The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK:

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BELLEFONTE, PA:

Friday Morning, October 8, 1869.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR
— **ASA PACKER,**
OF CARBON COUNTY

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
CYRUS L. PERSHING,
OF CAMBRIA COUNTY

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET

For Congress—JACOB G. MEYER
For Legislature—JOHN MORAN
For Register—JOHN H. MORRISON
For Recorder—ISRAEL C. NOBLE
For Sheriff—DANIEL W. WOODRING
For Treasurer—SIMON S. WOLF
For County Surveyor—JOSEPH McCLOSKEY
For Coroner—J. J. LARIMER
For Auditor—B. HAYDAGER

For the first time since and highly important political matters, turn to the inside pages of to-day's paper. We publish there the address of the State Central Committee, some facts in relation to to-day's pardoning operations, and some reflections for white working men to ponder with office interesting and profitable matter.

Come Out to the Election.

As this may be the last opportunity we will have to urge our Democratic friends to come out to the election in full force, we wish once more to impress upon them the *necessity* of prompt and decisive action. The contest in which the country is now shedding its blood will be decided TUESDAY next. Be where they may, Democrats, come out, one and all, to the polls, on ALL OCCASIONS! Let not one man remain at home! The success of our Secret foes may depend on ONE VOTE! The Republicans are trying to import a lot of Democrats into our county to vote for their candidates, and we should make corresponding exertions to counteract them. Buckshot voters are not Democrats, and be every Democrat on hand to the election. Sure no one will be absent—except he is prostrated on a sick bed—as the right of suffrage is at stake. Vote early in the day, and if you see any one attempting to vote in the name of a dead man, challenge him. If this be done we have no fear as to the result. If it be not done we will not answer for the consequences.

The Polls Close at Seven O'Clock.

By an act of Democratic Congress and the Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania, the polls throughout the State close at seven o'clock in the evening. There will be no voting, therefore, between the hour of six and seven P. M. The law says the polls shall be open between the hours of six and seven in the morning and *close at six o'clock in the evening*. We would find a good place to make a note of this fact, and be sure and see that all the Democratic votes are in prior to that time. This is most important and should not for an instant be forgotten. THE POLLS CLOSE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. Remember this!

DEMOCRATS—One vote may Elect ASA PACKER. Be sure and have that one out.

John H. Morrison.

One of the objections to JOHN H. MORRISON, our candidate for Register, is that he cannot read or write the German language. This is simply a silly attempt to make capital for the Radical candidate. Mr. MORRISON is well prepared to understand and write the German language, and will have no difficulty on that score.

—The Radicals say Mr. MEYER subscribed nothing to the stock of the Pennsvalley railroad. *We* say he subscribed more to that railroad than JIM CORBIN ever did.

—The Radical organs are now appealing to Irishmen. But Irishmen know just how much value to attach to such appeals. They've been burned to often to willingly step into the fire again.

Get out the Vote!

It is essential to a Democratic triumph on Tuesday next that the full vote of county and State be got out. Unless this be done, we need not hope for success, because our Radical opponents are working like beavers, and every man in their party will be out that is able to walk or be carried. With the full Democratic vote of the county and State in the ballot boxes, a Democratic victory is certain—without it we have no assurance of success! We *must come out* if we want to elect our ticket, and it would be criminal to remain at home when such great interests are at stake. Therefore, let every Democrat feel that on *him and on him alone* depends the result of this contest, for such, in fact, is really the case, and the *absence of* ONE VOTER *from the polls* may give the State or county to the Radical party. There is no estimating the importance of ONE VOTE! It may *check the tide of Radical infamy* or it may *give it another three years' lease of power* in Pennsylvania! So, DEMOCRATS,

Come to the polls!
Come on foot!
Come in wagons!
Come in carriages!
Come on horseback!
Come in buggies!
Bring the sick!
Bring the lame!
Bring the halt!
Bring the blind!
Bring the aged!
Hunt up everybody!
See that none are missing!
Let no one be forgotten!
Every Democrat has a right to vote!
Every Democrat *should* vote!
Every Democrat *must* vote!
Your country demands it!
Your State demands it!
Your party demands it!
Your *honor* demands it!
Your *interests* demand it!

An infamous party is seeking to make slaves of the poor men of the country. They are inviting the cheap labor of the Chinaman and the Negro, and if they are kept in power will introduce this labor into the country. You are taxed to death now! You will be taxed to your graves *then*! But more than this the same party is trying to place the NEGRO on a footing of equality, *socially and politically*, with white men, and *they will succeed* unless they be defeated THIS FALL!

