

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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The Centre Democrat.

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

Thursday Morning, September 29, 1881.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES,
JOHN G. LARIMER, of Spring,
JOHN K. RUNKEL, of Potter.
PROTHONOTARY,
J. CALVIN HARPER, of Bellefonte.
SHERIFF,
THOMAS J. DUNKEL, of Rush.
REGISTER,
JAMES A. McCLAIN, of Boggs.
RECORDER,
FRANK E. BIBLE, of Spring.
TREASURER,
DANIEL C. KELLER, of Potter.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
A. J. GREIST, of Unionville,
JOHN WOLF, of Miles.
COUNTY AUDITORS,
JOHN S. PROUDFOOT, of Milesburg,
F. P. MUSSER, of Millheim.

Laid to Rest.

The body of General Garfield was removed from Elberon, N. J. to the nation's Capital on Wednesday the 21st inst., where it lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol until last Friday, when it was taken to Cleveland for interment. A distinguished company accompanied the honored remains of the dead Chief Magistrate. Generals Sherman, Hancock, Sheridan, and other Army and Navy officers constituted the guard of honor, while the foremost members of both the Senate and House, with Chief Justice Waite and members of the Supreme Court represented the legislative and judicial branches of the government. All along the route vast crowds of people assembled and with uncovered heads and reverent gaze saw all that was mortal of the President sweep on to the banks of Lake Erie where the final act in the dark tragedy of July the 2d was to close. Beautiful flowers were strewn on the railway track, while the noble wife and sorrowing family, with bowed heads and heavy hearts looked out upon the sympathy that was written on every face. Arrived at Cleveland, the body was conveyed to a magnificent catafalque in monumental park and remained there until 11 o'clock on Monday, when followed by an immense multitude, it was deposited in the receiving vault of Lakeview Cemetery. The pageant was grand and imposing. The military; the large representation of the Masonic fraternity; the participation of numerous civic societies, made the procession which followed the dead President one long to be remembered. With appropriate ceremonies the victim of the assassin was laid to rest. Beneath his feet roll the restless waters of Lake Erie. Around and about him are all the variegated beauties of nature. Within sight are his birthplace and the scenes of his early struggles and triumphs. Below him lies the beautiful city of Cleveland, and above and beyond all he is panopied in the love and veneration of the civilized world. We turn from the grave of James A. Garfield with emotions that cannot be analyzed. As individuals we must confront new duties, encounter new trials and be encumbered with new responsibilities. But through all the memory of James A. Garfield will be cherished as one who died in the conscientious discharge of a great trust. *Requiescat in pace.*

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has called an extra session of the Senate for the 10th of October, the necessity for which was created by Arthur himself, as Vice President. At the close of the session of the Senate, it has been the uniform custom of the Vice President to retire and give the Senate an opportunity to elect a President *pro tempore*. This the Vice President failed to do, for the reason that the Democrats were in the majority after the withdrawal of the New York Senators, and would probably elect a Democrat.

sufficient reason for a stalwart politician like Arthur, but the omission to follow the precedents of his predecessors in the act of duty and decency, was not creditable to the Vice President of the United States. The delay however has not improved the condition of the Republicans. The Democrats are still in the majority, and will be so at their meeting in obedience to his proclamation on the 10th proximo.

THERE seems to be an impression prevailing with some of the Washington correspondents, as well as some lawyers, that Guiteau, the assassin, cannot be convicted by the courts and executed in the District of Columbia, because the death of the victim took place in New Jersey where he was taken as a last effort to save his life. This is making a farce of the law, and is unwarranted. There is no danger of the assassin escaping conviction by the Courts of the District, or execution after conviction. If such a thing were possible, he could not cross the portals of the court, until the avenger had him beyond rescue. The only fear is that the mob may get him before the courts can seal his doom, and this would be a consummation greatly to be deplored.

