

# The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXXVII.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

NO. 46.

## CENTRE COUNTY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

### 148th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

H. T. P. Meyer, Sergeant Co. A., 148th Regiment, P. V.  
CHAPTER IX.  
(To be Continued.)

A great agency, unknown to us, must have been at the bottom of this night's display; for the supply of fireworks, torches, and candles seemed inexhaustible.

Quiet was not restored till the small hours of the morning had well gone by, and the sun was high in the heavens, ere the sleepy denizens of camp had all turned out.

On May 30th, 1865, the last review of the 2nd Corps took place at Bailey's Cross Roads, a place made famous by the numerous reviews by Gen. McClellan, while organizing the Army of the Potomac, from the defeated and demoralized remnants of McDowell's Bull Run Army, and new troops, during the first year of the war.

The Corps was reviewed by Maj. Gen. Meade, commander of the Army, and Maj. Gen. A. A. Humphreys, Commander of the Corps, in the presence of an immense crowd of citizens, half of whom were ladies in carriages, in which they stood during the review.

This was the grandest review the Second Corps ever had. It passed off very satisfactorily; the troops marched sullenly in review, to the timing of drum-corps and brass bands; the Regiments passed the reviewing officers by "company fronts," and then, on command of "my company, left turn, march!" would swing into column, and pass off the field.

The 148th P. V. had just passed the reviewing officers, and received the same command; no sooner had the word "march," rung through the Regiment, than the companies, swinging on their pivotal men, in perfect alignment, the right of the companies dashed into column at a furious double quick, which was all right. But, in swinging into column, the entire Regiment, without premonition, or previous arrangement, gave the same loud, fierce yell they had often before given in battle charges. This was a violation of military decorum; instantly there was a great hubbub among the minor reviewing officers, Gen. Meade smiled, while Gen. Humphreys the Corps Commander, looked puzzled; an "underling" aid shouted: "Order that Regiment under arrest!"

Horses were spurred hither and thither among the "staff"; "What Regiment is that? come next. Some one in the Regiment yelled with stentorian voice, "The 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers!" Upon this announcement, confusion broke out in the great crowd of spectators; it was at once evident that the 148th P. V. had a host of friends there. Men laughed, shouted and swung their hats, while ladies cheered, and a sea of handkerchiefs fluttered in the air in approval of this lively, yet unmilitary diversion. The multitude in attendance was evidently delighted to hear, for once, the battle shout of a fighting Regiment. The 148th passed off the field, and to camp—and there were no arrests.

On the morning of June 3rd, 1865, reveille sounded at day-break, and the boys turned out promptly. It was at once understood that it was our last reveille in Virginia forever. Now, that the time for leaving the service had actually come, the men, after all, seemed loath to return to civil life with its numerous cares; still, they all refused offers of positions in the regular army and prepared to go home.

The recruits in the 148th were now transferred to the 53rd Regt., P. V., and marched over to the camp of said Regiment. They had counted on going home with the 148th, and as they were marched away, some were in tears over the harrowing disappointment.

At 7 a. m. the 148th left its last camp in Virginia forever, and marched to Washington, D. C., five miles away, by way of the "Long Bridge," to the R. R. station, north of the Capitol, where we waited for transportation, till 3 p. m., when we were put into a freight train, and started for Harrisburg, Pa. We were switched out of the road for all other trains, and reached our destination at 9 a. m., June 4th. The freight train, as usual, had no seats, and were very uncomfortable. For eighteen hours we were packed in this seatless, cheerless, train, on the road from Washington to Harrisburg, a distance of only one hundred and twenty-five miles.

Tired and cramped, we left our train and marched to camp Curtin, two miles away, and occupied "A" tents that were already up.

What a change had come over Camp Curtin. It was here, in 1862, that the 148th was organized.

(Continued on foot of next column.)

## INSURANCE CASE OF MUCH INTEREST

Jury's Verdict of \$1,300 to Mrs. Holford Set Aside by Judge Hart.

Judge Hart at Williamsport has filed an opinion and order of court in the case of Alice Teress Holford vs. the New York Life Insurance company. This case was put on trial at a recent term of court, and after hearing the case the jury gave a verdict of \$1,198.33—the full amount of policy and interest. The court reserved a law point however, and now sustains a motion for a verdict for the defendant insurance company notwithstanding the verdict. The evidence in the case was to the effect that James Raymond Holford, of State Run, on November 15, 1899, made an application for a \$1,000 policy in the New York Life. On November 21 the policy was issued by the company, and sent to the agent in Williamsport. The agent went to State Run to deliver the policy on December 19, and was met at the station by Mr. Holford, the father of the insured, who said that his son had a very bad cold. He tendered the money for the policy, but it was refused and the agent returned to Williamsport without it. After the death of the insured suit was brought for the amount. The defense was that a clause in the application provided that the policy did not become binding until it had been delivered to the insured, while he was in good health and the premium paid.

