

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, December 3, 1869.

THINGS ABOUT TOWN & COUNTY.

Quits a bevy of handsome young ladies bounced in upon us on Wednesday last. Always welcome, ladies—your bright faces keep us in good spirits.

We saw Brainerd, of the National, getting off the car at Milesburg, last Monday, with a baby in his arms. Can it be possible that that story of the Independent is true?

If anybody thinks he can run the Bush House better than our friend Rikard, we should like to see him try it on. We think the present management is excellent.

For each vital, good bed and general first-rate treatment, our friend Hosterman, of the Cumming House, is not to be excelled. Guests will always find "Billy" ready to receive and make them comfortable.

A BAD FALL.—On Friday night last, LEMUEL CLARK fell from the Beech creek bridge, fracturing his left thigh, and otherwise seriously injuring himself. His wounds were dressed by Dr. THOMAS ROTUNDO, of Eagleville, and he is now in a fair way to recover.

Brainerd, of the National, appears to be French. Last week he undertook to examine the French class at the Academy. The experiment was a failure. The class knew more than he did, but that is not saying much for the class. We trust they won't take it as a compliment.

We understand that FRANK HUNTER, of Milesburg, while trying to stick a pig last week, accidentally slipped and fell, running the knife into his own person. We have not been able to understand exactly whether the wound is a serious one or not, though we believe it is.

Messrs. John Morau, John H. Morrison, D. W. Woodring and I. Grenoble, the newly elected Prothonotary, Register, Sheriff and Recorder, were sworn into office on Wednesday last, and entered upon their respective duties. Commissioner M. Chesky assumed the duties of his office some weeks ago.

Some of our property owners didn't exactly like the advice we gave persons contemplating to move to town, to stay away until rents became reasonable. They liked it, however, just about as well as the tax ground, rent raised poor pen of this place like to pay on third of their yearly earnings, for a roof to shelter themselves.

Some time since the Borough Wards decided to have the bridge across Spring creek immediately adjoining the WATCHMAN office, widened and contracted, we believe, for the convenience of the job—one of the stipulations being that the work was to be done at once. That was two months ago. The work stopped after one part was partly constructed, not a workman has looked at it for the past three weeks. Will some of the village engineers, stonemasons, or carpenters, tell us why this is so?

We don't know whether the town council is trying to hide that bird hunt job of spending three thousand dollars to pave about 125 feet of High street or not, but one thing is pretty certain, and that is they don't have much taste towards letting folks see what the Wicksoff pavement looks like or what kind of street it makes, or they would have the mud and stones, and sticks and rubbish removed from it. There is not a gutter, drain, or a disagreeable place in town, than the very spot where \$4,000 were sunk in hemlock blocks and coal tar last summer.

ADVENT.—The religious festival of the Advent, held in high esteem by the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, began on Sunday last, and will continue until Christmas. Being in commemoration, or in honor of the coming of our Savior, its celebration is of much religious interest.

On Tuesday last "ye editor" was no little surprised on being told that a fine deer—not a piece, saddle, shoulder, or half, but a whole deer, was awaiting his orders at the Snow Shoe depot. Of course we went instanter to see if we had been "sold," and if so, for how much, when lo, and behold, there lay the deer, as pretty, juicy, and as tender as any that ever bounded over the hill. On inquiring who had sent it, we were told, "Mr. PATRICK NOLAN." We understood it all, then. Mr. Nolan knew what we liked—knew how to be a friend—how to be a man—an upright, whose-said, great big hearted gentleman, and more, he knows how to keep a hotel—a little better than any man east, west, north or south of him. For his kind remembrance of the printer, we may have many, many happy days. Here's ten thousand thanks and abundance of success to you, friend Nolan. May your house continue full and your bill pay their bill.

Editorial Correspondence of the Bellefonte Democratic Watchman.

LOCK HAVEN.

A COUPLE OF EDITORS OUT FOR A LITTLE FUN.

THEY GET IT.

WHAT THEY SAW & WHAT THEY DIDN'T SEE.

SPEECHES, TESTIMONIALS, "TIGHTS," & MONTOUR HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN.

Dear Watchman:—In the stillness of the midnight hour, when all around is wrapped in calm repose, and naught is abroad to interrupt the solemn quiet of the night, we sit down to record the occurrences of the evening—interesting because of their appropriateness and pleasant indeed because, to us, they were unexpected.

