

# The Centre Democrat.



SHUGERT & FORSTER, Editors.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."—Jefferson.

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S. T. SHUGERT and R. H. FORSTER, Editors.

Thursday Morning, July 17, 1879.

PETER HERDIC, of Williamsport, was among the money-doctors at the Greenback State Convention at Altoona.

BEWARE of sunstrokes! Political conventions are growing more numerous; men's blood is boiling at fever heat; three conventions in a single State, inside of one week, is more than agonized nature can endure, and therefore we need not wonder at the sun waxing hotter every day. Therefore, beware of sunstrokes.

"TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching"—the assessment agents of the Republican campaign committee, we mean—through all the departments of the government, at Washington, and every poor clerk is expected to come down with two per cent. of his salary as a "voluntary contribution" to the Republican corruption fund for use in the coming fall elections.

SHERMAN's cause has grown so unmistakably weak that he is now making wonderful efforts to bolster it up. He is traveling around through all this hot weather making speeches, smoking cigars and perspiring. He can sing but one song and is endeavoring to make the most of that—it is, "Resumption." But everybody has heard him sing it so often that they are weary, and he must give them some variety to awaken enthusiasm at this time of year.

THE Hon. William McClelland, of Pittsburg, who was last year Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, was appointed by Judge McKennan, of the United States Circuit Court, Commissioner under the new law to select jurors for that court. The law requires that representative men of the party politically opposed to the clerk of the court shall be appointed. Both parties concur in the opinion that the appointment in this case was an eminently judicious one, and a fitting compliment to an honest and upright gentleman.

It is said that Ex-Gov. Tom Young, of Ohio, is the man whose persuasive powers have satisfied the tender conscience of Mr. Hayes that civil service reform and "voluntary contributions" by the clerks of the departments for political purposes are not in the least inconsistent with each other. The announcement that Mr. Hayes has at last yielded his convictions to the eloquence of the immaculate Tom is no sooner made than two per cent. of all salaries is the first voluntary (?) offering demanded by the campaign managers. Of course, Mr. Hayes will not give up civil service reform. He promised that to the country, and he never breaks his promises—that is, hardly ever.

If it is not in the power of the Republican leaders and officials to disprove the damaging facts presented to the public in the recently published report of the Glover investigating committee they should be smart enough to maintain a discreet and masterly silence. Foolish ridicule and malicious abuse of Mr. Glover are no answer to his astounding charges of thefts, peculations, and abuses of power in the public service of the government. They call for different treatment, and until shown to be untrue by conclusive evidence a side issue of slander upon those engaged in the investigation will not suit the present temper of the people. Keep quiet, gentlemen, or give us something more satisfactory than personal slander. Remember your party is not so pure that it is above suspicion.

