, long before this the cars would have been running up and down that valley under the management of the Catawissa or Reading rail road companies, for it is a notorious fact that both these rail-road corporations were anxious to build a road through that section of our county in order to get our trade to carry over their routes, and were only prevented from doing so by the Pennsylvania company getting control of the charter. It was by JIM COBURN'S vote that Pennsylvania was cheated out of a charter and a rail road. He deceived them once—sold them—pocketed his price, and now we ask, in all candor, how can he expect them to trust him again? Voters of Pennsylvania, remember these things when you go to the polls.

When Mr. COBURN sold out the Pennsylvania rail road, he was only thinking of his pocket. He forgot then that he might sometime ask the people to elect him to office. But so it is, JAMES P. got his pocket full, and now he wants to go to the Legislature. As the people of the region to whom he played traitor have considerably to say in that matter, we almost feel as if we could turn him over to their tender mercies. We think they will settle his hash effectually. At least they will not put their interests again in his hands to be betrayed and outraged as was their darling scheme—the rail-road.

One of the soundest old Democrats, one of the best working men in the party, one of the most deserving of candidates, is our good gray-haired friend, JOHN H. MORRISON, who will be elected to the office of Register in October next, by not less than five hundred majority. Hurrah for MORRISON. He is a Democrat of the right stripe, and Democrats can take pride in working for him.

"You Can't Come It," Jerry.

BUTTS, JERRY BUTTS, JEREMIAS H. BUTTS, who butted out his brains politically, a few years since for the dirty dish of a provost marshal office, is now asking the Democracy of Centre county to elect him Sheriff, over the gallant and crippled, straight-out Democrat—WOODRING. JERRY may think he is sharp, he believes he is; he may imagine he is popular, but imagination don't make votes. He may consider Democrats forgetful, but he'll wake up on the morning after the election to find that they have not forgotten when he and a few other radical rascals, scoured the country to catch white men, for whom their masters paid thirty dollars a head. He'll find that they have not forgotten his little wagon, hauled by two horses and loaded with white men—his own neighbors—chained together like criminals whom he was dragging off to head-quarters at Williamsport. Oh, no! Men may forgive, but they won't forget. JERRY may think he is all right now, but he'll find his record is most too recent to run upon against an honest, upright, crippled veteran Democrat like WOODRING.

JERRY has had his office. He sold his principles to get it, and a dirty, disgraceful office it was, too, and a dirty, disgraceful way he took to get it, and he should be the last man now—after helping to prosecute the Democrats of the county, as he helped, in order to make money of that office, to have the effrontery to ask them, any of them, to support him for the Sheriffship. He'll find before he gets through with the job, that that office is much harder to capture than brave JAKE FOULTZ was, and he knows that he couldn't capture him.

—If Mr. ROTZ, the Radical candidate for Recorder, would draw a revolver on a defenseless girl, because her father was a democrat, would he not be likely to deal as meanly with democrats who might be obliged to have intercourse with him in his official capacity? Certainly, they could have no confidence in him, because his conduct on the occasion of his drawing his pistol on a young lady, at once stamped him as devoid of all gentlemanly principle, and showed him to the community in his true character of a brutal, coarse, ignorant, besotted, and contemptible scoundrel. He now asks the people of Centre county to make him their Recorder. We don't believe they will do it. Inasmuch as the gentleman who is his opponent is a man of high character, an individual who has lived in honest intercourse with his fellow men, and who would scorn to do a mean action, we feel assured that they will not fail to distinguish between the decent man and the brutalized insulter of respectable ladies. That Mr. GREENBLE will be elected over ROTZ we have no doubt, else the people will say that they prefer the stay-at-home outrager of woman to a man who lost his leg fighting bravely in the ranks of his country's armies.

A VICTIM'S LETTER.—We call special attention to the very suggestive article found elsewhere, from "A VICTIM." It was not our intention, at this stage of the political canvass, to give any extended space to the operation of oil speculators or oil speculation, but the evident fairness, candor and undoubted honesty of the author, for whose name and responsibility we can vouch, demands the space occupied. If such high-handed and deliberate swindling can be proved preceding election, what may not our tax-ground and oppressed people confidently anticipate upon the installment—which may considerate Heaven avert—of such deliberate falsifiers and swindlers? A Republican of Potter township states these facts—vouches for their truthfulness, and we invite candid members of that party to consider well before casting their suffrage for Lewis Hess, the "oil speculator."

