

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. LINCOLN.]

BELLEFONTE PA., JANUARY 6, 1869.

VOL. I, No. 1

W. W. BROWN,
A. B. HUTCHISON, } EDITORS.

OUR TERMS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING.

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LOGGERS.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No. 298, meets on Tuesday evening of each week before the Full Moon.

Lafayette Masonic Council, No. 16, meets first Monday.

Constantin Commandery, No. 38, Masons, meets second Friday of each month.

I. O. O. F. Centre Lodge, No. 185, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall, Bush's Arcade.

For the conveying of Degrees the last Saturday evening of each month.

For Degrees of Robeson, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. G. T.—This Lodge every Monday evening.

Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at 11 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Alfred Yeomans, Pastor. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H. D. Parson, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Byron McCann, pastor.

Lutheran Church, Linn St., no pastor at present.

German Reformed Church, Linn St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Mr. Kelly, pastor.

Catholic Church, Bishop St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rev. Mr. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services at 11 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. of creek; services at 11 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinnell, pastor.

DIRECTORY.

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Select Poetry.

"GOOD-BY, OLD ARM!"

A Hospital Incident.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The knife was still—the surgeon bore
The shattered arm away;
Upon his bed, in painless sleep,
The noble hero lay.
He woke, but saw the vacant place
Where limb of his had lain,
Then faintly spoke: "O let me see
My strong right arm again!"
"Good-by, old arm!" the soldier said,
As he clasped the fingers cold;
And down his pale but manly cheeks
The tear-drops gently rolled;
"My strong right arm, no deed of yours
Now gives me cause to sigh;
But, it's hard to part such trusty friends—
Good-by, old arm! good-by!"
"You've served me well these many years,
In sunlight and in shade;
But, comrade, we have done with war—
Let dreams of glory fade.
You'll never more my saber swing
In battle fierce and hot;
You'll never bear another flag,
Or fire another shot."

"I do not mourn to lose you now,
For home and native land;
Oh! proud am I to give my life
For freedom pure and grand!
Thank God! no selfish thought is mine,
While here I bleed and lie,
Bear, bear it tenderly away—
Good-by, old arm! good-by!"
—U. S. Service Magazine.

THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

BY MRS. RICHARD C. KENDALL.

I had a dream, a mad'ning dream,
About the winking midnight hour;
A husband, children, home, the theme—
It was a dream of wondrous power:
To worthless, drunken, brutal churl,
I gave my home, my all of joy.
What do you think of that, my girl?
What do you think of that, my boy?
My husband fell in Freedom's cause,
A gallant soldier, brave and true;
And I forgetting honor's laws,
And fealty to his memory due,
Before the wine had cast my pearl,
For them to trample, crush, destroy.
What do you think of that, my girl?
What do you think of that, my boy?
Two darling children, bright and fair
As God to mother ever gives;
I sold to want, abuse, despair;
Myself I sold a hopeless slave.
No more for them the cheerful whirr
Of pleasure, or the wished-for toy.
What do you think of that, my girl?
What do you think of that, my boy?
While anguish thrilled my wretched heart,
From Heaven dawned a radiant beam—
I woke with terror's painful smart,
And thanked my God 'twas but a dream.
Not for the wealth of duke or earl
Would I your happiness desert;
My loving, fair-haired, angel girl—
My noble, handsome, darling boy.

Miscellany.

A FRENCH WILL STORY.

"Is she dead, then?"
"Yes, Madame," replied the gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.
"And her will?"
"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."
"I shall be supposed so; we have a claim."
"Who is the miserably dressed personage who intrudes here?"
"Oh, she," said the little man sneeringly, "she won't have much in the will. She is sister to the deceased."
"What, that Anne, who wedded a man of nothing, an officer?"
"Precisely so."
"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here before a respectable family."
"The more so, as sister Egerie, of noble birth, has never forgiven her that meanness."
Anne moved this time across the room in which the family of the deceased was assembled. She was pale, her fine black eyes were filled with precocious wrinkles.
"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who had inherited her.
"Madame," the poor lady replied with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hours."
"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of this great house—you wedded a man of nothing, a sailor of Bonaparte's!"
"Madame, my husband, though a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.
At this moment a venerable personage, the notary, Dubois, made his appearance.
"Cease," said he, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has long forgiven her. Anne loved a brave, generous and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as well as I know him—this old friend—Anne would

be at this time happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?"

"Because it is her place to be here," replied the notary, gravely; "I myself requested her to attend."

