

THE ELECTION--The County.

Another victory for the Democracy--another defeat for Radicalism, is the news that the WATCHMAN bears to its readers to-day. Within the county our triumph has not been overwhelming as it should have been, but it is sufficient to show the hopeless, hapless, disgraced condition of radicalism,--sufficient to show the utter folly of men who advocate the infamous measures of debauched mongrelism, ever attempting to succeed in securing the support of the honest, intelligent white men of Centre county.

Our majorities range from 250 to 500, and had the full vote been out, would have run up to six or seven hundred. But, notwithstanding all we could say to them, a number of Democrats stayed at home, deterred, no doubt, principally by the rain, though that, under the circumstances, was no excuse. We had imagined, in view of the fact that the all of the people depended on this election in our State, that every Democrat in the county would feel it his bounden duty to be at the polls. But yet, to our grief and mortification, we have learned of the absence of many, and of the voluntary neglect of some. Such conduct is entirely reprehensible, and, if carried to the same extent in other parts of the State as it has been in Centre county, will easily account for the election of GRAY, now claimed by the Radicals.

Thanks, however, to the masses of the party, old Centre still remains true to the faith of her fathers. We have won a notable victory, notwithstanding the apathy in our ranks, or the tremendous efforts made by our Radical opponents. Our whole county ticket is elected by a large average majority than that of last year, and we still have the satisfaction of knowing that our Democracy, generally, are wide awake. It is the *drone* of the party in Centre county that always imperil our success, and we would feel much obliged to them if they would go right over in to the Radical camp, and thus relieve us of a support (?) that is never to be depended on, but which is always an element of distrust and danger.

We have certainly no reason to complain of the result so far as our own county is concerned, and yet we should have done a little more than we did do. However, it is not exactly perfect result will do anything toward impressing the minds of our party with the necessity of full and harmonious action, we are not prepared to say that it is not the best thing for us. From this noble danger we may pluck the flower of victory, so our future may yet be triumphant.

THE STATE.

And the conflicting statements that come to us through the daily papers, it is almost impossible to tell how the State has gone. The vote is so nearly equal that there cannot be more than a difference of ten or three thousand and it may split down to hundreds between PACKER and GRAY, but which of them has it, even the prophets are at a loss to tell. The papers of both parties are claiming the victory, and so far, the Democracy are just as certain of it as the Radicals; but, until further advice be received, the anxiety of neither party will be abated. We have slender hopes that PACKER has been successful, and shall watch, with eager anticipation, for the confirmation of this hope.

Whether, however, the Democratic party have been victorious to the extent of electing Mr. PACKER, or otherwise, one thing is certain, we have made a most glorious fight, and have really achieved a great triumph! GRAY'S majority last fall was nearly 30,000 in this State, while GRAY'S, at his first election, was about 17,000. This fall the Democracy have reduced those immense majorities to a contemptible plurality, if, indeed, they have not entirely overcome them, and

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Table with columns for Townships (Bellefonte, Milesburg, Unionville, etc.) and various offices (Governor, Sheriff, etc.) with corresponding vote counts.

have demonstrated a vitality and power that astonishes the enemy and makes them feel that the present era, indeed, the latter days of their power and glory. It is just as certain as fate that the Democratic party will win the next contest, even if they have lost this one, which, however, is not at all certain. The prospect is still good for PACKER, and, while we cannot announce a positive victory, we can nevertheless bid our friends to be of good cheer, trusting that the official figures may yet prove the summing up of joy to the Democratic party.

The Radicals are terribly frightened, and their faces visibly elongate when ever GRAY'S name is mentioned. A bombshell has burst in their camp, and even the man who fought "the battle above the clouds" has assumed the most insignificant proportions.

Information Wanted!

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of JEREMIAH B. BUTTS, late Radical candidate for Sheriff of Centre county, who has not been seen since last Tuesday. An anxious constituency will pay a suitable reward for any information that may lead to his discovery.