When RASH CADWALLADER gets to be Treasurer of Centre county, it will be when the people forget the services rendered to the country by the gallant Lieut. WOLF. What a ridiculous thing for a man like RASH to want to be treasurer of Centre county. It does really seem as though some men have "lost their reason." It was a rash thing for RASH to attempt to run against WOLF, and he will be fully convinced of that fact after the election.

—One of the soundest old Democrats, one of the best working men in the party, one of the most deserving of candidates, is our good gray-haired friend, JOHN H. MORRISON, who will be elected to the office of Register in October next, by not less than five hundred majority. Hurrah for MORRISON. He is a Democrat of the right stripe, and Democrats can take pride in working for him.

A Card That Won't Wig.

Driven to the wall, and desperate because there is no hope for them, radicalism in this county is working strenuously to do something—it cares little what it is, only so it keeps its courage up 'till the last moment. Since the county convention gave us the ticket that is going to be gloriously victorious, these worshippers of wenchos and advocates of negro voting, have tried about forty different plans to distract the party and to assist them to make inroads upon the majority of one or two of our candidates. Their last move is to get an independent Democratic candidate out for some office—desperation makes them care but little for which one. If they can do no better they'll accept some weak-kneed brother of "copperhead persuasion," for coroner, rather than miss their game, and then roll up their eyes and howl "no party." But it won't win. There is not a Democrat in the county mean enough to run for them—not one that they have money enough to purchase to do so dirty a trick, and if there was, it would be but one vote for them, for there would not be another Democrat who would bolt the ticket to support a disorganizer, such as an "independent" candidate would necessarily be. No, gentlemen; to use a vulgar expression, that "game's played out in these regions."

In the first place you can't get a Democrat to run, and in the second place it would be utterly impossible for you to get any one to vote for him, if you could find one ungrateful or debased enough to do it. So you may as well turn your attention to something else. Get up your meetings, send round your speakers, and swear again, as you did last fall, that your party is not in favor of negro suffrage? Go it on that hook again! Try if you can cheat the white men of this section on that question as you did last fall! We tell you plainly that you are fooling away your time trying to get independent candidates,—they'll amount to nothing if you do get them, and you'll only loose the money you have to pay them for being tools for you.

A Great Horror at Plymouth.

A most terrible accident occurred at Plymouth, about 20 miles from Scranton, on Monday last. The coal breaker of the Avondale mine caught fire and fell into the shaft leading into the mine, closing it up and preventing either ingress or egress. Two hundred men were in the mine at the time, and it is the general impression that all have perished. At last accounts, all business had been suspended, and every effort was being made to dig in to the place where the unfortunate men are supposed to be buried. The loss, pecuniarily, will amount to about \$100,000. The following are the latest dispatches in reference to the great calamity:

P. 8. Since the above was written, an entrance has been effected and all the miners were found dead. The following is the latest dispatch:

AVONDALE September 8—S. A. M.—An entrance to the mine was effected about half an hour ago. The chambers were reached without serious difficulty. The first body discovered was that of Mr. Steele. Further on, and in the most remote chamber, an appalling spectacle presented itself. There, in a heap, and in all sorts of positions in which their agonies had placed them, lay the bodies of TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY MEN, DEAD—not a vestige of life being visible in the countenance or form of any of the unfortunate men who had met so untimely and horrible a death. The wildest excitement prevailed at the entrance to the shaft, and the shrieks of the friends of the dead, as their bodies were brought up, were deafening. Nothing can approximate to a description of the scene. No pen can portray it. The post-up grief of those who still hoped against fate went forth in wails of heart-breaking agony; the endearing and tender words of the mother or wife, as she grasped the lifeless form of her son or husband, and tried to bring it again to life, refusing to believe it could be dead, and defending it against all attempts at removal.

—Both, the Radical candidate for Recorder, showed his courage once when he threatened to shoot a young lady at Pleasant Gap, because her father had a democratic banner before his door. He is now displaying his courage a second time by fighting a one-legged soldier for the office of Recorder. Tally two times for the woman fighter and the man who runs against a one-legged soldier. Brave ROTZ!

—How comes it that the "organ" of radicalism—the National—is its notice of their ticket last week, forgot BUTTS? Does it think that JERRY'S record as assistant provost marshal and white man catcher, is too rough to tie too? There's something wrong somewhere certainly.

—A vote for JIM COBURN is a vote against the repeal of the infamous resolution giving niggers the right to vote in Pennsylvania.

