

The Democratic Watchman.

BY P. GRAY MEEK.

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Friday Morning, June 23, 1871.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL. GEN. WILLIAM McCANDLESS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad Matters.

The annual meeting of the stock holders of the Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek railroad for the purpose of electing officers, was held at the office of the company in Philadelphia, on the 13th inst.

What the company intended by this last resolve, we of course, do not know. What it effected by it is very easily to determine.

We look upon this movement in this light not only because we are opposed to it, but because we honestly believe such work by the board of directors will result in the defeat of the enterprise.

The President of the company, and the two directors from this county at least, know that hundreds of the subscribers to the stock along Pennsylvania valley are opposed to making a Narrow Gauge road on the proposed route.

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Will some of the dead-weights who are controlling this matter answer? The people of our county have done all that has been required of them. They have worked and waited for

about forty years. Secured a charter with supplement after supplement to it, and transferred all to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, on conditions that that company would help construct the road.

Against such action we protest most earnestly—protest because we believe it is calculated to delay, even if it does not defeat the building of the road.

We have grown tired of these interminable resolutions, this endless talk, and no work. If the road is to be built, as our people subscribed to have it built let it be done, if not, let us know it.

If We Must Have a Narrow Gauge, Let us Have a New Deal.

Notwithstanding the fact that proposals for the grading and bridging of the L. C. & S. C. railroad to Oak Hill, are now advertised, we have but the slightest hope now that anything looking to the construction of the enterprise will be done the present season.

Now, the men who have controlled this matter for years and are still controlling it, may be railroad men of the first water, but for the life of us 'we can't see it.'

It is not the fault of our people that such is the case, because they have done all that the company required of them. The estimated amount that each township should furnish in order to secure the building of an ordinary gauge road was levied, and we believe raised.

We have money enough in our own county to build it, and we have enterprising and intelligent men enough to manage and control it, without going to the Pennsylvania or any other corporation for directors and officers.

back out of the narrow gauge enterprise as soon as it is properly started? For thirty-five years the people of Pennsylvania have looked to the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek company to secure them a railroad.

It is the stock holders of the Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek railroad Company who are the ones to be blamed for the delay in the building of the road.

If a Narrow Gauge road is as economical in construction, and as cheaply operated, as suggested by the board of directors of the L. C. & S. C. railroad, would it not sound more like the thing, for them to advise the stock holders to cut loose from all outside influences and control, and build such a road for themselves?

If we are to have a Narrow Gauge road through Pennsylvania at a cost of six thousand dollars per mile, and if the people along the route are to be compelled to pay the five hundred thousand dollars subscribed by them, what is to be done with the five hundred thousand dollars subscribed or proposed to be subscribed by the Pennsylvania railroad company?

Not Much on the 'Recommendation' How the Narrow Gauge Movement Talks.

The following letters on the effort to change the Gauge on the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek railroad are explicit enough to be understood without any trouble. They are from men who have taken a very active part in the enterprise, and although the one was not intended for publication, we give it in order that those who are getting up this trouble by acquiescing in the Narrow Gauge movement, may know how successfully their scheme is working.

Hon P. Gray Meek—Dear Sir:—Since rail road is all the talk just now, permit a hard-fisted Pennsylvania farmer to occupy a short space in your columns, in reference to the proposed Narrow Gauge through Centre County, for Narrow Gauge some would have us believe it must be, or no railroad at all.

They talk about the advantages of narrow over broad gauges. I know nothing of engineering and must just accept their figures as given in their statements, but grant that all they claim for narrow gauges is true, would any one be foolish enough to suppose that all our broad thoroughfares must yield to the inevitable, inflexible Narrow Gauge and be at once discarded and cut down?

The company have advertised the letting of the road and have called in ten per cent. of each share of the subscription stock. Don't be too much in a hurry gentlemen. The people have waited long—they can wait a little longer.

amount subscribed may fall short, we argue that after the subscription books were closed the company had a bill passed in the Legislature allowing them to issue bonds to the amount of two million dollars—an amount adequate to make the road, not only through Centre County, but eastward to Danville, as provided in the bill.

I am sure that if I were to start out to day I could not get \$3000 subscribed in Harrisburg for a narrow gauge road. We subscribed our money and gave our releases for right of way that the road should be built on the ordinary gauge; and if any party desires to make an experiment we wish them to do it at their own expense.