### A Grant Organ.

There have been a great many different influences at work to make the Grant movement attain its present prominence. There have been many strange stories flashed across the mystic wire that connects this glorious Republic with the effete despotisms of the old world. In flowing sentences and with rhythmic cadence has come the wonderful story of the Silent Man's visitations in countries celebrated in story and in song. Forty-five millions of free people have been called into a listening attitude while the tempestuous Atlantic unbosomed itself of the marvelous tale that was hidden in its coral depths. We were told how Kings and Princes, Municipalities and States, the high and the low, the peasant and the noble, the rich and the poor had vied with each other in doing homage to the first citizen of America. National pride took the place of political rancor, and without regard to section or party, forgetting a past that had in it more of shame than of honor, the American people were ready to forget Grant's crimes and blunders in the new-born tributes that came to him in the name of his country. But in the light of recent history it becomes evident that the wanderings of our illustrious ex-President were guided by the master hand of the political manager. There seems to have been all the necessary preparations made, on the part of a select few of his friends, to make this journey as a sort of prelude to his final candidacy for the Republican nomination for President. Almost one of the first papers in the country to sound the alarm and to call attention to the evident purpose of the Bories', the Childs' and the respectable people who are counted as Grant's particular friends, as well as to the other and rather disreputable element who keep Borie and Childs company as they tune their instruments to third term music, was the Philadelphia Times. The Times is confessedly one of the ablest as well as one of the most influential daily newspapers in the country. Col. McClure, its editor-in-chief, is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to mention him or his work. He was called to the editorial direction of Philadelphia's only real daily paper, because he possessed in an eminent degree that rare knowledge of the world and its history, that only comes as the offering of a life spent in its acquisition. He was one of that bright galaxy of Republican leaders who came within sight of the Democratic tenets in 1872. He gave direction and purpose to what there was of the liberal Republican element in Pennsylvania, and in public utterances that had in them the ring of true metal gave indication of his conversion to sound principles of public polity. He was one of the few men in that historic campaign who burned the bridges behind him, and unreservedly announced his hostility to Grantism, with all the name implies. Yet the paper he directs and editorially controls has done more to further the movement to foist the Galena statesman upon the people of this country than his own especial organ—the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Day after day, with a persistence that can scarcely be explained, the Times has rung the changes upon Grant and his candidacy for a third term. It has dished up third-term chowder in every conceivable style. One day we hear that Senator Morgan has been making a third-term speech at the unveiling of a monument at Winchester. Another day, the rehabilitated ghost of Jeff. Davis is flaunted in the faces of the readers of the Times, and we are told that he has been making a third-term speech before an association of Mississippi editors. Just as we are recovering from this deluge of third-termism we are confronted with the astounding statement that the Democratic majority in Congress are conducting Grant's

campaign for a third nomination. The perpetual reiteration of this nauseous idea has justly brought the Times into prominence as the organ of Grant in Pennsylvania. It has great weight. It is influential, because it reaches a class of readers who consider life too short to read such journals as the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette and the New York Tribune, and by its ceaseless agitation of this third-term business and its laudatory mention of the great traveler, it has done more to make Grant a possible candidate than those papers which are subsidized in his interest. Other people outside of the Times sanctum have ideas of what is proper and right, and the undignified criticism of this "independent" newspaper upon the public acts and sentiments of men who are front and foremost among the leaders of a party that boasts of a half million majority of the whole people of this country, is unjust and almost impertinent. To suit the Times party lines must be obliterated and all men rise to the sublime height of "independence" from which Col. McClure calmly surveys passing events. It is not too much to say that the attitude of the Philadelphia Times now illy comports with the enviable position it occupied in 1876.

### Eugenie's Son.

How great is the sorrow which weighs down the beautiful and unfortunate ex-Empress of France, who for years was the admiration of the world not only because of her brilliant position but for her lovable and loving qualities of mind and heart, and who is just now bowed down as no other woman with the great sorrow that has destroyed her hopes and deprived her of a son that she idolized. In perusing the articles that concern Eugenie at the present time the question of politics will scarcely cast its shadow upon the mind of a sympathetic universe:

The fortitude and endurance with which she bore up at the time of her husband's death has deserted Eugenie now. Why should she not give way to her grief and die, for what has she to live for? Her throne, her husband and her son all gone, and she an exile! Life holds out no inducements and death offers her everything. Poor woman! Unhappy Empress! The humblest mother in the land, as she clasps her children to her heart, pities you and would not take your place. And this lonely, sorrowing woman, lying on her statey couch at Chiselhurst, is the same who so often held her baby in her arms at a window of the Tuilleries while his Emperor father threw kisses to him as he reviewed his troops in the court yard below. How bright and gay life was then. How dark and gloomy it is now. *Plus d'amour, plus des roses!*

Home they brought my warrior dead,  
Home they brought him slain with spears.

The above tender lines, copied from an article entitled "Eugenie" which appeared several weeks ago in the New York Herald, beautifully describe the present unfortunate condition of the stricken ex-Empress. On Saturday the last sad scenes connected with the funeral of the Prince Imperial of France took place. The body rests now in the little Church of St. Mary at Chiselhurst, by the side of the dust of Napoleon III. A day of mourning and of woe it has been, not only in the pretty little Kentish village of Chiselhurst, but in the whole of England. Queen Victoria mourned with the bereaved Empress, and the large number of distinguished visitors made the funeral a royal one indeed. The Empress waited at her lonely home while the funeral cortege bringing her dead boy wended its way over the hills beyond Woolwich.