SENATOR BAYARD believes that Congress will not permit the prosecution of the Star-route thieves to be abandoned. Perhaps they may not, but Dorsey & Co., the head thieves, have powerful protection in the President, and any effort to deal with these robber stalwart partisans by Congress must have a good deal more force than has heretofore been applied, if successful. The case of Sevard, the Celestial thief, who successfully resisted the power of Congress, is in point.

HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS, of Tioga, has received the unanimous nomination of the Republican party of the Tenth Judicial District, for reelection. Judge Williams has frequently presided in the special courts of this county very acceptably, and is esteemed among the very best Common Pleas Judges in the State. It is believed that no party nomination will be made against him.

THE claim boastfully advanced that Gen. Baile, the Republican ring candidate for State Treasurer, possesses a great home popularity, reminds the *Pittsburg Post* of the fact that he was beaten 1600 in his own county of Fayette for Congress, in 1878, running behind his ticket.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

A great deal of interest is being manifested in the trot which will come off at the fair next week. Parties owning fast horses are practicing them daily on the race course. Several fine horses will be here from a distance to trot for special purses, and the best trotting ever witnessed in this county is anticipated.

Doll & Mingle have a magnificent stock of boots and shoes, especially adapted to the fall trade, which they are offering to their customers at remarkably low prices. Call at their store in the Brokerhoff House block and examine for yourselves.

Lewin, at the Philadelphia Branch, has been receiving a large and elegant assortment of new clothing for the fall sales. Persons in town next week attending the fair should take time to call at the Philadelphia Branch. They will be astonished at the bargains offered Mr. Lewin.

Wm. C. Heinle, Esq., District Attorney of Centre county, one of the rising lawyers of the Bellefonte Bar, was married on the 20th of this month to Miss Rosalie A. Woods, of Spring township, at the residence of her sister, in Jersey City, N. J., the Rev. Dr. Wise, of Grace church, performing the ceremony. The happy couple returned to Bellefonte last week and are quietly domiciled at the Brokerhoff House, where they are receiving the congratulations of their numerous acquaintances. We wish our two young friends a happy and prosperous journey through life.

On Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock our young friend F. J. McDonnell, of Unionville, bid adieu to the freedom of bachelorhood and joined the grand army of Benedictus. Mr. McDonnell was married to Miss Mary A. Loughery, a daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizen, P. Loughery, of Milesburg, at St. John's Catholic church, Bellefonte, Rev. Father McArdle officiating, and immediately left for New York on an extended wedding tour, which will comprise all the important places of interest in the East. Mr. McDonnell is one of the most trusted of the employes of the B. E. V. R. K. Company, and has worked his way to a responsible position by indefatigable energy and a conscientious performance of his duties. He is an upright, honorable gentleman and we extend our congratulations to him and his beautiful young bride and wish them every joy that can possibly be crowded into their lives.

The Late President Garfield.

Memorial Services at Bellefonte.

Monday last was a day that will long be remembered by the people of Bellefonte. In commemoration of the death of James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, and in accordance with the proclamations of President Arthur, Governor Hoyt and Chief Burgess Powers, the day was appropriately and solemnly observed by all the citizens of our town. Business was entirely suspended and our streets wore the quiet air of a Sabbath day. The emblems of mourning were everywhere to be seen and betokened the sincere and heartfelt grief which filled every heart for the untimely and sorrowful death of the president. There were crowds upon the streets, but there was not even that joyous freedom which characterizes the relaxation of the Sabbath in their demeanor. Every one appeared to fully appreciate the dire calamity which had befallen the nation when the assassin's bullet had done its fatal work. There was a grateful absence of holiday-making upon the part of the large number of people who had gathered in town. The multitude was actuated by but a single purpose, and that to show what a fragrant memory James A. Garfield had bequeathed to his country. It is a rich legacy and one that will always be cherished. There were religious services in the churches in the morning. A union meeting was held in the M. E. church, where an able and eloquent sermon, very appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by Rev. J. I. Delong, pastor of the Reformed congregation. Services were also held in the Lutheran church, Rev. Samuel E. Furst, pastor of the congregation, preaching an interesting and impressive sermon in commemoration of the sad event that brought his hearers together. At the Catholic church there was an impressive service. In addition to the usual morning mass, Rev. Father McArdle offered a special prayer for the repose of the dead President's soul. But the greatest interest was manifested in the memorial meeting in the Court House at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The Court House bell was solemnly tolled from half-past 1 until 2, and by that time the Court House was literally packed with a seething and perspiring mass of men and women. Standing room, as the hour for calling the meeting to order approached, was out of the question. The heat was intense, but the vast audience which filled every space in the Court room was orderly, quiet and decorous. Although under ordinary circumstances the sentiments of the speakers would have elicited unbounded applause, the solemnity of the occasion had so impressed the people that there was no demonstration of any kind with the single exception of the close of Governor Curtin's eloquent address. His peroration was so brilliant and effective that for a single moment the audience was betrayed into unmistakable signs of approbation. In the enforced absence of Judge John H. Orris, E. C. Humes, Esq., was called to the chair. Mr. Humes, on assuming his duties, spoke as follows:

Citizens and Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen:—As we have assembled this afternoon in pursuance of, and in obedience to the several proclamations of the President of the United States, the Governor of Pennsylvania and the Chief Burgess of this Borough, to give expression to our views and feelings with reference to the sad and melancholy death of James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, who, on the second day of July last, was ruthlessly stricken down by the hand of an assassin, which stroke, though averted by many earnest prayers for a time, during which the national heart was alternating between hope and fear, has finally terminated in death.

The occasion is truly a sad and solemn one, and peculiarly so in view of the fact that this whole nation is at this hour engaged in similar services. It is eminently proper and becoming that we, as citizens of a republic so highly favored, should in this formal manner come together, and while we drop the tear of sympathy over the open grave of our beloved President, give utterance to the sentiments we entertain with reference to this sorrowful event.

Never in our history has any occurrence so stirred with horror the hearts of the people of this country, and indeed I might add of the whole civilized world, as has this vile assassination and lamented death.

Another illustrious name is now inscribed on the roll of the martyrs of the republic, and it is our privilege as it is our duty to bow with submission to this dispensation of Divine Providence,

assured that God, who is supreme, reigns and doeth all things wisely and well.

The theme is full of interest, and is calculated to arouse the most tender emotions of our nature, but I am reminded that a number of distinguished gentlemen are present, who have been specially invited by the committee having the exercises in charge, to address the assemblage, and therefore I forbear to make more extended remarks.

At the conclusion of Mr. Humes' brief address the beautiful anthem "Cast Thy Burden on the Lord," was rendered in a most effective manner by a choir consisting of the Misses McGinley, Miss Bradley, Miss Krape and Messrs. Blanchard, Gray, Musser and Hughes, with Mrs. John G. Love as organist. An impressive prayer was then offered by Rev. Wm. Laurie at the conclusion of which the choir and the entire audience united in singing the hymn, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne." The President then introduced Gen. James A. Beaver, who delivered the opening address. Gen. Beaver spoke as follows:

Neighbors and Friends: We gather here to-day under circumstances of unwonted solemnity. Circumstances which excite our profoundest feelings of reverence and sympathy—reverence for the God of all the earth, and sympathy for the bereaved. The battle is over. It was bravely fought and nobly sustained. There were involved in the fight the life of a single man, the earnest affections of our nature, and the hopes of a nation. There were gathered for the contest on the one side anarchy and the desire to destroy—the demon of discord and damnable hate—disappointed ambition and a frenzied determination to avenge an imaginary wrong. On the other the bravery, the calm dignity, the heroic fortitude of a character unique in its grandeur, in its simplicity, in its purity, in its hopefulness and its submissiveness. Sustaining it, were the sublime devotion of a noble wife, the unbounded faith of an almost sainted mother, and the tenderest and most devoted friendships of which we have any record. Supporting it were the abundant resources of advanced science and the delicate ministrations of consummate professional skill. Its ministers were the subtle agencies which in these later days annihilate time and space and its reserves were the prayers of a nation, aye, of universal humanity, which laid hold of the arm of the Almighty and seemed as if by their persistency and power they would force the Omnipotent to the rescue. That life has gone out, the tender ties of affection have been sundered and the hopes of the nation have been darkened. If they are not dead.