## Transfer of Real Estate.

Sarah J. Leitzel to Erwin Homes, Oct. 21, 1904, 13 acres and 34 perches in Haines twp. \$550.

Wm. P. Humes, et al., to Michael M. Musser, Feb. 18, 1904, lot in State College. \$500.

Phoebe D. Brungart, et al., to Reuben D. Bierly, Oct. 15, 1904, lots Nos. 9 and 12 in West Rebersburg. \$300.

Wm. Walker's ex'r's to Chas. C. Smith, 22 acres, 152 perches in Miles twp. \$3,300.

Franklin G. Houser, et ux., to John Biliotti, Oct. 22, 1904, lot in Spring twp. \$450.

Michael Fahy, et ux., to Harry F. Crispin, Oct. 27, 1904, house and 2 lots in Snow Shoar twp. \$700.

E. E. Bariger, et ux., to Geo. W. Winkler, March 26, 1904, 14 acres, 6 perches in Haines twp. \$500.

Ellen Hale Andrews, et bar., to Bellefonte Cemetery Association, Oct. 17, 1904, 3 acres, 154 perches in Bellefonte. \$2,000.

## Winter Excursion Rates to Florida and the South.

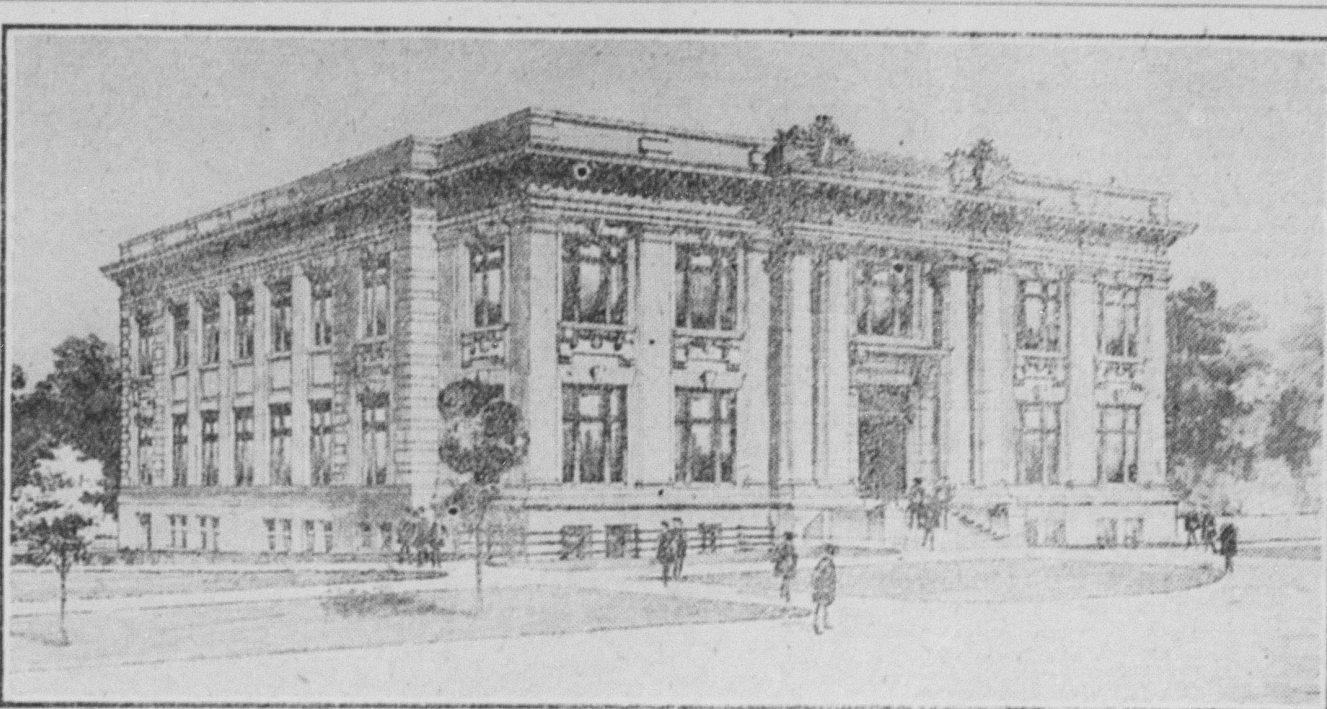
The Seaboard Air Line Railway is the shortest line and offers the best service via Washington and Richmond to all the famous health and pleasure resorts of Florida, the Carolinas and Georgia. Through double daily trains with Pullman and Dining car service. For tourist rates, beautifully illustrated booklets and full information, address J. J. Paller, Dist. Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa. on 50.

