

# The Centre Democrat.

CHAS. R. URTZ, Proprietor.

BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1901.

VOL. 23, NO. 45.

## OUR HISTORICAL REVIEW

### Two Interesting Letters from Conrad Weiser

### EDUCATES FIVE INDIAN BOYS

French Margaret—Scarcity of Corn—Comes Up to Shamokin—Reply to the Indians' Petition—Weiser a Kind and Useful Man.

XXXVII.

Last week's chapter closed with a letter from Conrad Weiser to Governor R. H. Morris. Following up the same subject, relating then to Centre county, (now Clinton) we print in this chapter further letters from this celebrated individual who was an important actor in the days of the early settlers, and had all the characteristics of William Penn in his intercourse with the aborigines. Heidelberg, May 19, 1755.

To Richard Peters.

Sir:—My son Sammy is coming to you with two Indian boys, the sons of Jonathan Gayenquilligoa, a noted Mohawk, that can read and write in his language, well known to you. He is poor, and prays that you, with the gentlemen managers of the Academy, will teach them to read and write English, and to provide necessaries of life for them, during their stay in Philadelphia, which will be as long as it will require time to teach them. The biggest of them is a very intelligent boy, and good natured; the other is not so, but more of an Indian, as something cross, as his father says. If you could prevail with Mr. Heintzelman, my son-in-law, for a few weeks to board with him, it would be agreeable to the lads; because my daughter is somewhat used to the Indians, and understands here and there a word; then, afterwards you can put them where you please. The name of the biggest is Jonathan, and the other Philip. I believe their father will let them stay long enough to learn English to perfection, provided proper care is taken of them, which I hope want be wanting.

Jonathan wanted me to go to Philadelphia with the boys, but I thought Sammy could do as well.

The Indians on Susquehanna are starving, and have almost nothing to eat, because deer are scarce. He thought to have had an answer before now, concerning their petition to the governor for some provisions and the fencing in of a cornfield.

French Margaret, with some of her family, has gone to the English camp in Virginia, and her son Nicklaus has gone to Ohio, to the French fort. I suppose they want to join the strongest party, and are gone for information. The Indians that are with the French on Ohio are chiefly Anakankis, neighbors to New England; and, neither they nor the rest (I cannot learn their number) will be true to the French, as they give out to our Indians. The other Indians on Ohio think our troops much too slowly. They say, they will be glad to see the French driven away from the Ohio. This report was brought by one of Jonathan's sons from Ohio: he was not in the French fort—he was afraid of going night it; but the Indians thereabout have told him so.

I wrote to the governor last week about the Indians' petition. I hope he has received my letter. The Indians should have an answer. What can I say to them without having it from the governor or assembly? They are continually plaguing me for an answer, which I hope you will send, if you can, by this opportunity.

I have nothing to add but am,  
Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
CONRAD WEISER.

P. S. Tachnachorus sent word by Jonathan for me to come up to Shamokin, that the Indians had something of importance to lay before me.

I understood since that several messages had arrived at Otsuackey from the English army of Virginia, (as was said) with strings of wampum to forewarn the Indians on Susquehanna not to come nigh the army, for fear of being taken for French Indians, and to stay where they are.

Heidelberg, Berks Co., June 12, 1755.  
Honored Sir:

Last night I arrived safe at my house from Otsuackey, an Indian town about 45 miles above Shamokin, on the Northwest Branch of Susquehanna river, where I have been with ten hired men to fence in a cornfield, for the Indians, according to your Honor's order; but when I came there, I found the Indians that petitioned the governor for that purpose, had mostly deserted the place for want of provision, and chiefly for having lost all their corn by that great frost in the night between the 29th and 30th of May last past, which was the second frost they had on the river since their corn was up,

and entirely killed it. There was only Jonathan and one of the Cayugas, named Canadies, upon the spot, with their families. They thanked your Honor very sincerely for the kindness you had shown them in sending hands to fence in their cornfield; but said, that as they could have no hopes of getting one grain of corn this year, from what they have planted, they thought it needless to have a fence made about their field; but should be extremely glad if the government would help them with some provision in their present necessity; which I promised to use my endeavor, or to write to your Honor to get it for them. I left one sack of flour with them; the same I did to the Indians at Canasoraga, about 10 miles on this side of Otsuackey, and two sacks at Shamokin, with the rest of the provision I took up with me for the hands, and could now spare.

