

The Centre Reporter.

Fredrick Kurtz, Editor.

Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa., Friday, January, 14th, 1870.

Vol. 2, No. 38.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES!
J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., would respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that he has on hand a new stock of BUGGIES, with and without top, and which will be sold at reduced prices for cash, and a reasonable credit.

The Horse Wagon, 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 for purchasing elsewhere.

C. H. GUTLIUS, Surgeon & Mechanical Dentist, who is permanently located in Aaron's burg, in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Wolf, 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.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO. (LATE MILLIKEN HOOPER & CO.)
RECEIVE DEPOSITS.
And Allow Interest.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Orris & Alexander.

D. R. P. SMITH, offers his Professional services. Office, Centre Hall, Pa. apl 7 68.

JAS. McMANUS, Attorney-at-law, Bellefonte, promptly pays attention to all business entrusted to him.

P. D. NEFF, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hall, Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter and adjoining townships.

M. N. McALLISTER, JAMES A. BEAVER ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penn'a.

Chas. H. Hale, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. dec 25 11.

MILLER'S HOTEL
Woodward, Centre county, Pa. Managers arrive and depart daily. This is a new Hotel and has been refitted and furnished in its new proprietor, and is now every respect one of the most pleasant country Hotels in Central Pennsylvania.

BECK'S HOTEL 312 & 314 Race Street, Philadelphia.
Its central locality makes it desirable for all visiting the city on business or for pleasure.

WM. H. BLAIR, H. Y. STITZER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.

S. CALES, at wholesale and retail, cheap by IRWIN & WILSON.

IRWIN & WILSON, BOOTERS, by the thousand, all styles, sizes and colors, for men and boys, just arrived at Wolf's well known Old Stand.

IRWIN & WILSON, LEATHER of all descriptions, french calf skin, spanish sole leather, morocco, sheep skins, linings. Everything in the leather line warranted to give satisfaction, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

IRWIN & WILSON, FINE TABLE CUTLERY, including plated forks, spoons, &c., at apl 10 68.

IRWIN & WILSON, GEORGE PECK'S EATING HOUSE & OYSTER SALOON.
On High street, at Bush's Arcade Restaurant Bellefonte, Pa. This excellent establishment is now open, and good meals can be had at all hours.

IRWIN & WILSON, HAND BELLS and DOOR BELLS all sizes and kinds at apl 10 68.

IRWIN & WILSON, COFFIN TRIMMINGS, a large assortment at apl 10 68.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS, TOYS of all kinds, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS, STRIP, the finest ever made, just received, cheap at Wolf's old stand—try it.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS, A Large Stock of Ladies Furs, Horse Blankets, and Buffalo Robes at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS, New trotting Buggy, for sale at a bargain, at Wolf's Centre-hall stand.

JOHN F. POTTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and acknowledge Deeds, Mortgages, &c., and in Garnett's new building opposite the Court-house, Bellefonte, Pa. oct 22 68.

IRWIN & WILSON, CLOTHING—Overcoats, Pants, Vests and Dress Coats cheap at Wolf's Store.

IRWIN & WILSON, DR. J. THOMPSON BLACK, Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hall, Pa. offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter township. m 26 68.

TERMS—The CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly, at \$1.50 per year in advance, and \$2.00 when not paid in advance. Reporters, 1 month 15 cents. Advertisements are inserted at \$1.00 per square (10 lines) for 3 weeks. Advertisements for one year, half year, or three months at less rates.

All job-work: Cash, and neatly and expeditiously executed, at reasonable charges.

CENTRE HALL REPORTER.
CENTRE HALL PA., January 14th 1870.

STATE FINANCES.
We make the following extracts from the report of State Treasurer Mackey, for the last year:

The indebtedness of the Commonwealth at the end of the fiscal year, ending Nov. 30, 1869, was \$33,286,946 18

The indebtedness at the close of the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1869, was 32,814,540 95

Showing a reduction during the period of 472,405 18

The total debt, as given above, amounts to the sum of 32,814,540 95

From which sum should be deducted the following amounts now in the Treasury, and set apart for the payment of the debt:

A amount on hand for the payment of overdrafts, interest certificates and relief notes \$382,314 02

An amount applicable to the payment of the 5 per cent loan maturing July 1st 1870 and now payable on call 1,018,548 47

1,400,862 49

Total debt, less cash in the Treasury on Nov. 30, 1869, 31,413,678 46

The receipts for fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1869, exclusive of loans and premiums and interest thereon, were \$5,214,867 61

For the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1869, with similar deductions, 5,230,264 94

The total payments for the year ending Nov. 30, 1869, exclusive of loans redeemed and interest paid on overdue loans, 4,392,539 19

The total receipts for the year ending Nov. 30, 1869, with similar exceptions, 4,331,367 98

Balance in the treasury Nov. 30, 1869, 1,012,925 87

Total moneys received by me, \$6,254,636 65

The total payments for the year ending Nov. 30, 1869, 4,853,774 16

Showing a balance in the treasury, Nov. 30, 1869, of 1,400,862 49

A large amount of uncollected taxes has accumulated in times past, until it has reached the enormous total of \$1,300,000. Efforts are now being made to collect this by legal process.

