

The Centre Reporter.



Fredrick Kurtz, Editor.

Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa., February 19th, 1869.

Vol. 1.—No. 45.

CENTRE HALL
Manufacturing Co.

AND
Machine Works,

CENTRE HALL CENTRE CO., PA.
Having enlarged our New Foundry and Machine Shops and Agricultural Works. Stocked with all new and latest improved Machinery at Centre Hall, announce to the public that they are now ready to receive orders for anything in their line of business.

Shaftings,
Pullies,
Hangers,
IRON & BRASS
CASTINGS

of every description made and fitted up for
MILLS,
FORGES,
FURNACES,
FACTORIES,
TANNERIES,
&c., &c.

We also manufacture the celebrated
KEYSTONE
HARVESTER

which now stands unrivalled.
This Reaper has advantages over all other Reapers now manufactured. One advantage we claim for it, is the lever power, by which we gain one hundred per cent over other machines. Another advantage is the hoisting and lowering apparatus, whereby the driver has under his complete control of the machine; in coming to a spot of lodged grain, the driver can change the cut of the machine in an instant, without stopping the team, varying the stubble from 1 to 14 inches at the outside of the machine, as well as on the inside. It is constructed of first class material, and built by first class mechanics. We warrant it second to none. All kinds of Horsepowers and Threshing Machines, Hay and Grain Bakes, latest improved. All kinds of Repairing done. Different kinds of

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AND
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The Celebrated Heckendorn Economical plow which has given entire satisfaction. We employ the best Patternmakers, our patterns are all new and of the most improved plans. Plans, Specifications and Drawings furnished for all work done by us. We hope for strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.

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The Company announces to the citizens of Potter township, that they are now prepared to furnish upon short notice, and as low as elsewhere, every article in the line of
TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE.

Stove-Pipe
and Spouting.
All kinds of repairing done. They have always on hand.
BUCKETS,
CUPS,
DIPPERS,
DISHES, &c.
All orders by mail promptly attended to
CENTRE HALL MFG CO. P
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Geo. Fairer, of Bellefonte, sells the celebrated Howe Sewing Machine, which has no superior in the market. Go to Fairer's store and see it. It has received prime medals at all fairs. They are the oldest established machines in the world.
July 3/68,tf.

TINWARE! TINWARE!
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Respectfully announces to the citizens of Potter township, that he is now prepared to furnish upon shortest notice, and as cheap as elsewhere, every article in the line of
SPROUTING,
All kinds of repairing done. He has always on hand buckets, cups, dippers, dishes, &c., &c.

SILVERPLATING.
for buggies executed in the finest and most durable style. Give him a call. His charges are reasonable.
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BUGGIES! BUGGIES!
J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa., Manufacturer of all kinds of Buggies, would respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that he has on hand
NEW BUGGIES,
with and without top, and which will be sold at reduced prices for cash, and a reasonable credit given.

Two Horse Wagons, Spring Wagons &c., made to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every respect.
All kinds of repairing done in short notice. Call and see his stock of Buggies before purchasing elsewhere.
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF
Bellefonte, Pa.
(LATE HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.)

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This Bank is now organized for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States.
Certificates issued by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co., will be paid at maturity, and Checks of deposits at sight as usual on presentation at the counter of the said First National Bank.
Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Government Securities.
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President.
Science on the Advance.

C. H. GUTELIUS,
Surgeon & Mechanical Dentist,
who is permanently located in Aaronsburg, in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Neff, and who has been practicing with entire success—having the experience of a number of years in the profession, he would cordially invite all who have as yet not given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of this assertion. 25-Teeth Extracted without pain. may 22/68,ly

HENRY BROCKHOFF, J. D. SHUGERT,
President, Cashier.
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
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RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy And Sell
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Office on High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.
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W. H. LARIMER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bellefonte, Pa.
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D. R. P. SMITH, offers his Professional services. Office, Centre Hall, Pa.
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JAS. MCMANUS,
Attorney-at-law, Bellefonte, promptly pays attention to all business entrusted to him.
July 3/68.

JOHN D. WINGATE, D. D. S.
DENTIST.
Office on Northwest corner of Bishop and Spring st. At home, except, perhaps, the first two weeks of every month.
25-Teeth extracted without pain.
Bellefonte, Pa. ap1068,tf.

P. D. NEFF, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hall, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter and adjoining townships. Dr. Neff has the experience of 21 years in the active practice of Medicine and Surgery.
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H. N. McALLISTER, JAMES A. BEAVER,
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penn'a.