## Barn Burned.

The large barn and all its contents on the farm owned by Robert Smith and tenanted by Wm. B. Smith, near Foxesville, Snyder county, was entirely consumed by fire, one night last week. Five horses, five head of cattle and all of Mr. Smith's farming implements were burned. Origin of fire unknown. No insurance on stock.

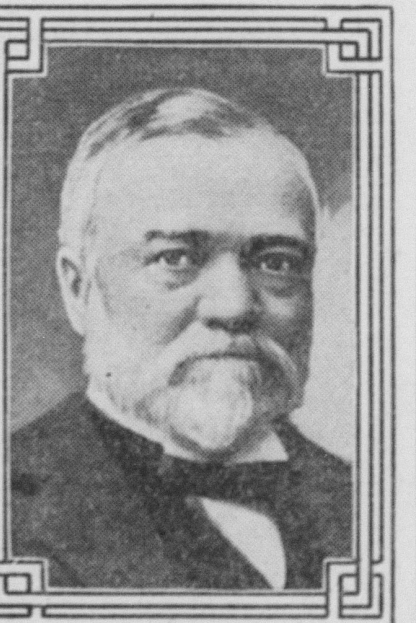
## (Continued from Previous Column.)

Then it was a grand camp of thirty-three thousand new men who were being organized into Regiments, and sent forward as fast as they could be equipped. Thousands were daily coming in, and thousands daily going out. The streets to, and through this camp, then, were thoroughfares of splashy, hot, light dust, six inches deep, and the columns of men and hundreds of wagons passing through, would raise clouds of dust, so great and dense that the sun looked like a ball of red fire, and at times be totally obscured. Grass had now overgrown these erstwhile dusty roads, and weeds and grass covered the plain that was formerly covered by more than eight thousand tents. Now five hundred tents stood on the grass covered plain, occupied by a few thousand veteran soldiers, awaiting discharge. The 148th among them, with twenty-five per cent. of the men of 1862 present; many of these even crippled by wounds of ball and shell. Where the seventy-five per cent. of those who camped with us here three years before, were, was well known. Nearly every general battle-field and the locality of many of the skirmish lines of the Army of the Potomac in the fields and forests of the south, from 1862 to the day of the surrender at Appomattox, in 1865, are dotted by the graves of men of the 148th P. V., while others, crippled for life, had been discharged from the service. A glorious record, yet sad in its contemplation.



CARNEGIE LIBRARY—PENN. STATE COLLEGE—DEDICATED NOV. 18.

Two thousand people assembled at Pennsylvania State College Friday morning to witness the Pennsylvania day exercises and the dedication of the new \$150,000 Carnegie Library, and among the crowd were more notable than were ever before gathered at that institution. These including Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab, Governor Pennypacker and State officials, Major Gen-



HON. ANDREW CARNEGIE

eral Charles Miller and several score of State Senators and Representatives, among whom were Hon. Solomon R. Dresser, Senator-elect A. E. Irvin, Hon. J. W. Kepler, Hon. J. H. Wetzel, Assemblyman-elect John Noll, Assemblyman-elect Phil. Womelsdorf, and scores of men interested in education from every part of the county. The up-to-date school teachers, headed by Superintendent Gramley, also took advantage of the opportunity to see and hear the captains of industry known throughout all civilization.

The day was an ideal one, and the prearranged program was carried out to the letter, except for the absence of the Englishman, the Rt. Hon. John Morley.

Every one was impressed, not alone with the present magnitude of the institution, but the wonderful strides that had been made in the past few years.

The main exercises were held in the new Auditorium presented by Mr. and Mrs. Schwab, the building being crowded. There was an address by State Librarian Thomas L. Montgomery, on "Pennsylvania Libraries; Their Relation to Education," and Deputy Attorney General Fred W. Fleitz made an excellent address on "Pennsylvania," after which the college choir sang "Come, Brothers Raise the Song."

In his address Governor Pennypacker said:

"Every century has its own ideals. No age is like the past. We live in the time of materialism. We like to have things in the concrete. The contemplations of Plato and Socrates have been to a very great extent forgotten and the thought of men is given to the rush of the locomotive across the broad prairies, to the erection of great bridges, to the construction of factories where at one end is put in the naked ore and at the other end comes out completed steel work, wire fences and all the appliances of machinery.

