The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Paper
PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

THE following interesting letter written by a friend and relative in Norristown, Pa., we clip from the Boothbay, (Maine) *Register*. The letter itself has peculiar interest to us, bringing to view scenes made familiar in childhood as the home of those held most dear in memory, and that it will interest others by its historical reference and the evidence of much improvement we transfer it to our colums.

Thinking it possible a letter from piping hot "Quakervania" migh be readable just now in icy Maine—icy commercially, if not thermally—I drop you a few lines describing my summer visit to "the shrines"—the battle ground at Brandywine, where our gallant Wayne cannonaded and fought the mercenary Hessians, a long and hot summer day, September 11th, 1771. This place is more sacred to me than Plymouth Rock to you; and as life carries me into the "sere and yellow leaf" my footsteps connot be restrained over two years from seeking the pleasant shades and hills of the classic stream, near by, where I was born and spent my childhood days. It is a beautiful agricultural region now, covered with verdure and growing corn, the surface being a succession of rolling hills and fertile vallies with occasional cropping out of boulders on primary rocks of gray granite. But oh! how the hands of progress and improvement have marred (?) its sacred aspect and surroundings. The log and most of the frame houses are gone, with the timber forests in which I hunted the squirrel, rabbit and muskrat. The "worm" and Swede enclosures give place to the thorn hedge, wire and "stun" fence, as you pronounce the last in Yankeeland, (and as showing that all the wisdom and progress is not in New England,) nearly all the highways, which used to go straight over hill and dale, between important places, or more likely on farm-lines or to suit the land-owner's fields, have recently been removed to the vallies, and along water-courses.

Thus the face of the country is changed, but it is the dear old home still, and contains a few lingering pilgrims who set out in life with your unworthy correspondent. But although you have been over the ground yourself, your readers only know "Brandywine" in history; so I must narrow my remarks from general description to a little Pennsylvania *brag*, but before doing so, will add the fact, that during my week's rustification I visited "Cedarcroft" the manorial establishment of Bayard Taylor, whose fame is doubtless familiar to the people of Maine as all New England. And here I may point a moral by saying, that I knew young Bayard when he started a journal in Pheonixville, and yourself as a boy, was printer's D——in his office.

Then (1848) Bayard was a young "radical" and presumptively an anti-slavery and *temperance* man. But alas, how the fine gold became dim by intercourse with the world of literature and current morals! A young man under fifty, his body rests in Logwood cemetery, near by, undoubtedly a victim to fast living abroad. His fancy-planned and brick built mansion, embowered in great forest trees, wears a lonely, neglected aspect. It looks like the castle of some storied lord, who was called suddenly away from his dream of the future, leaving all in dessolation!

Precisely in the centre of the detour made by Sir William Howe, when he 'fooled' Washington, by turning his right flank at Brandywine Sept. 11, 1777, on the Percopson, a confluent of the river, lives Stephen Darlington and wife, the former in his eighty-third year, and she just an octogenarian. Here they have lived nearly sixty years together and reared a considerable family, on a very hilly, but most productive farm of about one hundred acres.

This plantation kept free from vegetable trash, and fenced mostly with wire fence, upon iron fastenings, for many years has been devoted to butter making, the old couple being the constant manipulators of the "guilt-edged" article, which he transports weekly to Philadelphia, 30 miles distant, via the Philadelphia and Baltimore R. R.