I have bought of Christian Lower, a miller of Tulpehocken, 120 bushels of good wheat, and 60 bushels of Jacob Fisher, his neighbor, to be distributed among the Indians, as your Honor will be pleased to direct.

I gave them hopes that the meal should be delivered at John Harris' Ferry, where they could fetch it by water—and, I believe it will be the cheapest way. There is a good wagon road from Christian Lower's mill to Harris'. The distance is about 40 miles, and wagons may be had reasonably.

In my going up, I took John Shickalamy with me, and as we passed by Canasoraga, where an Indian town now is, John told me that it would be very unmannerly or unbecoming me, not to say something to those Indians (chiefly Shawanese and Chickasaws,) as I was a public person, and trusted with the Indian affairs; and that the Indians longed to hear from the governor of Pennsylvania, how things are, concerning the war.

I therefore told the Indians, who were then met in council, that I was sent by the governor of Pennsylvania to Otsuackey, to fence in a cornfield for the Indians, according to their petitions sent down last winter to the governor and his council, by Cayenquilligoa and others; and that the governor took this opportunity to send his salutation to them, and had ordered me to acquaint them—1st. That the king of Great Britain had sent a great number of men and ammunition, who are now on their march to drive away the French from Ohio by force.

2dly. That no war was yet proclaimed between the English and French, but that it was daily expected; that, in the meantime, the governor desired them to stop their ears to every thing that the French could say to them, and to listen altogether to the English, and to depend upon, that their brethren, the English, will strictly observe the treaties of friendship, subsisting between them, and their brethren, the Indians.

3dly. That as soon as the governor would receive the news of war being proclaimed between the English and the French, the governor would let them know, and whatever else should pass, worthy their notice.

Gave a string of wampum.

There are about 20 men in this town, when they are all at home: five or six of them are Chickasaws, that lived many years among the Shawanese. There happened then to be two messengers from the Chickasaw Nation, in the town, with some particular message to them. I could not then learn what it was. One of these messengers told me, that his Nation would be mighty glad to see the English in earnest to fight the French—that they, the Chickasaws, had observed, that wherever the French came, they did mischief; and that they are more generally hated among the southern Indians.

The Indians of this town informed me, that a few days ago, some Shawanese Indians came from Ohio, and reported that the French are in a very poor condition at Ohio: their provisions being half rotten; and that there are not one hundred and fifty men there; and that all their Indians had left them; but a very few French praying Indians are yet with them. I have nothing else to trouble your honor with at present, but am,

Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
CONRAD WEISER.  
To Governor Morris.

### Dates of Historic Events.

Nov. 14, 1524, Pizarro sailed for Peru; Nov. 15, 1763, Mason and Dixon's line established; Nov. 16, 1776, surrender of Fort Mifflin; Nov. 17, 1747, British impressed sailors in Boston; Nov. 18, 1776, attack on Fort Lee; Nov. 19, 1831, James A. Garfield born; Nov. 20, 1780, battle of Blackstocks, N. C.; Nov. 21, 1780, North Carolina ratified Constitution; Nov. 22, 1775, Americans entrenched Cobble Hill, Charlestown; Nov. 23, 1814, Elbridge Geary died; Nov. 24, 1863, battle of Lookout Mountain; Nov. 25, 1783, British evacuated New York; Nov. 26, 1807, Oliver Ellsworth died; Nov. 27, 1778, Americans went into winter quarters.

## MODERN WAYS FOR THE FARMERS

### Machinery Has Largely Superseded Hand Work

### RESULTS GENERALLY BETTER

#### The Wonderful Devices That are now Employed in Planting, Sowing and Reaping—Farmers are now Machinists

While inventive genius and modern methods have revolutionized the leading industries of the country, the humble farmer, the greatest producer of them all, has not been overlooked. Farming today is nearly an exact science, and the man who runs the farm is thoroughly trained in one of the many agricultural colleges maintained by the different states. He is generally a specialist. If it be dairying, grass or grain growing that he follows, he is fully posted on every little detail of his particular line.

It must be borne in mind that the farmer of today is not a horny-handed son of toil. He uses steam, electricity or horse to do the work that was formerly done by hand. More than that, he lives in a spacious house, containing every improvement known to sanitary science. It is often lighted by electricity, and he uses one part of it as an office, from which point, with the aid of local telephones, he directs all the operations of the farm.

