

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA: Friday Morning, September 16, 1870.

THINGS ABOUT TOWN & COUNTY

School books selling cheap at Rankin's

Dan Rice's circus will exhibit in Lock Haven on the 24th instant.

Buy your miscellaneous books from John I. Rankin.

Grand preparations are being made for the county fair at this place.

Our town is so dull just now that even a dog fight is attended with great relish.

Writing paper all sizes and styles, cheap, at Rankin's bookstore, Bush House.

Quite a number of our citizens are attending court at Lock Haven this week, as witnesses.

The Clinton county folks are going to have an agricultural fair. They think it's a big thing.

The fall session of the United States Circuit Court will begin in Williamsport on the 19th instant.

We are fast approaching that season of which the poet writes—

The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year.

Dr. Thomas H. Burrows, of the Agricultural College this county is to deliver the address at the Lock Haven Fair.

The town clock has at last been painted. We cried aloud and spared not, and lo and behold they have harkened unto us.

Radical good times are keeping the Sheriff of this county about as busy as any Sheriff who has held the office for the past fifty years.

The Court House is going to look much the better of its new coat when finished. The Commissioners are men of taste, as Democratic officials always are.

We noticed the other day that the grass in the Court House Yard is in fine condition. We suggest that if the usual routine be followed, it is about time to turn the cows in.

Our enterprising friend—Garman—popular host of the Garman Hotel, has just added to his livery one of the most stylish carriages ever brought to this section of the country.

It is expected that Rev. G. T. Gray, of Danemoran, will preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, on Sunday evening. Mr. Gray is a brother of S. D. Gray, Esq., of this place.

Did anybody ever hear a cat serenade? They're delightful. We heard one the other night during the "sweet" sma hours, and wondered what great sin we had been recently guilty of to be thus afflicted.

Spoken of map peddlers, of whom we have had some in town lately, an Irishman once remarked, "A bedad, if Yankee were cast away on a desert island, he'd begin selling maps to the inhabitants."

Whenever the laboring men of Bellefonte get their fill of high taxes and upward of rents, they will probably begin to think about doing something for their own protection. May that day soon come.

Messrs Irwin & Wilson's new building on Elegancy street is fast approaching completion. When finished it will be one of the largest and best arranged hardware stores in Central Pennsylvania.

Our cheerful friend, Mr. Charles Brown, on Bishop-street, we noticed, had a fine lot of cabbages for sale on Tuesday and Wednesday. Those of our friends who wish to supply themselves had better call on him.

Our young friend, Z. B. Gray, Esq., of Tyrone, recently took a beet from his garden, which weighed six pounds. If that beet don't beat all other beets, we would like to know who has got a beet that beats it.

Our good friend, Alexander Shannon, Esq., did us the honor to call in on Tuesday last. Mr. Shannon reports the Democracy over the mountain as all right, and dejected to roll up a big majority for our county ticket.

We saw a new hat on the street the other day, but have forgotten who had it on. We intended to notice it personally, but our treacherous memory has played us false. We hope the wearer will take the will for the deed.

Scarlet fever has made its appearance in town, and we advise parents to keep an eye to their children. The little and only son of the associate editor of this paper died of it on Saturday last, after an illness of only six days. There are more cases in town.

Our sturdy old friend, Crist Reese, was in our office on Tuesday, filled with the spirit of Democracy and looking to do battle for the triumph of our principle. Mr. Reese has but one complaint in the final victory of the people over corruption and demagoguery.

OUR TOWN COUNCIL.—At the risk of being considered rather prolix on one subject, we will return to the consideration of our Municipal Council and the personnel thereof. We, for our part, believe the subject admits of a few more strictures.

As municipal bodies are constituted for the conserving of the well-being of all classes in a municipality, we hold that every class should have something to say in the management of said bodies. This is as it should be—but, as our town council is now constituted, it is not so. At present, the poor men of the borough—the workmen, who add to the wealth and material progress of a town—are excluded from all share in the management of municipal affairs in Bellefonte. There is no reason, in law or equity, why such a principle should obtain. The working classes, here as elsewhere, are the larger body of taxpayers—they constitute, in nine cases out of ten, the voters of the town—and from them the holder of real estate derives his importance as measured by the depth and weight of his money-bags. To this large class of the community we are indebted for the importance and consideration which Bellefonte enjoys. This class of persons, therefore, are the real supports of the place—they have made it, and keep it, what it is, and although that money of the people who are comparatively exempt from the burden of taxation may affect to ignore the right of

As they have made a factor in such a recognition of these rights, in the matter of municipal government, cannot be long withheld. We hope that it will soon become apparent to our civil Solons that "just one little" admixture of the tax-paying working-men of the place is necessary in the town council of Bellefonte as imperatively necessary to an harmonious and efficient working of that august body of legislators. They (the Pashas of three tails) have had it all their own way for some time. It is nothing more than "seven-handed justice" that the poor pariahs of the town who pay nine tenths of the taxes, should be considered meet to do some of the legislating and By-Laws manufacturing necessary to the well-being and prosperity of the town of Bellefonte.

