

The Democratic Watchman

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, March 10, 1871.

THINGS ABOUT TOWN & COUNTY.

Farmers along the Jacksonville road have already begun their spring plowing.

Rev. Mr. Roberts officiated in the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday last, morning and evening.

One of the handsomest signs in town is that of Irvin & Wilson, over their hardware store.

Good, strong, substantial harness, and fancy and silver mounted, at Shrom & Co's, sign of the Red Collar.

Hackett, the book agent, a gonal and goodly sort of a fellow, was in town again this week, delivering to subscribers.

At the sign of the Red Collar, over the post-office, will be found the best sets of tug harness ever seen in Centre county.

An interesting little son of Mr. Krom, of the Brokerhoff House, died of scarlet fever in this place on Friday morning last, and was buried on Sunday.

Roads generally, throughout the county, are just now in bad condition. The frost is fast leaving the ground, but snow still clings to the north side of the mountains.

We understand that Mrs. Dickinson will lecture here on or about the 21st proximo. Wendell Phillips will be here in April, also, with whose course the course will be completed.

The Boggs township Teachers Institute will give an entertainment in Central City, on Saturday evening the 11th inst. An interesting programme will be presented.

The fore house of Mr. Saml. Blevins, of Beech Creek, caught fire last week, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done other than the burning of a large hole in the roof.

We are indebted to R. A. Keyser, publisher of the Christian Union, for a very handsome paper cutter and blotters. Hat tipped, of course.

We hear some talk of a new encyclopedia to be published in town—that of the United American Mechanics. This order was first made by Ned Bontroy, and has been working in order for a number of years.

We have in hand a letter from a gentleman named Peters in the West, to his friends in the East, who wish to get a paper. It came to hand in the week paper, but we shall probably print it in our next.

The office of the Christian Union is well provided with stationery, and is open to the public. It is a branch of the American Institute company, of which the publisher of that paper is the brother advertiser.

Mr. Robert P. Barr, of Pottsville, Pa., will sell at public auction, on the 24th inst., a lot of silver mounted tugs and ordinary harness, of his own make, and of the best material. Those wanting anything in that line should attend this sale.

The pleasant weather of the past few days has sprouted up the grain to such an extent, in some places, that it looks almost as fresh and green as it generally does in the middle of April. Some farmers are expressed that the late spring frost may injure it.

Who says Bellefonte is not a railroad town? We have now four roads at this place, namely the P. & S. C., the Bald Eagle Valley, the Pennsylvania Central and the Snow Shoe. It is true the three last named run over the same track, but what of that?

All members of the Good Templar organization, who feel any interest whatever in that order, are requested to be present at the next meeting on Monday night. Important business, upon which the vitality and continued existence of the Lodge depends, will be transacted.

Mr. E. Carpenter, agent of the National copying company, is now at the Brokerhoff House, in this place, prepared to do all kinds of copying from pictures, either enlarging or reducing the size, as may be desired. Excellent pictures from original subjects are also taken by Mr. Carpenter, who is a first-class artist, and has some beautiful specimens on exhibition.

Frank P. Blair, the jeweler, while out walking on Sunday last, with some other good-looking young beaux, along the turn in the pike, had the misfortune to lose his high silk file, by a sudden gust of wind, which blew it down into the Buffalo Run road. In attempting to get it, Frank fell and rolled down into the water.

Mr. Blair, skinning his sheep and flying him off generally, to say nothing about the condition his temper got into. But Frank is nevertheless able to attend to business, and to get on his feet.

SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A splendid audience greeted Rev. Mr. Mullen's final appearance, in the Methodist church, for the present conference year, on Sunday evening last. The sermon, as previously announced, was "The Trial of Abraham's Faith." It was well conceived and eloquently delivered, and made a very sensible impression upon the large congregation, many of whom were affected even to tears. This impression was somewhat effaced, however, by the subsequent business character of the meeting, and the singular and partially ridiculous manner of its transgression. Why cannot our Methodist friends settle their business like other folk, and thus save themselves the mortification that we know a great many of them, including pastor and deacons, (in view of the presence of so many from other congregations), must have felt on Sunday night?