My earliest recollection of the old lady was when I saw her, a demure damsel of eighteen years, barefooted, on the flag-stones before the spring-houes of her father, while lofty oak limbs threw their shade aronnd her. This was sixty years ago, and the locality about four miles from her present home. Two years ago, I bade her good bye, she standing (almost as the described girl) in her husband's spring-house, delving in butter as of old! And now again last week I repeated my farewell on the *same spot*, as she and her husband excused themselves by saying, that they cantinued at it, because they are "used to it, and still able to do it," he adding, "I would not feel content to sell butter unless I have a hand in making it." The old lady is up with the sun, and against the protest of the children, is still found assisting at the milking, as also superintendent of the butter-making. He, it is reported, does all his plowing, "just because he feels like it," and is a daily worker on the farm besides. As may be supposed such industry has made them wealthy; still they work, because they say it is their "duty to make themselves useful in the line of their highest capacity." But there is another fact to his credit, he is a fine French scholar, possessing most of the classics in that language, of which he is a great admirer, and daily reader. He also reads Latin and sometimes does surveying. I do not offer Mr. D. to your readers as the *average* Pennsylvania Quaker, but he is strictly one of the sect, wearing plain garments and saying "thee" with the best of them.

I have thus given you a sample of Pennsyluania industry, pluck and perseverance, thinking it will be good reading in New England, were energy has subdued the land and "plundered the waters"—and have lugged in the names and locality of my heroes, lest I should be suspected of drawing a fancy sketch; for I doubt not their native modesty will deprecate such a publication.

Yours,
M. ACCE.

The Bi-Centennial in Philadelphia.

MR. EDITOR:—Since sending you my previous letter, much of interest has occured here in connection with the near-at-hand celebration.

The young Indians from the United States Training School at Carlisle will come down and take part in the procession of October 24th—Landing Day. The girls will sing and the boys' brass band will perform. Connected with this band I give you an incident. On the Fourth of July when Garfield was dping, our association held a meeting in the Main Building at Fairmount Park. Thirty thousand people constituted the audience and Clayton McMichael, of the *North American*, had just read a telegram concerning the President, when the Indian band marched upon the platform and commenced to play. After performing several pieces in excellent style, amidst much applause, they, at a signal from their leader, commenced "*Nearer my God to Thee*," and I think I never witnessed such an effect in my life. So exquisitely was every passage rendered as to arouse wonder. Scarcely an eye in that vast assemblage was unmoistened and so deep was the silence that the breathing of the people could be heard.

It seemed as though these poor little waifs of the wilderness were thus sweetly mourning at the dying bed of their Great Father at Washington.

The fac simile of the ship *Welcome* is ready and will ascend the Delaware on the morning of the 24th, accompanied by the vessels of the United States North Atlantic Squadron. That scene will be one worth a long journey to look upon, as the whole river will be filled with great steamers, men-of-war, merchant ships, steam tugs, magnificent yachts, &c., &c., and, amidst the roar of cannon, ringing of bells and blowing of whistles, the landing will be made. The Indians, in original costume will be in waiting at Dock street wharf to receive William Penn, who will be impersonated by a carefully selected gentleman, descended from one of those who came in the old Welcome. Then the march to the Park will commence, the United States Division leading the way with the President and other dignitaries. The column will number thirty thousand men, and the floats and music will be grand.

In the evening there will be fireworks in the park of the most magnificent description, the landing and treaty with with the Indians being conspicuous pieces.

On Wednesday the industries of Pennsylvania will make their parade, and I venture to assert that no display has ever yet been witnessed that will compare to it. There will be miles upon miles of machinery in motion, producing their various manufactures. Many of these latter will be distributed among the spectators along the route who will keep them as souvenirs of the festive occasion. A complete list and description of these would more than fill this paper, but one or two may serve to give your readers an idea of their extent. The Baldwin Locomotive Works will send into the parade 2000 of their employes and one of their immense engines capable of running 50 miles an hour, while a manufacturer of bicycles will send in a bicycle twenty feet high. There will be looms and rolling mills running, forges, sewing machines, printing presses, bakeries, etc., etc., in full blast.

On this day also the Welsh choirs will have their competitive singing in Allison's great building in West Philadelphia. They will number 2000 voices splendidly trained, and among other pieces they will sing a song especially written for them, called "Pennsylvania," the effect of which must be heard to be appreciated.