Chas. H. Hale,
Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. dec 25/ly.

MILLERS HOTEL
Woodward, Centre county, Pa.
Stages arrive and depart daily. This favorite Hotel has been refitted and furnished its new proprietor, and is now in every respect one of the most pleasant country Hotels in central Pennsylvania. The traveling community and drovers will always find the best accommodations. Drovers can at all times be accommodated with stables and pasture for any number of cattle or horses.
GEO. MILLER,
July 2/68,tf. Proprietor.

CONJUGAL LOVE,
AND THE REASONS OF TRUE MARRIAGE
A Hasty for the Young Men, on the Errors, Causes and Diseases which destroy the Many Powers and create impediments to Marriage, with sure means of relief. Sent in sealed letter envelopes free of charge. Address, Dr. J. Skillin Houghton, Eclectic Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
June, 5/68,ly.

WHITE FISH, Herring, Mackeral, &c.,
BURNSIDE & THOMAS
THE highest market prices paid for all kinds of oyster produce, at
BURNSIDE & THOMAS,
Philadelphia.
TURKEY PRIZES, raisins, peaches,
apples, oranges, lemons, all kind of foreign fruits, Ham, bacon &c., at
BURNSIDE & THOMAS,
June, 5/68,ly.

BECK'S HOTEL, 312 & 314 Race Street,
a few doors above 3d,
Philadelphia
Its central locality makes it desirable for all visiting the city on business or for pleasure.
A. BECK, Proprietor.
(formerly of the States Union Hotel.
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TERMS—THE CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly, at \$1.50 per year in advance; and \$2.00 when not paid in advance. Reporter, 1 month 15 cents.
Advertisements are inserted at \$1.50 per square (10 lines) for 3 weeks. Advertisements for a year, half year, or three months at a less rate.
All job-work, Cash, and neatly and expeditiously executed, at reasonable charges.



THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

Some years ago there lived at Leemouth, England, one Edgar Walton. His father held a situation in the Leemouth dockyard, and Edgar was in hopes of obtaining a similar appointment. He was engaged to the daughter of one of his father's friends, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place as soon as he could obtain a permanent situation, with a salary adequate to the support of the family. The prospect of the young people seemed unclouded, and many were the day dreams in which they revealed as they wandered through the meadows in the long summer evenings, and talk of their future happiness. Some months had thus passed by, when, on his return from a short distance, Edgar found his hopes were fulfilled; he was appointed to the charge of a body of convicts proceeding to New South Wales, and on his arrival there he was to fill a post similar to that of his father at Leemouth.

Away he ran immediately in high spirits to tell his Alice of the good fortune, and to warn her to make her preparations for departure. Short time indeed was given for this purpose; the ship sailed within forty-eight hours; they would be married on the morrow, and the next afternoon they would bid a long adieu to their homes and go forth to seek their fortunes in a new land. He ran, full of glee, into the wellknown house, called for Alice, and was told she had gone to spend a week with some relations in the country. All his joys vanished at once. It would take some time to communicate with her—for her to come down to Leemouth; if she did not arrive in time, and he were forced to go alone, how sad a termination would this be to all his bright hopes. However, all was done that could be suggested. Letters were written to go by the morning's post to the families she was to visit, and one of her relations was sent off to find her, if possible, that no chance might be lost. Then Edgar returned to make his preparations for the voyage.

In the meantime, Alice, little knowing how much her presence was required at Leemouth, was talking over her future plans, and taking counsel with her relatives as to her outfit. She had heard that Edgar was in hopes of soon obtaining an appointment, and she felt in unusual spirits, and was merrily laughing with her cousins when her uncle arrived, and brought the news of Edgar's summons.—Everything was in confusion immediately. Boxes were corded, a hurried adieu was taken and she was away. All speed was made, but several delays could not be avoided. At length, however, they reached Leemouth, but only to hear that Edgar's ship had sailed some hours.

She was too late—she was gone, and perhaps they might never meet again on earth. The disappointment was very bitter, but she bore it. She wiped away a few tears, and then returned to her father's home; but her cheek was very pale and her voice trembled as she spoke. Thus for a week did sadness hang over the family. Then, as they were sitting in silence one evening, in burst a friend, his face radiant with excitement—he showed them a newspaper paragraph—Edgar's ship had been obliged to put into Pitchton Roads through stress of weather. There was still a chance. These news was almost more difficult to bear than the previous disappointment; but Alice rose quietly and packed her trunk, though several times the throbbing of her heart forced her to stop. Again another journey had to be performed under the same excitement as before—feverishly watching the course of the smoke, the bending of the trees, to see if the wind still blew from the west; every lost moment becoming an agony—every delay becoming whole hours—and ever before her eyes the ship with her sails just opening to the breeze. At length they reached the end of their journey.

