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OUR HISTORICAL REVIEW

A Chapter About Shikellimus, the Famous Indian Chief

PIONEER MOSES VAN CAMPEN

Some Thrilling Encounters with the Hostile Indians Along the West Branch of the Susquehanna—Life Spared by Prophet.

XXVII.

The following sketches, on the character of chief Shikellimus, and of one of the early pioneers, Moses Van Campen, will be of unusual interest:

Shikellimus died in 1749. Loskiel thus describes his character:—

Being the first magistrate and head chief of the Iroquois living on the banks of the Susquehanna, as far as Onondaga, he thought it incumbent upon him to be very circumspect in his dealings with the white people. He mistrusted the Brethren at first, but upon discovering their sincerity, became their firm and real friend. Being much engaged in political affairs, he had learned the art of concealing his sentiments; and therefore never contradicted those who endeavored to prejudice his mind against the missionaries, though he always suspected their motives. In the last years of his life he became less reserved, and received those brethren who came to Shamokin into his house. He assisted them in building, and defended them against the insults of the drunken Indians; being himself never addicted to drinking, because, as he expressed it, he never wished to become a fool. He had built his house upon pillars for safety, in which he always shut himself up when any drunken frolic was going in the village. In this house Bishop Johannes Von Wattenville and his company visited and preached the gospel to him. It was then that the Lord opened his heart: he listened with great attention; and at last, with tears, respected the doctrine of a crucified Jesus, and received it in faith. During his visit in Bethlehem, a remarkable change took place in his heart, which he could not conceal. He found comfort, peace, and joy, by faith in his Redeemer, and the Brethren considered him as a candidate for baptism; but hearing that he had already been baptized, by a Roman Catholic priest, in Canada, they only endeavored to impress his mind with a proper idea of this sacramental ordinance, upon which he destroyed a small idol, which he wore about his neck. After his return to Shamokin, the grace of God bestowed upon him was truly manifest, and his behavior was remarkably peaceable and contented. In this state of mind he was taken ill, was attended by Dr. David Zeisberger, and in his presence fell happily asleep in the Lord, in full assurance of obtaining eternal life through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Among those, as an early pioneer, whose name is familiar to many of the inhabitants of this county, was Moses Van Campen.

Though a brief sketch of his adventures has already been given; a passage touching his heroism in this region, is here repeated, as it is believed it will not be out of place.

"My first service," says Van Campen, "was in the year 1777, when I served three months under Col. John Kelly, who stationed us at Big Island, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Nothing particular transpired during that time; and in March, 1778, I was appointed lieutenant of a company of six months' men. Shortly afterwards I was ordered by Col. Samuel Hunter to proceed, with about twenty men, to Fishing creek, on the North Branch, to build a Fort."

In the summer of 1781 a man was taken prisoner in Buffalo Valley, but made his escape; he came in and reported there were about three hundred Indians on Sinnemahoning, hunting and laying in a store of provisions, and would make a descent on the frontiers; that they would divide into small parties, and attack the whole chain of the frontier at the same time on the same day.

Colonel Samuel Hunter selected a company of five to reconnoitre, viz: Capt. Campbell, Peter and Michael Groves, Lieut. Cramer and myself; the party was called *Grove Party*. We carried with us three weeks' provisions, and proceeded up the West Branch with much caution and care; we reached the Sinnemahoning, but made no discovery, except old tracks; we marched up the Sinnemahoning so far, that we were satisfied it was a false report. We returned, and a little below the Sinnemahoning, near night, we discovered a smoke; we were confident it was a party of Indians, which we must have passed

by, or they got there some other way; we discovered there was a large party, how many we could not tell, but prepared for the attack.

As soon as it was dark we new primed our rifles, sharpened our flints, examined our tomahawk handles, and all being ready, we waited with great impatience, until they all laid down: the time came, and with the utmost silence we advanced, trailed our rifles in one hand, and the tomahawk in the other. The night was warm; we found some of them rolled in their blankets a rod or two from their fires. Having got amongst them, we first handled our tomahawks; they rose like a dark cloud; we now fired our shots, and raised the war yell; they took flight in the utmost confusion, but few taking time to pick up their rifles. We remained masters of the ground and all their plunder, and took several scalps. It was a party of twenty-five or thirty, which had been down as low as Penn's creek, and had killed and scalped two or three families; we found several scalps of different ages which they had taken, and a large quantity of domestic cloth, which was carried to Northumberland and given to the distressed who had escaped the tomahawk and knife.