It is rumored that, since the election, JAMES P. COURN, late Radical candidate for Assembly, has had urgent business in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Philadelphia. At any rate he has not been seen since the election. Poor COURN!

Terrible Accident at the Indiana State Fair.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 2.—About four o'clock last evening, a terrible explosion occurred on the west side of the fair grounds, caused by the bursting of a portable engine from the Summit Machine Works of this city, which had been running a circuit saw in a race with some mill machines.

The explosion sounded like the discharge of a heavy piece of artillery and scattered the boiler promiscuously, throwing heavy pieces several hundred yards.

The scene that followed is a picture of desolation. About twenty thousand persons in all were on the ground, and many of them were in a state of great excitement.

Some of the victims were literally torn to pieces, and the remains were collected together from various parts of the inclosure. The appearance of the victims was appalling, and could not be witnessed by the stoutest heart without a shudder.

A little babe was killed in its father's arms, but the latter escaped with out injury. Governor Baker was on the ground at the time of the explosion. A portion of the boiler passed over his head and struck his coat, man, a few feet in the rear, injuring him severely.

The scene at the fair ground, after the accident, was most heartrending. Many of the killed were torn in two. In one family, consisting of a mother and three children, the mother was killed and the two older children were badly scalded, but the youngest one was unhurt. A gentleman and lady were walking together, the gentleman being killed and the lady escaped unhurt. Ever, thing is being done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded that can be done, though it is feared that several will die.

The receipts of the fair to-day will be given for the benefit of the wounded.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

President Grant in League with the Gold Gamblers.

The last and worst revelation, says the Harrisburg Patriot, in regard to the recent gold gambling scandal in New York has been made. It is now well ascertained that the transactions which have brought thousands to financial ruin were the result of a deliberate conspiracy among certain reckless stock gamblers, at the head of whom was Mr. A. R. Corbin, of New York, the brother-in-law of General Grant. Since the terrible storm in Wall street, which threatened to end in a financial crisis like that of 1857, and which has excited indignation and alarm throughout the whole country, Mr. Corbin has seen fit to deny his connection, and even his acquaintance with James Fisk, Jr., and the crowd of gold gamblers, of whom Fisk was the ostensible leader. This denial on the part of the President's brother-in-law has brought out a reply from Fisk in which he makes a very clear and strong statement over his own signature, accompanying the document with affidavits from a number of well known brokers, who substantiate every allegation which Fisk makes. The substance of the statement by Fisk, and of the accompanying affidavits is contained in the following extracts:

It is proper for me to say that Mr. Corbin has been a party in interest with us, and I do not mean to say that he is not now necessary to mention in the recent gold speculation, and that he has constantly communicated with me respecting this gold speculation.

No man can read the above extract and the accompanying affidavits without being fully convinced of the conspiracy of the brother-in-law of the President with those who were engaged in the gigantic gold gambling scheme which convulsed the country. That Mr. Corbin would have risked all he had, and have induced others to engage with him in such a scheme, without first obtaining assurances from General Grant that there should be no interference with the plot, must be peculiarly clear to every eye. In more than one way he has a guilty knowledge of this infamous scheme been brought home to the President. With out the direct and unequivocal statement of James Fisk, and the sworn affidavits which accompanied it, there was evidence enough before the public to confirm a belief in the reports which were made by the best informed newspapers of the country, and especially those of New York city.

The gold gamblers made no reckless adventure when they boldly bailed the market up to 162. The whole operation was based upon the representations made by Grant's brother-in-law. That he has good reason to believe that there would be no interference from Washington is proven by the recklessness with which he risked his money, when to all appearances it was

but financial ruin could be the result. It was well known the government could burst the bubble in a moment, but the positive assurance made by Grant to Corbin, and by him conveyed to his co-conspirators gave confidence to those who boldly engaged in the most gigantic gambling scheme the world has ever seen.