On the evening of this day will be given Tableaux Vivants, of which I believe you have already received a complete description. That description, however falls very far short of the reality, whose splendor and gorgeousness exceed anything ever attempted. The peculiarly constructed reflector lamps, shading the eyes of the spectator and throwing their floods of light directly upon the tableaux, some of which are 26 feet and thirty feet long, will accomplish this.

But above all the grandest sight to the stranger will be to see the illumination. Philadelphia illuminated and dressed in flags means something that is exceptionally magnificent, something to be remembered with joy and satisfaction for a lifetime. Imagine over 150,000 houses all lit up with jets in every window-pane, public and other buildings ablaze with fancy designs in gas, and the shipping on the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill trimmed and decked out with swing lamps of various colors.

On Thursday the festivities will assume another shape. At Allison's building the Welsh choirs and United German singing societies will sing selected pieces, as will also most likely the children of the public schools to the number of between 3000 and 5000.

In Fairmount Park five hundred bicycles will have a grand "meet" and parade after which they will ascend to the top of the reservoir hill and there perform some wonderful racing and fancy riding.

Under the auspices of the Schuylkill Navy, will be given a regatta, open to all amateur oarsmen, which will doubtless be a memorable affair, as invitations to compete for the elegant prizes have been sent all over the United United States. And there will be such rowing as has not been witnessed for many years.

The Caledonian and other national clubs will give exhibitions of the sports and games peculiar to their respective countries.

Friday closes the feast with a scene of grandeur and exhibition of powers quite worthy of the occasion. While on the preceding days Pennsylvania exhibits her glories of peace, she, on that day, displays her glories of war, her mighty, mailed arm, grim and yet joyous, for every gun will be loaded with bouquets instead of ball, and every cannon will be spiked with sweet white carnations. Major-General Hartranft may well feel proud, when on that morning, with twenty-three thousand of Pennsylvania's troops and Grand Army Posts behind him, he orders his trumpeters to sound the advance, and his colums march over the route assigned them, with their standards and bodies wounded in the hundred battle-fields of the war that saved the Republic, and that kept for the old Keystone State her position at the top of the Union Arch.

I will, in my next, give you many more interesting details, which I cannot crowd into this communication.

Before closing, let me suggest that parties having horses and harness will find remunerative employment for them in Philadelphia during the Celebration.

Very respectfully yours,
CHAS. W. ALEXANDER,
Secretary.

A Practical Utopia.

Phila. Record.

Where a Prominent Physician Works as a Farm Laborer and Sleeps Like a Top.

The friends of Dr. J. E. Garretson, the distinguished physician of West Chestnut street, have known for some years that he has been engaged in literary work other than the writing of professional treatises, but his identity with "John Darby," the philosopher, whose name is familliar to a wide circle of readers, has just been announced. In "Brushland," which is "John Darby's" latest book, the fashionable physician who seeks a philosophical Utopia in rough farm work and an ordinary farmer's life is none other than Dr. Garretson, and the most interesting thing about it is the fact that it is a true sketch of the development of a philosophic theory by the docter himself. Ten years ago he determined to personally find out whether the society of simple men could be as agreeable as that of profound men; if a bunk on a heather bank could woo sleep as easily as a feather bed; if pork and cabbage could taste as well as a croquette or a date de foir gras—in short, to test the success of a life of manual labor, simple fare and rustic shelter, instead of luxurious comforts and comparatively unlobrious occupation. No spot seemed to furnish a more promising field for a thorough test than the wild brushlands of New Jersey, and there, six years ago, the fashionable physician, the scholar and author, bought up for a song half a hundred unpromising acres, and literally transformed himself into a daily farm laborer. The Docter describes the place at the time of the purchase as so swampy that he was compelled to wade over a portion of it. Here he has worked in corduroys and heavy boots all through the vacations which could be taken from his large practice. He cut down trees, cleared the land, plowed, dug, delved and sawed from sunrise to sunset. He ate what the regular farm hands ate, even to the roughest fare, and passed the early part of the evening sitting on a fence-rail smoking a clay pipe and feeling delightfully tired out and ready for a sound night's sleep on a farm laborer's bed. Thus he lived a double life, and thus he has succeeded in finding a Utopia such as his philosophy had prepared him for; and some of the happiest moments of his life he says, are spent with hoe in hand in the brushland wilderness.