The Oil Market.

Letter from Potter Township. CENTER HALL, PA., Sept. 5th 1899.

EDITORS WATCHMAN.—An oily subject, like a slippery eel, requires a peculiar and delicate handling. I am not a scholar, nor yet the son of a scholar, but a novice in this kind of business. A plain farmer, thinking and writing as a man who toils hard for his subsistence, I write you this, and if more is required I may state that I am a Radical Republican. I don't like you as a politician, for I have shouted "copperhead and traitor" as loudly as the loudest. I cannot say that I will vote against your county ticket, nor yet that I can from my antecedents give it my undivided support. While this has no particular reference to what calls for this letter, it is proper that the facts should be stated. I am by no means standing alone in this matter, although I may be the only one willing to break "over the traces" and "speak out in meeting." I have been deliberately, and, as I believe, as do others, pesignly swindled by one of the principal nominees upon the Republican ticket. I was approached by this "oleginous one," who, with the sleekness and velvety manner of a first class politico-ministerial pulpit stump, made representations to me of such seemingly plausible character as to induce me to give him \$300, to be invested in a general stock, which he said was nearly raised by a select few, in this township, and which would, from the "surface indications"—it being an oil speculation—yield an immense dividend. I asked him who the other stock holders were, and he told me some of them were men of means, but by far the majority were as unable to give that amount, as myself, in case it was not a "sure thing." He assured me that \$15,000 was nearly subscribed, but one stockholder giving more than \$300. I never received one cent as dividend, or profit, and I have failed, as yet to "see" anything of the principal.

About three weeks preceding the late Republican county convention, I was approached by this man and told that he was going to try and get the nomination for County Commissioner, and in case he succeeded, and was elected, I should get my money back. He said the other stockholders had consented to help him, with that understanding. I saw some of the other victims—we held a meeting—the would be Commissioner was present, and there and then he promised that in case we would give him our township delegation, and assist in his nomination and election, that he would pay us back 80 cents on the dollar. We consented, of course. So far, so good, but I now understand that having secured the nomination, he told one of the stockholders—a poor day laborer reduced to abject want by his investment in "surface indications that would grease a man's boots") that he couldn't afford to pay back anything and should not try to. That we took our chances and must stand by it. Among other stockholders I may mention Messrs. GEO. ODENEKER, ANDY GREGG, MARTIN BOWER, WM. STURM and JOHN KUTNER—the latter a very poor man experiencing difficulty in gaining a subsistence for himself and dependent family.

Now then, I ask if this is fair, decent, or honest? Is it what we had a right to expect—nay, demand of this swindler? Is it what we are to expect of him and perhaps of the entire ticket if elected? I care not what the other stockholders may think or say hereafter—I know what they said at our meeting—but I cannot, will not be again bamboozled in open daylight by this oily scoundrel now soliciting our suffrages. I know that the hope of receiving back a portion of their money alone induced the gentlemen mentioned to support this man. I will no longer give money to dishonest townsmen, nor will I give them a suffrage which may place them in a position to do others similar and perhaps greater injury.

Forstay sell—Lewis Hess.

A Victim.

The Comet of 1899. It will be perceived by the following from one of our exchanges, that another comet is now approaching the earth, and is to be seen in the heavens!

"For more than ten years past the most scientific astronomers of the world have told us, through publications in the magazines and otherwise that during the month of July, August and September, this year, (1899) the most wonderful comet the world has ever known, would reappear. They have also assured us that it would approach nearer the earth than any comet ever before, and that either the earth or the comet would have to change its course, or a collision would be inevitable. As this comet is said to be many thousand times larger than the earth, and as it is said to move with a tail of fire that would reach around the earth more than a hundred times, it is not at all likely that a collision with it would prove as disastrous to the earth as the late accident on the Erie Railroad did to some of the more unfortunate passengers. According to astronomers, it was this comet that was immediately followed by a terrible conflagration in Paris, and other western countries, a most dreadful plague, that, in a few weeks, swept from the face of the earth more than one-half the people of the countries visited by it. Some years ago,

ter, this comet appeared again, and was preceded by a most terrific civil war in Rome, and followed by a plague, or scourge that piling the dead in heaps in the streets of that proud city, until there were scarcely enough persons left alive to bury the dead. The comet is now visible, having made its appearance on time, thus verifying the prediction of the astrologers; without postponement on account of weather. It may be seen with the naked eye on any clear night, in the northern part of the heavens, as from 11 to 12 o'clock, or till the morning star rises. The late heavy rains have not had the effect to delay its appearance and progress, or to dim its brilliancy, though it will grow brighter and brighter, as it approaches the earth.