I am sanguine that a large proportion of this sum will be recovered, and, to that extent, relieve the taxpayers. So far as the suits of the Commonwealth against these delinquents have progressed, we are justified in looking forward with hope. One of them—that against the *Credit Mobilier of America*—has been tried, and resulted in a verdict against that corporation, and in favor of the Commonwealth, for 407,000. The claims yet in controversy possess equal merit with the one just decided in our favor, and it is fair to hope for final triumph in them all.

Mr. Mackey recommends that the bond of the State Treasurer be raised from \$80,000 to \$250,000.

Concentrated Bezzine, or Common whiskey is dealt out at eight hundred places in Philadelphia.

COMMON SCHOOLS.
We are indebted to Mr. Wickert, State Supt. of Common Schools, for a copy of his report for the year ending June 7, 1869, from which we copy the following statistics:

Number of school districts in the State, 1,971.

Number of schools, 13,986.

Number of school directors, 12,909.

Number of superintendents, 76.

Number of teachers, 17,442.

Average salaries of male teachers per month, \$39.

Average salaries of female teachers per month, \$30 52.

Average length of school term, 6.04.

Number of pupils, 513,753.

Average number of pupils, 548,075.

Average cost of tuition per month for each pupil on average attendance, 97 cents.

Cost of tuition for the year, \$3,500,704 26.

Cost of building, purchasing and renting school houses, \$2,455,849 71.

Cost of contingencies, \$936,569 70.

Total cost tuition, building, &c., and contingencies, \$6,893,111 67.

Total cost, including expenditures of all kinds, \$6,986,148 92.

Estimated value of school property in Centre county, \$136,058.

Number of school houses, 170.

Number of houses built during the year, 116.

Number of schools, 194.

Number of male teachers, 129.

Number of female teachers, 71.

Important Decision.
The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided (Judge Sharswood delivering the opinion) that a mortgagee or purchaser at sheriff's sale is not bound to look beyond the judgement docket to ascertain whether the entries thereon are properly made by authority, and that when the entry is defective, the entry of a judgement, or an unauthorized entry of satisfaction, the prothonotary is liable to damages to the party injured. Hence where the prothonotary, without the authority of the court, entered on his docket against a judgement, satisfied on *fi. fa.* it was held that the entry was perfectly regular and conclusive as to third persons to whom the judgement itself, regularly docketed, was constructive notice, and that it was not necessary to search further and ascertain whether there was any record of an order of the court directing such satisfaction.

"The Woman of the Lobby."
A correspondent of the World, in giving a lengthy description of the operations of the Washington female bill-pushers on a lobbyist gets says:

Among the lobby women here last winter was the daughter of a present United States Senator, whose father years ago refused to let her marry the man of her choice. She eloped with him; he deceived her by a mock marriage, he having two other wives, so called, living; he took all her jewels, and even most of her clothing, and abandoned her. She went to the bad heading, refused all overtures to return home and the father and daughter used to pass one another in the Capital a year ago—the wanton and the Senator—and never spoke. No news is ever heard. The common hall is hung with details of hideous subjects. No one may go near the fire or sit down to warm himself. None but the father-prior sees a newspaper, reads a letter, knows the depth of a regulation, hears a rumor of war, understands the policy of governments, reasons upon the effects of public measures, is informed of passing events, appreciates the progress of science, passes under view the results of enterprise, or takes to heart the achievements of thought in the physical and moral world. Every Monk of La Trappe is dead. His senses live. His mind is neither idiotic nor crazed. He eats, drinks and sleeps; is weary and refreshed, depressed and exhilarated; goes with alacrity to his task, or shrinks from it as a penance; performs pure devotion or mutters prayers as the galley-slave pulls at the oar; but for all purposes of Christian manhood, is as dead as if he had been buried a thousand years.