Perhaps, we might better be in bed than thus engaged during the "wee sma' hours" that lie "aynt the twal," but sleep has flown from our eyelids, and the remembrance of a most delightful occasion is fresh in a heart that enjoyed it.

You, dear Watchman, know that on yesterday (Friday) evening we left our pleasant sanctum for this point, in company with that prince of exasperators and general good fellow, BRAINERD, at the National, and Prof. M. W. HERR, of the High school. Of course we had that along which made us comfortable, (no allusion is here made to anything stronger than overcoats and cigars) and nothing occurred on the way that was not entirely agreeable. Under the careful guidance of Col. STEVENS, the efficient and polite conductor of the night train, we soon arrived at our destination, and, proceeding at once to the

MONTOUR HOUSE.

we found the cheering and revivifying influence of the cordial whole hearted BROWN. The Professor, weary with the troubles of the day, retired very soon after arriving, (showing "ve hitors" upon their own resources. These resources were immediately forthcoming, and they gave the amplest satisfaction. "McCracken" was in one of his most jovial moods, though, to tell the truth, a little pup no doubt viewed his flow of spirits as a serious light, as giving a yell of mortal agony, he withdrew a poor little peal from beneath the crush of one of those tremendous loads. But passing time wanted us to retire, and soon the moment found us comfortably ensconced in "legit" number 10, with the Professor snoring like a locomotive in the room adjoining. (Here the curtain is supposed to have dropped over Friday's transactions.)

SATURDAY MORNING.

Awakened us about in good season. The Professor waked up lively as a cricket, and, borrowing twenty cents from him, we proceeded to indulge in a drink of water and paid the waiter for blacking our boots. (He grumbled a little, though, at the small price, considering "McCracken's" a heavy contract. Going down stairs, we had in a pretty good supply of one of "Eph's" excellent breakfasts, refreshing it with several glances at the waiter girls, and then sallied out to "do" the printing office. Calling first at the office of that lively and spirited little sheet, the

"DAILY INDEPENDENT."

we found the editor, A. Boyd Henderson, Esq., up to his eyes in work, with his curly hair standing sixteen ways for Sunday, and streaks of printer's ink bespangling his otherwise handsome (?) countenance. Chattering awhile with "Boyd" and learning that the Independent would soon be the leading daily in the State, we felt satisfied to leave him, knowing that a daily newspaper editor has no time to spend on loafers. We've had some experience of that kind ourselves. But Mr. Henderson should be credited with a deal of pluck and energy in sustaining the Independent thus far, and we trust the people of Lock Haven and Clinton county will sustain him in the future. He possesses the talent and the energy to get up a first class paper, if he only has a chance. But, saying au "reservoir" here, we next found ourselves further up stairs, in the same building, in the commodious office of the

CLINTON REPUBLICAN.

where Mr. George D. Bowman presides as Knight of the Gray Goose (Quill). We found George sitting on his editorial table, surrounded by his friends, and although he did not let us into the secret of the consultation, it struck us immediately that it was a council for the purpose of devising ways and means to once more save this "glorious Union." Mr. Bowman received us cordially, and, waving us to seats, soon made us entirely at home, where, no doubt, he sincerely wished we had been. Our natural modesty, of course, prevented us from taking much part in the conversation, but we listened to a

Republican man and "McCracken" on the state of the weather, the price of hops, and the danger of eating pork. Just here the head of the nail keg, on which "McCracken" had been dignifiedly sitting, caved in, leaving that estimable companion of ours to assume a ridiculous posture on the floor, tearing his trousers, bleeding his nose, and otherwise maltreating his good-looking person. There was enough fun then to have done credit to a medium sized camp meeting; but we got over this as we do over the other enjoyments of life, and, bidding our courteous host good by, we went over to the Fallon House to "see a man," where we were cordially welcomed by Capt. W. W. White, whom we found asleep in his chair, having been made somnolent by his efforts to read that sleeper of all papers—the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin. Having "seen the man" and taken a long and loving look right into his eye—he only had one eye—we next zig zag'd it to the printing establishment of the

CLINTON DEMOCRAT.

Here we found the ex-president of the National Labor Congress and ex-professor of the "Swampoodle," the genial, friendly, and accomplished WHALEY, comfortably ensconced in the most sanctum (except the WATCHMAN'S) in the State. Doing the honors of his office with a willingness peculiarly his own, he courteously offered to show us the sights about town. (He said nothing about the "rights," however. "McCracken" had brought one of them along.) After calling on Mr. ORTH, in the composing room, and shaking hands with Marshall, Jim Clark and Noble, we sallied out to see the

OPERA HOUSE.