In the latter part of March, at the opening of the campaign of 1782, we were ordered by Congress to our respective stations. I marched Robinson's company to Northumberland, where Mr. Thomas Chambers joined us, who had been recently commissioned as an ensign of our company. We halted at Northumberland two or three days for our men to wash and rest; from thence ensign Chambers and myself were ordered to Muncy, Samuel Wallace's plantation, there to make a stand and rebuild Fort Muncy, which had been destroyed by the enemy.

We reached that station, and built a small block-house for the storage of our provisions. About the 10th or 11th of April, Captain Robinson came on with Esquire Culbertson, James Dougherty, William McGrady, and Mr. Barkley. I was ordered to select twenty or twenty-five men, with these proceed up the West Branch to the Big Island, and thence to Bald Eagle creek, to the place where Mr. Culbertson had been killed. On the 15th of April, at night, we reached the place, and encamped for the night; on the night of the 16th we were attacked by eighty-five Indians; it was a hard fought battle: Esquire Culbertson and two others made their escape. I think we had nine killed, and the rest of us were made prisoners. We were stripped of all our clothing, excepting our pantaloons. When they took off my shirt they discovered my commission; our commissions were written on parchment, and carried in a silk case, hung with a ribbon, in our bosom; several got hold of it, and one fellow cut the ribbon with his knife, and succeeded in obtaining it.

They took us a little distance from the battle ground, and made the prisoners sit down in a small ring, the Indians forming around us in close order, each with his rifle and tomahawk in his hand. They brought up five Indians we had killed, and laid them within their circle. Each one reflected for himself; our time would probably be short; and respecting myself, looking back upon the year 1780, at the party I had killed, if I was discovered to be the person, my case would be a hard one.

Their prophet, or chief warrior, made a speech, as I was informed afterwards by the British Lieutenant, who belonged to the party, he was consulting the Great Spirit what to do with the prisoners, whether to kill us on the spot or spare our lives: he came to the conclusion that there had been blood enough shed, and as to the men they had lost, it was the fate of war, and we must be taken and adopted into the families of those whom we had killed. We were then divided amongst them according to the number of fires. Pack were prepared for us, and they returned across the river at the Big Island, in bark canoes.

They then made their way across hills, and came to Pine creek, above the first forks, which they followed up to the third fork, and pursued the most northerly branch to the head of it, and thence to the waters of the Genesee river.

Got a Cistern Bath.

One day last week as a daughter of John Bible, the merchant, at Centre Hill, was at the Strohm farm west of that place, and as she was in the act of passing over a cistern a plank of the covering tilted and let the young lady down into the water. She struck the water back-first and was submerged but getting on her feet she found herself standing waist-deep in the water. After clearing her throat of the water forced through her mouth, her cries were heard and she was assisted from her predicament, none the worse for the cold bath, except an awful scare.

HASTINGS LEADS TO VICTORY

A Stormy Session at the Republican County Convention

QUAYITES BADLY ROUTED

Hamilton and Thompson Got a Stinging Rebuke—Were Beaten at Every Point—Quayites Routed and Condemned by the Convention.

PREAMBLE:

"Why do the Heathen rage and the people imagine vain things."

There was royal sport among the republican politicians of this county at their convention on Tuesday, and of all conventions this was the record breaker. Men faced each other with glaring eyes, quivering lips, clenched fists; and heated words frequently passed that smacked of "coward," "thief," "traitor," "Judas," and other high-sounding phrases. Compliments flew thick and fast; at times bedlam reigned, in which the entire audience joined with rare enthusiasm, until at times no one could tell what form of business was being transacted. The scenes enacted came as a surprise to the many who were promised a harmonious assemblage, as the political leaders through the party organs had previously announced that compromises had been made between the warring elements and that the hatchet was buried—but unfortunately not too deep for some to fank it up and create a panic. The harmony scheme was a deal that did not hold—some tried to steal a march, but found their adversaries fully on guard and there was bloody war in which some ghastly wounds were received. It was the same old battle between the Love and Hastings factions in which, at the finish, Hastings again annihilated his adversaries, and in splendid triumph, like a conquering hero, rode rough-shod over the Quayite carcasses and came out of the fray without even a scar. It was a great day for the insurgent forces, and one to be long remembered.