She heard, as if in a dream, her father's voice asking, "Is the Vixen still in the bay?"

She heard the answer, "Yes, yonder she lies in the roads." The words rang in her ears, and she fainted away.

Edgar had endured a mental trial of no light nature; he had experienced all the sickness of hope deferred; he had passed through the bitter struggle between love and duty; he had seen the dreams of his youth fade away; he had spent a week in brooding over his loss; and now his hopes were unexpectedly reawakened. The heart might well long for peace, after such excitement. But now visions of quiet happiness stole over his mind as he sat in the vestry of Pitchton Church, waiting until he could see the clergyman. It seemed all so strange to him, he could hardly believe it was true. Alice had not arrived above an hour before, but sometimes it seemed as if he had never been parted, and sometimes he would start from his reverie, fancying that he might have been dreaming all that had occurred, and still she might be far away. But as time passed and the sound of the organ reverberated around and the voices of the singers as they rose and fell bore words of promise to his heart, his doubts and fears seemed to vanish, and his heart swelled with thankfulness and hope.

At length the services ended, and Edgar told his story in a few words to the clergyman, and begged that the marriage service might be performed immediately; but as there was no license that was impossible.—The clergyman explained this to him; but feeling much interested in his success, he took him to the surrogate's, to try if a license could be obtained there; but on the question being asked, the surrogate declared he could not grant it, suggesting, however, that the registrar might be able to assist him. To him, however, it was too late to go until the next day, as he lived at some distance, so Edgar returned to the ship.

In the course of the evening he went on board a frigate at anchor there, and saw the captain, who promised to perform the marriage service the next morning without requiring a license—it not being necessary on board ship. At length he thought all his troubles were over, and he allowed his hopes free scope for action.

The next morning the bridal party appeared, and every one was of opinion that a handsome couple had never been seen at Pitchton. Proud of his bride, and exulting in his success, Edgar ascended to the deck of the frigate when again he was doomed to disappointment. The chaplain found the act dispensing with a license on board ship did not apply to the case of a vessel lying in the roadstead. This was an insuperable difficulty, and the only remaining resource was for Edgar to make application for a license to the registrar.—By he borrowed a gig and set off instantly.

Meanwhile, Alice was asked to stay at the rectory, where no means were left untried to alleviate her anxiety; but nothing could induce her to leave the large drawing room window that overlooks the sea.

The house stands within a stone's throw of the water, and from which you can see the whole sweep of the bay. On the other side the coast stretches away for many a mile, dotted here and there with white houses, its hills flushed with rosy color when the sun is low, its lazy outline gradually melting in the distance. Not far from the house is the anchorage; and there within a mile of Alice, lay the Vixen transport, and still nearer the frigate.—To this it was that Alice looked most earnestly, for the master of the transport had promised not to sail while the other remained in the bay.

Lowes sank the sea; the shadows grew longer; the clouds became flushed with rosy light; then their colors were fainter, and deadened into a somber gray; the ships were less distinctly seen, but the song of the sailors as they got up their anchors, was heard on board of them, a few put to sea and glided away in to the thickening night. Alice clenched her hands still more tightly, and her cheek grew paler, and whenever a step was heard in the hall she would turn suddenly to the door, then quickly look seaward again.—Thus she sat when the shades of evening had blotted out the Vixen

from view, and the tall masts of the frigate could scarcely be seen through the darkness.

May we never have to pass through such a trial as this! Like the musical string overstrained and broken, the mind wound up to too great a pitch of excitement, may yield to the pressure, its rich melodies are gone forever; it is dead to all external impulses; to the hand that of old called forth its music, it will respond no more. We cannot tell what such excitement is unless we have passed through a similar ordeal; but we may form, by comparison, some faint idea of it; we are perhaps, awaiting a companion with whom we have settled to make some excursion; how the time for starting approaches, how restless we move about—looking every moment at the clock—asking again and again how much more time there is—eagerly scanning every new comer, and all for some trifling cause, which will be forgotten a month hence.—Then think what would be the agony of excitement if all our prospects of happiness and success in life depended upon that expected arrival!