To the polls, then, Democrats!

Get out the full vote, and throw it in all its strength against this infamous party, and the morning of the 13th of October will be the brightest there has been in the history of this country for many a day!

GET OUT THE VOTE!

The Twitchell Matter.

Our sleepy neighbor across the street, conscious that he must do something to keep the Bishop street concern from getting ahead of him, waked up one day last week and got out a circular containing a letter asserted to have been received from M. H. KEENAN, at Fort Shaw, in which is denied the fact that TWITCHELL was seen and talked to at Fort Shaw. Now, we don't know nor do we care whether this letter came from Fort Shaw or not. It is a matter of no importance to us, whatever. But we desire to correct a false impression that seems to have got abroad in reference to the person from whom we derived our information. With a presumption, the coolness of which we must positively admire, our neighbor of the *National* takes it for granted that Mr. KEENAN was the person to whom we alluded when we published our Montana letter, stating the fact of GEORGE S. TWITCHELL's appearance in that territory. Now, we very much dislike to overturn this brilliant castle of our neighbor's imagination, but candor compels us to say that Mr. KEENAN *was not you did we ever say he was*, the author of our letter from Fort Shaw. The writer of the *National's* epistle may think that he is the only person in Fort Shaw capable of writing a letter, but, if he does, he is very much mistaken. With all due respect to the writer of the *National's* letter, we beg to say that *our* informant is a gentleman of more responsibility, whose assertion of a fact would carry with it a much greater weight than that of Mr. KEENAN. Had Mr. K. been our informant we should not have published his letter without corroborative evidence. But as he was not, and as we knew personally and intimately the gentleman who sent us that letter, and knew, too, that he would *not tell a falsehood or make a statement that he was not able to prove*, we inserted his letter without hesitation. So that the attempt of our Radical friend across the street to break the weight of our charge against GEARY by publishing a denial of the charge from the *supposed* informant of the WATCHMAN, falls harmless to the ground. Poor, sleepy-headed, obtuse *National*.

Of Such Base Ingredients is a Damned Poison Made.

Of the candidates on the Radical ticket, in this county, men who are not infamous are so notoriously insignificant that nobody knows who or where they are. The majority of the ticket, however, are noted for their corruption and venality, and, in this respect, we may say they are well known to the people of the county. There is no doubt but that it is the worst ticket that has ever been presented by either party for the suffrages of the voters of Centre county, and, as such, we propose to note some of its characteristics.

The first man on it is

JAMES P. COBURN,

the candidate for Legislature. This man, besides being in favor of negroes voting and holding office, publicly claims the two darkies named COBURN, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, as *his ancestors!* He is a citizen of Pennsvalley, in good circumstances, and a man who, if it were not for his nigger descent and his inherent rascality, *ought* to be a favorite with Pennsvalley people. But, on the contrary, he is considered one of the worst enemies of that section of the country, because when he had it in his power to do it a favor by increasing the value of the lands of its farmers and giving them a convenient means of outlet to the markets of the country, basely betrayed their interests by consorting with the Pennsylvania Central railroad to deprive them of a charter which they had for building a road of their own from Lewisburg to Spruce Creek. By the success of this transaction, he made a pile of money, but such a vile betrayal of the interests of his own people covered his name with infamy and made it a byword and reproach throughout the valley. But this is not *all*. He has tried to discover flaws in the titles of the farmers in certain portions of that valley to their lands, at the solicitation of a certain interest which agrees to pay him heavily for his services, and to-day, while he is asking those very farmers for their votes, he is slyly and villainously trying to take away from them the legal titles to their homesteads! And yet there is *more* of this man's infamous record. During the war he was the pimp and spy of abolition hesperus. He was afraid to enter the army, but he prowled around about his home and the homes of his neighbors arresting and giving information in regard to drafted men and deserters, and seizing and helping to seize innocent men suspected and guilty of no crime—save only that of believing in the Constitution of the United States and condemning and deploring its violation by the men in power—and *that was a crime!* On the contrary, it was a glorious adherence to principle and the laws of the land! But such men as these JIM COBURN helped to arrest and throw into prison, at the bidding of the vilest and worst government, with the exception of the present, that the world ever saw. Such a man is not likely to be elected to the Legislature by Pennsvalley votes, and it is on the votes of that section that he must depend. We are confident that his day of grace is past.

