

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept., 14, 1894.

AT TWILIGHT.

She sat in the vine-wreathed doorway, A maiden most winsome and fair.

Her mouth was a quaint little question, Sewing, half wistful, half gay;

And about it, now coming, now going, Would daintiest dimples play.

And I said: "In the dreams of the poets Was never a vision so sweet,

Lady fair, I am bringing my homage To lay, with these flowers at your feet."

Her eyelids drooped low, as she answered: "I deem it must be very nice;

But I can't take it now, I'm so sleepy; Won't you please put it up for me."

Maury on McClellan. The Confederate General's Recollections of "Little Mac" - "Knew Him at West Point - Traits of the Boy Cadet and the Young Officer - His Faculty of Acquiring Knowledge - He Was Averse to the War Policy of Stanton.

George B. McClellan, to whose cadet days I have already briefly referred, came to West Point at the age of fifteen years and 7 months.

He bore every evidence of gentle nature and high culture, and his countenance was charming as his demeanor was modest and winning.

His father, the celebrated Dr. McClellan, and his elder brother, Dr. John McClellan, were two of the ablest and best educated men of their day, and he had been reared in their company.

I remember that it was about the middle of June, 1842, when we first met in section room at West Point. The class was at first arranged according to alphabetical order, and our initial letters placed us for a brief space side by side.

For a very brief space it was, for he pushed at once to head, while I plodded along in the middle - that easiest and safest of positions - through all the long four years of my cadetship.

At the end Mac went into the engineer corps, and I, as I have said, into the rifles. After the Mexican war, while we were both at West Point as instructors, we were of course daily associated together for several years, and a happy association it was.

A brighter, kinder, more genial gentleman did not live than he. Sharing freely in all the convivial hospitalities of the mess, he was a constant student of his profession. Having been instructed in the classics and in French before he came to the academy, he learned Spanish and German there, and before he was sent to Europe to study and report upon the cavalry service of the great military powers of the world, he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the Russian language to enable him to make a satisfactory and valuable report.

The excellent saddles and horse equipment ever since used in our service were introduced by him from the Cossacks. He was an excellent horseman and one of our most athletic and best swordsmen. We rode and fenced together almost daily. His father gave him a handsome thoroughbred mare and I had brought from Virginia a very fleet race mare. So long as my arm was in splints she ran away with me whenever I rode her. Nobody else would ride her; but she thrived only twice in the four years, once by carrying me under a limb which swept me off over the tail, and again when she reared and fell over on me, which didn't hurt me, while it gave great amusement to the crowded company of passengers on the steam-er New World, before whom I tried to show off as I galloped down to the wharf on my magnificent thoroughbred mare, arrayed in my best suit of cavalry clothes.

Mac and Mac's mare had no such foolishness about them. One bright but bitter cold Christmas Day he and I decided to escape the wassail of the academy by riding over the mountains to Newburg. A heavy snow covered the ground, and the road was so slippery we had to lead our horses part of the way. At about 11 A. M. we reached a little country church where Christmas services were being held. A number of handsome sleighs about the door bespoke a congregation of the gentle folks of the country, and we decided to enter and join in the service. Over our uniforms we wore the heavy blue overcoats of the cavalry soldier. There were but few people in the church, so we modestly took our places in one of the many empty pews upon a side aisle.

The services were progressing, and when the sexton, evidently indignant that private soldiers should intrude themselves into such a company as his congregation, marched us out of our position and back into one of the pauper pews of the church. We noticed that the sexton paused on seeing this blunder on the part of the Army of the Potomac and were told how annoyed he had been by it. To us it was only a funny incident of a cold tramp.

We got back just at dusk as the mess was sitting down to a rich Christmas dinner. We had seen nothing to eat and drink, save a glass of something hot at Newburg. Had that aristocratic congregation known it was the future general of the Army of the Potomac who was with them in their Christmas service, we might not have been so hungry and thirsty when we opened the mess-room door and called, "Newell give us some champagne." Old George Thomas was then the president of the mess, and a more genial and kindly president we never had. Everybody loved him, and he was at that time a Virginian before everything else. Franklin and Ruddy Clark, Kirby Smith, G. W. Smith, Neighbor Jones, John M. Jones, W. P. de Janou and a score of others were round that Christmas board, and joined in the burst of welcome as we broke in. I well remember that it was one of our joyous, as it was our last, Christmas together. For before the year rolled round we were scattered to our distant posts, never to meet again.