After the adjournment of the Democratic State Editorial Convention here on Wednesday morning last, most of the editors present proceeded to Williamsport to attend the meeting of the State Editorial Convention, without distinction of party, to be held there, and to participate in the excursion arranged to start from that city for Watkins Glen and Minnequa Springs.

The State Editorial Convention at Williamsport—The Excursion to Watkins Glen.

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This is a gorge or rift in the Chemung mountain, hundreds of feet in depth, and abounding in the most remarkable and picturesque scenery. Flashing and dashing through it is a splendid stream of water, which often falls in beautiful cascades from immense heights, sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow.

After the essay came the poem—a most beautiful and appropriate one, which, in the absence of the author, whose name we have, unfortunately, forgotten, was read by that most genial of gentlemen, Mr. Eugene H. Munray, of Philadelphia. The poem will also appear in the Printer's Circular.

The regular business of the Convention was then transacted, after which, (this meeting being more social than business,) it adjourned to meet at the banquet hall in the Herdic House, in the evening. The members then amused themselves in various ways until the banquet hour arrived, when some two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen sat down to an elegant dinner. The following were the regular toasts of the occasion:

'The State of Pennsylvania.' This toast was brilliantly and eloquently responded to by Mr. W. P. Furey, of the Mauch Chunk Times.

'The City of Williamsport.' To this toast, Mr. E. W. Capron, of the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin, promptly and happily responded.

'The People of Pennsylvania.' This was responded to by H. S. Evans, of the Village Record, West Chester.

'Our Mining and Petroleum Interests.' Uncle Jake Zeigler, of the Butler Herald, responded to this toast.

'Our Guests.' The venerable Judge David Naar, editor of the Trenton, N. J., True American, was called on to respond to this toast, which he did very happily.

'Women.' Responded to by J. K. Pangborn, Jersey City Journal, N. J. 'Newspaper Reporters.' Responded to by Thomas M. Coleman, Philadelphia Ledger.

'The Art of Printing.' Responded to by J. L. Ringwalt, Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

'Our Association.' Responded to by Henry T. Darlington, of the Bucks County Intelligencer.

After the repast, those who felt so disposed, enjoyed themselves in dancing, while others selected some other mode of enjoyment, and the festivities were kept up until a late hour. Finally, all parties got to bed. In the morning breakfast was on the table at six o'clock, and at 7.15, the excursionists started on one of the most delightful trips ever enjoyed by any party.

We have not time nor space, however, to give the particulars of the ride to 'Watkins Glen.' Sufficient to say, it was a most pleasant one, and will long be remembered by the jolly party that participated in it.

Arrived at Watkins, one of the most beautiful towns in the State of New York, or, indeed, in the country, the excursionists were met by numerous hacks and carriages, all anxious to convey them to the various hotels and points of interest. Availing themselves of these, they sought the hotels and prepared to meet at the 'Glen Mountain House,' where an elegant free dinner had been provided.

After washing and dressing and fixing up generally, the fraternity with their ladies and guests, once more re-assembled at the tables of the Glen Mountain House, and partook of the bountiful repast, with much champagne. Harry Smith presided, assisted by his numerous editorial family, and mirth and good humor prevailed throughout. It was, indeed, a joyful time.

Immediately after dinner, the party started to explore that most magnificent, beautiful, wonderful and fearful work of nature, called

WATKINS GLEN.

This is a gorge or rift in the Chemung mountain, hundreds of feet in depth, and abounding in the most remarkable and picturesque scenery. Flashing and dashing through it is a splendid stream of water, which often falls in beautiful cascades from immense heights, sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow. The rocks on each side the ravine tower up nearly two hundred feet above the visitor's head, while occasionally trees at the top may be seen joining their branches from either side.

And after all, it is indescribable, 'unpainted also.' The word 'Glen' gives but a faint idea of the gorge. It is a marvelous rift in the mountain, which it seems must have been made by some stupendous earthquake shock. The great rift however effected, took place, according to Agassiz, twenty years ago. It is satisfactory to know the exact date of an event that must have caused considerable sensation in that rural district.

