

The Centre Democrat.



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

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FRANK E. BIBLE, Editor

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

The death of General Grant, though long expected, inspires a genuine feeling of sorrow in every American heart. Since 1864 he has been the grand, central figure among all the great and illustrious men of his day. Cool, calm, deliberate and taciturn, the nation watched anxiously every move of the great, silent soldier from Donelson to Appomattox. When the nation called him to its chief magistracy, the watchful eyes of his fellow citizens were upon him. There were many misgivings as to the propriety of placing a great soldier at the head of the government and particularly a man whom the people knew so little about. He was only known as the most successful general of his age, an inveterate smoker and a man who absolutely refused to talk. The duties of the Executive he performed with an honesty of purpose which his bitterest enemies never doubted. The faults and failures of his administration must be charged to his subordinates. In the selection of his military household, he never made a mistake. In civil affairs he was without the slightest preparation himself, and his cabinet was little better than a nest of ward politicians. It is surprising therefore, not that his career in civil life should be as brilliant as it was; but that it was not a complete failure. After he laid aside his robe of office and took his trip around the world the eyes of his people followed him and each ovation paid to the hero of Donelson by the nations of the Old World stirred the pride of Americans everywhere. No American, dead or alive, occupied a larger space in the world's history than did Gen. Grant. It is utterly folly to impeach his reputation as one of the greatest military men of his age. Only the blindness and prejudice of intense partisanship will do that. That the dead man has been slandered and maligned in the heat of political campaigns is the penalty which greatness pays to the most disgusting feature of politics, personal warfare on private character. It is the one thing which every American statesman from the time of Washington, down, has shared with him. In his business troubles, brought on through no fault of his, unless his belief in every man's honesty and integrity were a fault, he had the sympathy of the people. In his last and long illness the heart of this great nation warmed to him as it never did to man before. His name is graven high in the pantheon of American greatness. His victories are those of an united and grateful nation. Time cannot efface nor the grave cover up a nation's gratitude. The great soldier, mustered out at Mt. McGregor, is another bond that binds in indissoluble union the greatest nation of the world, and mutely appeals to people for a nobler and better standard by which to judge our public men than the bitter partisanship of the press, and the invective of political orators.

Party Pledges.

The democratic party pledged itself to reform in the Civil Service and there should be no "bucking" against it; the pledges should be redeemed to the very letter. People have begun to exact fulfillment of a party's contracts, the same as they would those of an individual. If platforms are made only to be broken as they have been in the past, it is better not to have a platform. They can't be broken with impunity, and it won't be healthy for our party to try it. The declarations of President Cleveland, the pledges made on the stump, and by the press must be redeemed. The

anxious office-seeker who complains of the slowness of the administration in turning the rascals out, might do well to take an inventory of stock and determine whether he "fills the bill." If every man was measured by his own standard, the incompetents would soon outnumber both "rascals" and "offensive partisans." But the standard in use at Washington is the Cleveland scale, and many light weights have dangled in the air only to be rejected. Stand up to the plighted faith of the party. Recommend none but competent and deserving men. Be assured Mr. Cleveland will make no bad appointments if he knows it. The man who recommends an incompetent man, knowing him to be such, stultifies himself, goes back on his party, and cheats the administration. Give the administration time and the rascals will be turned out. Give the administration time and no rascals will be put in. Stand by your party pledges.

Anti-Monopoly.

About the gravest question that is now engaging the attention of the people of Pennsylvania is the giant monopoly that is violating her constitution by obtaining control of competing and parallel lines of railroad. The capacity of the Penna. R. R., to absorb smaller corporations is unlimited. She has steadily refused to accept the provisions of the new constitution, and has as persistently violated them. Her creatures defeated the anti-discrimination bill last winter in the legislature, and now that she has obtained control of two lines of road which would divide with her the traffic of the state, she is absolutely master of the situation. What are the people of the state to do? Their constitution is set aside or openly violated. Their legislature is owned by that corporation, and some of their courts are about in the same condition. The republican legislature of last fall is responsible for the defeat of the anti-discrimination bill, as it has been responsible for all the vicious legislation of the past twenty years, which has made that corporation so potent in the state. No protest is uttered by the last republican convention against the men who defeated the Wallace bill. It is absurd for the people of this commonwealth to look to the republican party for relief from the monopolies that are strangling her industries and pauperizing her labor. They must look to the party that is of the people and by the people. In the success of the democratic party only, can we expect protection from the greed and avarice of monopolies. We need but one plank in our platform this fall, and that is ANTI-MONOPOLY, a good, square man to stand on it, and an aggressive campaign. The people are ripe for a political revolt. None are so blind as not to see at whose feet the great state of Pennsylvania will soon lie. Are you opposed to all kinds of monopolies that steal away the rights, crush out the independence and violate the magna charta of the people of this great state? Then vote with your democratic neighbor. Gradually and insiduously the canker worm of monopoly is gnawing at the vitals of the state. Anybody who can trace the history of the great monopolies which have grown so powerful and arrogant, will find the starting point a small dot in the great circle which widens and extends its boundaries year by year. What relief can you expect from the party which has contributed to and fostered their growth? Vote with the party that is opposed to monopolies of all kinds. Vote and identify yourself with the anti-monopoly party.