Profane Swearing.

Of all habits it would be difficult to name one that has less reason by provocation in it than of using profane or vulgar language. When coolly viewed, the act of one human being calling violently on his Maker to deliver over his fellow man to condemnation is wicked in the extreme; it is a vain and irreverent use of his Maker's name, and it is the expression of a harsh and infernal wish. But leaving the wickedness out of the question, it is useless and irrational; it brings no pleasure, nor comfort, nor release. No profane swearer is ever the wiser, richer or happier for his curses. He may curse his enemy for a lifetime, without turning one hair of his head white or black by the process.

Our language furnishes all the words and terms needed to give strength and vigor to expression without resorting to oaths and curses. All the words needed to express indignation and wrath even are found in it. An oath does not give strength and emphasis to the troubled man's yea; and all the oaths and maledictions that can be imagined cannot give an atom of strength to the liar's nay. Swearing is chiefly a habit; the oath which the well-bred man utters in a moment of passion or vexation may be palliated, for it is perhaps like an accident, but for the foul body of oaths and curses that the habitual swear pours out in ordinary conversation or on slight provocation, there is no shadow of excuse, but a shame to himself and a disgust to his acquaintances. Some men are such slaves to this vicious habit that they swear without knowing it; they converse in a dialect of oaths. They would be disgusted themselves if they could see one of their conversations taken in short-hand and put in print with coarse oaths bristling all along the line of their remarks. Profanity and vulgarity do not always go together but they are apt to. The swearer is in danger of becoming vulgar, and the vulgar man is invariably a swearer. When both habits meet in the same individual they make him intensely offensive to the pure minded people. It is imagined by some that an occasional oath or a little vulgarity gives spice or flavor to conversation but if it does, it is a very offensive flavor. There is nothing more charming than chaste and simple language, and it is worth any man's while to cultivate the habit of testing it. An oath would not be considered a flavor to the conversation of a modest and beautiful maiden, neither can it justly hold to add to the piquancy of female conversation.

A Duel in the Dark.

One of the Contestants Escapes Unhurt by Means of Ventriloquism.

DALLAS, Texas, Oct. 3.—A hostile meeting occurred last week between two miners in the Pecos Mining company's camp, twenty miles north of the Mexican border. The duelists were George Hollenbeck and William Stratton, both of whom were born in New York. They were educated at Cambridge; the former graduated as a lawyer and the latter as a physician. They enlisted and went through the war, serving in Colonel Gordon's One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York regiment. At the close of the war they returned home, but finding professional pursuits too tame for them they concluded to go west. Before they left home a difficulty arose between them which was prevented from ending in bloodshed by the interposition of mutual friends.

Last week they met in the Pecos mining camp, and determined to settle the old quarrel. Accordingly arrangements were consummated for a duel. They were to fight with pistols in a dark room. Each was to announce ready, after which a third party was to count three, when they were to fire. The room was dark as Egypt. They went into it, and announced ready from opposite corners. "One, two, three," and Stratton fired. Stratton fired a second shot, but the only response from Hollenbeck was a groan. Stratton, believing he had wounded Hollenbeck, fired a third shot in the direction of the groaning. The report of a pistol came from a corner directly opposite from where the groan appeared to proceed and Straton fell. No more shots being exchanged the miners opened the room and entered. A light revealed the fact that Stratton had been killed, while Hollenbeck was unhurt. Hollenbeck is a ventriloquist, and on entering the room, took his stand in a diagonal corner from his adversary, and to make him believe he was in the opposite cornor, threw his voice in that quarter of the room, where the bullets from his adversary's pistol harmlessly buried themselves in the wall. It had been so long since they had seen each other that Hollenbeck's ventriloquism had entirely escaped the memory of Stratton.

