

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE GENTLE POET EDITOR WHO ENCOURAGED MEN OF GENIUS.

A Stormy Journalistic Career the Result of His Caustic Pen—A Few Pungent Paragraphs—An Almost Fatal Quarrel. The Civil War.

After leaving college Prentice studied law, but not meeting with immediate success, he drifted into journalism. He was the first editor of the once celebrated New England Review, and it was on that periodical that he won his spurs.

Soon after this Mr. Prentice was sent to Kentucky by a number of prominent Whigs to gather material for a life of Henry Clay, then about to be nominated for the presidency. While in Louisville on this mission he was offered the editorship of a new daily paper, then being established in opposition to the Jackson Democracy. He accepted the position and was for the remainder of his life closely identified with the political and literary life of the south. He resigned the editorship of The Review, recommending as his successor John G. Whittier, then an unknown poet, who had sent some of his first poems to The Review.

Upon assuming the editorial control of The Journal, Prentice at once placed it among the most influential papers of the day, and made the political and literary departments alike shine with the light of his talented pen. It became the acknowledged organ of the Whig party in the south and west, and to the last supporter of Henry Clay for president. Prentice and "Harry of the West" became fast friends, and Clay was the inspirer of some of the most brilliant editorials which appeared in The Journal. But it is not intended here to review the political course of The Journal under the editorship of Prentice, though the life of the man and the paper are so closely identified that it is almost impossible to separate them. In its editorials it was sharp and pointed, sometimes being almost cruel in its threats, but more often they were sweetened with good humor.

Here are a few: "Have I changed?" exclaims Governor P. We don't know; that depends on whether you were ever an honest man.

The editor of the — speaks of his "lying curled up in bed these cold mornings." This verifies what we said of him some time ago: "He lies like a dog."

The Globe says: "Mr. Clay is a sharp politician." No doubt of it; but the editor of The Globe is a sharper.

Messrs. Bell & Topp, of The Gazette, say that "Prentices are made to serve masters." Well, Bells were made to be hung and Topp to be whipped.

Mr. Prentice made many enemies by the course of his paper, and had not a few personal difficulties, nearly all of which he came out of with grace and honor to himself. This was not an easy matter when it is known that he was a bitter opponent of the duello, which was at that time so popular in the south. His position is defined in a letter to one of his challengers: "I am no believer in the dueling code. I would not call a man to the field unless he had done me such a deadly wrong that I desired to kill him, and I would not obey his call to the field unless I had done him so mortal an injury as to entitle him, in my opinion, to demand an opportunity of taking my life."

One of his quarrels came near being fatal to the poet, however. An editor named Trotter became incensed at some of The Journal's personal allusions, fired at Prentice on the street and wounded him in the breast. Though severely wounded, the poet grappled with his would-be murderer, and after a fierce struggle, succeeded in throwing him to the ground. A knife was given him by one of his friends, and the crowd which had gathered, seeing the blood which was flowing from the wound in Prentice's breast, shouted: "Kill him! Kill him!" But the gentle poet released the subdued Trotter with the chivalrous remark: "I cannot kill a disarmed and helpless man."

A volume of the epigrammatical paragraphs which gave Prentice so much trouble were collected during his lifetime under the title of "Prenticeana," and though many of them have lost their point by the lapse of time, one reading them can hardly wonder that the author got into frequent trouble with the hot blooded men at whom they were aimed.

Though The Journal was to a great extent a political paper, its literary department was to many its greatest charm. The gifted editor gave his special attention to it, and in the midst of a great political crisis he would find time to contribute to it himself and to read and criticize personally the numerous poetical effusions which were submitted to him. Many a well known American author has somewhere among his papers a letter from the kindly poet editor encouraging him with advice. He praised without stint if it was deserved, but he was quick to see when the poetic gift was lacking, and he would then be the first to tell the aspirant of his lack. His name is associated with the first attempts of many of the most successful and gifted writers of the day. Among the contributors to The Journal, when they were yet unknown in the world of letters, were John G. Whittier, John Howard Payne, James Freeman Clark, Mrs. Sigourney, Alice and Fanny Cary, William Dean Howells, William Wallace Harney and Forcette Willson. The latter was one of the most remarkable of The Journal's contributors, and was the favorite protégé of Prentice. He resembled Poe in the eccentricity and weird imagery of his composition, and he had that subtle and delicate genius which the poet editor liked so much to encourage and had in so great a degree himself.