McClellan had the happiest faculty of acquiring knowledge I have ever known, and, unlike most men who store up learning, he knew well how to use it when the occasion came. He would often sit late with a jovial party and then go to study while we went to

bed, and be up in the morning bright as the brightest. His report of his observations in his inspections of the military establishments of Europe was of great value. He was present with the allied armies in the Crimea and had the best opportunities of observing the relative positions of the troops and their generals. He considered Omar Pasha the ablest of all those generals. It is well known that when the allies arrived on the field Omar had already driven every Russian across the Danube and left nothing for the allies to do. But in a council of war of the commanding generals it was resolved that the eyes of Europe were upon them; that it would never do to let that infidel dog have all the credit; and that they must do something to eclipse the glories of the Turk. They resolved upon the invasion and the occupation of the Crimea. We all remember how sad and unfortunate was the conduct of the affair; how England, especially, showed so little aptitude for field operations against well-commanded and well-organized European troops that she lost her prestige, and it is said that Emperor Napoleon had brought her into that business in order that her inferiority as a war power might be demonstrated before the world.

While McClellan's sympathies were with the Southern States, in which were his kindred and warmest friends, he never wavered in his natural allegiance to Pennsylvania, his native State. Several years before the outbreak of the war, and soon after his return from the Crimea, he resigned his captaincy in the army to accept the presidency of the Mississippi Central Railroad, and in the winter of 1860-61 wrote me then in Santa Fe, that while he knew the South was being wronged, and feared that war was inevitable, he would fight, if fight he must, for Pennsylvania, his native State. I could not blame him, for I, too, felt my paramount allegiance to Virginia. I confess I was surprised when, on my anxious and perilous journey home, I was met upon the plains by the tidings of McClellan's proclamation in West Virginia, and his victory terming us "rebels." But he was a high-toned, humane gentleman, and no words or acts of cruelty were ever attributed to him. After the war we soon resumed our friendly relations, which were only terminated by his untimely death.

McClellan was no politician. He was a gentleman and a soldier of a very high order. Every feeling and instinct were averse to the character and war policy of the administration. Lincoln and Stanton required that the army should always be interposed between them and the Confederate capital. McClellan in vain pointed out to them that to capture Richmond the army should operate from below it. Grant, three years later, urged the same base of operations, but Mr. Stanton replied that he must attack from the Washington side. Grant said: "If I do I shall lose 100,000 men." Stanton assured him he should have them to lose. And now we know that he did lose over 50,000 before he placed his army where he ultimately took Richmond.

McClellan possessed in a remarkable degree the confidence and love of his troops. This was manifested in an extraordinary manner when he came to General Pope's routed army. It was in utter disorder. Generals Pope, McDowell and the mob of defeated soldiers were all crowding along the road to Alexandria, when "Little Mac" appeared. At once a change came over the soldiers. They knew Pope was no general, and they had more confidence in "Little Mac" than any man alive. His assumption of command spread hope and joy throughout their ranks, which at once assumed order and, in a few days McClellan had the Army of the Potomac in hand and was marching it with precision and order to hinder Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. The Army of Northern Virginia encountered and defeated them, destroying three corps, and crossed the Potomac with all the rich stores captured in Pennsylvania, and moved on to a new field of battle. But the capital was reached, and McClellan had saved it, and McClellan had saved it, and was then despatched, and the people followed him with their confidence and love. He ran for the Presidency upon a platform that was pacific and just, and would have spared our country the cruelty of Andrew Johnson's reconstruction.

It is difficult to compare McClellan with Grant; both were kindly in nature, both were brave. While McClellan was personally as brave as Grant, and of a higher spirit, he seemed to lack that inflexible decision of opinion and purpose which bore Grant to his great fortune. While McClellan would be and was eminent among the highest characters and in the greater affairs of peace and war, Grant seemed suited only to such a terrible occasion as brought him from his tannery into fame. But for the war he would possibly have pursued to the end of his life his early calling.

Pennsylvania has in every war furnished many able soldiers to our armies, and it is my good fortune to know some of them and to retain their friendship until this day. General William B. Franklin is of the highest class of Pennsylvania gentlemen. Like McClellan and Hancock, he was well born and educated, and combined the versatile capacity and attainment of the former, with the sturdy character of the latter. We were both stationed at West Point as instructors, and our acquaintance ripened into friendship which, in its warmth and congeniality, has often reminded me of that which united Warrington and Pendennis. It has survived through all the chances and changes of a life time. Franklin's father was an able clerk in the House of Representatives, and by a happy lot he married the daughter of Matthew St. Clair Clark, who succeeded his father in office, holding the position for many years. Such an illustration of congenial marriage as theirs is rarely seen. All these years they have together trod their journey, joying and giving joy to the same friends, having the same memories and the same firm faith in the life to come.