Married in the Highway.

Nashville (Tenn.) American.

A gentleman who arrived here from Cedar Hill last evening says that a romantic match occurred near that place yesterday morning. The bride's name was Miss Sellers, and that of the bridegroom Snyder. Mr. Snyder was notified by the young lady's parents in July last that he would be no longer welcome upon their premises, and a strict surveillance over the young lady was kept, as Mr. Snyder had already obtained his license and was privileged to marry whenever Miss Sellers should give her consent. The time wore on heavily with the now separated couple.

They met at a basket meeting which was in progress at Cedar Hill, and as soon as the arrangements could be made they were off to 'Squire Simmons' house; but that gentleman declined to marry them, as himself and Mr. Sellers were neighbors, and he did not want to have any breach of friendship. Nothing daunted, they went out on a public road to find another Magistrate. As luck would have it, they had not gone far before a Magistrate came riding along, going to the meeting. They halted him, explained their wishes, produced their license and were married. The happy couple then returned to the meeting together, to the great surprise of all who knew the previous circumstances. Neither had been missed from the meeting.

A Newport Romance.

Separated by their Creed but Faithful unto Death.

Providence Journal.

The Jewish Cemetery lies not far from the synagogue in the sweep made by the Kay street where it joins Touro. In the enclosure are two graves so near each other that as you stand by one your shadow falls upon the other; within them sleep two lovers, separated during life but united long since by death. Judah Touro and Catharine Hays were cousins, and among the Jews it is a crime for those so near of kin to marry. True to the religion and traditions of their race they separated never to meet again, although they lived to be old people. Neither of them married, content with the memory of their love and hearing of each other's welfare from mutual friends. They both died in January 1854, when he was 79 years of age and Catharine was 77. His name was the last word she uttered, and in his delirium before death called him he talked of walking in a beautiful garden with Catharine Hays, his first and only love. Judah Touro, however, did not let disappointment embitter his life, for he spent it in active benevolence, and from a fund left by him the means are provided to keep the cemetery in order. It is told of him that he built churches in New Orleans for all sects, even contributing toward the erection of a Unitarian place of worship. On his monument the following words are cut: "The last of his name, he inscribed it in the book of philanthropy to be remembered forever."

"THE bees are swarming and there is no end to them," said Farmer Jones coming into the house. His boy George entered a second afterward and said there was "an end to one of 'em and it was red hot, too."

Thurlow Weed's Guest.

New York Sun.

Two summers ago, when the windows of Mr. Thurlow Weed's house in Twelfth street were thrown open to let in the evening breeze, a pigeon of bright plumage flew into the room. It remained for hours and showed no disposition to depart, though it was free to escape. Mr. Weed fed it, supposing that it would fly away when its hunger was appeased. But it had come to stay and established at once as a household pet and especially as Mr. Weed's devoted personal friend. It flutters and coos about his reception room still and comes to him at his call eager to be petted.

Mr. Weed takes it out frequently to the garden at the back of his house and though other pigeons fly down to it and help eat its food, it will never join them in their flight after the meal is finished. When Mr. Weed goes out walking it often perches on his hand and remains with him for a considerable distance from the house, then flying back. One day it flew up along the housetops at some distance from home and Mr. Weed said to himself, "Well, the bird has gone at last." When he got home he found it perched above the doorway waiting to be let in. It fluttered down on his shoulder as he put the key in the door and flew into the hallway as soon as the door was opened. Mr. Weed has given it no name as yet.

"I would have named it long ago," said he with a smile in response to a reporter's inquiry, "had I known it was going to stay so long. It can not be driven away now."

ACCORDING to the *Charleston News and Courier*, the cost of running the South Carolina government during the seven years of the negro and carpet-bag Republican rule, from 1868 to 1875, was $1,447,900, per annum. For the four succeeding years under the white rule of citizens of the State, the average cost per annum was $996,000.