Previous to this convention there had been long conferences between the elements. The terms of agreement were: that Hastings get all he wanted of the Love-Quay element take another good licking, and they readily declared a preference for the first proposition; but at Tuesday's convention attempted to gain, by a sly movement, control of the convention and reverse the pre-arranged harmony program. The result was that they also got the second proposition with a vengeance—a good licking, for their trouble. The start of the fight began when it was discovered that trouble was brewing at Phillipsburg. Next came a vicious attack on Chairman Reeder and others in the State College Times, last week, which was credited to oleo-tainted John Hamilton. Following that was the threat sent down from State College that oleo-tainted John was coming here to lock horns with Hastings and take care of the stalwart side and have resolutions passed defending Gov. Stone and the last session of the legislature, and a vindication also for pledge-breaker John K. Thompson, of Phillipsburg, who misrepresented this county in the last Legislature; and finally the discovery that a move was being made on Tuesday morning to elect Wm. E. Gray, Chairman of the convention. We have given this detailed explanation of the lay of the field the morning of the convention so that you can realize that a veritable volcano, with smouldering embers, was ready to break forth at the slightest provocation. It came; there was an awful eruption. Now for the story of the convention:

THE CONVENTION.

When Chairman Reeder called the convention to order at 11 a. m., there was a large crowd in the court house and every district was found represented. The substitutions made indicated that some fellows were coming into the convention for the sake of raising a rumpus. The first strain came when the nominations for chairman were made. The insurgents nominated Capt. S. H. Bension, of Marion, and the Quayites, as was expected, named W. E. Gray, Esq., who had been so anxious, in his pretensions, for harmony. The ballot that was taken showed that the Quayites were beaten, as the vote stood 65% to 33%. Before this vote was taken oleo-John tried to start a rumpus because the vote was delayed to select necessary tellers. That showed at once that he was loaded. Gen. Hastings then arose and, according to the usages of this and all parties at such gatherings, moved that a Committee on Resolutions be appointed, and that all resolutions be referred to them without debate. Here oleo-John made his first grand play in

the arena, to tackle the General. He then offered the following resolution:

Resolved: That all resolutions shall be submitted to the Committee on Resolutions without debate, but resolutions upon being submitted shall be read for the information of the delegates, and provided that nothing in the resolutions shall be construed as shutting off the offering of amendments to our substitutes for the committee report, when that report is presented for action by this body.

Hastings got up and declared that this was out of the customary order and usages of the party, that it was injected for the purpose of causing trouble, that the gentleman had promised to come down with some tricks up his sleeve, it was a firebrand thrown into the deliberations in violation of the previous harmony pledges of the leaders so solemnly entered into by Judge Love and his followers, that Hamilton was here to do something for his chief (Stone) and thus make a pretense at earning his large salary. Hamilton arose and set up a wall that he had no agreement with anybody as to harmony, and denied the right of anyone to barter or sell his privileges in the party; and he complained at the alleged agreement of the factions that they, the stalwarts, were to yield everything to the Hastings insurgents and have nothing left—he did not like that kind of harmony, and began to electioneer for the other proposition—the licking, at which he won. Billy Gray jumped into the puddle and began to make the waters murky by some peculiar demonstration as to how he had worked for harmony, and now wanted regularity, and began to recite the numerous harmony conferences and before he went far got Tom. Harter, editor of the Gazette, all balled up as to some agreements with Hastings. Next they had Harter in the frying pan and he made the fat fly as he wriggled around to show that he was without choice as to the two factions—Oh! but we did pity the unfortunate Gazette editor in his magnificent feat of wriggling, "carrying two waters on one shoulder," and when he sat down the mess was worse than ever, as they could prove nothing by his testimony. One of the delegates remarked: "Tom, that was a dandy straddle, now sit down."