And now as we gather to-day in this solemn memorial service by which we endeavor to express our feelings which are unutterable; as we in imagination stand by the side of the dead body of our martyr hero which has not yet been consigned to the grave, shall we say, can we say, dare we say that the battle has been lost? Are we to conclude that because this life has gone out or has been shortened by a few years of its duration, that discord and hate and disappointed ambition are victorious, and that the noble and the true and the pure and the great and the good have gone down in the fight and have suffered ignominious defeat? Surely this were a short sighted conclusion even as we look at it now standing as we do under the dark shadow of the overwhelming sorrow which envelopes the land and the civilized world. And if even now and here with concentrated gaze and wrapt vision, we can see the golden glimmer of the eternal day behind the sable cloud. What will it be when we stand with the immortals and seeing eye to eye, and knowing as we are known we can behold the end from the beginning. I do not propose to-day in the brief space allotted to this opening address to enter upon even an epitome of the life or an analysis of the character of the nation's dead. The early trials, the later struggles, the subsequent successes and the crowning achievement of General Garfield's life are as familiar to you as they are to me, and the nobility and purity and elevation of his character are impressed upon all hearts and acknowledged by all who know aught of him. I would rather return to the question which has occupied my thoughts and tried my faith and fascinated my imagination. *Is the battle lost?* We are apt to look at this question only from the standpoint of the here and the now! So viewing it we conclude that science has been baffled, that medical skill has been unavailing, that womanly devotion has been ruthlessly sundered and that faith and prayer have been wasted if not utterly discredited as the current coin of Heaven. But such a view is narrow and contracted. Let us lift our eyes a little, and notwithstanding the limitations of our finite minds, see whether we are not met by a broader view and a more extended vision. The limitations of the hour will allow me to speak of but two or three points and that very briefly. First a word as to the personal status of our dead Chief Magistrate. We all believe in the immortality of the soul—in a final accountability and a resurrection of the just. We believe, most of us no doubt, in the transfer of the immortal part to another state or condition immediately after death. Asking you to admit no more than this; here is a man who after a consistent life, in which his example has been "seen and read of all men," comes face to face with dead a—there is no excitement in the surroundings—no weeping friends are to be reassured by his declarations—it is no time for cant and nothing is said for effect upon the bystanders. The skillful surgeon is at his post and has made his examination. The inquiry comes from the wounded man, "What are the prospects, Doctor? tell me frankly. I am ready for the worst." The painful reply is made: "Mr. President, your condition is extremely critical. I do not think you can live many hours." Then comes the declaration of resignation, of submission to the will of the Almighty, of readiness for the change. "God's will be

done, doctor! I'm ready to go, if my time has come." Surely if our belief is worth anything, this man has exchanged the anxieties, the perplexities, the disappointments of earth for the "joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

I dare not speak my thoughts as to the family which is the centre of sympathy and of tender commiseration in this sad bereavement. It were sacrilege to lift the veil which shuts them in around their desolate hearthstone, and yet the suggestion may not be entirely out of place or foreign to my subject—that a wise, a tender, a loving, a judicious mother has been released from a life which was evidently irksome to her, and is shut up to the care and training and education of her children. The man whose untimely death we mourn was no less a man and no less successful in his life because his mother was a widow and had his exclusive training. We dare not pursue this subject further.

Let me say a word, however, as to the fame of the late President; of the place which he will occupy in history. Divesting ourselves as much as is possible of the feelings of personal bereavement and of disappointed hope which spring unbidden from this sad Providence, can we not discern in the very manner of his death, in the surroundings of his sick bed, and in the intense sympathy which has flowed toward him from all quarters of the world in his eleven weeks of suffering, elements which tend to place the memory of Garfield in the heart of the present generation alongside that of Washington and Lincoln, and which will make him live in history more prominently than any success which he could have attained in carrying out to final fruition the reforms of which his plans and purposes gave promise. The martyrs are the revered of the earth, and henceforth the name of Garfield is indelibly inscribed upon the long roll of heroes in this land and in all lands who have shed their blood in the cause of humanity, and is indissolubly linked to that lengthening chain which binds all hearts in a willing captivity to the memory of the dead who by their lives or by their deaths have added to the brilliancy and the lustre of that undying fame which is the common inheritance of us all.