Several years before the civil war Mr. Prentice made some reputation as a lecturer, both in northern and southern cities. He took a gloomy outlook, and predicted that unless some statesman arose equal to the occasion there would be no resort left but war if Lincoln was elected. He lamented the death of Henry Clay at this crisis, and in referring to it said: "Ulysses has gone upon his wanderings and there is none left in all Ithaca to bend his bow."

He supported Bell and Everett, and when they were defeated he had no alternative but to support the successful candidate. Great influence was brought to bear on him by the southern leaders to get him to support secession, but he remained steadfast. He thought it his duty, and, to his great soul, that was enough. It was the greatest trouble of his life, and no doubt it hastened his death.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Hurt It Much. At Governor Ross' inaugural ball at Austin a legislator from eastern Texas was very much bewildered, as he had never attended any similar scene of feasting. In his confusion he sat down on the hat of a senator.

"Look here, sir, I don't like this," said the senator.

"Don't like what?"

"You are sitting on my silk hat."

"Well, darn my cats, if I ain't sorry, kernal, but I don't think I hurt it much; I have only been sitting here for a few minutes."

The hat looked as if the senator's legislature, sitting as a committee of the whole, had sat on it for a week.—Texas Siftings.

RUSSIA'S SPLENDID MILITARY SHOW.

How a Major of Our Regular Army Got to See the Big Show.

Maj. Upham, of our regular army, who had been sent by our government to France to observe the improvement in tactics, resolved to go up to St. Petersburg. When he got there he found that a splendid review, to occupy ten days, with sham battles, was about to take place in the environs of St. Petersburg. He had left his uniform and sword in Paris, and to send for them would have required that they pass across several nations and be stopped at all their custom houses. So he applied to the secretary of legation, who was a Philadelphian and a very decent fellow, but slightly under the European morale, to go and see this review. He was told that that was a country of etiquette and that he might as well abandon the idea of seeing the review. A note was written to make that request in his behalf, and the answer was that he must appear in uniform and sword. I made that request for him, in fact, of the legation, as was my duty, being in the consular service.

After it was refused I said to him: "Now, I have obeyed the regulations of my office, and I will get your permission on my own account to go out there." I told him to say nothing to anybody else. I wrote to the general commanding the camp. Word came back at once that at the railroad station Maj. Upham would find his ticket. I went out there with him and was taken up to the room of the general. He was a rude, gray old man, who sat there with his vest off and not very considerate about the cleanliness of his shirt. He said: "Good morning, general. Where is your friend?" I introduced Maj. Upham.

Said he: "You shall have every opportunity to see what we are doing here. If you want to take soldier fare with you in a tent you can have it. I wish I had my own hotel here to entertain you. But there is a little hotel down the street where you can find fair accommodations. Every morning at your door will be horses and orderlies. Make yourself at home; see everything; whenever you want to, join my staff." This man was a duke; so we stayed out there ten days and saw magnificent tactics. They had sham battles and splendid cavalry maneuvers, and I think Upham had a first rate chance.

When we came back to St. Petersburg the secretary of legation said that he was sorry Maj. Upham had not brought his sword and uniform, but there was no remedy under such a government of etiquette. "H—," said we, "we have been out there ten days and had a first rate time."—Gen. P. M. B. Young in "Gath's" Enquirer Letter.

A Duel Out West.

"I've a notion you don't remember when Wild Bill killed Dave Tutt? Well, I guess not. You must 'a' been quite a kid then. Dave said Bill owed him money, an' Bill's watch bein' on the table, Dave picked it up and said he 'lowed he'd keep the watch until Bill paid him the money. Bill said he didn't owe Dave no money, but Dave said he did, an' stuck to it. Bill looked kind o' queer when he said, 'Dave you'd better put down that watch; but Dave laughed an' said he didn't give a d—.

Just at noon Tutt started to cross the square, an' purty soon Bill was seen also on the other side. We was holdin' our breath, for it was life an' death to two o' the bravest men that ever drawed. Tutt's friends was on one side o' the square an' Bill's on the other. Bill's near Tutt an' Tutt's near Bill. When the men reached the middle o' the square, bein' quite a distance apart, though they turned to 'rd each other, an' both pistols went off at once, as though they was only one. Bill didn't wait to see the effect o' his shot, but turned to Tutt's friends, an' throwin' his gun down on 'em, remarked very quiet an' gentlemanly, 'Are you satisfied, gentlemen?' They was, an' never said nothin'.

Just then Tutt, who had been standin' still an' movin' his pistol as though he was goin' to fire again, staggered a little an' dropped without a groan. Bill's bullet had caught him through the heart, while his ball had tore through Bill's hat, just raisin' the hair slightly. That was a duel, now, an' don't you forget it, an' the whole town was seconded. There wasn't no business done until after it was settled, an' everybody agreed that the thing was bang up an' on the square. No gun intended.—Chicago Tribune.