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.

"I, being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damening, retired as a boarder in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament:

"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes, furniture, and also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.

"In the convent, where I have been residing, there will only be found my book, 'Heures de la Vierge,' holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these objects be divided into three lots.

"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs.

"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels.

"The third lot, my book, 'Heures de la Vierge.'"

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief she has caused to us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will.

"Madame de Villebois, my beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.

"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice."

"Anne will take the remaining lot."

"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that was rather clever on her part."

"Anne will only have the prayer book," exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing. The notary interrupted her jealously.

"Madame," said he, "which lot do you choose?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you fully made up your mind?"

"Perfectly so."

The man of law, addressing himself to the good feelings of the lady, said:

"Madame you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this lot, and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots?"

"You must be joking, Mr. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villebois, "you must really be very dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this—Our honored cousin, foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who has the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"I conclude that she intends to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help she had to expect in this world."

As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.

"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give at least a portion of yours to Anne, who wants it so much."

"Thanks for your advice, dear sir," replied Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woodland suits me admirably, all the more so that it is already furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie, they are reminiscent of those she ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here's a prayer book that remains to you."

"Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy, with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer book, and making him kiss it after her, she said:

"Bless it, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learned to read you will pray to heaven to make you wise and good; and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve a feeling of indifference.

The child embraced the old prayer book with boyish fervor, and opening it exclaimed:

"Oh! mamma, look, what pretty pictures."

"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes, the good Virgin in a red dress, holding the Infant in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"

"So that they might not be injured by my tears?"

"But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone; it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, give me that prayer book, you will tear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son

exceedingly well, but not extravagantly, dressed, taking an airing in a two-horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a mansion for one hundred thousand francs, and was giving a first rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to the notary for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you," said the arrogant lady.

"No matter, I was in the act of settling a purchase in the state funds for Madame Anne."

"What! after purchasing a house and equipping her still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"But where did the money come from?"

"What! did you not see?"

"When she shrieked on seeking what the prayer book contained which she inherited."

"We observed nothing."

"Oh! I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "That prayer book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunderstruck.

"If I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had your choice," added the notary, "I, myself, urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."

"But who could expect to find a fortune in a breviary?"

The two baffled egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue La Fayette on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of scarce six years of age, in prayer before an old book of 'Heures de la Vierge,' and for which a case of gold has been made.

"Pray for me," said the mother.

"And for what else," inquired the child.

"For your father; your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."

"Must I pray to the saints, my mother?"

"Yes, my child, and do not forget a saint who watches from Heaven, and smiles upon us from above the clouds."

"What is the name of that saint, mamma?"

The woman, then watering the child's head with her tears, answers:

"Her name is—Sister Egerie."

HOW TO RAISE TWENTY DOLLARS FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.—A preacher in a frontier settlement had been collecting money for some church object. There were still some twenty dollars wanting, and after vain efforts to make up the deficiency, he plainly intimated, as he looked the church door one day after service, that he intended to have that said twenty dollars before any of them left the house. At the same time he set the example by tossing \$5 on the table. Another put down a dollar, another a quarter of a dollar, a fourth, half a dollar, and so on. The person read out every now and then the state of the funds: "That's seven and a half my friends." "That's nine and a half my friends." "Ten and six bits are all that are in the hat, friends and Christian brethren." Slowly he mounted up. "Twelve and a half." "Fourteen." "Fifteen." "Sixteen and three bits," and so on until he stood at \$19.50. "It only wants fifty cents, friends, to make up the amount. Will nobody make it up?" Everybody had subscribed, and not a cent more was forthcoming. Silence reigned, and as if he might have lasted was difficult to say, had not a half dollar been tossed through the open window, and explanatory voice shouted, "Here pastor, there's your money; let out my gal. I'm tired of waiting on her!"

MARRYING DRUNKARDS.—Young ladies or more elderly women, who contemplate marrying at all, as most ladies do, ought to reflect seriously that in forming family relations, that drinking habit must be excluded, or misery, shame and disgrace are inevitable. We feel no hesitancy in warning young women, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, never to accept for a husband any man who drinks ardent spirits, however moderately. And, in the expressive language of another, we warn all men addicted to the vile habit of drinking to excess, or even in moderation, that, in proposing marriage to a lady properly informed, he insults her, the promise of such a man to love, protect, cherish and keep her in sickness and in health is solemn mockery; it is a fraud of the meanest kind, practiced on an unsuspecting, confiding, and innocent female. May heaven save the rising generation of females from that worst of all degradations, a drunken husband.