The man on the RADICAL ticket whom we feel like mentioning next is

DANIEL W. HOFF,

candidate for Recorder. He is another pretty specimen to ask the votes of an intelligent people for. He is *the* WARRIOR of the ticket, and the man who *drew a revolver on a young lady* at Pleasant Gap and *threatened her father's "guts" out with a hatchet!* As far as we can learn these are his principal points of recommendation to Radical favor, but he will find they will be of but little service to him on the day of election. The people would rather have Mr. GRENOBLE, a gallant soldier, with one leg, in the office of Recorder, and he will defeat, by a large majority, this valiant (?) home guard who has won for himself the enviable titles of "woman shooter" and "parental gut cutter."

Another of the wonderful elements that compose this most wonderful ticket is found in the person of

JEREMIAH B. BUTTS,

candidate for Sheriff. This is the man who made it his business, during the war, to go about the country, after the manner of COBURN, arresting and throwing into prison innocent men and women. He was the paid official of the despotism of that time, and, in the discharge of the requirements of his dirty office, covered himself over with exactly the opposite of glory. Two weeks ago we ventilated one of his most remarkable achievements at the house of Mr. WINGARD, and with the recollection of that transaction still fresh in their memories, the people of Centre county need not again be told not to vote for JERE BUTTS. His opponent, Mr. WOODRING, is a soldier who lost his arm at the battle of Chancellorsville, and there can be no doubt of his election. It would be a crying shame to elect such a man as Butts over such a gallant fellow as WOODRING.

Then, as no improvement on the men we have mentioned above, we have

RASH CADWALLADER,

Radical candidate for Treasurer. Mr. CADWALLADER is the man who committed a crime *"only one step removed from incest"*—the man who cheated a poor widow woman out of her property and built therewith for himself a snug woolen factory. A highly proper man for County Treasurer, indeed! Opposed to him is SIMON S. WOLF, an honest, unassuming young Democrat, who fought two years in the army and was made a lieutenant for his gallantry. There is no danger of CADWALLADER's election.

And then, as if to crown this whole mass of infamy and corruption with dish nesty and thievery, we have

LEWIS HESS,

the candidate for Commissioner. This man is famous for imposing worthless oil stock upon his neighbors and friends and taking their money therefor, whereby he made himself rich and cheated his credulous victims out of thousands of dollars. From one man alone, Mr. ODENKIRK, of Centre Hall, he took *eight hundred dollars* at a lick, and left that gentleman without any portion of a like equivalent for his money. This man HESS is a most precious rogue, and, should he be elected, would endeavor to control the county finances as to do the most benefit to his own pocket.

Then there is Mr.

BENJAMIN TOGERT,

candidate for Auditor. Mr. TOGERT is the man who, in some dealings with a "section boss," promised a certain job to a friend, but withdrew that promise and gave the job to another man on the presentation to him of ten dollars! Had we time and space we might tell the whole story, but as we have not, and as TOGERT is not important enough to spend much time on we forbear.

Now, is not the above record one of the most discreditable and infamous that any set of men could make for themselves? And yet what we have said is all true. And the men guilty of these things are Radical candidates for public office! And they ask the people to vote for them! Could impudence and assurance further go? Why, about the only decent man on their whole ticket is Squire BARR, and even he gives his assent and support to that infamous and damnable amendment which gives niggers the right to vote! Let the people vote against this whole abortion, for it is full of evil from beginning to end. And as we have said in the leading of this article of such ingredients is a damned poison made!

Rash Cadwallader, the Radical candidate for Treasurer, has had the full Democratic ticket printed with his name on for Treasurer, in place of our candidate, Mr. Wolf. Look out for them, and don't be deceived into voting for such a contemptible trickster!

The Question.

Every vote for GEARY, WILLIAMS, COBURN, ROTE, CADWALLADER, or any other man on the Radical ticket, is a vote for that infamous measure of the last Radical Legislature and the Rump Congress—the Fifteenth Amendment. This Amendment gives the negroes of the State the right to vote on the same terms as white men, and only waits ratification by three-fourths of the States to become the law of the land. A vote for PACKER, PERSHING, MEYER, WOLF, GRENOBLE, WOODRING, MORRISON, or any other man on the Democratic ticket is a vote *against* the Fifteenth Amendment, and, consequently, a vote against NEGRO SUFFRAGE. Let every voter bear this in mind, and go to the polls with his mind made up to cast his vote in favor of the supremacy of the white man, and against the monstrous and revolting doctrine that the thick lipped and wooly headed nigger is fit to take an equal station in white social and political society.