A gentleman who has just returned from a visit abroad told me yesterday that he was very much surprised as well as impressed during his visit in London upon being approached upon one of its streets by a little six-year-old boy who, recognizing him as an American, inquired in anxious tones and with respectful mien, "How is Mr. Garfield to-day?" This is fame—broadly than our land and deeper than the sea. Garfield's place in history is assured. As God makes the "wrath of man to praise Him," so the felonious intent of a cowardly assassin, which was designed to result in quenching a life, has made that life unquenchable. While men admire that which is brave and true—while hearts beat in unison with that which is high and holy—while manly devotion and untarnished honor are the current coin of nobility, so long will the memory of our honored dead be held in affectionate esteem. I think we are ready to say it is well with the dead.

And now what of the living—what of the present—what of our country—what of the myriads of hopes of the millions with which our so-called experiment in government is freighted? Let us look at this a little as our concluding thought. We cannot lift the veil from the future; we cannot tell what the administration which is to succeed that of our late President is to be. We can, however, and we ought to give our present executive head credit for patriotic impulses and for a disposition to profit by the sad and solemn experiences of the past three months. That man would be strangely dead to all feeling and to every good impulse, who could fail to profit by these impressive lessons. But it is not our business to prophesy. We can afford to wait and judge the tree by its fruits. Looking at the attainment of present visible results, can we not already discern some signs of the times which tend to answer our inquiry, "Is the battle lost?" Among many of these signs which present themselves and which will be suggested to every thoughtful mind we will mention but two as illustrative of what we mean. From the time of the inauguration of General Garfield as President of the United States, when his courtly and soldierly competitor for the highest place within the gift of our people set all men such a noble example by his attendance upon the accompanying ceremonies, where he was the object of attention and of flattering comment second only to the President himself, all right thinking people of all political parties have been disposed to deal fairly by the administration of the affairs of the government without misrepresentation and fault finding; so that since the days of General Jackson's administration it is doubtful if any chief magistrate has been received by the people—the whole people—with such an evident determination to judge of his administration by its legitimate fruits as attended the inauguration of our twentieth President. It really seemed as if the time had come when politics were to be conducted upon a higher plane and the privacy of the family and the personal character of men were to be respected and preserved from vulgarity and low abuse. But when the President was wounded, when the blow of the assassin was aimed at his life, all hearts were fused in one, and it is safe to say that no event in the history of the nation has so unified public sentiment and called forth such universal sympathy both for the President himself and for his surviving and now bereaved family. This question is so forcibly presented in a well considered editorial of that conservative and thoughtful paper the *New York Journal of Commerce*, that I reproduce its comments and those of the *Albany Argus*, from which it quotes, as well because of the nobility of their sentiments as of their beautiful diction and finished rhetoric:

"This column of the *Journal*, on March 5, 1881, contained the following:

"Yesterday James A. Garfield ceased to be the representative of a political party, and ascended to the grandeur of President of the United States.

"We did not contribute toward his election, yet we feel that he will prove an ex-

cellent executive, and do credit not only to his party but the entire nation.

"In this spirit and belief we stand ready and willing to sustain him in whatever he may attempt to further the public good and the national prosperity."

"We know that General Garfield has experience and ability, and we believe it his intention to preserve and promote the welfare of the country, regardless of any narrow party line."

"And so we extend our best wishes to President Garfield."

"In this faith we have rested since those lines were written, with abiding confidence in the honest purposes of Gen. Garfield."

"And when the grievous news of his wounding came upon us it fell with thrilling force, bringing freshly to mind his manly and lovable qualities."