Manuscript for the Record.

I imagine that the compositors and proof readers employed in getting out The Congressional Record will breathe a sigh of relief, now that the last number of that interesting publication is about to appear. They have much to contend with, though the copy furnished to them under ordinary circumstances is remarkably clean and legible. There are exceptions, however; Senator Call, for instance, has the reputation of being the worst offender among public men against the type's peace. His copy is uniformly in lead pencil, and sometimes almost impossible to decipher. In revising the reporter's manuscript he makes it an invariable rule to fill up the blank spaces, whether the interpolated matter strengthens his arguments or not. Senator Beck also corrects the official reports with a blunt lead pencil, but his elaborate chirography is plain as type writer copy. Senator-elect Daniel writes a fine woman's hand and always omits to cross his "p's" and dot his "i's." This little omission is often very confusing to the compositor. Judge Holman's handwriting is bold and rugged. Senator Edmunds, whose long complicated periods rival Senator Everts' invaled sentences, rarely touches the reports of his remarks, and in consequence the printer is often at a loss for a key. The New York senator is sustaining his reputation for long periods, having in a recent issue of The Record delivered himself of twenty-eight lines with no longer pause than that afforded by a comma.—Cor. New York Tribune.

A School for Crime.

Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, in a recent interview said: "I notice that there is in prison a large number of children under 15 years of age. It is a shame that Tennessee should not have some place of refuge for these poor little creatures and not place them among hardened criminals. Judges and jury should not send children to prison, and I shall deem it my duty to uphold the honor of Tennessee by pardoning them. I am confident I will benefit more by this step than by allowing them to remain in a school for crime. I have requested the warden to prepare for me a list of the names and offenses of every person in prison under 15. They nor any other child shall stay there while I am governor of Tennessee."

Steam Power for Everybody.

A New York steam company furnishes steam power through pipes to 435 engines from a large steam station on Greenwich street. The conductors or pipes used for conveying the steam are of very large dimensions. The steam when delivered to the engine is wet, and the pressure is about eighty or possibly ninety pounds.—Chicago Times.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

A quarter of a century ago in most parts of the country, softening of the brain, paralysis, heart disease and complaints of a kindred character were of very rare occurrence. Now they are quite frequent. Stout, active business men are stricken down almost without warning and either carried to their graves or rendered helpless for life. What is the cause? We are living too fast, or throwing too much of life's labors upon one portion of the vital forces, and thereby exhausting or weakening the other parts of the system. Are the brain and nervous system overworked to such an extent that they give way at once and close the days of man's usefulness? It would look that way. In the olden time men managed money by the thousands; now they direct and control millions. The business of the largest houses in the principal cities and town was then confined to single counties or very limited extent of country, now it extends from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific. And for each of the gigantic enterprises involving the expenditure of millions of money, there must be one central head to direct every movement. The result is days of unremitting labor, and sleepless nights passed in thinking and planning. The pressure upon the brain becomes to great, and like an overcharged engine the fabric gives way. This it would seem to every one is the reasonable conclusion.

It will be noticed that the man of moderate means and engaged in limited business, who has time to spare for rest and recreation, does not fall a victim to the disease mentioned. His ailments are ordinarily brought on by exposure or excess of some kind, or the system gives slowly and gradually away, all the vital forces decaying in equal proportions. This is the result of close observation, and will be probably confirmed by medical experience.

HOW CHOLERA TRAVELS

The disease is best known in Europe under the name of cholera, cholera morbus, Asiatic cholera, since the epidemic of 1817 to 1819, in which the English army, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, during a war against the natives, was rendered unfit for fighting and almost annihilated. But cholera has never visited Europe until the present century, when in 1830 it appeared in Russia and spread to Poland, where war was prevailing. Since that time, sometimes at longer and sometimes at shorter intervals, cholera has appeared in Europe. The question why cholera remained in India a thousand years before it first began to migrate to one of the great interests, but one which cannot be satisfactorily answered. The principal consideration appears to me that the event happened at the time when intercommunication in all directions, both by land and water, had become more rapid. The first steamship appeared in the Indian waters at the beginning of the decade of the present century. By land also intercourse was greatly accelerated. The Russians possibly took cholera from India, Arabia, Afghanistan or Persia, through couriers and stage-coaches. It soon became clear that cholera, the specific cholera germ, was in some way or other propagated along the path of human intercourse, and it also became evident that unless the germs found a suitable soil within a certain time they did not flourish. Observers soon discovered that cholera was more prone to appear in certain regions and to effect certain localities, while it shunned other districts; and, again, that other regions were only visited at intervals of many years. It is also a fact that Asiatic cholera never yet appeared at a place which had not previously been in communication with a region where cholera prevailed; and, further, that the disease from an infected locality never yet passed on to another place if the journey lasted a certain time without interruption. The large intercourse between India and Europe, more particularly England, by means of ships which sail around the Cape of Good Hope, had never succeeded in carrying cholera from India to England.—Popular Science Monthly.