—Notwithstanding the *Republican's* denial that JAMES P. COBURN sold the charter of the Lewisburg, Centre county and Spruce Creek railroad to the Pennsylvania railroad company, the fact still remains that he *did* do it, and the *Republican* knows he did. That paper's denial is all bosh, and its reproduction of the proceedings of a meeting alleged to have been held a number of years ago, is simply a garbled and changed statement of the affair. Mr. COBURN *did* sell the charter *for a price*, and his avarice sacrificed Pennsvalley interests shamfully.

MR. MEYER'S CHARACTER VINDICATED!

The Oil Story Exploded!

Another Lie Nailed!

That Mr. JACOB G. MEYER, the Democratic candidate for Assembly, enjoys the high esteem of his neighbors and friends and is a high-toned, honorable man, the following letters addressed to Mr. KURTZ, editor of the Centre Hall *Reporter*, abundantly prove. The editors of the *Republican* in this place, having asserted and re-iterated the charge that Mr. MEYER cheated his own brother out of a large amount of money in an oil speculation, *two* of his brothers, one of whom is the man asserted to have been cheated, deny indignantly the whole matter, as follows:

ARONSBURG, Oct 2d, 18 9

MR KURTZ—

Whereas, The Bellefonte *Republican* charges our brother, Jacob G. Meyer, with defrauding one of his brother out of $800 in the Aronsburg Oil Company, we would therefore say, in justice to our brother, that we were the only two of his brothers who had stock in said company, and that neither of us had more than two shares, at $50 per share, and that that money was paid to Mr. Michael Harper, treasurer of said company, and that such charge against our brother is a *base falsehood*, undoubtedly gotten up to injure his political prospects, and we have a higher good for our brother and do not wish to see him unjustly slandered. You would confer a great favor by inserting this in your paper.

PHILIP MEYER,
HENRY MEYER.

The above letter is a sufficient vindication of Mr. MEYER's character from the foul aspersions of his political enemies, but here is still another, which is additional and corroborative evidence of his integrity and highly complimentary to his general character as a kind neighbor and good citizen:

ARONSBURG, Oct 2d 1869

MR KURTZ—The Bellefonte *Republican* having accused our neighbor and friend Jacob G. Meyer of defrauding his brothers in the Aronsburg Oil Company out of being a director in said Company, we deem it our duty to say that we have been and are members of the Aronsburg Oil Company, and that Mr. Meyer has never, to our knowledge, defrauded any one connected with said Company out of a single dollar, but on the contrary has been the means of saving to the Company and its members a large amount of money. We have also been informed that Mr. Meyer was in the office of the Aronsburg Oil Company when the money was paid to Mr. Michael Harper, and that Mr. Meyer had no interest in the money. We therefore say that we have no hesitancy in saying that we believe the charge made by the Bellefonte *Republican* to be false in every particular, and that Mr. Meyer is entitled to the confidence of the people of Centre county.

ABEL HUTCHISON,
THOS. G. FORST,
JACOB HUTCHISON,
JOHN SNOW,
W. A. MUSSER,
A. MEYER.

After such positive and conclusive proof of our candidate's moral integrity and such strong testimony to his general character as a man, his vindicators should hide their diminished heads in shame. By the above letters the people of Centre county can see what desperate measures our Radical enemies will be up to, to defeat our candidates and should put no faith in the infamous stories. Mr. MEYER is a good and pure man and will make just such a representative as the people want and as Centre county will not ashamed to have the influence to force upon the white people of the State the disgustingly and abominable measure of the negro party.

Let the Democratic ranks all close up and rally to the support of Mr. MEYER, and thus hurl confusion upon the heads of his and our enemies.

—The brother of Mr. J. G. MEYER, Democratic candidate for Representative, denies the *Republican's* story that he will not vote for his brother. He says he *will* vote for him, and no cover that his brother *never* cheated him out of any money, and further that there has never been any coolness between them. Thus is this delightful dish of BROWN and MCCRACKEN scandal spilled over their own laps.

Mr. EHRHART, whom the same reliable sheet says was often choked by Mr. MEYER, also pronounces *that* story false, and adds that he is a warm and ardent supporter of Mr. MEYER. So here is two slanders, set afloat by our truthful (?) neighbors on Bishop street, caught on the fly and made to confuse the men that begot them. They are not really worthy of notice, but we just allude to them in order to show how those people will lie.