A 'girl of the period' comments thus on Mormonism: "How absurd—four or five women for one man; when the fact is, each woman, in these times, ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support her decently."

A young lady astonished a Cleveland doggy clerk, recently, by asking for "three yards of Grecian Bend."

What a Colored Man Thinks of Gen. Grant.

Grant.

Rev. James Lynch, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made a speech at a large Republican meeting assembled at Yaxco city, Miss., November 14, to celebrate the election of Grant, and expressed, among other things, the following opinion:

"The joy manifested by the colored people of our State, in view of the election of Grant, is indescribable. It breaks forth in singing and praying, as well as in constant conversation. The effect on the whites, who were almost unanimous in their support of Seymour, is marvelous. Indeed, so far as they are concerned, the election of Grant was like the voice of the Saviour saying, 'Peace be still,' changing a raging, destructive storm to a gentle calm. The hand of Divine Providence is seen in the election of General Grant, which is nothing more or less than a majority in this nation flings to the breeze a sacred banner on which is inscribed 'Equal rights for all men.' Whether General Grant shall lead the progressive, elevated sentiment of the nation or not, his election is a triumph, inasmuch as the issue which he was elected to civil and political equality for the colored man, but all other issues in the canvass were but as the rive to the ocean. But Grant will sustain the expectations of the friends of human rights; not because of any special sympathy for the colored race; not because Radical leaders will control him, for the man who made, in time of war, one of the most important military movements known to history against the advice of Generals Sherman, Howard, Logan and Thomas, will not be trammelled by advisers in administering the affairs of government in times of peace. Our faith in general Grant comes from the inexorable logic by which he is governed. His reasoning powers, rising in the sublimity of genius, control his acts; and as he has taken for his basis the Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by the declaration of independence, he will work out as far as it is his duty the legitimate results thereof. General Grant will push forward in the solution of what appears to be political problems, just as the mathematician does in geometry, recognizing correct principles, regardless of results. If he did less than this, he would be the white pigmy that ever sat in the White House, far in this lies the secret of his power that has made him the wonder of the age. His military career, ablaze with the triumph of successive victories, sustains the view of his character."

SUCCESSFUL SEARCH.—Mr. L.—a fronted his wife, who, to please him resolved to act dumb whenever he was present; and so well did she maintain her resolution, that nearly a week passed away, during which not a word did she utter in his presence. She performed her household duties as usual, but speak she would not. He tried to coax her out of her whim, but in vain. At last he tried the following plan to overcome her resolution, by working on her curiosity: the most ungovernable of female propensities. Returning one evening from his employment, his lady sat there as usual, mute. He immediately commenced a vigorous search throughout the room. The closet was examined, the bed-room drawers, boxes, shelves; everything that could be thought of was overhauled. His wife was struck with astonishment at his unaccountable behavior; and as he proceeded in his search, she became nervous, anxious to find out what he was looking for. What could it be? She looked in his face, to glean, if possible, from his expression, the object of his search; but no, he was as a judge. He lifted the edge of the carpet, looked under the table cover, and finally approached her chair, looking under it, and even went so far as to brush her dress partially aside, as if what he sought might be there. She could say no longer. She burst out, "Bob, what are you looking for?" He smiled and answered, "Your tongue, and I have found it."

DRINKING.—Within twenty-five years we have buried three generations of young men, who went to early graves through the baleful influence of brandy and whisky. Some of these young men gave promise of great usefulness—some were extraordinarily brilliant—some were the hope and pride of their families. But brandy and whisky were too much for them, and down they went headlong among the dead men. Happily, whisky is being voted a vulgar tipple and the present race of drunkards has gone the way of all drunkards, the new generation now coming on the stage will discard it altogether. Whiskey and brandy may be taken as medicine, but they are pernicious; as beverages—dreadful.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at the loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply,

"Why, don't you fret?"

"Yes, but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then there's no need to fret at all."

"True, that's the reason I put it off."

A poor woman can see more sympathy in a sliver than in a stream of tears.

From The Irish Republic.

Labor and Capital.

Labor and Capital are the two giants whose battle for supremacy shakes the world. The fight of ages, that embraced so many diverging interests, is fast becoming reduced to the single fight of Capital and Labor. It is but the last remnant of one of those barbarous contests which a blind despotism had handed down, and which a growing civilization kept incessantly pruning, until there is nothing left to throw its fustian front between mankind and perfect happiness but this emb