The way of it was just this: The financial statement showed a debt of about a hundred and thirty or forty dollars. Going away to Conference the next morning the pastor, for the honor of the church, was anxious to leave no indebtedness behind him. He therefore, in view of the large audience present, thought it would be a good opportunity to reduce the debt, and for this purpose, and knowing the willingness of the people, proposed to send around papers and pencils for a subscription. To this the deacons, out of motives of delicacy, we will suppose, seemed to demur, and declined to take the subscription. This placed Mr. Mullen in a very uncomfortable and embarrassing position, but he was equal to the emergency. Seizing one of the baskets, he remarked that "We will have a penny collection," and started to take it up himself. Hereupon, the deacons took hold, and the penny collection was safely deposited, amounting to some twelve or fifteen dollars. Afterwards, on motion of some one in the audience, a subscription was taken, of course, the names and amounts being called as each one gave his contribution. In this way a hundred and thirty-three dollars were raised, more than enough to wipe out the entire debt.

Now there was nothing really wrong in all this, only it should have been conducted in entire harmony between pastor and deacons. As the business had been deferred so long, and as the opportunity was one that might not soon again be presented, it was wisdom and good sense to embrace it. Therefore, we hold that Mr. Mullen did right in the premises, and he should have been seconded cordially and with alacrity by his church officers. This would have avoided an embarrassment to all parties, and ended that sense of the ridiculous which stole upon the audience at the time of the subscription between pastor and deacons. That there was a real agreement and that perfectly good feeling prevailed, we are well aware of at the same time, the whole transaction being an admirable appearance, and struck the people somewhat in the light of a comedy.

The deacons, as the audience had consented to the sermon, and had been gathered by previous publication, without notice that a subscription would be requested, it would be bad taste to force upon them. This was delicacy, but it was not wisdom, and hence we say that our worthy friends, the deacons, ought to have concurred with their pastor.

We have alluded to this matter simply because there has been considerable gossip about it, and we desired to give the facts of the case. No one is to blame, particularly, for anything that we can see, except for allowing this matter to be put off so long. It ought to have been all straightened up at least as early as Saturday. But as it was not, it was right to embrace Sunday night's opportunity. To be sure, some may reasonably question the good taste of such a transaction, right upon the heels of such a sermon. It looked like practical disbelief in the elevating and glorious sentiments of the subject of discourse. It seemed to show a lack of FAITH. But the great question remains that the money was raised and the church is now out of debt. Is not this sufficient to atone for it all? We think so. And we think the people generally think so. The pastor left for Conference without any visions of financial embarrassment to trouble his dreams of the church, and will come back again to a congregation out of debt and with money in their treasury.

For, we suppose, Mr. Mullen will return to this charge. We hope he will, at least. He is a good preacher and an estimable citizen, and we want him back. And when he comes let our Methodist friends put their heads together and devise some other means of raising money than the one now prevalent, and which we know they detest so much. They can do it. The Presbyterians operate differently. So do other churches. The Methodists can do likewise, if they will. Let them try it.

Miss Kate Reed & Co., are fast closing out their stock of millinery and dress goods, preparatory to leaving here on the 20th inst. Those in want of

clothing should call soon.

There is some uneasiness in town, induced by the fear that our scalp locks are not going to be safe long. A vision of big injuns, with the scalping knife and tomahawk, are beginning to haunt our troubled sleep. It is said, that an encampment of "Red Men" is soon to be established here, and we await with trembling the sun that will

bring down the curtain of doom.

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BELLE FONTE.—It is well known

that we have here one of the most beautiful of pure, cold, limestone Springs in the world. It supplies the town with water, which is forced over the highest hills in the place into a reservoir on the top of another hill, the elevation of which is equal to the height of the ball on the Court House steeple. This Spring bubbles or gushes up from the ground from no yet discovered source, and is considered so beautiful that strangers come from afar to see it, and its fame has become co-extensive with the limits of our State. The French words, Belle Fonte, have been applied to it as best describing its exceeding clearness and the gushing, leaping glory of its waters. It is the resort of lovers and promenaders on moon-light nights, and there lingers about it many a legend of romance and song. The great French Minister, Talleyrand, during his visit to this country, once came here to see it, and it is said that he used to sit on a kind of natural chair formed in the side of the hill, just below the Academy, and gaze for hours upon the limpid waters of the Spring, the rushing, bounding torrent of the creek, feasting his eyes upon the abundant and beautiful scenery, and ever and anon casting loving, longing glances over the classic ground of "Greenery."