Can the Ratification of the 15th Amendment be set aside?

The Radicals assert that the ratification of the 15th Amendment last winter by a snap judgment of the Radical members of the Legislature, is irrevocable—that it is binding for all time. This preposterous proposition, which would inflict negro suffrage upon the State whether the people were willing or not, is unanswerably disposed of by the Harrisburg Patriot, in the following able article:

THE QUESTION OF RATIFICATION.

Quite recently the radical newspapers of the State have manifested a purpose to take issue with the resolution of the democratic State convention on the question of the right of the future representatives of the people to repeal the ratification of the XVth Amendment by the last legislature. An article in the Morning Post of Saturday contained the following paragraph:

"This State the verdict already rendered is beyond their power, except the pernicious influences elsewhere which would result from a republican defeat; because there is no authority in law or precedent for setting aside the ratification of a State after its action has been officially recorded in the archives of the nation. The Evening Bulletin of the same day comes thus to the discussion of this grave question: The ratification is absolutely irrevocable, and it must necessarily be so if any such legislation is to have value. If the next legislature has power to recall the action, in such attempt this repeal, and strike to create a new one years hence will have the same power; and so, with the changing supremacy of parties, ratification of the amendment will either be hopeless, or it will have to be taken up and put in the Constitution just as one party or the other claims to control the majority of the different legislatures. This would be ridiculous. It cannot, of course, be permitted, and the people will not permit it. But we want the people of the State to bear in mind the fact that a democratic legislature would assuredly attempt this repeal, and strive to create a new one from the colored men of Pennsylvania will vote in 1874.

It is not difficult to perceive that the immediate inspiration of this language was the following utterance of that unscrupulous radical demagogue Senator Morton of Indiana, in his recent Pittsburgh speech:

Your legislature has ratified the fifteenth amendment. It is done with it. That action cannot be reconsidered under the Constitution of the United States, and I tell my democratic friends in Pennsylvania, and let them make their arrangements accordingly. I tell them from the colored men of Pennsylvania will vote in 1874.

Now let us examine the gross assumptions contained in all this, for there is not the slightest attempt at argument. The worst and the wildest is, that the people of a State have no power to reconsider the action of the legislature, but that the ratification is irrevocable. Whence did these commentators on the Constitution learn this? Where are their law and precedent? The only cases cited to sustain this view are those of Ohio and New Jersey with relation to the Fourteenth Article. But the action of these States did not affect that amendment, a sufficient number of States having ratified it without them. Secretary Seward, in proclaiming the adoption of the Fourteenth Article, referred to the ratification and subsequent rejection by these States. But the amendment was shown to have been ratified by more than three-fourths, and Ohio and New Jersey formed by their action no precedent on one side or the other. If these States had been necessary to the adoption of the amendment the important question we are now considering would have arisen for the first time in the history of the country.

The true republican doctrine is that the States are in theory a legislature, on the question of this amendment. Until ratified by three-fourths of the States, any one of them may reject, ratify and reject again. They are now deliberating. There has been hasty, inconsiderate, nay, fraudulent action on the part of the legislature of Pennsylvania. There has been no verdict of the people, but a snap judgment by their faithless representatives. How absurd it is to argue that if the next legislature has the power to recall the action of its predecessor, the legislature of fifteen years hence will have the same power. Not if the amendment, in the meantime, shall become part of the Constitution by the action of three-fourths of the States. Then it will be too late. To recall the ratification will require a new amendment of the Constitution by the concurrent action of the requisite number of States. Up till the hour when three-fourths of the States have adopted the amendment, it is in the power of any of them to withdraw its ratification. Until then they are in legislative session on the subject. The concurrence of three-fourths closes the deliberations. There is nothing in the mere formal certificate by the Secretary of State. Long before that may have been issued, and in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, the adoption may have taken place. The adoption of the amendment is made valid by the concurrent action of the required number of States, and dates from the time the last State shall have ratified it. The world must take notice of the solemn acts of a State, and the mere snaf of regarding them "among the archives of the nation" is nothing to the purpose. It is quite as easy to record at Washington the rejection of an amendment on the part of a State, as its ratification. That is what the officials are there for. The power of the States to rescind the ratification of a Constitutional amendment has never been denied by any authority entitled to the least respect. That