LOOK out for that sweet little insect the anthrenus throphoiariah. Lives on carpets, rugs and delicacies of similar character.

BEAVER is perhaps wise in letting the State Agricultural College matter severely alone. He never mentions it in his speeches.

IT is the opinion of Mr. Halstead, based on "recent political events in New York that the Administration has opened the next Presidential campaign with a mistake that falls little short of the prodigious." The same impression, unfortunately for the Administration, obtains in Redublican circles in the Empire State.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time-Table in effect on and after March 1, 1881:

Leaves Snow Shoe 5.36 A. M., arrives in Bellefonte 7.24 A. M.
Leaves Bellefonte 9.12 A. M., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.25 A. M.
Leaves Snow Shoe 2.30 P. M., arrives in Bellefonte 4.20 P. M.
Leaves Bellefonte 4.45 P. M., arrives at Snow Shoe 7.05 P. M.
S. S. BLAIR, Gen'l Superintendent

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time-Table, April 29, 1880:

Exp. A. M.	Mail. P. M.	WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	Exp. P. M.	Mail. A. M.
8 10	7 02	.....	Arrive at Tyrone Leave	.....	7 32	8 48
8 3	6 55	.....	Leave East Tyrone Leave	.....	7 39	8 55
7 59	6 51	.....	" Vail	" ...	7 42	8 58
7 55	6 47	.....	" Bald Eagle	" ...	7 47	9 02
7 48	6 36	.....	" Fowler	" ...	7 52	9 09
7 42	6 33	.....	" Hannah	" ...	7 55	9 13
7 35	6 25	.....	" Port Matilda	" ...	8 00	9 19
7 27	6 17	.....	" Martha	" ...	8 07	9 25
7 18	6 08	.....	" Julian	" ...	8 15	9 32
7 9	5 57	.....	" Unionville	" ...	8 23	9 39
7 00	5 48	.....	" Snow Shoe In	" ...	8 32	9 45
6 56	5 45	.....	" Milesburg	" ...	8 34	9 48
6 46	5 35	.....	" Bellefonte	" ...	8 43	9 57
6 36	5 25	.....	" Milesburg	" ...	8 54	10 08
6 25	5 15	.....	" Curtin	" ...	9 06	10 19
6 18	5 10	.....	" Mount Eagle	" ...	9 12	10 25
6 9	5 01	.....	" Howard	" ...	9 20	10 37
5 55	4 50	.....	" Eagleville	" ...	9 38	10 49
5 50	4 45	.....	" Beech Creek	" ...	9 40	10 54
5 34	4 33	.....	" Mill Hall	" ...	9 54	11 16
5 29	4 30	.....	" Flemington	" ...	9 57	11 20
5 25	4 25	.....	" Lock Haven	" ...	10 01	11 25

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after December 12, 1877:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 55 p m
" " Harrisburg		4 25 a m
" " Williamsport		8 35 a m
" " Lock Haven		9 40 a m
" " Renovo		10 55 a m
" arrives at Erie		7 35 p m
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia		7 20 a m
" " Harrisburg		10 50 a m
" " Williamsport		2 20 p m
" arrives at Renovo		4 40 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		4 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 45 a m
" " Harrisburg		3 35 p m
" " Williamsport		7 30 p m
" arrives at Lock Haven		8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven		6 40 a m
" " Williamsport		7 55 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg		11 55 a m
" " Philadelphia		3 45 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves Renovo		10 10 a m
" " Lock Haven		11 20 a m
" " Williamsport		12 40 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg		4 10 p m
" " Philadelphia		7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo		835 p m
" " Lock Haven		9 45 p m
" " Williamsport		11 05 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg		2 45 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		12 35 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg		3 58 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 35 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accommodation West, and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West, make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, make close connection at Lock Haven With B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R., at Corry with C. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West, Erie Express West, Philadelphia Express East and Day Express East, and Sunday Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
Gen'l Superintendent.

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