THE idea of Gen. Blair editing a Democratic paper will cause a broad grin all over the county. Rumor is off her eggs, badly.

ASHES TO ASHES.

EARTH'S GREATEST HERO IS TAKEN BY DEATH.

General Grant Passes Away Into the Land of Shadows—The Peaceful Ending of the Life of an Illustrious Man—The Last Sad Scene.

The Tomb to be in Central Park. New York—Funeral August 8th.

Mr. MCGREGOR, July 23.—General Grant breathed his last at 8:08 o'clock this morning. The lethargic condition in which he had lain the greater part of the time since the exhaustion of Monday, and which yesterday convinced the physicians that death was near, deepened as the afternoon wore by, and the successive intervals of scarcely perceptible rally grew further and further apart. A few minutes before 8 o'clock Drs. Douglass, Shardy and Sands stood on the cottage veranda, conversing on the condition of their patient and discussing the probabilities of his death and limit of life left the sick man. Mrs. Sartoris and Stenographer Dawson were conversing a little distance away when Henry, the nurse, stepped hastily upon the piazza and spoke quietly to the physicians. He told them he thought the General was very near to death.

The medical men hastily entered the room where the sick man was lying and approached his side. Instantly upon scanning the patient's face Dr. Douglass ordered the family to be summoned to the bedside. Haste was made, and Mrs. Grant, Mr. Jesse Grant and wife, U. S. Grant, Jr., and wife, and Mrs. Colonel Grant were quickly beside the doctors at the sick man's cot. Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Dawson had followed the doctor in from the piazza, and the entire family were present except Colonel Fred. Grant. A hasty summons was sent for him, but he entered the sick room while the messenger was searching for him. The colonel seated himself at the head of the bed, with his left arm resting upon the pillow above the head of the general, who was breathing rapidly and with slightly gasping respirations.

Mrs. Grant, calm, but with intense agitation bravely suppressed, took a seat close by the bedside. She leaned slightly upon the cot, resting upon her right elbow, and gazed with tear-blinded eyes into the general's face. She found there, however, no token of recognition, for the sick man was peacefully and painlessly passing into another life. Mrs. Sartoris came behind her mother, and leaning over her shoulder, so witnessed the close of a life in which she had constituted a strong element of pride. Directly behind Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris and at a little distance removed, stood Drs. Douglass, Shardy, and Sands as spectators of a closing life their efforts and counsel had so prolonged.

On the opposite of the bed from his mother and directly before her sat Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., and near the corner of the cot, on the same side as Jesse, and near to each, was M. N. E. Dawson, the general's stenographer and confidential secretary. At the foot of the bed and gazing directly down into the general's face were Mrs. Col. Fred. Grant, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., and Mrs. Jesse Grant, while somewhat removed from the family circle, Henry, the nurse, and Harrison Tyrrell, the general's body-servant were respectively watching the closing life of the patient and master.

The members of the group had been summoned not a moment sooner than was prudent. The doctors noted on entering the room and pressing to the bedside, that already the purplish tinge, which is one of nature's signals of final dissolution, had settled beneath his finger-nails. The hand that Dr. Douglass lifted was fast growing colder than it had been through the

night. The pulse had fluttered beyond the point where the physicians could distinguish it from the pulse beats in his own finger-tips. The respiration was very rapid and was a succession of shallow, panting inhalations. But, happily, the approaching end was becoming clear of the rattling fullness of the throat and lungs and as the respirations grew quicker and more rapid at the close they also became less labored and almost noiseless. This fact was, in its results, a comfort to the watchers by the bedside, to whom was spared the scene of agonizing or other than a peaceful death.