EXAMINE YOUR TICKETS! Look at your ticket before polling your vote, and be certain that none of the negro suffrage candidates have got their names stuck upon it.

Look Out!

On election day and just before, look out for SOORHACKS! Our adversaries will flood the country with *lies*, and and they will be found stealing up at every voting precinct. Pay no attention to them. Remember they are gotten up in the forlorn hope of changing your vote, and for the purpose of inducing Democrats to vote their foul and infamous ticket!

—The Radicals, frightened almost to death by the sure prospect of defeat, are reviving the "Knights of the Golden Circle" humbug. Rest assured, people of Centre county, you will hear nothing more of this new *canard* after the election.

Points of Resemblance between Rash Cadwallader and Lord Byron.

RASH CADWALLADER, Radical candidate for Treasurer, is charged with a crime "only one step removed from incest," in which respect, according to that other Radical blackguard, Mrs. STOWE, he resembles Lord BYRON. What an elevation is it for RASH to be compared to BYRON!—only the comparison fails in the fact that BYRON was innocent of the charge and RASH isn't. RASH *did* do it, but the great poet is *slandered* by his villifiers. If RASH had treated Mr. WOLF, our candidate, with any kind of decency during this campaign, we would have said nothing about this nasty business of his, but as he has resorted to the meanest kind of tricks and stories in order to injure Lieut. WOLF, we have thought it advisable to give his own record an airing. "One step removed from incest" means—well it don't mean anything good, and it won't do RASH any good to have it made known.

There is another charge made against Mr. CADWALLADER that is not at all creditable to his integrity. It seems that he has made a snug fortune by playing sharp on the credulity of a poor widow woman, by which he was enabled to start a nice woolen factory. The poor widow was ruined but CADWALLADER realized the benefit of that ruin.

Now, these are not pleasant things to make against a man who boasts of his gentility and church membership. But CADWALLADER has brought them upon himself by the ungentlemanly manner in which he has treated Mr. WOLF. The latter gentleman, all through the campaign, has maintained himself with dignity and self-respect, and utterly refused to slander or malign his opponent. But CADWALLADER, ashamed of his own miserable antecedent and not appreciating Lieut. WOLF's generosity, has just taken the opposite course and generated numerous slanderous and contemptible stories to his discredit. No one, however, believes any of them, because CADWALLADER is himself a man of such infamous character that the general impression is that to be slandered by him is the best evidence a man can have of integrity and uprightness.

LOOK OUT FOR SPURIOUS TICKETS!—Every candidate on the negro-suffrage ticket has the pockets of his friends stuffed with spurious tickets. See to it, Democrats, that the name of no radical candidate is on your ticket when you vote.

TWO DAYS!

But two more *working* days to-morrow, Democrats of Centre county in which to hush up the duties of this campaign. Those days are to-morrow and Monday. Let them be days of hard work, and hours of unceasing labor for the success of the Democratic ticket. On them, perhaps, may depend the result of the contest. A few votes cast for or lost in these two days may decide the battle. How earnest and earnest, then, should the Democracy be that whatever is gained may be secured, and whatever lost may be to the credit of the enemy.

The 13th of October promises a glorious victory—a day of triumph such as the Democratic party has not seen for years. Since the day when the iron heel of tyranny first placed its cruel clutch upon the neck of Liberty there has been no such day for Democracy as is promised us on the 12th of next Tuesday. The tokens are all in our favor—the augurs speak hopefully to our waiting, anxious hearts. Work, then, while there is yet time, and be ready, when the hour for victory comes, to strike the decisive blow!

We have a glorious cause and a noble leader. A man upon whom it has pleased God to lavish His rarest gifts of mind, of person and of circumstances. How, then, shall we be defeated? Bearing before us the banner of hope to struggling manhood and the flag of white supremacy to the ages that are to come after us, smiled upon by Providence and blessed and glorified by the prayers of the people, *how can* we fail? Oh, we feel that there is justice in our cause, and power in our holy ballots to overthrow the infamous and outrageous hosts that now wait to do us battle throughout the length and breadth of the Keystone State. May God defend the right!

—The Radical wind bag on Bishop street tries hard to prejudice voters against the Democracy by harping upon the Court House "Ring!" No man of sense, of course, puts confidence in anything it says, but it is amusing to watch its attempts to create capital out of such a slender resource. Poor Brown! this is the last tilt of the hammer for him, and he knows it.