The modern farmer knows what he wants to do before he begins operations, and adapts himself to the situation, whatever it may be. He studies the climate he is in, and he knows what line of farming it is better to follow under given climatic conditions. Then he analyzes the soil, which is a simple thing to do, and thus ascertains just what fertilizers are needed for certain crops in that soil. As for the fertilizers, it may be said incidentally that the modern farmer grows a crop of clover, beans or something similar to supply nitrogen to the soil. Nitrogen is the most costly constituent of fertilizers, and clover or beans will draw nitrogen from the air. These, when plowed into the soil, furnish that costly element. At the same time a crop such as clover rests and refreshes the soil, which is a necessary proceeding when the land is closely cropped.

If the farmer is situated in the great grain-growing districts in the West he uses a portable engine instead of horses for plowing and harrowing. On the level land there the farmer puts anywhere from six to twelve plows in a gang and gives the signal to the engineer. It is a poor day when they cannot plow anywhere from fifteen to thirty acres.

By the old method a man and team would plow from one to two acres a day. The steam engine is used not only because of the great amount of work done with it in a given time, but because it does away with the expense of keeping many men and horses on the place during the slack period.

If the farmer makes a specialty of corn, he has a corn planter. This is a low machine, with hoppers on each side. Seed corn is dumped in one set and fertilizer in another. He hooks a team to it, settles back in a comfortable seat and is driven over the fields. This planter drops the corn either in continuous rows or at any distance desired by the operator. All he has to do is to set the gauge. Two rows are planted at the same time, or beans can be planted out of the same machine. It will drop the beans wherever they are wanted, and fertilize both properly at the same time. Also, if it is desired to grow pumpkins among the corn, which is common practice, this oblong machine will drop the pumpkin seed in regular distances apart. A simple corn planter will plant from eight to twenty acres a day. When the corn is ready to cut, a machine also does that work in the same rapid way.

Should the farmer sow grain, he does it with what is known as a grain drill, which sows the seed in eight rows at a time. The grain can be sown either in straight lines or zigzag, and the machine fertilizes the ground at the same time. In order that there may be no mistake as to the number of acres sown in a day, there is a clocklike device on the drill which tells how many acres have been covered and also the quantity of seed that has been sown to the acre.

When the farmer wishes to sow his seed broadcast there is a simple machine that he attaches to the rear part of an ordinary farm wagon. This machine sows from 50 to 100 acres by throwing the seed out broadcast, and the power to run it is derived from the hub of one of the rear wheels on the wagon. The machine is very simple and looks like a big funnel with several cogwheels under it.

When the specialty is potatoes, the farmer handles them but little, for the way in which potatoes are planted nowa-

days does away with the old-fashioned method of cutting them for seed. They are cut still, but the cutting is done by a machine, which separates them into quarters, halves or any other number of parts, as desired. All the operator has to do is to throw the potatoes into the machine and swing over a lever, and several cuts are made at one stroke.

When the potatoes have been cut they are dumped into a potato planter, which is operated by one man, who drives the horses, because the machine leaves nothing else for him to do. This machine marks the rows where the potatoes are to be sown. Then it opens the row, drops the seed and covers it with moist earth from beneath the surface. This is all done in one operation. It will plant the seed anywhere from three to nine inches deep and from ten to twenty-six inches apart. It is all a matter of regulating the machine, which will plant from five to eight acres a day.

For digging the potatoes the farmer hires his team to a complicated-looking machine, which is simple enough after all. This is a potato digger, and it roots the potatoes out without bruising one of them. More than that, it throws the vines and all other trash off to one side and deposits the potatoes in a perfectly straight row on clean ground.

When this is done the potatoes are gathered up and sorted according to size. For this operation another machine—a potato sorter—is brought into use. The potatoes are dumped on the sorter and come out of it separated into three sizes—large, medium and small. One man stands by the machine and picks out the decayed tubers as they roll over the sorter.

When the farmer goes in for any line that calls for the transplanting of plants on a large scale, he has the most wonderful machine of them all to do the work for him. This machine is drawn by horses and is operated by a man and two boys. It handles tomato, cabbage, strawberry, tobacco and similar plants when they are but little more than seedlings.

The plant-setting machine, for all it looks big and cumbersome, and seems to be a complicated affair, receives the plants in a hopper. When the team moves off, a starting lever is thrown over, and the machine makes a hole in the ground. In this it drops the plant, scatters fertilizer near the roots, waters the roots and draws the earth close up around the plant more evenly than it is done by hand.

It sets the plant deep or shallow, deposits a large or small quantity of fertilizer and water, and does anything the operator wants it to do.