Had General Grant's conduct in other respects been different it might be hard to believe that he would engage in such a conspiracy. But his whole course has been calculated to render credence to this last and gravest charge. The public officer who feels no hesitancy about accepting every present which can be offered to him cannot possess a very nice sense of honor. The president who so notoriously makes use of his official position to reward those who conferred pecuniary benefits upon him, and who has appointed a crowd of needy relatives to positions they are unfit to fill, would not hesitate to aid his favorite brother-in-law in such a scheme as the recent gold gambling speculation. That Gen. Grant was largely responsible there can no longer be any doubt. Let him be held to answer for it by the people.

The Last Hours of Mrs. Sickles.

Mrs. Stowe, it seems is not the only female scandal monger, we have in this country. It would seem from the story of a lady friend of the late Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles, that that lady allowed herself to be scandalized and to die of grief, in order to save the Honorable Daniel from being hung for the murder of Philip Barton Key. The seduction story was concocted by the valiant Dan after he had killed Key in a drunken fit.

A correspondent of the New York Herald does not believe Mrs. Sickles was guilty of the *luncheon* with Key.

Let one do not believe Mrs. Sickles guilty of the charge made against her. I believe Sickles to have been as vile in his treatment of his wife as he was in every other respect, perhaps more so, because he could wrong her with impunity, and sweep from the earth, covered with oshun, a man whose genius created envy in his own mind, and whose manly sense of honor was a reproach to his own villainy, and whose intellect and culture were far beyond his own depth, and whose only sin was in his sympathy for and kindness to a neglected, ill-used wife. I admit that it is a dangerous ground, this sympathy for a married woman who had better be content to suffer, endure and die than touch the tempting cup. Let this suffice on this head.

That Mrs. Sickles was lovely in person, simple and childlike in character, all admit. Such characters are not easily degraded. Were she the degraded creature he has led the world to believe, her sensibilities would not have been so acute that she died in less than two hours of a broken heart.

except from those who were related to her, and who loved and pitied her. She had long intervals of nervous prostration, when she would for days act like a dying person. She sat up after day, head leaning upon her right hand, and eyes listless, seeing nothing for little in a world whose shining had been so darkly eclipsed. She sighed faintly, but said little or nothing. She was a sad wreck. She lived she was dying, and expressed no thought or interest in anything but her own daughter.

One day she turned suddenly to a young friend and asked, "Do you think me a guilty woman?" "Without waiting for an answer she said, "I wish to speak now while I can. I was so shocked and terrified at that horrible time that I did not know what I said. But I am not guilty of any sin. Mr. Sickles was very violent and was afraid of him--he brought me a paper, which he said I must sign, and he should be hung if I did not do it. I never read one word of that paper; I did not know one word written in it. I put my name where he told me, and to save his life."

She was sinking rapidly, and was carried to her bed from a long fainting fit. As she opened her eyes, realizing slowly they fell upon the face of Daniel E. Sickles, painted and framed hanging before her. Lifting her pale hand she said: "Take it away."

Those about her remonstrated; but the second and third time she murmured "Take it away."

The picture was removed. "Now place my daughter's face there," she said, with a sad smile. This was done and she gazed with a longing, wistful look upon the young face, and sighed heavily. The poor weary eyes closed, and she was gone to Him unto whom is open the secrets of the heart. Of such is Grant's minister to Spain. What say you, "old mother?"

The Currency.

When our country had no national debt, it was well enough to talk of a sound currency and a specific basis, but a country suspended, with a national debt equal to 20 per cent of the property, requires a policy to meet the crisis that exists. Complaint is made that we are paying too high a rate of interest on our national debt, and that on banks are making too much money. How are we to remedy it? If the laws of our country limited the number of acres of wheat that might be raised, and that law made wheat so scarce that it brought \$5 per bushel in our markets, how could we remedy that evil? Everybody answers, repeal the law and let everybody raise wheat.