It was noon when we reached Bellefonte. The drive had been through thick forests and over dismal roads. Around the monastery no person was visible. We opened the gate; entered the court; passed through low, whitened passages; scanned every corner as our possible entrance; threaded dark avenues and circuitous ways, and at last reached a door that yielded to pressure. An old man appeared. To our surprise, he started back, covered his face, and made violent signs for us to withdraw. It was the lady in our party. Ignorant of the rules of St.

The Ohio Legislature.
Our republican neighbors who felt so jubilant over the Ohio election in October, have not felt so overjoyed since Monday last. The organization of the Legislature on that day showed that the Democracy have it under practical, if not actual control.

In the Senate, the two independent Senators and the Democrats acted together, and thus acting will control the making up of the Standing Committees, which will make it a Democratic body for all practical purposes.

The Evening Fireside.
Every well regulated family has this beautiful picture portrayed in their homes in living characters. Can the skillful artist's touch yield a more powerful or striking design, than the evening fireside, surrounded with the blazing intelligence of father, mother, brother and sister, grouped together in the same happy band, each partaking of the other's joy, as the cup overflows with intellectual quaffs? Can a richer entertainment be given to mortal man? It is the paradise of an earthly home, the emblem of contentment, of christian love and moral duty; the appropriate type of heaven and the certain guide to its portals. What a lesson is contained in this beautiful picture. Alas! too few can claim a title to this model design. JENNIE R. PAIS.

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.
A DAY AT BELLEFONTEINE WRITES AND MONKS: VOW OF SILENCE, AND POVERTY: HOW THEY WORK, AND SUFFER: A PENITENT UNDER FOOT: THE GRAVE.

BY N. S. DODGE.

The four grand orders in the Roman Church are Augustinian, Dominican, Franciscan, and Benedictine. The last is the most celebrated. The first three consist of friars, the other of monks. Priors (*fratres*) withdraw from the world to enjoy religious fellowship; monks (*monachi*), to worship God in solitude. The houses of the former are convents; of the latter, monasteries. The one contains a society of brethren or sisters; the other, of isolated individuals.

The abbey of Bellefontaine is a monastery of the strictest sort. It belongs to the monks of La Trappe. Silence is absolute. *Sabatini solitarius* or *celestis*, is inscribed over the entrance gates. The cells have each a table, chair, box, and two mattresses for the plank upon which a mattress is laid. Invalids may neither keep their bed nor rest upon their chair. No change of dress is allowed by day or night, in summer or winter. All property is renounced, and friendships severed. Two brothers met every day in chapel for twelve years and never spoke. No news is ever heard.

The common hall is hung with details of hideous subjects. No one may go near the fire or sit down to warm himself. None but the father-prior sees a newspaper, reads a letter, knows the depth of a regulation, hears a rumor of war, understands the policy of governments, reasons upon the effects of public measures, is informed of passing events, appreciates the progress of science, passes under view the results of enterprise, or takes to heart the achievements of thought in the physical and moral world. Every Monk of La Trappe is dead. His senses live. His mind is neither idiotic nor crazed. He eats, drinks and sleeps; is weary and refreshed, depressed and exhilarated; goes with alacrity to his task, or shrinks from it as a penance; performs pure devotion or mutters prayers as the galley-slave pulls at the oar; but for all purposes of Christian manhood, is as dead as if he had been buried a thousand years.

It was noon when we reached Bellefonte. The drive had been through thick forests and over dismal roads. Around the monastery no person was visible. We opened the gate; entered the court; passed through low, whitened passages; scanned every corner as our possible entrance; threaded dark avenues and circuitous ways, and at last reached a door that yielded to pressure. An old man appeared. To our surprise, he started back, covered his face, and made violent signs for us to withdraw. It was the lady in our party. Ignorant of the rules of St.

Bernard, she had accompanied us within the walls, but was compelled to return to the hostel to noisance.

Shortly, the monk, who is master of ceremonies to the monastery, entered. The hospitality of the house is his care. He holds his office during life, and is the sole link that connects La Trappe with the outside world. As he is responsible for the opinion visitors may form of the Order, he is chosen from among those who have formerly moved in good society. The countenance of this monk was fine and expressive; he held his shaven head erect; and his address, though grave and earnest, was pleasing and polite. He first explained the divisions of the Order. "We are divided," he said, "into three classes. The choristers are educated. Each has his stool in church. All are clothed in white. Each wears a black scapulary, which is laid aside during religious service. The second class are attired in brown. There are some fonder in the smithy."

"Is every inmate obliged to labor?" one of our party inquired.

"Without exception," was the reply. "In former times there were but three monks in this retreat, which then possessed a revenue of 30,000 francs. Now we receive but 1,500, and our numbers amount to eighty. Moderate as are our requirements, we are forced, therefore, to labor diligently to earn our daily bread."