It sets the plants in a single row without injuring any of them, and each just as far apart as the gauge calls for. It will plant from five to eight acres a day, and put the plants in the ground one foot apart. The work done by this machine may be judged from the fact that to plant at one foot apart each way calls for the setting of 43,560 plants in a single acre. If only five acres were covered in a day it would mean the transplanting of 217,800 plants.

### The Hunters.

Harry, the sixteen-year-old son of Cline Confer, of Beech Creek township, shot and killed a large doe within sight of the Hubbard school house Thursday afternoon. John Gummo, of the same township, killed a good-sized deer on the mountain back of his farm. Caldwell brothers, of the German settlement, are reported to have killed one. The party with George F. Keagle and Joseph McCloskey, who were camped for a week past on Panther run, shot one fair-sized doe, but missed a bear.

Frank Miller, who conducts the boarding house on Meisel's lumber job east of Carroll, on Tuesday had the honor of shooting a 200 pound doe in Greene's gap. It was the first deer killed in Sugar valley this season.

Bradford party killed three, and the killing was done by Messrs. Frank Bradford, J. F. Smith and Kerstetter. Georges valley party, one deer and one bear. The former was killed by George Breon, Spring Mills, and D. W. Sweetwood, Jr. killed the bear.

Wingard party, Coburn, in Bear Meadows, four deer.

The hunting party to the Slate ridge consisting of the Bradfords and other Potter township hunters, have returned from their two weeks' hunt, bringing six deer with them. There were about a dozen in the party.

Edward Grugan, of Glen Union, trapped a black bear that tipped the scales at 358 pounds. This makes the fourth bear that Mr. Grugan has captured this season.

Lumberman William Smith, of Millmont, was elected president of the Armaugh Power Co., recently incorporated for the purpose of supplying electricity for its various uses, in towns and for trolley.

## 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.

Simon Ward, one of Pine Grove Mills' young men, left Thursday last, for Pittsburgh where he has secured employment.

The wild turkey score, shot in this county this season, is close on to seventy-five. This does not include two or three fellows shot for wild turkeys.

Willis Ripka returned home to Altoona, Saturday, from a hunting trip to Pine Grove Mills. He bagged twenty-eight rabbits and twelve pheasants.

The case of Bible vs. Boro of Centre Hall, was argued in the Superior court at Philadelphia last Thursday, Keller for the Bible's and Orvis for the boro.

Some manuscript is written so dimly and illegible that we must strike out what can't be guessed or deciphered. Correspondents please avoid this as much as possible.

Miss Egberts, of Martha, has the smallpox and is being treated by Dr. Harshbarger of that place. The case is fully developed, but is getting along as well as can be expected.

Through the efforts of Rev. George Stanley West, pastor of the Baptist church in Blanchard, a mortgage against the church amounting to \$300 has been paid off and legal paper burned in the presence of congregation at a recent meeting.

On Thursday Mr. George Showers, of Pleasant Gap, was seriously hurt at the Bellefonte Furnace. He was working under a scaffold, which was 30 feet high, when a very heavy block fell and struck him on the head. He was rendered unconscious, for several hours. His face and shoulders were very badly lacerated.

On Saturday, November 16, the football team from State College and Lehigh University will tussle with one another on the "gridiron" at Williamsport. A special excursion rate of one fare for the round trip will be given to the Bellefonte people and a return train will leave Williamsport for State College at 11 o'clock that night.

Capt. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, left Philadelphia in company with Miss Fry, of Shingletown, whom he is taking to the Presbyterian hospital for the treatment of internal injuries she received falling from a horse some time ago. While in the city Captain Fry will attend the veterinary clinic at the University of Pennsylvania.

While in the woods hunting near Philipsburg, Thursday, James Law, of that place, received a load of fine shot in the face and right side, from a gun in the hands of a young man named Hayward, of Hawk Run. The shooting was purely accidental. Law then walked to his home. The wounds, while not necessarily fatal, are of a serious nature, the physician being unable to remove one of the shot, there being sixty in all.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zeigler of Old Port, Centre county, had been afflicted with a sore throat, but was greatly improved. A few days ago the little one suddenly began choking, and before assistance could be secured, was a corpse. It is not known positively whether she choked from a foreign substance lodging in the throat or whether death was the result of the disease taking a new hold. She was over 2 years old.