Railroad Accident

GALVESTON, Tex., July 31.—A railroad wreck occurred on the East Line, four miles west of Farmersville last evening. The rear coach attached to the mixed train ran off the track and fell down an embankment and was totally wrecked. There were eight or ten passengers on board. The following persons were hurt: W. H. Mills, a farmer, was seriously injured internally and may die; Mrs. W. H. Mills his wife, had her right arm and hand fractured badly; G. H. Mason, a young man, was hurt seriously in the neck and back; H. M. Ramsey, of Baltimore was bruised about the neck and face; A. Rowell, postal clerk received severe bruises, E. J. Pile, of Farmersville has his head and one of his arms bruised; R. J. Leachman, of Dallas, was bruised on the side. The engine pulled out for Farmersville as soon as the accident occurred and took back several physicians to the scene. The injured persons were brought to town and given every attention. The train was running at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. The engineer and conductor say the accident was due to the condition of the track.

Philadelphia on Record.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—The last day of the month was no exception in the matter of hot weather and the month goes on record as the hottest ever known. There have been but two cool days and these were only cool in comparison with the sweltering days that had already been endured. The highest number of deaths on any one day was thirty-four on July 16, and there have been but a few days when there were none reported, the numbers ranging from three to a dozen. To-day there was eight deaths and three cases of prostration. A heavy shower accompanied by thunder and lightning passed over the city during the afternoon and evening, which afforded temporary relief, but after the storm had ceased the atmosphere became heavy and oppressive.

Fresh bread and rolls in time for breakfast every morning at Jacob's.

A Terrible Tragedy.

MACON, Aug. 7.—The details of a horrible tragedy, twelve miles from this city, have just been made public. A well-to-do farmer named Richard Woolfolk and his six children lived in a sparsely settled neighborhood in Bibb county. The family went to bed as usual Friday night. It was discovered early yesterday morning that Mr. Woolfolk, his wife and the six children were dead. On each of them were marks of violence, showing that they were the victims of foul play. That all were murdered during the night there can be no doubt whatever. As soon as the horrible tragedy was reported in the settlement people began visiting the Woolfolk homestead. Taste they saw a ghastly confirmation of the rumors.

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

The old man and his wife were stone dead, and the six children were covered with blood, and the beds on which they were killed were bespattered with gore. On the bodies of the man and woman were frightful wounds. The excited people knew not where to look for the murderers, as they had no clue to the perpetrators of the deed. It was supposed that burglars had entered the house and had been resisted by Woolfolk, and they killed him; then to leave no living witness they killed one after the other of the family. Upon examination it was seen that no robbery had been committed. Valuables lay around the room untouched. This further mystified the people. Thomas J. Woolfolk, the oldest son of the murdered man, was apprised of the killing. He acted so strangely as to excite the suspicion of the neighbors. In the afternoon he was arrested and placed in jail charged with the murder of his father, mother, four sisters and two brothers. He was indignant at the arrest, and indignantly denies the accusation.

FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.

The funeral of the victims of Thos. J. Woolfolk took place to-day at Rose Hill Cemetery in the presence of three thousand people. The services were brought to an abrupt termination by the arrival of Mrs. Edward's own sister of the murderer who was in Athens at the time of the commission of the crime. Heartrending scenes followed bringing tears to the eyes of every spectator. Woolfolk was carried to Atlanta early this morning for safe keeping. He continues to deny his guilt.

W.R.CAMP

Manufacturer and Dealer in FINE FURNITURE, UNDERTAKING and Embalming A SPECIALTY. No. 7 West Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.

SECHLER & CO., Groceries, Provisions, FOREIGN FRUITS and CONFECTIONERY. MEAT MARK in connection.

STEWARE.—In all sizes of all the desirable shape best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Oranges and lemons of the finest quality to be had. We buy the best and justest lemons we can find. They are better and cheaper than the very low priced goods.

FRUIT JARS.—We have the new lighting fruit jar and Mason's patent-lined and glass top jars. The lighting jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lighting jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons.

MEATS.—Fine sugar-cured Hams, Shoulders, Break fast Bacon and dried Beef. Naked and canvases. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell.

