

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 1, 1889.

AN OLD PATRIOTIC SONG.

A lady sends us the following, which she sent out of an old newspaper, with a request to revive ancient patriotic memories by its publication:

Messrs. Editors.—I see in the last *Democrat* that a couple of my old and eccentric acquaintances, Col. Wm. Wilson and Wm. McClelland, had been reciting them, selected nobody's expense, and being chuck full of 1812 patriotism, discoursed in your sanctum the following song, which was composed by Mr. Samuel Taggart, of Centre County, and published in the *Centre Banner*. It was sent to me when I was twelve years old. I am now seventy-one and sing it often.

HUGH KILGORE.
Callensburg, May 13, 1873.

September the eleventh day,
As we do understand,
Our bold mariners on lake Champlain
Subdued the British band.

Our gallant tars prepared for war,
McDonough did command;
Who on the lake the food-rake raked,
The scene was truly grand.

At nine o'clock the dreadful shock
Was felt on lake and shore;
For two long hours in dreadful showers
Death dealt on every hand.

The guardian angel of our rights,
Who viewed this bloody scene,
Now mingled with the light of day,
And did our cause maintain.

Their Commodore all drenched in blood
Pale on the deck was laid;
Besides, three scores of men and more
Within his ship lay dead.

Our Commodore, that hero bold,
Now gave them the last round;
Huzzah! Huzzah! my hearts of gold,
Their bloody flag comes down.

Four vessels now we took in tow,
And brought them safe to shore;
Such dreadful wrecks I do expect
Was never seen before.

The great Provost, whose mighty host
Had fought through France and Spain,
Now took to heels and ran like deers,
From Plattsburg and Champlain.

They took their flight in dead of night,
Their wounded left behind;
Our Yankee lads they were so glad
Pursued them to the lines.

The grizzly monarch, king of beasts,
Upon their flag portrayed;
Who came to rob our eagle's nest,
That day full loss was laid.

Our eagle's claws soon taught him laws
Which Europe could not do;
She cocked her crest and saved her nest,
And then aloft she flew.

Come, let us toast our Commodore,
And his most gallant band,
And sing his fame from shore to shore,
Throughout our happy land.

"NUMBER ONE HARD."

That was all the name he went by in Skytown. He had never thought it worth while to give his full name, and out there, where eastern titles were considered as delicate subjects and handled accordingly, no one in the community cared to press the matter. He had to be catalogued, however, and Charley Atwood demonstrated his ingenuity by christening the sturdy blacksmith "Number One Hard." The boys shortened the appellation to suit themselves, but it was no matter so long as identification was complete.

No. 1 was of powerful build with a biceps and stature of herculean proportions. It has never been my fortune to see another such magnificent physique. He was old and gray, but his majestic shoulders were erect and straight as those of a youth. His temperament was peaceable and retiring and he was never seen in the saloons or at the card tables of Skytown. He minded his own business, put in six full days at his anvil every week and allowed the world to wag as it would. He had a fine face, but I who was brought into contact with him more than any of the rest, could trace lines of a deep sorrow among the wrinkles of age.

"Some family skeleton," I thought; "unhappy in the east, he has come to this rough section to bury his sadness and end his life. Poor No. 1."

Though six years have passed, I remember as if it had occurred but yesterday the strange event which brought No. 1 conspicuously before the rough denizens of Skytown and proved a turning point for the better in the old man's life.

The fall of '83 was a particularly disgraceful one for the pioneer community in which I found myself. Rowdies from the Mouse River country and cowboys from the far Montana border conspired to keep alive an element of lawlessness that put civilization to the blush. The scattered farming population evaded the town to trade at another village, even though obliged to go many miles further. I had opened a general store in Skytown, and this evasion by the farmers nearly ruined me. In company with two or three law-abiding citizens, equally as interested as myself in the preservation of the peace, I openly expressed my disgust and disapproval to the Sheriff, but he (being a mere figure-head and too much of a rascal himself to perform his sworn duty) paid little heed to our demands, save to reassure us by stating that "it would only last a few days."

One particularly lawless individual had come down with the Mouse River delegation, who rejoice in the soubriquet of "Long Haired Pete." He was an athletic young fellow of 22, or thereabouts, but very quarrelsome either in or out of "his cups," and no one had the hardihood to cross his will or go against his slightest wish. He was looked up to and universally admired by all the Mouse River rowdies. "Pete did this, or 'Pete did that," was a rigid demand upon his followers to go and do like likewise. This gentleman reigned supreme in Skytown until the demoralized Montana faction dragged a rival god from beyond the Missouri, crowned him and flaunted his colors magnificently in the faces of Long Haired Pete's partisans.