This splendid building was "architectured" by Mr. Patrick Keefe, and really does credit to his genius. It is delightfully arranged, and we believe is capable of seating, we think Mr. Keefe said three thousand people, but are not certain. The orchestra is seated with chairs, and the parquets with comfortable stationary pews and benches. The galleries are commodious and the stage most convenient, with two private boxes below and two above. The stage is also furnished with permanent scenery—some 30 different views. The building is the result of a recent fire and the enterprise of Messrs. Lyons, Messing and Farnsworth. Frank Rivers is the lessee of the opera house proper. It is said to be considerably larger than the one at Williamsport. We suggest that the next hall at Bellefonte be modeled after this one, and that Mr. Keefe be consulted with a view to its convenient arrangement. As usual, "McCracken" was delighted. He was pleased with everything he saw, which is "Mem" for Henderson, of the Independent. But, leaving this, we next proceeded to the

COURT HOUSE.

This building has been so often described, and is so familiar to our readers that we do not feel called upon to enter into a description of it. It is sufficient to say that it cost over \$100,000 and is one of the most elegant edifices in the State. The courtroom is beautiful, and the judges' chairs, several pieces of workmanlike—were presented to the county by Messrs. L. A. Mackey and W. B. Calkins. We met these two excellent and most companionable gentlemen, W. H. Brown, Esq., Prothonotary of the county, and A. H. Straver, the new appointed, hard working and most efficient County Superintendent. We are indebted to these two gentlemen for much of the pleasure enjoyed during our visit. We also met Deputy and Acting Sheriff Fleming, Robert Fleming, Esq., Mr. Smith, Mr. Snook, Register of the county, Oliver Donaldson, Esq., and other good friends whom we cannot now remember. Leaving the court house, Mr. Whaley next conducted us

UP TOWN.

for the express benefit of "McCracken," who, as it was his first visit, was anxious to see all that was to be seen. Passing up Main and Church streets, we viewed all the fine buildings, showed "McCracken" all the whisky saloons, saw Prisons' drug store and the new School Building, and everything of interest. Then, crossing over to Water street, we took a look at the Boom and passed down by the handsome residences and lumber mills on that thoroughfare, arriving at the Montour House in time for a first-rate dinner, and having seen us many sights and more "men" than any other party of sight-seers of the same numbers could have seen.

DINNER OVER.

We began to think of returning home on the 2:30 train, as we did not content plate remaining over Sunday. But learning that a most interesting cere-

mony was that evening to take place at the residence of Col. L. A. Mackey, and an invitation to stay over and participate having reached us through

HON. GEORGE O. DEISE.

that ever-courteous and friendly gentleman, we concluded to "throw care to the winds" for the nonce, and give our countenance and support to the effort to do honor to one of Lock Haven's best and noblest men. And this brings us back to what we intended to say when we began this letter.

Thursday, the 25th instant, was the fiftieth anniversary of

COL. MACKAY'S BIRTH.

and this evening, or, rather, last evening, for the lateness of the hour at which we are writing reminds us that it is verging close on to Sunday,—was a time appointed to do him honor. A half century of years had rolled over his head, and his friends and neighbors, out of respect for his public and private virtue, had determined to show their regard for him by presenting to his wife an elegant

SILVER TEA SERVICE.

worth in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars. For this purpose the costly and elegant gift was prepared, and the following inscription placed upon it:

Presented to Mrs. Mary H. Mackay, as a testimonial of respect for her husband, Col. L. A. Mackey, on the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, Nov. 25, 1824, by personal friends of Clinton Co., Pa.

The following letter was then addressed to Mrs. Mackey, asking her acceptance of the gift:

MY MRS. MACKAY.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and generous gift of a silver tea service, and to thank you for the same. It is a most beautiful and valuable present, and I am sure it will be highly appreciated by your husband and myself. I am, dear madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant, G. O. DEISE.

THE PRESENTATION.

Among the crowd were several members of the press-gang, of whom "McCracken" and myself represented respectively the National and the Watchman. Paying first attention to the proceedings, a good memory and some slight phonetic knowledge, enable us to make to the Watchman the following report. In presenting the testimonial to Mrs. Mackey, the venerable Philip M. Price used the following appropriate language:

MR. L. A. MACKAY.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very pleasant and valuable gift of a silver tea service, and to thank you for the same. It is a most beautiful and valuable present, and I am sure it will be highly appreciated by your husband and myself. I am, dear madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant, G. O. DEISE.