Our national banking law limits the amount of currency that may be issued; that amount is not sufficient for the demand, currency is scarce and the rate of interest high. Why not take off the restriction, let everybody go to banking who has the securities to pledge, make currency plenty and thereby supply the demand at a lower rate of interest? We have heretofore discussed the funding of our debt at a lower rate of interest, which can never be done under our present restriction of banking. We go into our present position under a war emergency on a paper basis, and we must get out on the same basis.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

Farewell! It was a glorious dream From which I've wakened with a shock That well might rouse the slumbering dead. Whose graves the dancing simonians mock. Farewell! On earth my girlish hand Will never rest in your palm, Nor will a smile--a trembling tear Put off this white-faced, ghastly calm.

Farewell! my voice so soft attuned To breath soft words of love to you Will never more at noon or eve Your blessed lips to smiling woo. Another voice some day than mine With melody each hour will fill, And other eyes in love divine Reflect your image, smiling still!

Farewell, beloved! may every joy That round a happy heart can throng, Around you cast their magic spell, And life be one melodious song! Pray God no grief may ever cast Its gloom upon your cloudless brow! Pray God your heart may ever be As gay, care-free, and glad as now! LEWISVILLE, KY., 1869.

A SONG.

ON BEING ASKED TO PLAY. BY J. G. SANDERSON. I cannot wake those silent strings, For it would cause me pain, To hear their low sad melodies, Fall on mine ear again.

I cannot wake those silent strings, And bid their music flow, For I am thinking of the joys, That perished long ago. The hours of life in anguish fall, Like leaves of autumn dying, The withered hopes of gone-by years, Across my heart, are lying.

Two sad dark eyes look into mine, From memory's dark recess-- And bring to life these saddened thoughts, I vainly would express.

Then ask me not to play to-night, Those old familiar lays, So hallowed by mistle-love, And hopes of other days.

COXES.

But let me rest on some fond breast, While I can gladness borrow, And I rejoice in some sweet voice That never knew of sorrow.

"Spoons, Spoons!"

Four or five years ago a certain prominent Radical leader of this State and a person of no slight insight into character, observed that "General Butler would ride over the dead body of his mother for sake of money and power."

It is not our fault if the hero's exploits in pursuit of spoons are not by this time pretty widely known. But his career, unfortunately, is not yet ended. He seems to imitate the example of the hero robbers of antiquity, who employed gold to obtain power, and then used their power to get back their gold again.

By means of gold and dishonesty, Butler managed to get into Congress, and now by the same instrumentality, he is trying to get into the United States Senate. Indeed, there are not wanting indications that the hero of spoons and Big Bethel is preparing to take the White House at a bound. After Grant, Butler would be an easy and natural transition, and more unlikely things have come to pass.

But Butler seems disposed to get in to the White House by Democratic, instead of Radical auspices, and that is what is the matter. He goes in for paying the bondholder according to the letter and spirit of the law, and sets his jaws like brass, of course--against paying him in gold. Then again, he recently flung himself in the face of the Massachusetts aristocracy, by denouncing class legislation, the oppression of the poor factory operators by the mill owners, and the undue privileges accorded the rich at the expense of the poor.

Now, if Butler stops where he is, the Massachusetts Radicals will rule over him and crush him to death for thus bearing them to their teeth. But Butler does not mean to stop short, and so far from permitting them to rule over him, he intends to rule over them. If he did not intend to break with the Massachusetts Radicals he would never show round as he does on the eight hour law, and advocate the Pendleton plan of paying the national debt.

Butler, in fact, in spite of spoons, is bidding for the support of the Democrat and Brick Pomeroy as candidates for the next presidency. The example of Chase, who came within an ace of receiving the Democratic nomination last year, shows what may be effected in this way. We hesitate to commit ourselves until we see what sort of a thorn Butler will prove in the Radical side next winter in Congress. There are strange ups and downs in the world, and the keel is laid in the shape of a life of Butler by Pomeroy, that might be converted into a campaign document by the addition of a few chapters.

This article is patented in order to secure us the appointment as New York Collector, or at least to a first-rate foreign mission under the reign of Spoons. Rival Presidential nominators will please govern themselves accordingly, and keep out of our pastures now.--New York Dispatch