P. M. AT BOALSBURG, TAKE NOTICE.—For four weeks back we have mailed the WATCHMAN regularly on Friday to a list of campaign subscribers at Boalsburg. Up to Saturday last three or four of these subscribers had not received a paper—we do not know whether the post had or not. We have traced the matter up and find that the fault is with the post-master at Boalsburg, and we have simply this to say to him, that if he does not deliver the WATCHMAN to the persons to whom it is sent at that place, we will see if there is not a way of compelling him to do it. We ask no favors, but demand that Mr. Jack do his duty as he has sworn to do.

M. J. JOHN H. STOVER, formerly District Attorney of this county, and for a while one of the editors of the Central Press of this place, is now the regular radical candidate for Secretary of State of Missouri. As one half the radicals of that State headed by CARL SCHURZ, have put in nomination another radical ticket in opposition to the "regulars," John's chances of filling the place of Secretary are exceedingly slim. Personally, Mr. Stover is a clever fellow politically he is not, and Missouri will lose nothing, if, after the election, it is shown that the ticket he is on comes out at the "little end of the horn."

HYDRANTHATY.—This is a new pathy and doing greater wonders in our town than allopathy or homopathy. It causes benzine to evaporate rapidly and restores the imbricate to his senses in a short time. An addition of hose to the hydrant, facilitates the equal application over the whole surface and obviates the dragging of the patient to and fro. "Dead drunk" yields readily, and the patient, under treatment, soon recuperates sufficiently to beat a retreat. We saw it tried last week in front of Bush's Arcade. "It worked like a charm."

ERRATA.—A typographical error in a communication in the WATCHMAN of week before last from Unionville, made it read "Mr. C. Bush's tannery," when it should have been Mr. C. Buck's. We hope this will remove the "wrong impression, &c." that our correspondent "M." complains of.

DEDICATION.—The Presbyterian Church on Buffalo Run, will be dedicated on Saturday, October 1st, at 2 o'clock p. m. Services will be held on Sunday.

PROLIFIC.—A "phemial dog," of the St. Bernard species, belonging to Mr. Isaac Haupt, of this place, gave birth to nineteen "purps" at one litter, a few days since.

It isn't exactly fair to fill a beau's pocket full of asafetida at a dance, for the amusement of seeing him pull out his handkerchief in the faces of the ladies, to their great disgust. This was done, we understand, at a dance the other night, and we pronounce it the extreme of cruelty.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The editor of the Delaware county Republican gives currency to the following: A great scientific invention or discovery has been made by Miss M. E. Peck, of Chester, by which fruit can be preserved any length of time, in its original shape, and fully retain its natural flavor, without the aid of heat or sugar. The new process will take the place of the former tedious and often unsuccessful mode of canning, and other methods of preserving. By this process, if the fruit is sound, even if mellow, it can be preserved as long as wished, in baskets or barrels. The cost of preserving peaches, pears or tomatoes by this process, will not be one-tenth that of any former mode. The results of experiments have been so successful as to induce the inventor to apply for a patent right, which will be shortly granted. The wealth to be derived from the process by its fortunate possessor, and the benefits it will insure to all, may well be said to be incalculable.

SOMETHING NEW.—Mr. John I. Rankin has received something new in the book line, at his well supplied store in the Bush House. It is a manuscript recipe book, entitled "The Household Treasury," and should be in the hands of every house-keeper in the country. It embraces all the various departments of cooking and baking, with blank pages appropriately headed, for writing down recipes, so that in this way valuable recipes can always be preserved for reference. We think this book will be generally used before long by the ladies, and Mr. Rankin will have a lot of them on hand for sale early in the week. They are undoubtedly very convenient, and the best memoranda we know of.

For fires, Bellefonte will soon be equal to a city. Another one occurred on Monday last, just after dinner, in the North Ward, in a house belonging to James Ward, Esq., and occupied by Mr. Bell. Fortunately, the furniture was removed before the flames attained much headway or was injured by the water poured upon the burning office. The hose company worked like heroes, and succeeded in saving the building entire, with the exception of the roof and part of the rear end. Citizens also did their duty by forming a line to eastern near by, and passing and repressing buckets.