"This characterizes not only what you see about you everywhere, but it has affected and will continue to affect our colleges and schools. Now when a young man goes to a university he has an ambition to be a full man. And in your colleges, while we have not neglected the languages, while we have not neglected our literature, there is an effort everywhere to introduce manual training, to teach the eye and the hand in connection with the mind."

In closing the Governor said that he must confess that he was surprised at the magnitude of State College; that he knew it had been liberally provided for in the past, but he promised it just

as liberal treatment in the future.

The next and last speaker of the morning was Charles M. Schwab. In part Mr. Schwab said:—

"Pennsylvania is great by reason of her industrial achievements. The boys of the Pennsylvania State College are the men of the future, upon whom devolves the duty of maintaining Pennsylvania's supremacy. I want to say to you as having had experience, that it is a pleasant occupation. To me there is no greater pleasure than the conceiving of a machine or a project or a process and the building of the same, the carrying out of the same. As our good old friend Captain Jones expressed it, no music is so sweet in the world as the whirr of the mechanical wheels. You will find no greater pleasure, dear young friends, than in this, even though you live to possess as great fortunes as Mr. Carnegie's.

"The best minds in the world, directed in one single channel, will never accomplish very much, but when rubbed up against a great many people, those bright minds take the best thoughts from all and the best results are thus attained.

"I hope that this hall will be the central meeting place of this great student body where an interchange of ideas will result in the ultimate development of all. Even the geniuses will be improved by contact with their less favored brethren.

"There is one thing I wish to impress upon you, young men, and that is that a graduate of a great institution of this kind is in no higher plane socially than in the practical university of the world, the workshop. You boys have the advantage of the boy in the university of the workshop, but your social status is the same and if you will use the same application, the same assiduity you are bound to eclipse him and bound to succeed."

At the close of the morning exercises luncheon was served to 800 guests in the armory.

At 2 o'clock the Carnegie Library was crowded to witness the formal transfer of that institution to the college. Andrew Carnegie made the presentation address. He said:

"It is twenty years since I was here and I feel like Rip Van Winkle, to come and see what we have seen today has impressed Mrs. Carnegie and myself deeply. This is a great evolution. This farmers' high school, I find, has now nineteen courses, embracing all subjects of human knowledge. Twenty years ago I found 170 students here. Today there are between 700 and 800 and the cry is 'still they come.'

"The evolution which education has undergone in that time is very striking. The monastic and cathedral schools of the Middle Ages have passed away. Metaphysics and logic, over which the world fought, have been relegated to the rear. Let me pay a tribute to the ancient classics. They were the medium through which our knowledge of literature was obtained.

"Now I want to say how proud I am standing here today to hear that the State College of Pennsylvania is one of the pioneers in the reform of education. Your president tells us that the English course is unusually complete and thorough, and that this may be taken as the general character of the education of this institution, and he says, we teach American literature first.

"I want to speak of my feelings on this occasion. Old memories have been stirred. If my foot be not on my native heath this moment, I yet stand upon the first soil where with my parents I found a home in this Republic. If Scotland be my mother land, then I tell you Pennsylvania is my wife land by marriage.

"It was an early marriage; I was only 11, but I tell you, gentlemen, I am not at all concerned about the question of divorce. I never mean to be divorced from Pennsylvania and I never mean to let Pennsylvania di-

vorce herself from me.

"It remains for me to perform the ceremony of handing over this library to you, Governor Beaver, as president of the Board of Trustees, and this I do in the earnest hope, may the confident belief, that year after year it must be of greater usefulness to the students of this university, with the hope that in communing with the teachers of mankind you may not only become educated men, but that there may be here implanted in you the fruitful harvest of high ideals from which, gentlemen, we expect you to ever press upward to the trust of all wisdom, the best, and what is the test of the best: That one may render precious service to his fellows, to his state and to his country.

"General Beaver, I hand you this key. Take it, sir, from one who loves Pennsylvania, who loves State College, who loves the people of the United States, and who would serve them all well."



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

General Beaver, president of the Board of Trustees, received the key from Mr. Carnegie and in turn presented it to Dr. Atherton to hold in trust for the college.

An appropriately inscribed memorial of thanks was presented Mr. Carnegie by the Board of Trustees, while the student body, through F. J. Saunders, presented Mrs. Carnegie with a handsome loving cup.