The wife almost constantly stroked the face, forehead and hands of the dying general, and at times, as the passionate longing to prevent the event so near would rise within her, Mrs. Grant pressed both his hands, and leaning forward, tenderly kissed the face of the sinking man. Colonel Fred. Grant sat silently, but with evident feeling, though his bearing was that of a soldier son at the death-bed of a hero father. U. S. Grant, Jr., was deeply moved, but Jesse bore the scene steadily. The ladies, while watching with wet cheeks, were silent, as befitted the dignity of a life such as was closing before them.

The morning had passed five minutes beyond 8 o'clock and there was not one of the strained, waiting watchers but who could mark the nearness of the life-tide to its final ebbing. Dr. Douglass noted the nearness of the supreme moment and quietly approached the bedside and bent over it, and while he did so the sorrow of the gray-haired physician seemed closely allied with that of the family. Dr. Shardy also drew near—it was seven minutes after 8 o'clock, and the eyes of the general were closing. His breathing grew more hushed as the last functions of the heart and lungs were hastened, to the closing of the ex-president's life. A peaceful expression seemed to be deepening in the firm and strong-lined face, and it was reflected as a closing comfort in the sad hearts that beat quickly under the stress of loving suspense. A minute more passed and was closing as the general drew a deeper breath. There was an exhalation like that of one relieved of long and anxious tension. The members of the group were impelled a step nearer the bed, and each waited to note the next respiration. But it did not come then. It never came. There was absolute stillness in the room and a hush of expectant suspense. No sound broke the stillness save the singing birds in the pines outside the cottage and the measured throbbing of the engine that all night had waited by the mountain depot down the slope.

"It is all over!" quietly spoke Dr. Douglass, and there came then heavily to each witness the realization that General Grant was dead. Then the doctors withdrew, the nurse closed the eyelids and composed the dead general's head, after which each of the family group pressed to the bedside, one after the other, and touched their lips upon the quiet face so lately stilled. Dr. Shardy passed out upon the piazza, and as he did so he met Dr. Newman hastening up the steps. "He is dead," remarked Dr. Shardy, quietly. The fact of having been absent from the side of the dying man and his family at the last, was a cause of sorrow and sad regret to the clergyman, who had waited all night at the cottage. He had been summoned from his breakfast a moment too late and reached the cottage only in time to minister to the family sorrow and gaze upon the scarcely-hushed lips of the dead general, to whom Dr. Newman's love had bound him in such close ties and relations. Those who saw and knew and all who learned of the clergyman's absence from the death-bed quickly spoke the impulse of hearty sympathy. Soon after Drs. Douglass and Shardy

left the death bed they conversed feelingly of the latter hours of General Grant's life. The pulse first had indicated failure, and the intellect was last to succumb. Its clearness and conscience tenacity began to wane after midnight last night, though a circumstance at 3 o'clock indicated cognizance. "Do you want anything, father?" questioned Colonel Fred Grant at that hour. "Water," whispered the General, huskily. But when offered water and milk they gurgled in his throat and were ejected and that one word of response was the last utterance of General Grant.

Within twenty minutes after the death of General Grant, Karl Gerhardt, a Hartford sculptor, who has been making a study here of the general, was summoned to the cottage to make a plaster mask of the dead man's face. He was highly successful.

The following was received this afternoon by Colonel Grant:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 23.—Colonel F. D. Grant: I will send a representative this afternoon to New York, bearing a letter to Mrs. Grant and an order to confer with you in respect to the funeral ceremonies. GROVER CLEVELAND.

The family of General Grant have been constantly in receipt of messages of sympathy since the announcement of the General's death was sent out this morning.

At Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Shortly after 8 o'clock this morning the president was informed of the death of General Grant. He immediately directed that the flag on the white house should be placed at half-mast. The lowering of the flag was the first intimation the citizens of Washington had of the death of the distinguished man, although they had been anticipating it through the night.

A few minutes after the white house flag was placed at half-mast, the flags on all the public buildings and on many private ones were placed in like position, the bells of the city were tolled and citizens hearing them readily recognized their meaning. While the bells tolled President Cleveland sent the following dispatch to Mrs. Grant at Mt. McGregor:

"Accept this expression of my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your great affliction. The people of the nation mourn with you and would reach, if they could, with kindly comfort, the depth of sorrow which is yours alone and which only the pity of God can heal."