We commend to the charity and kind offices of good people everywhere, Mr. Benjamin Kline, of Jacksonville, an old man sadly afflicted with shaking palsy, which prevents him from doing any work whatever, and whose sole support is derived from the contributions of his fellowmen. Let everybody give and give cheerfully, for we are assured that "God loveth a cheerful giver." Mr. Kline has a family to support, and his youngest son is also a cripple. There is no humbug about his affliction. It is too sadly genuine.

A little son of Mr. Jared Harper, while riding past the residence of Jacob Thomas, Esq., on Tuesday, was thrown from his horse, through the annual kicking up with both hind feet at a hoop which some thoughtless boys rolled between his legs. The little fellow was pitched over the horse's head, and striking on the ground with his elbow, broke his arm in three places, besides injuring himself in other ways. We learn that the little boy is doing as well as could be expected, under the circumstances.

We have received a letter from Philipsburg, from a gentleman who says he is very old and feeble, enclosing two dollars for the WATCHMAN, and asking us to send receipt. The old gentleman, however, forgot to sign his name to the letter, and we are at a loss who to render the receipt to. Will the postmaster at Philipsburg, or some of our friends there, endeavor to discover who sent us this money?

P. S.—Same the above was written, the name of the old gentleman has been received.

Now that the Empress Eugenie is no longer upon the throne of France, who will lead the fashions? Our Bellefonte ladies are anxious to know this. We advise them to wait patiently the course of events. Perhaps the sweet Empress may again return to Paris. But if not, why is she not just as competent as at the fashion of Willy's home, as at Paris. We say let Eugenie still reign the empress of hearts and fashion.

From all portions of the county, we have the most cheering intelligence in relation to the prospects of the Democracy. The future promises well. There is no doubt but that we will smite the enemy, hip and thigh, in October, and roll up such a majority for our ticket as will forever settle the hash of Radicalism in Old Centre.

A protracted meeting is now going on in the Methodist Church here, which is exciting much interest. We trust much good may be done. Mr. Mullen is a faithful and vigorous pastor, and is keeping a watchful eye over the interests of the souls committed to his charge.

Somebody sent acopy of the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN to James W. Michaels, of Moshannon, the other day, thinking, we suppose, that the said Michaels was a white man. Judging from a letter we received from him on Wednesday, we infer that the sender of the WATCHMAN was in error, and that James W. Michaels is given over heart, soul, body and breeches to niggerism and its dirty allies. Hear what he says.

MONROEVILLE, Sept. 14th 1870. Mr. P. G. Mook.—You will oblige me by keeping your paper till I send for it as I was away from home some time and this being the first paper I have seen I will send it back to you. You had better direct your troublesome stinking sheet to some Copehead and not to me. I want it I will let you know. JAMES W. MICHAELS.

Now, ain't that a scorcher? James must have felt good after getting so much heat out of him. But hereafter, we would recommend an emetic as best calculated to relieve his stomach. Allow us to say, Mr. Michaels, that we don't send the WATCHMAN to such men as you. We would never attempt to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, much less to make a decent Democrat out of such a nigger-loving blackguard as you seem to be.

The Republican is out this week with an extended notice of the Radical county ticket. As there is no danger of the election of any man upon it, we will, for the present, allow them to "flay the flattering unctious to their souls" that they are all that Brown has represented them to be. Confidentially, however, our own opinion of them is quite different. We may have something to say about them after a while.

W. P. Wilson, Esq., wears his newly fledged honors with much dignity. Our distinguished townsman now, more than ever, walks as though he had a stick up his back. He is absent minded, too, and it is evident that his thoughts are already in the Senate chamber. Oh, sad awakening!

There is somebody writing poetry for the Lock Haven Republican now, who is evidently a first-class bard. Who is it, brother Bowman?

Quite a number of our townsmen have been in Williamsport the past week attending the Horse Fair.

Rail Road Matters.

The following letter from Mr. R. Ayers, one of the directors of the Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek R. R. will be read with interest by every friend of that enterprise along the entire route.

FERGUSON, Sept. 12th, 1870. EDITOR WATCHMAN. Perhaps if I were to have uncontradicted the assertions of "Boalsburg," (a writer in last week's Republican,) that all the subscriptions of stock, west of that place were conditional, he might be encouraged in his opposition to any compromise or concessions, that might enable Harris township to come up to her duty, and make returns. The facts are to the contrary—the Pennsylvania Furnace Co. have subscribed for one thousand shares without any condition, as to location whatever. Warrior's Mark the same, all parties consenting to the location, as it may be made, nor has any Director to my knowledge made a conditional subscription.