The acceptance of the cup by Mrs. Carnegie was done in the most graceful manner. She mounted the stage, and while the great iron master reputed to be worth easily a half billion dollars, held her hand she expressed herself so thoroughly satisfied with the institution that no one will disbelieve that both she and Mr. Carnegie, at that very instant, were deciding in their own minds the nature of a future gift.

Pennsylvania Day, 1904, will be a memorable one in the history of Pennsylvania State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. Schwab, the latter's secretary, maids and servants traveled in the Schwab private car "Loretto," one of the finest and most completely appointed cars in America. The cost of the car, as it stood on the track at State College, is \$125,000—a pretty fortune. Such a traveling palace is, however, none too good nor too safe to transport men and women of such generous spirit and capacity as its occupants.

President Atherton was voted by the audience the most devoted champion of Pennsylvania State College. Dr. Atherton brought into play his almost unbounded tact in dealing with the distinguished patrons of the institution, and fully informed the governor of this great Commonwealth and the legislators, who upon invitation were present, of the needs of the institution and its worthiness of more liberal state support.

The cost of the library building was \$150,000, and it is a magnificent structure.

## TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

### HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS.

Thanksgiving Supper—Grange Arcadia, 4:30 to 10 o'clock.

The name of the postoffice at Kipple, Blair county, has been changed to Juniata.

Clover seed wanted. Price according to quality—J. H. & S. E. Weber Centre Hall and Oak Hall.

A large number of young people from the surrounding country and villages were in town Saturday night.

Go to Grange Arcadia for your supper on Thanksgiving Day. The order will appreciate your patronage, and give you a splendid supper.

The Moshannon Manufacturing Company's plant, at Phillipsburg, was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$15,000, partially covered by insurance.

A force of men, last week, began grading the new railroad between Winfield and New Berlin. The line when completed will be nine miles long.

George Earhart, who farms for J. T. Potter west of Centre Hall, husked 1248 bushels of corn from eleven acres. The corn was all of a fine quality.

James Leitzel, of Spring Mills, was in town Thursday. He will go to Portland Mills, in a short time, to remain with his son, Dr. P. W. Leitzel, for the winter.

Jacob Sparr, of Madison, Ohio, came east last week to look after his real estate near Boalsburg. Mr. Sparr inherited the Sparr homestead from the Sparr sisters, who were his cousins.

D. A. Booser purchased the lot across the alley from the widow Love property from Oliver Strunk, who recently purchased it and the dwelling house on Church street from the Love heirs.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sweeney, of near Centre Hall, Saturday returned from Union county where they visited for a week with the latter's sister, Mrs. John Nihart, who lives about five miles out from Millinburg.

Will A. Wagner with his friend, Mr. Lauber, came down from Juniata to join the Modocs encamped in Diamond Valley for a ten days' hunt, while Mrs. Wagner, with her daughter Helen, visited relatives on the South side.

Mrs. Ira Stover, of Oak Hall, during last week was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Stover, at Earlstown, while her husband attended teachers institute. Mr. Stover teaches the Branch school, west of Boalsburg.

William Walker, who has been employed by E. L. Auman in his roller flour mill at Millheim for about five years, has accepted a position with a storage house at Wilkesburg. He will move his family in the near future.

"Buffalo Valley Telephone Company" is the name of a local telephone company that has commenced to build its lines in Union county. The lines will extend through every section of the county now covered by the U. T. and T. Company. John Ruhl is superintending the construction of the lines.

J. B. Wagner, the efficient and accommodating operator at the Penn'a Station, at Millinburg, with his wife and children, departed Tuesday on a visit among relatives and friends in Linden Hall and other points in Centre county, where he formerly resided. He expects to spend part of his vacation hunting, remarks the Millinburg Telegraph.

The December issue of Everybody's Magazine will certainly attract attention, not only because of the sensational interest of its installment of Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," but through the distinction and excellence of its general contents and the beauty of its illustrations. Some of the best fiction writers before the public are represented within its covers.

Daniel Krader, of Coburn, was lucky, in shooting a two-pronged buck which weighed 115 pounds when dressed. Mr. Krader, in company with a number of other hunters, had started early in the morning enroute to Price's camp, in the Seven mountains, and had not gone far until he landed the fatal shot, says the Journal. It is reported that the party saw three deer at the same place.

Any man can take a newspaper. It is the cheapest thing he can buy. Every time the hen cackles and lays an egg, his paper is paid for that week. It comes to you every week, rain or shine, calm or storm. No matter what happens it opens the door of the great world and puts you face to face with its own people and its great events. It shortens the long winter nights. It helps to brighten your homes during the hot, dull season. It is your advisor, gossip and friend. No man is just to his children who does not give them the local paper. No man is good to himself who does not take his home paper.