The Thursday meeting of the cabinet was called for 12 o'clock instead of 12, the usual hour, to take action on the death of the ex-president. The following proclamation was afterward issued by the president:

"The President of the United States has just received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and ex-president of the United States, General Ulysses S. Grant, at Mt. McGregor, in the state of New York, to which place he had lately been removed in the endeavor to prolong his life. In making this announcement to the people of the United States, the president is impressed with the magnitude of the public loss of a great military leader, who was in the hour of victory magnanimous, amid disaster serene and self-sustained; who in every station, whether as a soldier or a chief magistrate twice called to power by his fellow countrymen, trod unswervingly the pathway of duty, undeterred by doubts single-minded and straightforward. The entire country has witnessed with deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tearful sympathy. The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator who sent it forth. The great heart of the nation, that followed him when living with love and pride, bows now in sorrow above him dead. Tenderly mindful of his many virtues, his great patriotic services, and the loss occasioned by his death, in testimony of respect to the memory of General Grant, it is ordered that the executive mansion and the several departments at Washington be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that all public business shall on the day of the funeral be suspended, and the secretaries of war and of the navy will cause order to be issued for appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto

set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this twenty-third day of July, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth.

[Signed] GROVER CLEVELAND.
By the president:
T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.
The white house has been handsomely draped, the emblems of mourning being equal to those on the building at the time of the death of President Garfield. They are over and around windows and doors facing north, and the great pillars of a portico at north entrance are all covered with black.

The Place of Burial.

MT MCGREGOR, July 24.—On Monday the remains of General Grant will be placed in a casket, and the near friends will be permitted to view the remains. The disposition of the cottage in which General Grant died rests with Joseph W. Drexell, and the associated press is authorized to announce that the cottage will never again be occupied by any family or persons. Mr. Drexell will in due time present it to the state or national government. The house will be presented intact with all the present belongings, furniture and fixtures, as a gift to the nation or commonwealth.

It has been finally decided to bury General Grant in Central Park, New York. At 3:30 this afternoon Mr. Turner, Mayor Grace's chief clerk, received a message which determined the question of General Grant's burial place in favor of Central Park, New York. As soon as this message was received, Mr. Turner repaired at once to the cottage where a conference was held. At the close of the conference Colonel Grant assured the mayor's representative that he and his family had formally accepted the tender of a burial place for General Grant and Mrs. Grant in Central park in the city of New York, and the family would now proceed with all the funeral arrangements with reference to the above conclusion. The mayor's messenger then telegraphed to Mayor Grace the result of his mission. Mr. W. J. Arkell has arranged the following time table for the removal of the remains from Mt. McGregor Tuesday, August 4th: Leave Mt. McGregor at 1 p. m., August; 4 arrive at Saratoga at 2 p. m.; leave Saratoga at 2:30; arrive in Albany at 4:30; leave Albany at 12 o'clock noon, Wednesday, August 5th, and arrive about 4:30 p. m. in New York.

THE FUNERAL.

In the interval from 4:30 p. m. Tuesday to noon of Wednesday, August 5th, the remains will lie in state at the capitol, and from the time of arrival at New York on Wednesday afternoon until Saturday, August 8, the body will lie in state at city hall. Public obsequies of the funeral will take place on Saturday, August 8th, at such time as the civic authorities may arrange, and an interment will then follow in Central park.

WITH NATIONAL HONORS.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—President Cleveland was to-night advised by telegram from Adjutant General Drum, who is now at Mt. McGregor, that he had delivered the President's letter to Mrs. Grant, and that she and her children expressed a desire to have General Grant buried with national honors. Their wishes will be complied with, and the ceremonies will take place as indicated. President Cleveland and members of his cabinet will attend the funeral.

General Hancock will take entire charge of the military, and to him application must be made by all military organizations desiring to take part in the obsequies.

Affection Valued at \$10,000.

New York, July 15.—Rosie Levin, wife of Leopold O. Levin, who was in Bellevue hospital suffering from a pistol shot wound inflicted by himself, has begun suit against Rosa Glaser for \$10,000. Mrs. Levin alleges that in March Rosa Glaser set out deliberately to withdraw from her, her husband's affection and support and then when she had Levin completely in her power, cast him off, prostrating him so completely that he believed there was no hope for him on this side of the grave, and attempted to destroy himself.

A grain elevator is being erected by Jno. L. Thompson, at Leaman, and will be under the management of Brown & Armstrong.