"And is unbroken silence maintained while at work?"

"Invariably. Each morning the prior appoints to every man his task. Even the field laborers are only permitted to communicate by means of signs; and there are brethren who would suffer any amount of physical torment rather than utter a syllable without the permission of their superior. The third class is that of the *fratres oblati*, or lay brethren, who discharge the duties of servants. These retain their worldly garb."

We opened the church. Our guide resumed his stool. Placed in the choir, opposite the high altar, our party had a full view of the spectacle. Thirty monks were present. One officiated. All were clad in white robes. Behind were bare, white walls. The shaven heads, immobile forms, pale complexions, fixed eyes, haggard faces and hunched attitudes, appeared like corpses amid the shrubs. Neither the holy chant, nor deep responses, nor slow *Ave Marias*, nor guttural *Pater Nosters* nor wailing organ notes, dispelled the illusion. Young men were of the number, and middle-aged and old, and all alike bore the stamp of the dead. They grouped together at the conclusion and walked *pass* through the long passage, but even then they resembled the shadows of the departed. The ceiling, walls, pillars, stools, altar-cloths and robes were all white, and the images of virgin and child, and the rosaries they wore, and the obscure windows, narrow chapels, plain *prisonlike* and braided hocks. The most cheerful of colors was tortured by deathly silences and automatic sounds into dusky gloom. One of the monks raised his head while passing and fixed his large, dark eyes upon the writer. "It was a face well known in the *salons* of Paris. Youth, beauty, wealth, and even science, were his friends when we knew him three years before. *La science dit monde change*. Hebert was a Trappist."

Our guide resumed his place and asked us to refreshment. The table was spread with omelette, salad, butter, cheese, bread, and fruit. A bottle of *vin ordinaire* stood before each plate. Compared with the fare of the monks, it was the feast of a Sybarite. Ten ounces of bread, a potatoe without salt, and a gill of milk mixed in a pint of water, constitute their meal. Seated each upon a block of wood before an unspread table, with mug, wooden spoon and trencher, the food is eaten in silence. From time to time the prior strikes a bell. The eating ceases. Every head is bowed. It is the moment of reflection. He strikes again and the meal is resumed.

"But suppose one of the Order were ill, and the physician were to direct strengthening diet?"

"We know no illness here," our guide replied, "nor any physician save a spiritual one."

As the monks left their table, we stood aside to let them pass. At the door was a penitent. He lay stretched at full length on the threshold. His

penance had just been imposed. It was to be broken, upon the night he departed. Painfully as the sight impressed us who were strangers, the inmates seemed rather to enjoy it. Every one planned first, one foot and then the other, justly on the recumbent's back. To do him justice, he bore it bravely, uttering no groan save when a fat monk brought up his second foot and stood resting for a minute or two on the penitent's body.

Before conducting us through the buildings, our master of ceremonies introduced us to the father-prior. He is an old man, tall and thin, with a bearing and countenance expressive of command. A long staff is his mark of distinction. Beyond this his work is robe, scapulary and *celestis* were like the others. With him rests every secret. The name each monk has left in the world—his family, his parents, relatives, and attachments—the property he may have in expectancy or honors devolving by descent—why he is here and what are his thoughts—are alone known to him. His only receives news, reads letters, listens to confessions, awards punishments, manages finances, and directs labor. His power is absolute. From his fat there is no appeal. The term of his office is life. He is the father. The others are his children. He tells nothing. If a relative has died, he says at prayers, "Let us pray for the repose of the mother of one of us" if a property has reverted, "Let us thank God, who has brought the estate of one of us into his treasury. Beyond this he utters no word."

Our guide put on his scapulary and we started to explore the buildings. He then reminded us that at certain places—dining rooms, sleeping rooms and the church—he should be compelled to observe silence, and that, though our questions would remain verbally unanswered, he would still endeavor to make himself intelligible by signs. Following him, we inspected chapel and sacristy, refectory and *mensa*, utensils, dormitory, and churchyard. The sleeping room is never warmed. In the depth of winter, the monks, trembling with cold, rise at half-past one. Hastening to the church they kneel two hours upon icy pavement. They then repair to the common room and read till four. Again, the services of the church till five. Then breakfast—work in house and abroad, and field till eleven—dinner, and repose till one, service again till two, work till five, refreshment and repose till eight, the litany and *salve regina* for half an hour, when returning to the common room, all throw themselves upon the ground, to pray and repeat the *Miserere*. The father-prior then sprinkles them with holy water, and at half past eight all retire to rest.