Hancock, a native of Pennsylvania,

and Meade, who came of a Pennsylvania family, but was born in Spain, were high-toned gentlemen and great commanders. In fact, no State in the Union has produced so many great soldiers as Pennsylvania, save Virginia. And there are so many points of resemblance and so many identities of soil, climate, character and history between Virginia and Pennsylvania that it seems as if we ought never to have been a divided people or separate communities. In times long gone we co-operated in our common defense. When Braddock marched to free Pennsylvania from a cruel enemy Washington was the pioneer of his army in his purveyor. A generation later, when that scheme of civil liberty which blesses all mankind to-day was announced, it was cradled in Pennsylvania, and Virginians died in Virginia and Virginians in Pennsylvania to establish it. The same climate blesses our whole territory and the waters which fertilize the fields of Pennsylvania and beat her coasts to the sea flow through Virginia, too. And those blue mountains which beautify and have built up the prosperity of the one State sweep down through the other as well. In both of these States no slavery can ever exist again, and all conditions impel them as one great people to co-operate for the common good of our common country.

Sugar. Sugar, the modern commodity which we class among the indispensable necessities, was wholly unknown to ancient nations. Then word saccharum occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word sugar is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contemporaneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in [from] reeds," and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Arabia Felix.

Stains, in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies, mentions "vegetable honey" as being used, and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds."

Diocorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second centuries of the Christian era, and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds without honey," and Strabo, writing concerning it says:

"They [the people of Arabia Felix] make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."

Arrian, in his "Circuit of the Red Sea," alludes to the sap which "flows from reeds, thickens like honey and is sweet to the taste." Seneca, whose Chamberlain's Encyclopedia says was "born at Corduba a few years B. C.," writes concerning the use of "burned sugar" among the people of India, and concludes by adding: "In my opinion the use of sugar spoils the teeth."

Nearchus says that sugar cane was first made known to the Western countries by the conquests of Alexander the Great. The first of the sugar canes were brought from the East to Sicily in the year 1148, and two years later were introduced in Spain. In 1508 the Spaniards brought some of the seeds or plants to the West Indies, and from these the present sugar industry has grown. According to the London Economist, 5,107,000 tons of sugar were consumed by the inhabitants of the world in 1893. -St. Louis Republic.

Arkansas Rebukes Crankism. Whether the Democratic majority in Arkansas shall prove to be 30,000 or only 25,000 is a matter of trifling importance. In either case it is big enough to show that the democratic grip on the State has not been loosened. The mass meeting of marching Populists who converged upon Little Rock from all sections of the State a few weeks ago and nominated a ticket, the head of which was a disqualified voter, proves to have no more represented the popular sentiment of the State than their crazy theories represent sound sense and mental sanity anywhere. The Arkansas Populists only comprised the crank element of the State, and fortunately the cranks are in the minority usually.

The encouraging feature of the Arkansas election is its demonstration that the Populist insanity is not increasing in the States of the South. Arkansas has joined Alabama and Tennessee in that a sound mental system constitutes the bed-rock upon which business prosperity must be founded if at all.

A Very Leisurely War. The war in the east still drags its slow length along. Since the breaking out of hostilities at the end of June a deal of superficial activity has been displayed on both sides. Troops have been mobilized fleets have been set in motion, positions have been occupied. But so far nothing of a decisive nature has happened. Victories have been reported only to be contradicted a day or two later, and now things are apparently very much the same as they were at the beginning of the war.

Already there is talk of winter quarters and an international conference to be held while the troops are hibernating. There is an old fashioned ring about this which is worth noting. Military experts are agreed that a war under modern conditions should be sharp and swift. China and Japan are both equipped in modern style, but they are waging war with the leisureliness belonging to a bygone day.

Chocolate Almond - Take one-half pound of almonds, Blanch dry, and scorch them in the oven. Heat one-half pound of chocolate (that flavored with vanilla is the best), and dip each almond into chocolate separately, but them on to this until they are quite cold, and then lift them off with a sharp knife.