It is, indeed, a lovely Spring, and our town has great reason to be proud of it.

Now, a most singular thing has happened. On Wednesday last week, the 1st instant, the entire population of this town, men, women and children, tumbled out of the Spring. And strange to say, not one of them got wet! And stranger still, this remarkable circumstance occasioned no surprise—no comment. Everybody seemed to take it in good humor, and as a matter of course. Let it faint—can anybody explain it? We pause for a reply.

—We noticed last week very early the burning of Mr. M. P. Weaver's barn, in Spring township. Since then, through the kindness of Mr. C. R. Garhart, who adjusted the loss of Mr. Weaver, we have more definite information. The total loss on building and contents was about \$3,500, on which there was an insurance of \$2,200 in the Danville Farmers' Insurance Company. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. As this burning of barns is becoming a frequent occurrence, it behooves our farmers to prepare for it, and we would say in this connection that we know of no cheaper or safer company than the "Danville," because it keeps out of all towns, villages, stores, steam property, &c. It can thus afford to insure at a low rate. We understand our friend Garhart is now canvassing Pennsylvania and we would recommend him and his company to the patronage of our farmer friends there who need insurance.

—Our friend, Zentmer, of Huntingdon, that good looking and true young disciple of the limestone, concluding that it would be a charitable thing to cheer up an ill-used fellow at our Spring on Monday, and made us a short talk. He invited us over to Huntingdon to see where they did things on a large scale. Said we would go some day when they were less busy than usual, as we later to be compelled to force ourselves through such dense crowds on the streets. We propose to petition Bruce Petriken to secure the passage of an act compelling the Huntingdon people to keep in doors, one day in the week at least, so that a fellow can get by the principal places of attraction there without being pushed and jostled all to pieces by the hurrying, surging, selfish masses.

—The meat and provision market of our enterprising friends, Kurtz & Straub, was opened on Monday morning, and is now in the full tide of success. They have secured a gentleman from York, Pa., as butcher, who is acknowledged to be one of the most skillful in the profession. They are buying none but the best cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., and their line of vegetables and fruits will always be in season. Dressed fowls, butter and eggs, always on hand. The building is a model of neatness and cleanliness, and an ice refrigerator is built in the rear. Their facilities for supplying the market are most excellent, and we begin to think that we are at last to have a first-class market establishment. We are assured that the efforts of these gentlemen will be rewarded to the full.

—This isn't exactly the corn-husking season, but here is a corn-husking item. Mr. John Miller, of Walker township, last fall husked one hundred and forty bushels of corn, from sunrise to sunset, on the productive farm of D. D. McKean, Esq. Does anybody know of anybody who has ever beaten that in this or any other part of the county? We rather guess that this is decidedly hard to beat.

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Our readers will recollect the story

entitled "Wearing the Cross," by Miss Nelly Marshall, which was begun and passed through six or eight numbers of the Watchman, but which the authoress did not finish, owing, as she has since explained, to severe sickness and death in her immediate family. In a recent issue of the Jeffersonian (Ky) Democrat, we have a still further explanation, as follows:

MARRIAGE.—Miss Nelly Marshall, the authoress, and Hon. E. J. McAfee, were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 13th inst. at Frankfort. The engagement between them was one of years of faithfulness, but of painful disappointment. The immediate circumstances which hastened its consummation was the sore affliction of the bridegroom, who called her to his side who alone could speak the words of comfort and give the magic touch of love's caress. By the side of the sick man the lovers were at last united for weal and for trial, for time and for eternity. Long may they live to enjoy the sunshine of their love's heaven! The magic of its mightier power is already witnessed in the recovery, condition of the bridegroom, who will certainly not think of deserting his wife, and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted, with a view to its publication in the Watchman, and to be a permanent record of the public has had both a romantic love and a romantic marriage.