OUR MEAT MARKET.—We have fifty fine lambs from our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs and always try to have a fine stock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times.

SECHLER & CO., GROCERIES & MEAT MARKET, Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. SINE'S SYRUP WATCHES YOU SLEEP.

WILLIAMS' Wall Paper and Window Shades. EMPORIUM, No. 46, HIGH STREET BELLEFONTE, PA.

We are now ready for spring trade. Our line is now full and complete; choice goods of all grades from 10c. to \$3.50 BROWN BACK 10c.; PATENT BACK 12c.; WHITE BACKS 15c.; SATINS 20c.; MICAS 30c.; BRONZES from 40 to 50 cts.; EMBOSSED GOLDS from 60 to 90c.; HAND PRINTS and VELOURS, from \$1.00 to \$3.50

A FULL LINE OF WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES Can put them up at short notice.

We also have good paper hangers, ceiling decorators and house painters.

Are prepared to execute jobs in town or country Have telephone connection.

Please drop in and see our line, or call us and we will come to see you and bring samples.

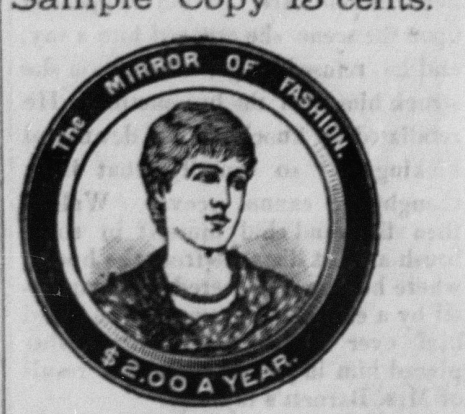
S. H. WILLIAMS.

—We are now prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy JOB PRINTING and BOOK BINDING. All work warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed. BLANK BOOKS of all descriptions made to order, and all kinds of papers magazines and periodicals bound in the best style and for the least money. Call at the CENTRE DEMOCRAT and see for yourself.

W.R.CAMP FINE FURNITURE, UNDERTAKING and Embalming A SPECIALTY.

No. 7 West Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1887. Sample Copy 13 cents.



\$2 A YEAR ALWAYS IN ADVANCE Beautiful Premiums to every Subscriber.

Terms to Clubs. Extra Premiums to Club Raisers: 2 Copies.....\$3.50 3 Copies.....4.50 5 Copies.....7.75

For list of Premiums and terms to larger clubs; send for Sample Copy, which will give you full information.

GODEY'S, at the present time is admitted by press and people to be superior to any ladies' magazine in America, having the greatest variety of departments, ably edited.

The literary features are: Serials, Novels, Short Stories, Charades, Poems, etc.

Among the popular authors who will contribute to GODEY, are: J. V. Fitch, Miss Emily Reed, John Churchill, William Miller Butler, Emily Lennox and others.

Engravings appear in every number, of subjects by well-known artists, and produced by the newest processes. In its Colored Fashions GODEY'S leads in colors and styles. Both modistes and home dressmakers accord them the foremost position.

Paper Patterns are one of the important features of this magazine; each subscriber being allowed to select their own pattern every month, an item alone more than subscription price.

Practical Hints upon Dressmaking show how garments can be renovated and made over by the patterns given.

Practically hints for the household show young housekeepers how to manage the culinary department with economy and skill.

Fashion Notes, at Home and Abroad delight every lady's heart.

The Colored and Black Work Designs give all the newest ideas for fancy work.

The Cooking Recipes are under the control of an experienced housekeeper.

The Architectural Department is a practical utility, careful estimates being given with each plan.

CLUB RAISER'S PREMIUMS. GODEY'S has arranged to give elegant Silver Plated Ware of superior makers a premium, the value of which in some instances reaches over \$25 for one premium. Send 15c. for Sample copy which contain Illustrated Premiums with full particulars and terms.

Address: GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, Pa.

In Club with this paper, GODEY'S and The Centre Democrat Price \$2.75, which should be sent to the office of this Paper.

DR. SELLS' LIVER PILLS

The Great LIFE Giving Power, Complexion Beautifier

AND CURE FOR Malaria, Fever and Ague, Scrofula, Chancres, Erysipelas, Sores, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scalds, Head, Feet, Her, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

DR. SELLS' LIVER PILLS

For years have been the standard remedy for LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, PAIN IN SHOULDER, BACK, DIZZINESS, COATED TONGUE, and all diseases arising from the LIVER, etc. etc. Dr. Sells' Liver Pills are sold by all Druggists.

No. 7 West Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.