Party confabs and the numerous midnight conferences for harmony were openly rebashed and the name of Judge Love as the supreme counselor, to the shame and disgrace of the courts of this county, was frequently mentioned by the Quayites as their political leader. For the space of fifteen minutes the convention was converted into a political laundry. With Banner lye, and scrubbing brushes they began scouring the party linen, and when hung on the line was a ragged spectacle. Billy Gray insisted that this feud should be settled by the delegates, now, and threw a bait out as to the great confidence he had in their judgment. Big Dan got up and urged the chair to put the question, and Hastings's motion was declared carried by Chairman Bension. To an uninterested party there was difficulty to decide as to which side had carried. Gray called for the yeas and nays; this was declined by the Chair, after getting the tip from County Chairman Reeder who sat at his side as prompter, and by the nod of the General in the audience. Then the eruption followed. Oleo-John was on his feet demanding his parliamentary rights; Ed. Chambers pounded the desk with his fist and howled at the Chairman like a Comanche Indian on the war path, yelling: "No Gag Rule Here!" "No West Virginia Democracy Here!" until we thought he would bust his belly-band and cause still greater calamity. Billy Gray plunged into the arena like a gladiator ready to slay the first insurgent in his path—he didn't hurt anyone.

The audience joined in and kept up a howl that was deafening, and no one could tell what Hastings was saying to the Chair, or what men had been appointed on the Committee of Resolutions. Every time the audience quieted and the Chairman attempted to proceed with the order of business bedlam broke fresh with Chambers, Gray and the roosters from Phillipsburg leading in the disturbance. Ed. Townsend, the rough and ready orator from Phillipsburg, got the floor to denounce the compromise, made without the consent of the Phillipsburgers, and put his harpoon into Hastings and Reeder, declaring that they were instrumental in his defeat for the legislature two years ago, by trading off the ticket, and claimed to know what he was talking about. For at least 15 minutes the Quayites thus obstructed the proceedings of the convention, but the Chairman knew his job and firmly declared that the motion was carried and settled the matter. Finally Hastings got up and nominated Wilbur P. Reeder as chairman of the Republican County Committee for the ensuing year. Up came tainted John and nominated Phil. Womelsdorf, of Phillipsburg, for the same place as a stab at Hastings, and in violation of the harmony plan. They proceeded to the

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VARIETY OF COUNTY NEWS

Items of Interest Gathered From All Sections.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT

What Transpired Worthy of Brief Mention, the Past Week—News From Over the County—For Hasty Readers—A New Department.

Mrs. Alfred Darst, of Centre Hall, is on the sick list.

A two-horse load of hay sells in Penn's valley at \$7 to \$8.

Mrs. Wm. Lawyers, of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting her father John R. Lawyers, near Earlstown.

Albert Gummo, of Mackeyville, threshed his crop of wheat. The yield averaged about 26 bushels per acre.

George Heckman had two of his cattle killed by lightning in the fields, west of Centre Hall, a short time ago.

The Centre County Pomona Grange will meet in the hall of Washington Grange, State College, Friday, August 16th.

O. W. Reichley, of Penns Creek, Snyder county, a graduate of Bucknell University, has been elected principal of the public schools at Coburn.

N. W. Eby closed his distillery at Woodward today owing to the scarcity of rye. Apples are scarce, too, so that apple jack would be out of the question.

Emanuel Fye, of Ferguson township, was kicked by a horse in his stable, on Thursday last. He received the kick on his left side and was seriously injured thereby.

Calvin Eby, of Woodward, received a call from the Pennsylvania Railroad company at Cordova, Md., to take charge of a telephone office there. He is a son of N. W. Eby.

Mrs. Rebecca M. S. Schleifer, of Millheim, widow of John R. Schleifer, has been granted a pension of \$8.00 per month and \$2.00 per month for her daughter Minnie.

On Saturday, August 3, the Evangelical Sunday school of Snow Shoe intersection will hold a festival in the grove near the depot. Refreshments of all kinds will be served.

Friday morning Emanuel Fye, of Pine Hall, went to the barn to feed his stock and while doing so a vicious colt kicked him in the back, inflicting injuries that place him in a very critical condition.

The fortieth annual reunion of Co. E 45th P. V., will be held at Baileyville Saturday, August 31st. The orators of the occasion will be Gen. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, and Col. John Harpster, of Centre Hall.

The Phillipsburg Journal says the Elk Tanning company are contemplating remodeling their plant at that place, and that the proposed improvements will be of an extensive character, costing in the neighborhood of \$35,000.

Morris W. Furey, who lives on the Cameron Burnside farm just east of Bellefonte, has purchased from Richard Miller of this place twelve acres of land located about a mile and a half south east of town.