I had noticed the trend of affairs from afar and had almost concluded to pack my stock in divers wagons and move to a more congenial clime. There would soon be a war of extermination,

I felt positive, and the sooner I moved to less barbarous surroundings the better for me. But the climax was reached before I had fairly decided and I was compelled to see the drama through.

Covered sneers and half-uttered threats had been carried back and forth between the two champions until both parties were warm for an encounter. They both sought it and, one afternoon, Pete collected his followers about him and they surged into Splangler's saloon where Montana Dick was holding forth with his friends. Sundry jeers and derisive laughs were indulged in, but Pete heeded them not. He stalked straight to the bar and then, turning half around, he looked at Montana Dick.

"Hev a drink with me?" he asked, smiling blandly.

Was Pete backing down? Had he acknowledged a superior? These were the startled thoughts of his people as they stood in an agony of doubt behind their hero.

Montana Dick seemed surprised, too, and he looked his rival all over and gave a contemptuous sniff. Then he looked about him triumphantly.

"I don't mind, seein' as ye want me to. I'd drink with the meanest feller that walks," he added when the liquor had been poured.

"I wouldn't," said Pete, suddenly raising his glass and dashing its contents full in the other's face.

What a befall of approbation went up from Pete's friends! For a second Dick, with the liquor streaming from his eyes, was dazed and seemed not to realize what occurred; then, with a yell of rage he jumped backward, drew his revolver and emptied every shell at his enemy. He was too insane with liquor and rage to fire accurately and every bullet went wide of the mark save one, and that passed through Pete's shirt, but did not touch his body.

"If you want to fight," cried Pete, when the smoke had cleared away, "jist come out-doors an' fight like a man. We stand too big a chance of hittin' some one else in here."

Pell-mell they rushed out upon the prairie, and the combatants were soon facing each other with loaded revolvers in their hands.

"When I drop my hat you fellers fire," cried "Roxey" of Montanians.

But before Roxey could drop his hat, Number One stepped from the crowd of onlookers. He raised his hand imperiously.

"Wait."

Something about the man commanded attention and he was accorded a hearing.

"What's the use of this needless bloodshed? In this manner both of you are liable to die. I cry out against it."

"Git out of the way," yelled Dick; and the crowd, taking its cue from him, endeavored to frighten the old man off.

"We're here to fight," said Pete. "And fight we will, whether one or both of us go under."

Number One never looked at him.

"Let me propose a way of settling the difficulty," said he drawing two pistols from his pocket, both exactly alike. "One of these weapons is loaded with powder only; the other with powder and ball. Now, I will lay them on the grass here and you Montana Dick, and you Long-Haired Pete, are to approach and take one, each of you. I will toss up a dollar, and the one that wins the toss is to put his pistol at the breast of the other and fire. In the event of that pistol being loaded with powder only, then the other shall have his turn. In this way only one of the duellists will be killed, and one life saved at all events. It's a fair method of settling the dispute. Fate will decide it. What have you to say, gentlemen?"

Not a sound came from the assembled men. The awfulness of that battle seemed to strike even their hardened hearts with fear.

Pete bowed his head and his broad bosom heaved a moment.

"I'm ready," he declared, looking up.

There was a murmur of admiration from the crowd, and I fancied the old blacksmith looked toward the young fellow with sudden pride. But it was only a sudden shadow that crossed his face and it became as passive as before.

To be outdone by his enemy would have cost Montana Dick his laurels, and shaking back his shoulders with the air of a braggadocio, he cried:

"I'm ready, too."

Number One stepped back. Dick strode over to the pistols and selected his, and Pete then approached and took the remaining one.

They stood facing each other, but the bully had faded entirely out of Montana Dick's bearing. The combatants, both of them, were white-faced and both filled with foreboding.

One of them had the loaded pistol—which was it?

The rabble about the two men was as quiet as the men themselves, and even when Number One tossed the coin and Montana Dick won there was only a faint cheer from his supporters.

Dick's eye shot a malignant gleam at Pete as he approached and placed the muzzle of the pistol within a foot of his breast.

If I should live until the end of eternity I could never forget the bravery of Long-Haired Pete at this supreme moment. His face was of an ashy pallor, but, drawing himself to his full height, he folded his arms and awaited the decree of fate.

With a sneering laugh Montana Dick pulled the trigger. There followed a bright flash and loud report, but Pete still stood erect before his enemy. The Mouse River men gave a shout of exultation. Realizing that he had selected the wrong pistol, Montana Dick fell back in dismay and fear.

His enemy had failed! Pete grasped his pistol firmly and rushed towards the cowardly champion of the Montanians. At this moment Number One stepped between them.