Meantime Edgar had driven as fast as possible to the town where the registrar resided, full of fears that he might be from home; but he found him, obtained the license, and now all his difficulties seemed again to clear away. He had come depressed with anxiety; he returned buoyant with hope. The gray road and shadowy hedges disappeared, and in their stead the wide meadow lands of Australia seemed to spread around him, and in the distance rose his future home, bathed in the moonlight. A loud shout awoke him from his reverie, and he heard some one call to him, "Your ship is going round the bend."

The Vixen had sailed, though the frigate still lay at anchor. Edgar, almost frantic, rushed to the rectory for Alice, and then back Pitchton. There the people were all in excitement; they had not yet learned to appreciate the polish of selfishness; conventionalism had not yet petrified all their sympathies; there was as much bustle as if two strangers had been their oldest friends. A boat was got out of the harbor, sails were bent, provisions enough to stock a fleet were volunteered on all sides, sailors enough to man a frigate offered their services; and Edgar, having hurried on board with Alice, they set sail amid the tears of the women and the good wishes of the men.

For a night and a day they pursued the hopeless chase, nor did they return to Pitchton until every chance had vanished. Edgar was a ruined man; his appointment was lost, and with it all his hopes of success in life. The little property which had belonged to him he had sold, and invested all his money in his outfit, or on stock which was now on its way to the other side of the world. But, at all events, he had lost his bride. So, instead of sitting down to lament his misfortunes, he determined to bear them as best he might, and he married forthwith. So the next day the ceremony was performed, and half the town attended; and the rector gave a wedding breakfast, and the banker's wife made Alice a handsome present, and everybody did what he could to dissipate the air of melancholy which would have attended the marriage. Edgar then left for London, starting from Pitchton in a hack, carrying from Pitchton many good wishes, but having little hope himself.

But the rector wrote to the Home Office, mentioning the peculiarity of the circumstances, and representing that Edgar had been ashore on leave, and that the transport sailed before the frigate, contrary to the express promise of the master. In a few days an answer was received, stating that in consequence of the circumstances, each of equal value had been provided for him, with compensation for his losses.

So, in due time, the young couple were reaping the fruits of their energy and perseverance, and realizing in Australia the pictures of happiness they had often conjured up at home.

Insane Woman at the White House.

Washington, February 10.—A little after eight o'clock, this evening, a young woman named Annie O'Neil, was discovered in one of the corridors of the White House, running towards the private apartment of the President, who, when asked what she wanted there, replied, "I am sent by God Almighty to kill Andrew Johnson." Being taken into custody, and an old fashioned double barreled pistol, unloaded, was found in her possession. It appears that she had entered the White House during the afternoon and concealed herself in the meantime. She was evidently laboring under an attack of insanity, said to have been caused by her apprehension that she would lose the entire savings of herself and sister, gained in the Treasury Department during several years past, and invested in a little homestead for her family, and which would have to be given up, because it was purchased under a tax title. She was taken in charge by the police authorities, and will be examined to-morrow, preparatory to sending her, if need be, to the insane asylum.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

The Contest over the Vote of Georgia.

Decision of Vice-President Wade—Protest of General Butler—Intense Excitement.

The Washington correspondent of the New York World, under date of February 10, gives a graphic description of the proceedings of the Senate and House of Representatives when in joint convention for the purpose of counting the votes and declaring the result of the last Presidential election, from which we make the following extracts:

The votes of the States then proceeded in reading till that of Georgia, purposely put last, was reached. At this stage General Butler presented a written objection of four counts against the vote of that State being counted. The objections alleged no fair election and incomplete reconstruction. The objections were read, and then began the scenes which makes to-day commemorative of the disgrace of the country and of the repute of the radical party. When the objections had been heard, Mr. Wade decided that, under the rule agreed to the other day, the objections were out of order, as it was concurrently provided that Georgia was to be hypothetically counted. General Butler insisted that his objections went beyond the rule, and he demanded the retirement of the two houses for deliberation. At this point Ben Wade, with most Pickwickian innocence, said that it was agreed that, if the vote of Georgia did not charge the result, it should be read, but that, if it did change the result, then the vote should not be read. At this every one jeered and laughed for five minutes in the most boorish and unparliamentary manner, and Mr. Wade was the object of democratic sympathy and radical rage all over the chamber. Seeing the storm which his bold had invoked, Mr. Wade abruptly ordered the Senate to retire to consider Butler's objections, and thus secured his ruling that they were out of order. The House, then left to itself, decided by a vote of 150 against 41, that the vote of Georgia should be rejected. The Senate sat forty minutes and Mr. Wade was utterly incompetent to stop the debate on the Georgia case, which the joint rules forbid to be indulged. Every Senator had something to say and said it, and the Senate decided as a vessel which has lost its helm, Mr. Wade all the time feebly rapping his toy gavel for order. At last the Senate, by a vote of 31 to 23, decided that the objections of General Butler were out of order under the rule providing that the vote of Georgia be hypothetically counted. Butler, meantime, had come over to the Senate to see what was doing, and he accompanied the Secretary to the House, when the latter announced what the Senate had done. Then the Senate returned to the hall of the House, and Mr. Wade assuming the chair, declared that, all the votes having been counted, the tellers must announce the result. It was thus seen that the Senate was bent on over-