William Mogle, of Lemont, Centre county, had his leg broken in two places at Al. Irvin's farm near Jacksonville last Thursday afternoon. He was on top of a load of hay which was being hauled in from the fields when the wagon upset throwing him off with the above results.

Burglars made a successful raid on the postoffice at Big Run, Tuesday night, July 20. The safe was blown open and stamps to the value of \$100 were stolen. An entrance was gained to the postoffice by prying open the front doors. The safe door was drilled and the lock blown off with a discharge of dynamite or nitroglycerine.

The place of the Reformed reunion in Pennsylvania at Grenoble's grove, one mile west of Spring Mills, has been changed to Allison's grove at the western end of Spring Mills. The change was made for the convenience of many who have no means of conveyance except the train. Remember the date, August 15, 1901, and be sure to be there.

After an absence of some 25 years James Odenkirk has returned to his native place. When he left Old Fort it was California he is said to have aimed for. His home at present is in Missouri. "Jim," as we familiarly called him, says he finds many changes about Old Fort and Centre Hall in the quarter of a century during his absence. He clerked in one of the Bellefonte stores before his departure for the west.

Williamsport Sun: E. K. Hess, a salesman for F. B. Thrall & Co., had a most singular experience while driving

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FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one beyond recall
Summer roses bloom again,
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer rain and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fall
And the roses in their bloom
Drop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart—

Some sweet hope to gladness wed
That will spring afresh and new
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming
In the spirits' glorious clime.

JUST SO.

A young calf saw one day a circus pass,
And cried at once, "Oh, I must join that show.
Just as they run to see the elephant,
The folks would run to look at me, I know."

"You're quite mistaken," said sheep
"for while,
In this great land the elephants are few,
And therefore wonders are, the world, my dear,
Has seen a multitude of calves like you."

There are always enough wheel to go around.
In the eyes of the lawyer all suits are suitable.
Ear muffs do not count as errors in a ball game.

Some people seem to think it's a virtue to do nothing.
"All flesh is grass," but not all widows are grass widows.

Common sense is by no means so common as one would think.
It is easy enough to transform a nursery into a bawl room.

If you don't face the world the world will talk behind your back.
Fruit may have an abnormal growth and still not be anything uncanny.

They call money "hard cash," but we all know how easily it melts away.
It is said every man has his price, but any man feels cheap when he's sold.

It is not always charity that makes a tall person overlook the shortcomings of others.

Barn Burned.

The barn of Franklin Bowersox, about a mile distant from Pennsylvania Furnace, in Ferguson township, was burned to the ground early Friday morning. With the barn went all sheds and out-buildings, and the crops just gathered, consisting of 900 bushels of wheat, 60 tons of hay, lot of barley, etc. Three horses were burned to death and a fourth so severely burned that it will probably have to be shot. Farming implements and two wagons were also destroyed. The loss to Mr. Bowersox is about \$4,000. There was no insurance. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. This is a severe loss for Mr. Bowersox, who was an industrious, hardworking farmer, well known all over the county.

Ill Luck Follows a Scranton Man.

John Lesco, of Scranton, a few months ago was a prosperous butcher with a wife, little daughter and a cozy home. One day he was on his way to Carbon-dale to deposit a large sum of money, but lost it on the way. This so financially embarrassed him that he could not meet his obligations and the sheriff took charge of his affairs. Then his little daughter fell into a tub of hot water and was scalded to death. Tuesday of last week his wife was struck by lightning and killed, and Sunday night his house caught fire and burned to the ground.

Who Can Beat This.

The horrible news comes from Arkansas that a boy climbed a corn stalk to see how the corn was getting along, and now the corn is growing faster: than the boy can climb down. The boy is plum out of sight. Four men have undertaken to cut down the stalk and save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast that they can't hack twice in the same place. The poor boy is living on nothing but raw corn and has already thrown down over four bushels of cobs.

Hay Fever.

An Ohio editor says hay fever is caused by kissing grass widows. A Missouri editor says it is caused by a grass widow kissing a fellow by moonlight. An Iowa editor says it is caused by a fellow kissing his girl while he is feeding hay to a cow, and an Eastern Kansas exchange is of the opinion that it is caused by missing the girl and kissing the cow. A political writer says it is caused by too much kissing in the heyday of youth.

Cornelius D. Houtz, Lemont, was granted an increase of pension, \$8.