William Condo, of Aaronsburg, is one of the few survivors of the days of arking on Penns Creek, in which he was a participant and had some of the fun and some that was not exactly fun. How many more of these local navigators of yore olden days are yet surviving? They might have an interesting reunion. James Evans, of Gregg, who died about three years ago, also took a lively hand at arking on Penn creek, in his day. The starting points were Spring Mills and the Forks (now Coburn.) The aged William Eisenhuth, at Beaver Dam, below the Forks, was another.

### IN ADJOINING COUNTIES.

D. W. James, of Beech Creek, killed two wild cats recently.

Beginning with December a free rural mail service will be inaugurated in the country surrounding Lewistown.

The annual Blair county teachers' institute will be held in the court house, Holidaysburg, the week of December 16.

Up to this time twenty-seven barrels of sauer kraut have been put up for the inmates of the Huntingdon reformatory.

Continued on page 5.

## FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

### Bright Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

Queer how a can  
Of whisky straight  
Can give a man  
A crooked gait.

"Sing a song from day to day,  
Some sad heart will hear it:  
Plant a flower and go your way,  
Some poor soul will wear it."

Got a pleasant word to say?  
Let us hear it right away.  
Something bitter you would speak?  
Keep it bottled up a week.

He growled at morning, noon and night,  
And trouble sought to borrow;  
Although to-day the sky was bright,  
He knew 'twould storm to-morrow.  
A thought of joy he could not stand  
And struggled to resist it;  
Though sunshine dappled all the land  
This sorry pessimist it.

If everybody had their wishes,  
O ye gods and little fishes!  
What a melancholy place this poor old earth  
would be:

No one, then, would have to labor,  
He could wish that on his neighbor,  
While his neighbor, he could wish it on some  
other fellow, see?

Yet pursuing, not possessing  
Has been the greater blessing;  
In the hoping, not in having, does our happi-  
ness survive.

Could we will things we'd regret it  
For to wish and not quite get it  
Is the never ending dream that serves to keep  
The world alive.

When you eat a cruller, do you swallow  
the hole?

Unless a letter has a stamp on it it re-  
mains stationary.

People who marry in haste sometimes  
repent in Dakota.

The bone of contention is generally  
picked pretty clean.

The beauty we see without is but a re-  
flection of that within.

Lives of great men oft' remind us that  
there are book agents.

Talking of big feet, some people's  
shoes cover two achers.

If "a noisy noise annoys an oyster,"  
can a clam clam calm a clamorous lamb  
clamoring for clammy clams?

The difference between a playbill and  
a landlord is that the playbill gets stuck  
on a bill board and the landlord gets  
stuck on a board bill.

### Not Contagious.

A good story is going the rounds in which a young woman school teacher who lives not many miles from Titusville is made the victim of a small boy's wit. It seems that the young woman had a great fear of contagious diseases incident to childhood, and when she knew of any such sickness at the homes of her pupils she invariably sent them home until danger had passed. Learning the other day that Johnny Green's mother was taken suddenly ill she questioned him as to the nature of his mamma's illness. Johnny said he didn't know, and was sent home to find out.

He came back shortly and made the following report: "Ah, me mudder says it's a baby and she told me to tell you it wasn't ketchen if ye're careful,"—Titusville Courier.

### Died Away From Home.

Harrison Stine received the sad intelligence that his son Ellsworth had died in a hospital in Pittsburg of typhoid fever. Nearly two months ago he left Philipsburg to secure work, which he found at Oiling, near Pittsburg. The family received a letter from him dated November 6, which stated that, aside from a cold which he had contracted, he was in his usual health and that he expected to be home to spend Christmas. The receipt of the message announcing his death was consequently a great shock to the family. The deceased was aged only a little over sixteen years. He was a great favorite among the young people in South Philipsburg where he lived.—Journal.

### Tub Oysters Adulterated.

Food Inspector James Foust has reported to the State Pure Food Department wholesale adulteration of tub oysters by dealers in Blair, Cambria, Centre, Bedford, Clearfield and Somerset counties, by the use of a preparation of boric acid and formaldehyde, obtained from a New York firm. Out of eighty samples tested officially a great part were found to contain the preservative. Informations have been made against thirty dealers in Johnstown and Altoona.

### It Is Truth That Hurts.

"A lawyer in a courtroom may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain or thief and no one will make a complaint, court adjourns," says the Marshall Wave. If a newspaper prints such reflections on a man's character, there is a libel suit or a dead editor. This is owing to the fact that the people believe what the editor says. What the lawyer says cuts no figure.—Exchange.