As to Ferguson township, I will add that we are in quite a different position from Harris, and those had on the line of the road. We are dependent for one part of the road upon the construction of the Western and to the Pennsylvania Furnace, and are now awaiting the result of the field explorations that have just been concluded between Pennsylvania Furnace and Tyrone and Spruce Creek, to govern us in our future proceeding.

It is not my intention to reply to the letter of Boalsburg aforesaid, which I presume expresses the sentiments of the people of that locality, but I beg them to weigh this remark of Mr. Miller to Mr. Blanchard, "until returns are made from the various townships in Pennsylvania, no engineers will be sent for any purpose." Mr. Miller informs me the engineers are now ready to go to work at the location.

Yours respectfully B. AYERS.

Armstrong vs. Veracity.

Bellefonte, Sept. 14th 1870. E. H. KINSLOE, Esq.—While conversing with you on a certain subject, did I understand you correctly when you said that Mr. ARMSTRONG asked whether you were satisfied with the amount he forwarded to your address for editorial services, and printing notices for the campaign in which he was engaged? I have been so busy that I had not time to reply to that question, but a few weeks before I left the Central Press as editor and proprietor.

Yours truly JOHN G. KURTZ.

J. G. KURTZ, Esq.—Mr. Armstrong did inform me that he had paid you \$100.00 for Campaign services a few weeks before we took hold of the Press, which amount was in consideration of your service during that campaign.

Mr. W. H. ARMSTRONG.—Inasmuch as you have proven yourself faithless as to the pledges you made me, and to substantiate which, I hold your own letters—to say nothing, at present of the living testimony that will corroborate your written and verbal promises, it is no wonder, perhaps, that to the base violation of solemn obligations you should add the crime of falsehood. That you may be regarded as exceed-

ingly parsimonious, niggardly and close-fisted in this county and others, may be true or not—and I do not wish to discuss your merits on this point in this paragraph; but when you attempt to shirk the payment of a liberal printer's bill, and justify the act by the instrumentality of a bare-faced untruth, it may be due to the Republicans and the community in general of the XVIIIth Congressional District, that I here and thus meet your allegation by declaring it entirely untrue and totally false. I mean to say the you paid me no hundred dollars at any time, or in parcels at different times to the same amount during or immediately previous to the earliest period of the campaign of 1868—you never offered such sum, and I never asked it of you. You did promise me the Post office, but you saw fit to change the malex.

J. G. KURTZ.

Masonic.

At the last regular meeting of Constant Commandery No. 33, Knights Templar, held on the 9th inst., a beautiful jewel was presented to Past Emment Commander, S. T. Shugert. It was of pure gold, elegantly engraved with the emblem of the Order of Knighthood.

The Commandery directed Sir Knight Geo. M. Vocum to make the formal presentation, which he did. P. E. Commander Shugert, in accepting the high testimonial of his worth, replied in a brief address. By resolution of the Commandery the Sir Knights were requested to write their addresses for publication and we are thereby enabled to place them before our readers.

The Past Emment Commander Shugert, the task assigned to me this evening is a pleasant one, it is always pleasant to be the bearer of good tidings, the medium of mutual congratulations or the people of success and I prize the performance of this duty with great interest. I have in my possession a high sense of the honor conferred upon me by my brethren.

Masonry is a many-sided institution. It affords a field of employment for all classes of men. To the companionable man it presents social pleasures unobtainable to the solitary nature of his soul and a specific ceremonial is given to the performance of his duty with fraternal relations of past, congenial relations and a high sense of the honor conferred upon me by my brethren.

There is something peculiar about the organization of Masonry. Other orders spring up in a year and surprise the world with the splendor of their achievements, but in a single generation their banners are forgotten and the legends which they bore are handed over to the antiquary to decipher their hidden meaning. Not so with the Order of Masonry. It has stood in all changes, to the savage and the philosopher they speak the same language. Obedience if you will all the language of the world will still they will comprehend it, but it is not the same as the unadorned plainness and power. Bury this beautiful jewel which I hold in my hand in the depths of the sea and a thousand years will pass and it will still be found in the same old story with a pathos undimmed by the march of centuries.

Some three years ago fourteen brethren met around the altar of their common purpose and determined to build up a new commandery. We were few in number and with no accumulated means to defray the cost of our enterprise. It was a happy day for us when the two years of our administration, Sir Knight, we were from four hundred and twenty to five hundred and thirty members and are free from debt and the only one of our order contributing largely to this, and that duty, but to a single member as we were happy to be able to do so.