Eugenie remained with the dead body of her son most of the time before the funeral took place, which was pompous and magnificent. Queen Victoria was there together with a large number of the notables of Great Britain, and relatives of the Prince. The ceremony was very brief, and for long hours a procession formed of those who desired a final look at the dead face passed through the aisles. Thus end the earthly hopes of Eugenie. We hope her dead boy has but changed his uncertain hopes of Empire here on earth for a more lasting and more princely crown in another world.

### The Ohio Campaign.

If the people of Ohio were allowed to go to the polls next October and vote without outside interference, and if the usual modern appliances for running elections were not brought to bear, the result would be the triumphant election of Ewing and Rice. But already there comes the first faint tramp of the party manager on his way to the Buck-eye State to run things. Generalissimo Sherman is directing affairs from Washington with a view to making Generalissimo Sherman a candidate for President in the near future. The questionable tactics of this new National leader will make the result in Ohio depend upon the purchasable vote. No one knowing John Sherman's methods will doubt for a moment that the whole power and patronage of the administration and the tremendous machinery of the Treasury Department will be brought to bear upon the result. All the Revenue officers and special agents will have a holiday from their onerous duties and will be expected to devote their time and great abilities to neutralizing the will of the people of Ohio by practicing those little arts so well known to the autocrat of the Treasury.

### Extending the Jurisdiction of Justices.

The following act to extend the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace was passed by the Legislature, and has been approved by the Governor and is now a law:

SECTION 1. That the aldermen, magistrates and justices of the peace in this Commonwealth shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the courts of common pleas of all actions arising from contract, either express or implied, and of all actions of trespass and of trover and conversion wherein the sum demanded does not exceed three hundred dollars, except in cases of real contract where the title to lands or tenements may in question or action upon promise of marriage.

SEC. 2. In all actions brought before any justice of the peace, magistrate or alderman, on any contract for the payment of money, either expressed or implied, if the plaintiff shall file at any time before the issuing of the summons in any such case an affidavit stating the amount he verily believes to be due from the defendant together with a copy of the book entries or instrument of writing upon which the action is brought or where the claims are not evidenced by writing, if the plaintiff shall file as aforesaid setting forth a full and detailed statement of the same, it shall be the duty of the justice, magistrate or alderman to make a copy of such affidavit, duly certified the same and deliver it to the constable to whom the summons is issued, which certified copy shall be served at the time and in the manner that service is made of the summons in the case, and the justice, magistrate or alderman shall render judgment in favor of the plaintiff for the amount of his claim unless the defendant at or before the time at which the summons is made returnable, shall have filed with the justice, magistrate or alderman, an affidavit of defense setting forth fully the nature and character of the same: *Provided*, That the affidavit required by this section may be made by the agent of the party where such agent is cognizant of the facts constituting the cause of action or defense or either matters set forth: *And provided further*, That nothing contained in this act shall be construed to alter, impair or abridge the right of any person to appeal from the judgment of the justice of the peace, magistrate, or to certiorari the proceedings to the court of common pleas of the proper county as in other cases: *And provided further*, That the fees allowed to constables under this act on all sales made be as follows: For all sales amounting to less than fifty dollars three per cent.; for all sales amounting to less than one hundred dollars, two per cent.; for all sales above one hundred dollars, one per cent.

SEC. 3. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

At the State convention of the Greenbackers at Altoona, on Tuesday, after nominating Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, for State Treasurer, and receiving his refusal of the honor, the second choice fell on Peter Sutton, a wealthy farmer of Indiana county. E. S. Watson, of Williamsport, was selected as chairman of the State committee.

NEWPORT is now entertaining the Duke of Argyll and Ladies Elizabeth and Mary Campbell.

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune.

### ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT.

#### Harvest Days, 1879.

When the summer sun shines hottest  
And fields float with golden grain,  
Then the anxious farmer kneels  
That his work was not in vain;  
And he views with satisfaction,  
Safely waving in the air,  
Fields of grain, whose ripening harvest  
Soon his industry will share.  
Well he knows the task before him  
Ever he has the last sheaf in;  
And he longs for dawn of morning,  
His great labor to begin.  
Soon it comes, and over the first field  
Creaks forth its opening lay  
He is off where grain grows tallest,  
Ready to begin the day.  
There he works with desperation,  
Cutting grain with all his might;  
Never ceasing while the day star  
Sheds o'er earth its golden light.  
But as the approaching evening  
Lowers o'er the earth its shade  
He can look with satisfaction  
At the progress he has made.  
Where the wind of early morning  
Kissed the tops of waving grain;  
All has vanished 'fore the sickle—  
But a few stray stalks remain.  
Over the broad field now are standing,  
Like some silent sentinels,  
Sheaves of grain which the bright story  
Of a splendid harvest tell.  
All of us are daily sowing—  
Each one will a harvest reap;  
Will it be of joy and gladness,  
Or of woe that make us weep?  
Are the seeds we've ever sown  
Selected with judicious care?  
If so, then the glorious harvest  
Will be wheat without a tare.  
As the winds of life blow fiercely  
O'er the broad and glowing field  
In whose bosom we've been sowing,  
Will there be a goodly yield?  
When at last the grain is 'reaped  
And Death's sickle lays it low—  
When the binder stoops to gather,  
Will there be good grain to show?  
As each separate stalk lies silent,  
Exposed to the searching eye  
Which, with an unerring wisdom,  
Will its truth and value try,  
If it meets the approved measure  
He will take it in his hand,  
And a jeweled sheaf forever  
Rest within the "Promised Land."

#### The Social.

There was a ball at the Bush House,  
Held last Tuesday night;  
Twas attended by thirty-five couples,  
Who all had great delight.  
The ladies all wore rich dresses,  
Some trimmed with gossamer lace;  
Which added much to their grace.  
The gentlemen also were festive  
And in their dress suits arrayed;  
And as they whirled through the dance  
Many swallow-tail coats were displayed.  
The music was brought from Lock Haven  
And was pronounced very sweet,  
As the guests to its ravishing strains  
Moved their nimble feet.  
At the hour of midnight  
Each guest sat down to partake  
Of most delicious ice cream  
And every kind of cake,  
At forty nice little tables,  
In the dining room placed;  
In which Miss Host Heppes  
Displayed most excellent taste.  
Twas three o'clock in the morning  
'Fore the social was done,  
When all the guests departed,  
Their sides fairly shaking with fun.

—Hemp first came into use in the cordage.—*New York News.* And wind instruments in the band-ago.—*Rome Sentinel.* And arithmetic in the ad-ago.—*Salem Sunbeam.* And money in the coin-ago.—*Waterloo Observer.* And cradles in the crib-ago.—*Rome Sentinel.* And slaves in the bond-ago.—*Whitehall Times.* And leaves in the foliage-ago.—*Albany Argus.* And dogs in the saug-ago.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.* And girls in the marri-ago.—*Chambersburg Opinion.* And the trunk-smasher in the bag-ago.—*Bellefonte Republican.* And cole slaw in the cabb-ago.

—The congregation of St. John's Catholic church are preparing to hold a grand picnic some time during next month. The young ladies of the church are around after subscriptions, and the one who collects the most will receive a gold watch. If they all do as well as a certain fair lady whose subscription book we saw, they are collecting considerable.

—Last week we gave all the particulars regarding the opening of the Ironworkers' building at Valentines' Forge. All the fresh information that can be given is that the clergymen invited have signified their acceptance and intention to be present. If the day is pleasant there will be a large attendance.

—Two accidents of a serious nature are reported by the Millheim Journal as occurring on the Fourth of July. Mr. John Ewing, of Centre Mills, fell from a cherry tree, inducing concussion of the brain. Mr. William Weiser, while helping to make hay on Mr. Wert's farm, injured his neck severely by leaping from a load of hay, which was in danger of upsetting. He landed on his head between the horses. Both the unfortunates are recovering.

### GENERAL NEWS.

The yellow fever is said to be subsiding.

The steamship City of Chester, with Hanlan, the oarsman, on board, has arrived in New York.