"Stop!" he commanded.

Pete looked at him angrily, with a harsh reply on his lips, but meeting the steady gaze of Number One, he continued looking as by some weird fascination. His arms fell beside him and he staggered back. His lips moved, but he uttered no word.

"Give me that pistol,"

It was mechanically handed to him. "Now, go!" commanded Number One; "leave this town at once."

Pete turned, walked slowly out on the prairie where his horse was grazing, saddled and bridled the animal, mounted and rode away.

As in a kind of stupefaction the crowd had observed this strange proceeding. When Pete had disappeared in the purple haze where horizon and prairie met, the men passed silently away, and Number One was the first to go.

After this, although "white-winged peace" did not root in the neighborhood of Skytown, the backbone of old-fashioned Skytown was broken and everything settled down to a fairly harmonious channel for a pioneer village. Business picked up so well that I concluded to chance it awhile longer, and I have lived to be glad that I did.

The never-failing topic of conversation continued to be the strange duel engineered by Number One, and for months after that affair the all important question of "what made Long Haired Pete throw up his hands and get out when Number One told him to?" remained unanswered. For me the mystery was cleared away, but I never breathed the secret to a soul in Skytown.

About four weeks after the duel Number One Hard came into the store dressed in his best clothes and carrying a satchel in his hand. I expressed great surprise at his intended departure, and he, drawing me to one side, thrust a letter into my hand.

"Read that, Mr. Barlow."

I obeyed, and as near as I can remember, the following was written in the note in a very awkward hand:

DEAR OLD FATHER:—

It's no use—you've found me, and I never wanted to go home so bad in all my life as I do this month. I'm tired of this life and ready for something better. Will you meet me there? If we will to East together and try our fortunes once more in the little shop at Roxbury. Affectionately,

MOSES RIVER, D. T.

"Who is Pete?" I queried, completely nonplussed.

"Why, 'Long-Haired Pete.'"

"No?"

"Fact. All I came out west for was to find him. He always was a barometer boy. Nothing bad, mind you, only just wild. Well, he left, and mother and I never knew anything about it till he was gone. He left a note saying that he had become a little restless; didn't think blacksmithing was his forte, and all that, and thought he'd try it out west a while. I thought where he'd come, as I had a brother up at Devil's Lake, so I started after him. Brother Joe hadn't seen Pete, however, so I calculated to settle down in Skytown for a spell and just hope and hope and maybe I'd find him in some way. You see I wasn't disappointed, for I ran across him just on the point of fighting with that Montana rowdy. Didn't I fix that up pretty cute?"

"Perhaps so, but I think your son stole your pistol."

"No a bit of it! Why, Mr. Barlow, neither of those pistols was loaded with bullets. I lied a little, but I saved Pete."

I felicitated the old gentleman on his ingenuity.

"If I can only save Pete from that whiskey appetite he has contracted out here, it will make me a happy man."

"Don't let that worry you. A young fellow that can look into the muzzle of a revolver with as much impunity as he, whether it is loaded, or unloaded, is capable of the highest moral development."

"He's brave—nobody ever doubted that. I knew he'd write me! I firmly expected that letter. 'Will I meet him at Jimtown? Of course I will, and it will be a happy day for mother when she sees Pete and I come home together and go to work in the dusty little shop just across the street. Just think, we've been gone from home two years! My sakes, I feel twenty years younger now that I'm going back with Pete. Pete's poor shoe—' Good-by, Mr. Barlow; I'm much obliged to you for all your kindness."

I shook his hand heartily.

"Good by and good luck to you!"

He boarded the stage, waved his hat at me from the window and—that was the last of Number One.—(Detroit Free Press.

Don't Drink New Beer.

From the Anti Adulteration Journal.

No premature beer is fit for consumption. A beer under four months old is as injurious as any slow poison ever consumed. No matter how pure the material may be from which the beer is made, it is, however an impure beverage until it has had at least four months to purify itself by eliminating certain yeast germs, carbonic acid gas, and other foreign matters.

A well preserved old ale, it seems, would be much better to use than new beer, where malt liquors are needed, or perhaps better yet for the sick, a malt tonic or extract of malt or good grape wine, until good beer is produced. In Bavaria the law enforces the aging as well as the purity of beer, and for such laws we are contending here.

FROSTED LEMON PIE.—Take two lemons. Grate about one third of the peel and squeeze out the juice, removing the seeds. Add eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of four eggs. Stir smoothly and add three-fourths of a cup of rich milk. Have ready two pie-pans containing under crust. Pour in the custard and bake. Whip the whites of four eggs thoroughly, add a grate of lemon rind and six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the custard is baked pour the meringue over the pie and return to the oven till of a delicate brown.