slaughting altogether the dictum of the House, that the vote of Georgia should not be counted. The House had decided one thing; the Senate had decided that the House had no right to decide that one thing; the President of the Senate was in the House to enforce this ruling of the Senate, and the House was there to speak and act for itself and in behalf of its own views. So soon as Wade declared that the tellers must read the total vote, General Butler rose to a point of order, that the House had decided that the vote of Georgia should not be counted, and he asked the Chair to pass upon that point of order, and direct that the Senate retire to consider it. Butler spoke with great noise and emphasis. Thunders of "Question," "Question," "Order," "Order," "Mr. President," "Mr. Speaker," "Question," responded through the House, while the galleries took up the sounds and sent them back with audible comments and contemptuous laughter and jeers. In the midst of all this Babel and hell let loose, the tenacious treble of Wade was heard declaiming to receive Butler's question of order. Butler hurled back from the very depths of his throat. "I appeal from the decision." Wade refused to entertain the appeal. Then Butler bowed out of his seat into the aisle, deliberately rolled up his cuffs threw back his head, and was regarded by the House as the East Indian regards his idol—they knew that he was ugly, but felt that he was great. In a few words of intense bitterness he called on the House to sustain the representatives of the people against being trampled on, and he looked the very incarnation of hate, spite, and malice, though perfectly cool withal. The scene at this point baffles description. A hundred men were on their feet; a hundred tones thundered at old Ben Wade; as many more hooted at Butler; the House was frantic, Butler and Wade were the personal devils who had invoked and were trying to ride the storm into directly opposite courses. The contagion of revolt spread. Ingersoll, Farnsworth, Kelly, Washburne, Van Horit (Mo.), Banks, Shellabarger, Pike, Lyons, Boutwell, Judd, Jones, Eldridge, Woodward, and scores of others were on their feet yelling discordantly, and demanded "question" with one breath and "order" with the next. Wade was nowhere. He was an atom hurled by a hurricane. The gavel with which he pounded made no noise, and was only a little hammer shaken against a mighty tempest. At this point a voice deeper than all the noise a voice profound as the bass of Beecher's big organ, a voice pitched in the tone of command, rose upon and fairly conquered the House to silence. With that voice, which was the poetry of the Philadelphia convention, Senator Doolittle demanded that the votes be read, and Wade fell back as suddenly as a horse on his haunches, who feels the hand of a master, and ordered Conkling to read the votes. Conkling began, when Butler, Ingersoll and Van Horn continued their protests, drowning the usual tones of the New York Senator with all kinds of motions and cries. The storm was brewing again, and no one could fail to see that it might end in literal violence. Ben Butler hissed out, "I move that the Senate have leave to retire," at which there was laughter, and the joint convention became a circus again. Butler further moved that the Sergeant-at-Arms remove all the interlopers from the floor. More laughter and cat-calls. The Senators flushed, and some of them rose to reply or to retire. Speaker Colfax, sitting on the right of Wade, got up and said; "The Sergeants-at-Arms will arrest all members of the House who do not respect the rulings of the President from whose decisions there lies no appeal." (Great sensation, there and a short silence.) While Butler subsided, Ingersoll and Van Horn kept up their loud protests. Mr. Ordway, the Sergeant-at-Arms, proceeded to them, and Mr. Ingersoll sat down, while Mr. Van Horn was understood to threaten to cut Mr. Ordway in two if he laid a hand on him. Partial order, however, was restored, and Mr. Conkling read the totals, with hypothetically allowed for, which reading Mr. Wade repeated, and then proclaimed that Grant and Colfax were President and Vice President for four years from March 4th next, in the usual form. At this point there was a condition of suppressed sneers and a