New mineral springs have been discovered at Warren, sixty-six miles East of Erie, in Warren county.

Hon. William Allen, ex-Governor of Ohio, died suddenly at his home near Chillicothe, Ohio, Friday morning.

The women base ball players are not meeting with excellent success. They were stoned by a mob at New Haven, Conn., on Monday.

Judge Paddock's son Henry, aged 12 years, was drowned while bathing Monday morning at Malfie, N. Y. Fred, another son, was severely injured a few days ago by falling from a tree.

Masonic Lodge, No. 4, of Fredericksburg, Va., in which George Washington was entered, raised and passed, will take part in the dedicatory ceremony of the Washington monument.

Wm. J. Lewis, a prominent merchant and banker of St. Louis, and largely interested in the Bignuddy coal mines in Southern Illinois, was overcome by heat at Carondelet, Monday morning, and died in twenty minutes.

The storm which was so severe here on Friday last also prevailed with great fury at Oily City, at Millin, Juniata county, and at Lewistown, Millin county. The amount of property destroyed at Millin, Juniata county, is estimated at \$65,000.

Our announcement last week of the discovery of Charley Ross in Quebec proved to be a hoax; but a man has been unearthed in Philadelphia who knows all about him and can return him in twenty-four hours, so our readers can again await developments.

By a tabular statement it is shown that the value of the envelopes and postal cards issued this year is \$29,539,050, an increase of \$971,866 over the value of those of last year. There is a decrease in the value and number of newspaper and periodical stamps and stamped envelopes and wrappers.

The different State Departments at Harrisburg were closed on Saturday out of respect to the memory of the late John A. Small, Resident Clerk of the House of Representatives. The services took place in the Pine street Presbyterian church, and were conducted by the Rev. W. C. Cattell, D.D., of Easton, who also delivered the funeral address. The procession to the grave consisted of the Pilgrim Commandery Knights Templar, headed by a band and followed by a long line of carriages. The usual Masonic ceremonies were observed at the grave.

At an early hour Monday morning three convicts, Charles Gibson, Alonzo Hambright and Charles Goodman, escaped from the county prison at Lancaster, Pa. They secured their freedom by sawing through iron plates from their cell which was on the first floor, to the cellar, whence they crawled through the draught chambers of the furnace to the flue, and ascending to the top of the wall, they let themselves down on the outside into Orange street. A reward of \$150 has been offered for the arrest and return of the criminals or \$50 for either of them.

### Information Wanted.

Whereas, Samuel Covert, private of Company C, 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Rifles, war of 1861, &c., was taken prisoner at the battle of North Anna Rivers, Va., and while in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, he in company with three other comrades of his, namely, John Gettings, Charles Daughenbaugh and J. H. Reynolds were engaged in digging a well for water in the summer of 1864. They made a rope out of strips cut out of old boot legs, and while Covert was being let down the well, the rope broke and he fell, striking his back and side on a stick of wood or timber in the bottom of the well, and injuring his back or spine so that he was not able to get out without help, and to this day he is disabled by reason of said fall.

Said Covert has applied to government for an invalid pension, and unfortunately for him two of his comrades, Gettings and Daughenbaugh, died in prison, and he never knew what became of Reynolds, nor where he belonged. Therefore, is unable to prove up by corroborating testimony the facts of how he received his injury. Any person having any knowledge of said accident will confer a great favor on his family, and will be handsomely rewarded by communicating to  
SETH WINNER,  
Rose Valley, Lycoming Co., Pa.

### From a Clear Sky.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.  
On Saturday afternoon while the sun was shining brightly a bolt of electricity entered the telegraph office at Quarryville on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific. The battery was almost ruined, the key board had all the points melted off, the plug broken to pieces and the key of the battery blown off. The battery had also all the wrapping around the wires burned off and the wires melted. The key of the Reading battery was opened by the shock and Mr. F. T. Sellers, who was sitting near by, was badly shocked and slightly burned. He says there seemed to be a ball of fire as large as a teacup, and for a considerable time the office was pre-occupied with a smell of a peculiar nature. The nearest point at which there was any sign of a thunder gust was six miles from Quarryville, in an eastern direction.