FARMERS OF PENNSYLVANIA!

A Vote for Edmund A. Bigler for State Treasurer is a Vote for Treasury Reform, a Step Towards Equalization of Taxation, and His Election will be a Decisive Victory in War against Monopoly and Ring Rule.

Extract from address of Hon. Geo. H. Brigham, at Williams Grove Grangers' Picnic, 1889.

"We realize that as a class we are unaccountably burdened by taxation. The assessors know little as to the value of a merchant's goods, but are better informed on the value of the farmer's stock and tools. Then a farmer's means are all in sight, you can't hide an acre of land if it is on edge. That we are unjustly taxed is not the least of our troubles. We can't better than complain of it. If it is true that we are over taxed, we ought to try and devise some way to make other people pay their share. I am sure that the farmer, when they act unitedly, will in a great measure right this wrong. No man, no corporation, will ever lighten our burden a feather's weight until we compel them to do so, and we can compel them if we will. We cannot by any spasmodic effort right this wrong; it will require long, careful, patient effort. Having in our hands more power than any other class, perhaps more than all others combined, we have done nothing. You hold the reins! Do the driving. You are the party! Select your own public servants."

For the purpose of equalizing taxation and relieving the overtaxed farmer the following bill was introduced at the last session of the Legislature.

House Bill No. 10, entitled An Act Providing for the assessment and valuation of real estate, personal and corporate property for taxation for county, township, borough and municipal purposes.

This bill which was introduced on January 11, 1889, and passed the House finally on the 26th of March, provided as follows:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted &c., that from and after the passage of this act assessors of the several townships, boroughs and cities of the Commonwealth shall annually, as to personal and corporate property, and triennially, as to municipal and local purposes, all taxable persons, natural and artificial, owning or holding in trust real estate or personal property, horses, sheep, cattle and swine over four years of age, household property and tool implements necessary for trades or occupations exceeding four hundred dollars in value, except only the property authorized to be exempted from taxation by the first section of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, the stock of building and loan associations, watches, household furniture and pleasure carriages: Provided, that all classes of property subject to tax for State purposes when assessed for county, municipal or local purposes shall not be taxed at a rate higher than one-half the mill tax levied on real estate.

The practical effect of this bill, had it become a law, would have been the taxing of the property of corporations—now not taxable—for township, borough and county purposes. And in operation would have largely increased the total valuation from which the local taxes are to be derived and thereby would decrease the rate and be an actual relief to the people of the Commonwealth.

After final passage in the House, the bill was sent to the Senate for its concurrence.

On May 2nd, 1889, Senator Gerard C. Brown (of York) moved that the Senate Finance Committee (to which the bill had been referred) be discharged from the consideration of House Bill No. 10, for the purpose of giving the Senate an opportunity to consider the measure. This required a two-third vote and on the yeas and nays being called there were 23 yeas and 13 nays. Lacking one vote of two-thirds the resolution was lost, and bill practically killed, it never having been reported from the Committee for action.

Of the 23 yeas 13 were Democrats, 10 Republicans. The yeas were Messrs. Brown, (Montgomery) Cooper, Crouse, DeLoach, Mehard, Newmeyer, Penrose, Reburn, Smith, Tompson and Upperman,—13 all Republicans.

DISCRIMINATION IN FAVOR OF CORPORATIONS.

Extract from Senator Gerard C. Brown's Address at Williams Grove, 1889.

But this question (equalization of taxation) is not the only one that we have deep interest in. We are the victims of atrocious discrimination by the great corporations which control our transportation, our telegraphic, telephone and express business.

The great transportation and transmission corporations, for instance, have been for years not merely hostile to the interests of the people which they were chartered to subservise, but by using unscrupulously their immense resources to destroy the Constitution as far as it lays down the law affecting them, have come to occupy a position closely bordering on treason to the State.

It would indeed be difficult for a dispassionate judge to define wherein it does come short of a treasonable conspiracy.

At all events, railroad influence has notoriously run Legislature after Legislature. Certain valuable considerations have been given, accepted and used unblushingly with scarce a mantle of secrecy, and this, too, contrary to a proper personal pride, a decent self-respect, and not merely in violation of organic law, but of the solemn official oaths of members of the General Assembly and of State officers as well.

It is our highest duty to secure if possible the enforcement of the Constitution as it is, and until that is accomplished we may well treat any proposed amendments as of secondary consideration. Even to anticipate this may be considered a violation of the solemn oaths sworn against it. A noted political leader remarked to a speaker during a debate on this issue in the Senate two years ago: "Oh! no, you will never get there," but I will trust to the virtue, intelligence

and patriotism of the people to confound his prediction."