The Commandery, by a unanimous vote has directed this beautiful Past Emment Commander's jewel to be presented to you as a token of our respect and affection for you. It is of pure gold, richly bejeweled, but its surface is not brighter than its composition. It is a jewel from which, than the Knights themselves, we have been so faithful an exponent and teacher.

In presenting you this beautiful jewel in the name of a Commandery No. 33, it will not be surprising to you that each of your brethren that you may be happy to wear it with honor and that when you may be called from the work of our commandery here, it may descend to your latest posterity to be a token of the noble lesson of a life spent in usefulness and honor.

Past Emment Commander S. T. Shugert, I do not know what to say to you in a knowledge of the kindness, which places me in possession of this beautiful emblem of our order, but I do not feel that I have done anything to merit this unexpected attention on your part, but accept it as due to your kindness and the friendship which I have enjoyed with you. I can only thank you for a white holding and great appreciation of the kindness which you have shown to me in my capacity as editor of the Central Press. It may be made as a token of our respect and affection for you in bringing Constant Commandery to that degree of perfection in work and usefulness, which I know it is a pleasure to attend to, and I shall be glad to see you in my membership, and that pure and worthy Mason and Templar whose name it bears.

afford him information of interest, finally accepted the numerous points of view of the accomplished swindler. The stranger professed intimate acquaintance with Mr. H's friends at Danville, naming a number of individuals, whom Mr. H. recognized as old particular acquaintances. The impostor said he had a trunk at the depot, giving a particular description of the property, proffering his services in taking Mr. H. and Mrs. H. to a hotel he named, stating that his wife was there and he should be glad to introduce the parties. On proceeding a square up Chestnut street, a third party rapidly approached the pair, asking for "Mr. Reynolds," evidently calculating that he would like to have that little business settled. Reynolds immediately handed out some "gold bonds," but, it appears, not quite enough to "settle" the "little account," and taking the soft opportunity, asked Mr. H. if he could not make up the balance, temporarily. Mr. H. had \$90, which he liberally loaned his "friend" till they should reach the hotel. The money secured the stranger observed that he had forgotten his trunk at the depot and went back in haste after the missing property. Mr. H. bethinking himself that he had been swindled, made information at the Mayor's office, since which time he has heard nothing of his money or of the polite stranger.—Daily Top.

All For Capital, Naught for Labor.

A Radical paper published in the city of Pittsburg, in a spirit of candor, discourses thus: The wide spread discontent now manifest itself in every section of the country among the workingmen calls for thoughtful consideration and cannot, it is to be feared, be remedied, as far as possible, by any of the measures which they complain. The cause for complaint that for several years past has been the subject of the most cutting in the interest of capital, is calculated to render the labor and industry of the country tributary to a few monopolists and cooperative power cannot be denied.

This is an honest confession of the truth of the charges which Democratic newspapers have persistently made against Congress and the administration of President Grant. He who looks at the records of Congress will find that the action of that body has been constantly controlled by calls "associated wealth and corporate power." So unvarying has this been, that it would be difficult to point to a single piece of legislation that has been devised with a view to benefit the laboring classes or relieving them from the heavy burthen under which they have been laboring. The tariff has been so arranged as to put millions into the pockets of Yankee manufacturers while the farmers and the workmen of the country are taxed almost beyond endurance. Everything has been done for monopolists and corporations, nothing for the toiling masses. It is high time there was a change and the right place to make it is at the ballot box on the second Tuesday of October when Congressmen are to be voted for.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

Died.

FURRY.—On Saturday evening September 10th 1870, in Bellefonte, of scarlet fever, Edward Furry, only son of F. W. and Mary Furry, aged three years four months and six days.

Our sweet little girl, Cora took her life a day before she could be sent to her mother. We will have a cheer for her and we will do our best to know we will.

And Jesus said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Take these little lambs," said he, "and lay them in my breast. Protection they shall find in me. In me be ever blest."

We are his little ones, with hissing hearts, To God, who sent them here, But oh, the weary days and nights, Without our darling near!

In vain we kiss each little dress, In vain we bow each tiny head, We feel no more thy soft caress, Oh, blessed, angel-boy!

How true it is, that those who go Are happier far than they Who, struggling with their bitter war, Are left to wail and pray.

God pity all—and give us grace To love and worship Him, Who for His own was purposed Hath blest our little Jim.

The Bellefonte Market.

Table listing market prices for various goods like wheat, corn, and flour.

MONEY MARKET.

Table listing money market rates and prices for various items like gold, silver, and bonds.

PRINTING IN COLORS A SPECIALTY AT THIS OFFICE.