We passed through the *chambre* and it is silent in its gloom. The heavy damp earth is thrown up in hillocks. The country around is impossibly dreary. Within the enclosure there was neither stone nor green grass, flowering plant nor kitchen garden, but walk nor shade tree. It was total solitude, undisturbed silence, and oppressive sadness. Here and there appeared a black cross of wood with the words, "Here rested brother."

Other graves were nameless. They extended in parallel lines from end to end. At the termination of the outside farrow is an open grave, dug on the day of the last interment, where the monks meditate, not knowing whose resting place it will be. When it closes upon its occupant a fresh one is opened beyond.

The period of novitiate is one year. Each applicant must be of age and unmarried. A novice is free to withdraw. The vows once taken, however, are irrevocable. The Trappist is dead to the world. He has neither family name nor legal inheritance, rights of kin nor obligations of friendship, property nor reversion, succession nor antecedents, claims of humanity nor benefits of legislation. To all intents and purposes of life, he has passed away. His own will is surrendered. Parents are strangers, brothers and sisters of blood aliens; dearest friends foes, highest cultivations of society temptations, and the very afflictions which arrested worldly life, snares of the destroyer. He is the slave of his spiritual father.

The prospect of scenery from Bellefontaine is in keeping. Hills covered with forests rise one beyond the other. Stillness reigns everywhere. At great

depth below is a narrow valley, thickly wooded and interspersed with lakes. These formations around the monastery. Their waters are stagnant—their hues dismal. Thick exhalations arise morning and evening, and curling vapors hide the dark gray towers. Readers will pardon the writer, but the exact language of the great French poet only can adequately describe the resulting emotions of our day, at La Trappe.

"C'est toi qui la mort et la verite Elevont leurs flambeaux terribles! C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible que l'ame s'envole possible. Que l'on passe a l'eternite!"

The New Apportionment.
The letter states: "The New England States were printed, relative to the Congressional apportionment under the census of 1870, deserves a careful reading. That the coming census is to reduce the political power of the Eastern States and increase that of the Western and Southern States in the national councils, has been anticipated for some time; but the extent of this increase and decrease is now, for the first time, calculated with any approximation to accuracy. Assuming that the present number of Representatives will be retained as a basis of apportionment, the New England States will lose six Representatives, the Middle States seven, while the Western States will gain fourteen and the Southern States four. This prospect is, of course, harrowing to the New England Radicals, and they will exert all their energies to retain their present numerical representation in Congress, though they thereby greatly increase that of the west and south. Their plan is to increase the number of members of the House to three hundred—a plan of very doubtful expediency. The House even now, with several States unrepresented, is an unwieldy body. An increase in its numbers would make it still more so. Experience shows that the efficiency of a deliberative body is the inverse ratio to its size beyond a certain limit—this limit, of course, varying with the character of the members. Proof of this is found in the acknowledged fact that measures are much more thoroughly discussed in the Senate than in the House; also, that in the former body there is much more play of individuality than in the latter. There is, however, much to be said on each side of the subject, and probably will be said when it comes directly before Congress.

At Baltimore, the other day, a newly wedded couple repaired to the depot for purpose of taking passage northward. Just as they were about to enter the cars, a boy stepped up to the baggage compartment and held out his hand saying, "Papa, give me a cent before you go away." The bridegroom looked surprised and extremely foolish; the bride, however, indignantly. The husband finally managed to say to the child, "Go away, kid, not your father's!" The little fellow, however, asserted that such was the case, and stoutly insisted on being presented with a penny. The wife's jealousy was now thoroughly aroused, and a "accusation" was imminent, when a gentleman stepped forward and assured the couple that the child was in the habit of importing young gentlemen with ladies on their arms, in the identical language quoted above. This made matters pleasant at once, and the young couple proceeded rejoicing on their way.

The Galesburg (Ill.) Free Press contains a case of sudden fright which occurred in the town of Abingdon on the 27th ult. A party of boys, disguised by hideous masks and grotesque garments, called at the residence of an estimable lady, Mrs. George H. Marshall, in that place. They entered noiselessly at the back door, and succeeded in frightening an infant almost into convulsions. Mrs. M., hearing the horrified screams of her child, immediately hastened to his assistance. In hurrying to her child she suddenly encountered the masked figures and fell fainting to the floor. She was shortly afterward found by her friends and proper remedies were administered, but her revival only witnessed the horrifying fact that she was hopelessly insane. Up to this writing no lucid intervals have been developed, and the woman is now a raving maniac.