MR. MACKAY.

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nal, feelingly and appropriately, in the following words:

DEISE:

I accept this valuable present for Mrs. Mackey and for her and myself tender you our sincere thanks for the kind and generous impulse that prompted the gift. I thank you Mr. Price for the complimentary terms in which you have been proper to refer to me, and my connection with the business interests of Clinton county.

I feel that you have done me too much honor; and that I have done nothing to merit this mark of your confidence and esteem. It would have been far more fitting that this testimonial should have been presented to you, Mr. Price, who has contributed more to promote the prosperity of Lock Haven, than any other man dwelling in our midst.

In a family Bible lent in my father's house I have seen it recorded, that I was born on the 25th of November, 1819. I came to Lock Haven in 1844, and have lived amongst you from that time to this. I have earnestly desired and ever labored to promote the interests of every citizen of this town and county of my adoption. In this I was simply discharging my duty and for this, an entitled to no credit.

This gift will be cherished as a precious testimonial, and its heartiest thanks are hereby and time to me shall be more.

You, Mr. Price, by your kind remarks, and you, gentlemen, by your presence to-night, have manifested to me the warmest affection and love, and have touched the deepest springs of emotion and affection of my heart and I cannot find language to express the gratitude which this service has inspired.

I receive the gift with a renewed determination to merit a continuance of your respect, confidence and esteem.

At the conclusion of Col. Mackey's remarks, Hon. J. W. Quiggle was called for. Mr. Quiggle said:

Mr. Mackey came to this place in the spring of 1819, in the year 1819. He was born in Pennsylvania, on the 25th of November, 1819. At the youthful age of 12 years, he graduated at Fairleigh College, New York, receiving the highest honors of his class. He studied the law with the late Judge, H. H. Hays, of this State, where he graduated in 1841, with equal honors, and then returned to Lock Haven, where he has since practiced his profession. His success as a lawyer needs no comment. It forms a conspicuous spot in the history of the Lock Haven. He has ever and held the highest offices of the law, and has been a member of the Pennsylvania Bar Association.

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with characteristic modesty, "spoke a piece" Mr. Henderson, of the Independent, followed; then Whaley, of the Democrat; and last, but not by any means least, good old Mr. Stahlman. The conclusion of the latter gentleman's remarks brought around the supper hour, and then—

"I would you had been there to see" How the crowd rushed in spontaneously.

It is not our intention to attempt a description of the supper table. We leave that to the "Jenkins" who does up the marriage notices for the National—and we think he has a description all prepared. It is sufficient to say that it was gotten up in the most recherche style, and almost creaked and groaned beneath its own luxuriance.

"McCracken" went into the edibles (or rather the edibles went into him) like old Wardle's fat boy in Pickwick, and we confess our admiration for him increased almost to enthusiasm as we watched his indefatigable energy so elating his way to the—the—the—the. For ourselves, we must say that we enjoyed the vands, too; in fact, almost as much as "McCracken" did—his visits to the "Hole in the Wall." They were truly, completely and fully satisfying.

But supper, like everything else, must have an end. An adjournment was therefore again made to the parlors, where, after some moments' spent in conversation and good words, the social assembly once more organized itself into a deliberative body. Hon. George O. Deise was then called for. Mr. Deise spoke as follows:

MR. DEISE.

The people of Lock Haven have already bestowed a reputation for energy and liberality. They seem to regard the cultivation of the social feelings and qualities of the human heart as an important part of their education, and they are ever ready to promote the welfare and prosperity of the people in this productive and now flourishing part of Pennsylvania.

It is the duty of every citizen to show his respect for a citizen of his own town and county. And we all pay after the Spring term and Summer of the year may have passed away, his Autumn may be a season of joy and gladness.

H. T. Hays, Esq., was then called for, and responded eloquently and to the point. We, however, lost our notes of his speech, and the only copy we have before us is the Independent's, which is so imperfectly printed that we are unable to read it. We are therefore compelled to omit it, which we much regret. (This paragraph was written after getting home and seeing that the paper's copy had been made itself unobtainable.)

James Chatham, Esq., was next called for, who said:

MR. CHATHAM.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very pleasant and valuable gift of a silver tea service, and to thank you for the same. It is a most beautiful and valuable present, and I am sure it will be highly appreciated by your husband and myself. I am, dear madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant, G. O. DEISE.

MR. CHATHAM.

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