This love's young dream has ended in a happy reality. Perhaps Nelly will yet finish the story.

The best amusement now in town is to watch Bond Valentine, Col. Shortridge and Sam Gieswert, training a vicious horse to approach the cars without fear. They first put Gie-white on the horse, then Shortridge punches him up behind and Bond busts him in the snout, while the rider keeps a-hugging his heels into his sides. Between the three, the poor horse don't know whether to go forward, to back out, or to lie down. Why don't you train up horse in the way he should go?

Go and buy a Singer sold on easy terms by Zimmerman Bro's & Co.

Some weeks since we jokingly alluded to the fact that Deputy Sheriff Williams took a prisoner to the insane asylum at Harrisburg. Some silly hum-bulls, who are not capable of understanding the English language, circulated the report that it was Mr. Williams himself who was sent to the asylum. For their information we will state that Mr. Williams is clothed and in his right mind, and is in this town attending to his official and legal duties. Some people never can see the point of a joke.

For the best harness go to the sign of the Red Collar, above the Post-office.

We notice that our friend, Beck, the cigar and tobacco man, has had his store room, in the Bush House, neatly scrubbed out. We thought it needed an abolition some time ago, but didn't like to tell him so. Beck, however, has turned over a new leaf and now says that he will scrub out at least once a year. But notwithstanding this determination, which will keep him busy a good deal of the time, he always will have time to attend to those who want his good cigars and tobacco, of which he always keeps the best brands.

The Singer cannot be excelled and should be in every family.

We beg to inform those persons who are already throwing their fishing lines in Spring creek for trout, that the present is a little ahead of the season. The law provides that trout shall only be caught between the 1st of April and the 1st of August, and for every trout caught before or after that time, the catcher is liable to a fine of five dollars. It might be well for our over-zealous fishermen to bear this in mind, lest some one, tempted by the hope of reward, should lodge a complaint against them before a justice. A word to the wise, &c.

Fancy and plain saddles, over the post-office, at the sign of the Red Collar.

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Ferguson Township and the \$3,000,000 Bill

RAIL ROAD MEETING.

Pursuant to call, the citizens of Ferguson township, met in the Academy at Pine Grove Mills, March 4, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of getting the bond into shape for said township.

On motion of Samuel McWilliams the following officers were appointed. President, Col. B. Ayers, Vice President Geo. W. Meek, H. Kreps, Jacob Kepler, Irvin Ross, Capk Dunlap, Geo. Ard, F. Kroonin, Samuel Hess, John B. Mitchell, Piersol Lytle and Peter Keichline Secretary, Wm. E. Meek, L. A. Sample.

On motion, Col. Ayers addressed the meeting. He showed the necessity of the speedy completion of getting the bond made up and handed into the hands to be acted upon, also that if Ferguson had her bond in and accepted, that our chances were good if we come up to the requirements. The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the stock holders:

Resolved, That the passage of the further supplement bill now pending before the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, is of vital importance to the construction and future success of the Lewisburg and Spring Creek Rail Road. Therefore, we stock holders in said county do respectfully and earnestly urge upon our representative, P. G. Meek, Esq., to support and advocate its passage by his personal influence and vote, and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted, with a view to its publication in the Watchman, and to be a permanent record of the public has had both a romantic love and a romantic marriage.

The following is the report made by Wm. P. Macmanus, Esq., in regard to the survey for the railroad from the forks of Penn's Creek to Spring Mills.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 2d 1871. To Dr. E. J. Deener and others. Gentlemen: I have the honor to inform you that a survey for a railroad from the forks of Penn's Creek by way of Milltown to Spring Mills.

Commencing at station 100, on the line of the M. & D. R. R., at the Falls of Penn's Creek, the line runs north westerly to the forks of Penn's Creek, where it follows the side hill north of the creek to Long House, and thence north westerly to the forks of Penn