Steel is now cheaper than iron. It seems hardly possible, remarks the Boston Cultivator, but the estimates of cost in a recent bidding for a bridge in Pennsylvania to be made with steel rivets was less than a like estimate for the same bridge made with iron rivets and iron rivets. Four bids were made, and in each case the bridge could be made, cheaper of steel than of iron. The successful bid was \$1965, as against \$2167, which was the lowest bid for the iron bridge. Owing to the greater strength of steel, the weight of metal in the steel bridge is much less than it must necessarily be for one bar of iron.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the part becomes swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by F. P. Green.

The longest plants in the world are seaweeds. One tropical and sub-tropical variety is known which measures in length, when it reached its full development, at least 600 feet. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea water.

The time to lock the stable is before the horse is stolen, and the time to cure sickness is before it takes place. When wearied nature is putting in her pleas, do not delay the purchase of Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills and Pellets. They correct a disordered stomach, cleanse the system, purify the blood and invigorate the nervous force. C. M. Parrish your druggist, sells them. Only 25 cents, including pills and pellets - sample dose free.

On a territory about the area of Montana Japan supports 40,000,000 people in comparative comfort. Reckoning our own area at twenty-four times that of Japan, this country at that rate would support 960,000,000 people.

After breakfast - To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "like a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it?

If folks could be as patient under little vexations as under big grief, this world wouldn't be so much a tragedy. But they can't.

There is nothing to prevent any-one concocting a mixture and calling it "sarsaparilla," and there is nothing to prevent anyone spending good money testing the stuff; but prudent people, who wish to be sure of their remedy, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and so get cured.

Tourists. Cheap Excursions to the West. An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most prosperous sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the Home-Seeker's low rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on Sept. 11th and 23rd, and Oct. 9th, to points in north-western Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address Ticket Agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

Cottolene. THOSE WHO HAVE A GOOD DIGESTION have little sympathy for the dyspeptic. They can eat everything that comes along. While they can eat rich food without fear of the dyspeptic's sad experiences, they nevertheless greatly appreciate a delicate flavor in their pastry.

COTTOLENE when used as a shortening, always produces the finest flavored pastry, which is entirely free from the many objections which the use of lard always produces. Test its value by one trial.

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E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Central Railroad Guide. CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table.

READ DOWN. READ UP. No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10 No. 11 No. 12 No. 13 No. 14 No. 15 No. 16 No. 17 No. 18 No. 19 No. 20 No. 21 No. 22 No. 23 No. 24 No. 25 No. 26 No. 27 No. 28 No. 29 No. 30 No. 31 No. 32 No. 33 No. 34 No. 35 No. 36 No. 37 No. 38 No. 39 No. 40 No. 41 No. 42 No. 43 No. 44 No. 45 No. 46 No. 47 No. 48 No. 49 No. 50 No. 51 No. 52 No. 53 No. 54 No. 55 No. 56 No. 57 No. 58 No. 59 No. 60 No. 61 No. 62 No. 63 No. 64 No. 65 No. 66 No. 67 No. 68 No. 69 No. 70 No. 71 No. 72 No. 73 No. 74 No. 75 No. 76 No. 77 No. 78 No. 79 No. 80 No. 81 No. 82 No. 83 No. 84 No. 85 No. 86 No. 87 No. 88 No. 89 No. 90 No. 91 No. 92 No. 93 No. 94 No. 95 No. 96 No. 97 No. 98 No. 99 No. 100

Nov. 20, 1893.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

Nov. 20, 1893.

Railway Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. May 17th, 1894.

VIA TYRONE - WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 5:32 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:50 a. m., at Altoona, 7:40 a. m., at Pittsburg, 8:30 p. m.

VIA TYRONE - EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 10:34 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11:52 a. m., at Altoona, 1:45 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:50 p. m.

VIA HARRISBURG - WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 5:32 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:50 a. m., at Harrisburg, 10:30 a. m., at Philadelphia, 4:25 a. m.

VIA HARRISBURG - EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 10:34 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11:52 a. m., at Harrisburg, 3:30 p. m., at Philadelphia, 6:50 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN - WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:35 a. m., at Renovo, 9 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN - EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:28 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 5:25 p. m., at Renovo, 9 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte, 5:32 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 9:00 a. m., at Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., at Philadelphia, 3:00 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte, 10:34 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47 a. m., at Harrisburg, 7:05 p. m., at Philadelphia, 11:15 p. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY. WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

Nov. 20, 1893.

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