power is founded in the great right of self-government. To establish the contrary doctrine would be to place the people and the States constantly at the mercy of corrupt and faithless legislatures. It is not denied by these radical authorities which we have quoted that States have a right to withdraw their rejections of amendments and afterwards ratify them. It is the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, fifteen States had rejected it. A number of the Southern States afterwards under compulsory legislation of Congress, rescinded the resolution of rejection and ratified that amendment. If it be not lawful to withdraw a hasty, fraudulent or inconsiderate ratification, where is the power to withdraw a resolution rejecting an amendment to the Constitution? If the one rule be good so is the other, and thus, then, by the original rejection on the part of the Southern States, the Fourteenth Amendment has no validity. These assertions of the strange doctrine that a State has no right to reconsider its action pending the discussion of an amendment, are treading on dangerous ground. The Fourteenth Amendment owes its existence to the constrained ratification by the Southern States acting under the domination of military power after they had rejected it. If they could withdraw their resolutions rejecting the Fourteenth Amendment what is to prevent the State of Pennsylvania from taking back the fraudulent ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by the legislature of 1869? That is the question for the Post and Bulletin to discuss. If a resolution of ratification, like a law of the Medes and Persians, be irrevocable, why shall not a resolution of rejection? The only true and rational doctrine is that of the democratic party, that each State has the right to recall its action on an amendment at any time previous to its adoption by three-fourths of the States. On this is the resolution of the State convention founded. It is fully in accordance with the great principle of republican government. The other view is worthy only of partisans and tricksters.

MUSINGS.

BY JAMES G. LONDER.

Music floats upon the evening air, And robs my heart of every busy care; Memory's ever loving voice is heard to tell Of distant friends, whom I have loved so well. Softly comes the tender memories back, From friends I loved on childhood's track. Life seems so distant from its birth, Yet we are fading—like the beautiful flowers of earth.

Each tender throb that comes to-night, May hold some sorrow, hidden from our sight, Some brightest hope of years gone by, May bring to happiness, a sigh.

Life cannot always dwell 'mid bowers, Where beauty tints the loveliest flowers; For sunshine often holds a shade, And life's sweet dreams the soonest fade.

God filled the earth with nature's bloom, And sunshine robe its breast of gloom. These seem so lovely, the watching eyes—Alas! they teach us but to die.

Each one, aspiring for the touch of fame, May act as guide, or write his name. Yet what is this 'tis but to show That fame is but a sickle glow.

Ambition cannot shield us from the tomb, Nor glowing names dispel its gloom. What God intends, no one can know, Death is our nature's direst foe.

AN EARTHQUAKE COMING!

A California Savant Predicts a Heavy Shaking-up of Things in September or October. The following article from the San Francisco Chronicle we commend to the perusal of scientific men. The prospect of an earthquake is not a pleasant one. Especially along the Pacific coast, where it is predicted to occur with the most certainty, the inhabitants will not feel at all flattered. Earthquakes are very distinguished visitors, but they are also very terrible ones, and in every respect their room is better than their company. We are willing to believe, however, that Mr. Stewart, while a very learned and inquiring gentleman, will, nevertheless, as a prophet, be a disastrous failure. We hope so, at any rate.

The San Francisco Chronicle publishes the following prediction, made by a local philosopher, W. Frank Stewart:

During the past eighteen months the earth and other planets completed the most remarkable conjunction which has ever occurred; and on the night of the 14th of last November we again witnessed the grand thirty-four year star-swarm. Every intelligent person is aware that for a period of nearly two years our globe has been subjected to violent perturbations, such as have not before occurred for many centuries. These perturbations have been generally over the surface of the planet—Storms, typhoons, volcanoes, earthquakes, intense cold and scorching winds have alternately spent their fury upon the denizens of every hemisphere. By careful observations, astronomers have found that in a period of about eleven years the sun turns toward us a remarkably spotted disc, and it has also been observed that any sudden changes of light and shade upon the sun during this spotted period instantly affect terrestrial magnets. It is well known that in the autumn of 1869 one of these sunspot perturbations was immediately followed by one of the most brilliant Auroras Borealis ever witnessed in the northern hemisphere, and still more surprising the magnetic effort of the aurora was so great that messages were freely sent over telegraphic lines without connection with the batteries and by means of auroral current alone. Many additional facts showing the connection of celestial