WHERE THE FOLD LIES.

"Fifth. We hold the Republican party responsible for the failure—a failure wilfully and corruptly incurred—to enforce by 'appropriate legislation' the sixteenth and seventeenth articles of the Constitution, designed to protect the land and labor, the people and industries of this Commonwealth."—*The Democratic Platform, 1889.*

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A two-legged horse is on exhibition in a New York museum.

—Madison, Ga., claims to have a horse that took part in the Indian wars in 1830.

—A pure white English sparrow dwells with a colony of browns in Hartford, Conn.

—Erasmus Wiman has contributed \$100 to the fund for a monument to Horace Greely.

Umbrellas are being imported into India in great numbers. Last year 290,000 arrived in Calcutta alone.

—John Maggart, aged 76 years, of West Ellsworth, Me., drove 40 miles last week to be initiated a Good Templar.

—A Hannibal, Mo., man has killed 910 squirrels since the first of June, but probably he has not done much of anything else.

—At Pensacola, Fla., a Mustang that was abused by its driver rushed into the water and held its head beneath the surface until it drowned.

—The people of the Northwest say that the muskrats are building their houses unusually high, and that this is a certain sign of a very cold winter.

—The wine list on the bills of fare used in dining cars on railroads crossing Iowa has this notice at the bottom: "No liquors sold in the State of Iowa."

—The Prince of Wales is said to be suffering from Bright's disease. It is reported that the extension of his trip to Egypt is recommended by his physicians.

—A plague of monkeys afflicts Tanjore, in Southern India. The creatures do so much mischief that an official catcher receives a rupee for each monkey captured.

—The grave of a woman buried in Cohoes, N. Y., 18 years ago, was opened recently and the body found petrified. The features looked as natural as if the woman had just died.

—The Hon. R. M. McLane, formerly Minister to France, has offered his services as a stump speaker to the Democratic State Committee of Maryland for this fall's campaign.

—A London cable says that it is estimated that C. P. Huntington will have to pay \$10,000,000 in dowry and settlement of debts, to Prince Hatfield, who is to wed his daughter.

—Three boys, attending gymnasia or high schools in Berlin, have shot themselves within the last few days on account of disappointment in not being promoted into higher classes.

—A Litchfield, Mich., couple who have been married 30 years, had a misunderstanding about two years ago, and since then they have never spoken to each other, though living in the same house.

—Justice Stephen J. Field looks none the worse for his exciting experience in California. It troubles him, however, and he discourages all allusions to it. His friends understand that he is to speak of it first.

—It is proposed to bring in a bill at the next session of the British Parliament to put a restraint upon improvident marriages, the great proportion of such marriages being made by those under 25 years of age.

—In Houlton, Me., lives a lady who never wore an article of jewelry, a piece of lace nor a collar, even in the days of courtship, which experience she has passed through more than once, having married twice.

—The Paris beauty show begins to-day with 30 candidates, including 2 English, 1 Irish, 2 South Americans, 2 from the United States, 2 Russians, 2 Hungarians, 2 Italians, 2 Roumanians, 5 French and 4 Orientals.

—The monuments of antiquity at Athens are being cleansed from the dirt and rubbish of ages for the approaching royal wedding. In doing this several entire streets of the modern town have had to be pulled down.

—The fish are getting so numerous around the docks at Port Tampa, Fla., that they jump out of the water and land on the wharves. A king fish weighing 17 pounds was captured by Captain George Warner in that way on Tuesday.

—A Maine girl put a note and her address in a box of footprints, requesting the finder to write to her. A Kansas City man got the box, opened a correspondence, and a few days ago started East to see if the young lady was the sort of woman he wanted for a wife.

—On September 22 a man was executed at Ossuna, in Andalusia, for murder, who up to the last moment was in full expectation of a reprieve from Queen Christina. The reprieve was actually signed, and orders were sent to carry it out, but it arrived just after the execution was over.

—The Flathead Indians of Montana differ widely from other tribes on this continent. They are not warriors, nor are they lazy and good for nothing. On the contrary, most of them are thrifty farmers, whose industry and skill are attested by big stacks of hay and grain about their dwellings.

—Daniel Frederick, of Knox county, Ind., was 100 years old October 16. He was born in Knox county and has always resided there. His life pursuit has been that of a farmer, and his habits, plain, simple and regular. He has never been sick but twice in his long, quiet life, and to-day he is a remarkably hale spry and vivacious old man. His hair is still black, with but a few silver threads, and he has no use for spectacles.