"There has been so much of sympathy manifested throughout the world for the President and his family and the American people in this trying hour, that we fear to attempt what other pens have handled so wisely."

"The *Albany Argus*, (the representative Democratic paper in this State) expresses so aptly the views we entertain on the painful subject that we quote the greater portion of its comments:

"Party lines disappear; party walls of division fall down; the consciousness of manhood and Americanhood dominates the thinking; and the words of all, as our nation stands, reverently uncovered, by the bedside of its Ruler, and prays that the cup of death may not press his lips, and that his people may not have their annals shamed again by the stain of a Presidential assassination. Differ as men have done, and may do hereafter, on affairs, on officials and on policies, a crime like this, which slacks the very pulse of a People, fuses their hearts into unity, into love, into patriotism, and into a prayer to Divine Power to save the President; to sustain the wife and children in their affliction; to guide the minds of the surgeons and nurses to right endeavors, and to preserve, protect and defend the Union, whose authority itself has been wounded by the bullets meant to slay him who impersonates its power."

"How trivial and transient our contentions seem in the rush or hush of an event like this! How much more is country than party in the light of this dispensation! How impossible it is to remember estrangements, divisions and discussions, and how impossible not to remember the things for which he was a pride unto his countrymen, who made him their ruler! He came up from poverty to power by diligence, purpose and the steady training of a gifted intellect. He went to school to hard work, and manual labor carried him through the institutions of learning. He made his Spartan mother, fit to be a breeder of kings, his confidant and the partner of his purpose to win fame. He married the wife of his youth, and the birth angel, and the death angel, have often equally sanctified his home. He early became a leader of the people, among whom he lived. He marched with the college lads whom he taught, to the battles for the Union, and for eighteen years he was a cerebral force in the halls of Congress, until the sudden choice of the party he served named him for President. Under the laws and by the people, he was in truth elected. And on this summer day, in a pause of duty, on his way to his *alma mater*, he is shot down."

"All that he has given of words to our eloquence, of bravery to our battles, of dignity and power to our parliaments, of gentleness to our social life, of thought and fact to our literature, and of mental incitement and example to our people, revives to recollection, with his noble person, his hearty manner, and his free western ways. All that is of power and greatness in the Presidency revives with this memory of him, as that of children to a father, as he lies on his bed of pain."

"And now that the President is dead, not only are political animosities quenched but there comes to us, from the South, the unmistakable and welcome evidence of restored fraternal regard—such a fusing of hearts as I believe this nation has never known. Listen to a single quotation from the many which come to us from all parts of the South, taken from the *Selma* (Ala.) *Times*: "Sectional lines are obliterated—washed out in Garfield's blood, and the red hand of the assassin has placed the last stone in the Union structure."

Standing upon the summit of the Appalachian range, plainly in our sight to-day, there are many points where the waters divide, flowing westward to the Father of Waters and then to the Gulf, and eastward to the Atlantic. Citizens of the Republic stand we to-day. Back of us into the past flow the waters of discord, of party hate, of sectional strife and the bitterness engendered by our late unfortunate fraternal struggle; before us, blessing the present and glorifying the future, are the placid waters of peace, of amity, of fraternal regard and of a mutual understanding and agreement. The sad wounds inflicted by the exigencies of war are to be healed by a single wound made upon the body of a noble and a peaceful man who has borne in his body, it may be, the sins of the nation. As we gaze into the placid waters which flow out from us into the future, does there come to us and to all who like us through the length and breadth of the land, mourn a common bereavement, a determination to aid in this national pacification? Are we filled with high and patriotic resolves as we stand by the dead and the grave which overlooks the lake which washes our own shores? Are we ready to take up the noble mission which urgently death leaves unfulfilled? If there come to us such a determination and such patriotic resolves as the lesson of this bereavement, surely—surely, the battle is not lost."

The choir next sang the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God to Thee." Addresses were made by Hon. S. H. Yocum and J. L. Spangler, Esq.

Mr. Yocum was first introduced and said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The friendly and almost intimate relationship

[Concluded on 8th page.]