But we must stop here. We have omitted many things, but there is a limit to newspaper columns as well as to everything else. We conclude by saying the whole affair was splendidly managed and was a grand success. Much of this was due to McManis, of the Printer's Circular, who labored unceasingly for the entertainment of the editorial host. But, for the present, adieu.

Two girls in a small town in Ohio run a blacksmith shop all by themselves. They dress in Bloomer costume and shoe a horse just as well as a man.

pick their way along its ledges, dodge under its little side cascades, watch for rainbows beside its waterfalls, gaze down into its profound mysterious pools, and speculate on its wonderful formation. We go leagues out of our way, in foreign travel, to see things far less worth seeing, like Tivoli and Volmo, Lombard-Glenoe, the Killarney cascades, the Vals de Avoca, the Drago, and the Devil's Glen of Wicklow. The 'Pools' are a great curiosity in themselves. They are smooth, round, regular excavations like gigantic bowls, and are always brimming with crystal clear water. So near to these pools does the narrow path lead in some places, that a single false step would inevitably cost you a cold plunge. I was told that the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher once, while showing up the Glen to a party of friends, took such a sudden involuntary shower into the deeps while in the midst of a fine dissertation on the beauties of the spot. He had barely time to close his eloquent mouth as he went under, but as he rose to the surface he finished his sentence—which certainly was very plucky and Beecheresque.

Such is Watkins Glen, New York, at the head of Seneca Lake—one of the most glorious spots in the wide world. But even here, amid all the solemn grandeur of the place, funny things sometimes occur which tickle the ribs and excite the risibilities of the observer. Coming down the Glen, after having been to the top, in company with our brother 'quill' of the Johnstown Democrat, we saw a sight, I assure you, that will never be forgotten. A handsome young lady to keep him company, came our friend GARRETT of the Typo, of Syracuse, New York, both surveying the wonderful scenery, with undisguised admiration. Just as we are about to pass them, slip goes the lady's feet, and down she comes like so much lead on the slimy rocks, one neatly gloved hand baptizing itself in a puddle of dirty water. GARRETT gallantly starts to the rescue, when up goes his heels in the air and down comes the back of his head on the stony pavement. Hastily we reach the lady's side, and assist her to her feet, anxiously inquiring if she is hurt. She sweetly responds that she is not, and blushes till her cheeks are like the red wild flowers that gush from the cavern's rocky summit. Turning then to GARRETT, we condole with him, while he tries to hide his confusion by brushing off the dirty mud and water that adhere to his clothes. It was a funny sight, and yet we dare not laugh out of consideration for the feelings of the fallen couple. But after laughing them, we made the Glen re-echo with the merriment that would no longer be restrained.

But we have only time and room to say further that in the evening the party took an excursion up Seneca Lake, and viewed the beautiful scenery along its shores, returning in good season to trip the light fantastic toe. In the morning, the excursionists left Watkins for Minnequa Springs, where a glorious dinner was partaken off at the expense of Mr. PETER HEARNE, of Williamsport, the owner of them, and a most enjoyable time was had. In the evening the party returned to Williamsport, and from there sought their various homes. At Watkins, Elmira and Troy the hotels were free to the editors and there were no bills to pay. The splendid dinner at the Glen Mountain House was given free by Mr. E. B. PARSONS, the proprietor of the Glen, a most whole-souled and hospitable gentleman, and the Pleasant Valley Wine Company furnished abundance of excellent champagne. This company manufacture some of the best wine in the world. Everything was done to accommodate and oblige, and the whole affair passed off gloriously. The hotels at Watkins are entitled to editorial thanks throughout the State. The Fallbrook, the Jefferson and other houses there, are kept by a tip-top set of fellows, who know what what. We are particularly indebted to BAKER & SON, of the Fallbrook. We may have more to say about Watkins hereafter. The town has two newspapers, the Schuylter County Democrat and the Watkins Express, both well-edited and capable of showing up their local advantages, which they do. Watkins Glen is beginning to come prominently into notice, and will ere long be the finest watering place in the land. The country around it is magnificent—the finest, we think we have ever seen.

Two girls in a small town in Ohio run a blacksmith shop all by themselves. They dress in Bloomer costume and shoe a horse just as well as a man.

An exchange calls Ben Butler 'an old buster.' According to the tender tale of a negro woman who followed him North from New Orleans, he is an old buster as well. In fact, Ben is an old anything the devil wants him for.