The Watchman.

As We Pass Along.

BY DR. T. E. WALLER, U. S. A.

In the cars and on the boat,
As we bass along
Love and friendship all afloat,
Bleeding hearts beneath the coat.
In the cars and on the boat,
As we pass along.

Tales of sorrow fill the eye,
As we pass along;
Trickling tears cannot deny
Blighted hopes that you and I
See in others passing by,
As we pass along.

Weeping, hopeing, when we part,
As we pass along,
Dearest memories of the heart
Meet us, thrill us with a dart,
When we stop and when we start,
As we pass along.

On the field we meet a brother,
As we pass along.
In the cars we meet a mother,
Weeping sadly for another,
Killed or wounded like some other.
As we pass along.

May the angels come and greet us,
As we pass along;
Let no deeper sorrow meet us;
Meet we none who can defeat us;
Guardian spirits thus entreat us,
As we pass along.

ONE NIGHT'S PICKET DUTY.

Luther Kingston and Frank Milford were chums in one of the Maine colleges, and they had nearly completed their course, when their studies were interrupted by the reverberation of the rebel cannon planted about Fort Sumter. 'War has commenced,' said one, 'and we are tied to books under the eyes of professors and tutors.' 'Alas! just so,' replied the other, 'why could they not have waited a few months longer? I would then have given up my promised European tour and have gone South instead, with knapsack and musket.'

A day or two after came the call for troops. The whole college was in commotion. 'I must go, and will,' said Kingston. 'But not without me,' answered his friend. They expected opposition from the President and faculty, but old and young were alike filled with enthusiastic devotion for the old flag of the republic, and for those sterling principles and great ideas of which it is the emblem. The friends expressed their desires and intentions. So far from meeting any opposition from the President, the venerable patriot praised them for their determination, and encouraged them to honor themselves and their college by faithfully doing their whole duty as patriot soldiers. He gave them prayers and bade them God speed, when full of hope and determination they left the college gates.

The friends obtained commissions in the same company as lieutenants, Kingston being the first and Milford the second.

In this matter as in many others, Frank gave precedence to his friend for no other reason than this: Luther had a sister of such trancendant beauty and incomparable perfections (in Frank's estimation,) that he regarded all connected with her, by ties of blood, as belonging to a somewhat superior race of beings. We do not profess an entire agreement with Frank Milford in his estimation of Lucy Kingston's character, but she was certainly a fine girl; young, amiable, beautiful and refined; and strange as it may seem, her opinion of Frank exactly corresponded with his opinion of her so that most of their disputes, seldom very serious, arose out of protestations against over estimates. They loved each other as only the young and hopeful can love, but Lucy made no attempt to keep Frank within call when the trumpets were sounding. She told him to go while the tears were in her eyes; she embroidered a white silken banner for his company, and we happened to know, from perfectly 'reliable gentleman,' that when the orator, who was to make the presentation speech desired to be 'crammed,' she told him to say that 'the doners of that white flag would rather it should return all blackened with powder smoke, riddled with bullets, and stained with the blood of those they loved most dearly, than to see it again waving over unharmed but dishonored soldiers,' and much more to the same purpose, out of which the orator above mentioned—the village lawyer—manufactured certain peridos gloing with eloquence, which would have caused immense enthusiasm, had not the effect been marred by the too frequent introduction of the words 'gentlemen of the jury" by mistake.

Lucy was a noble, brave girl; she meant all she said; so if any soldier entered the field full of that high and chivalrous courage which love and patriotism combined alone can inspire, that soldier was Frank Milford.

The long days in camp, before starting for the seat of war, were weary enough, but at length the order came. When the parting came, Lucy said nothing at all about 'coming back with your shield or on it,' because she had no time to 'get up" anything in the dramatic line, and besides, she had forgotten all about those old Spartan women, who used to say such things because they are made without hearts, or had their hearts hardened by a peculiar and disgusting process before they arrived at maturity. She only said:

'Dear Frank, I hope the war will soon be over, and that you will come back to us all safe. You and I love the other just the same while we are separated. Good bye, Frank; good bye; keep with Luther all the time. Good bye, my own dear Frank.' And she wound her arms about his neck and nestled closely to his heart and wept there—good honest New England girl as she was, and is.

Frank could not stand this. His own eyes were swimming; he left the house almost repenting of his patriotic resolution. A great crowd was about the depot where the regiment was to take the cars. A bystander said, in a gruff, coarse voice:

'There goes a pretty soldier; he is crying because he has got to leave his mother.'

Said Frank, turning about, 'You are a snivelling coward, or you wouldn't have said that.'

'Coward am I?' said the bully, approaching with clenched fist.

'Yes, a coward,' said Frank, and he gave the ruffian's nose so hearty a twist that he shrieked with pain, while the bystanders said, "That's right." After this Frank felt better; his spirits revived and he went on his way rejoicing.

Luther and Frank loved each other better than brothers usually do, and they never tired of each other's society; on duty and off, they were as much together as circumstances would permit; they mutually confided in each other; and when Frank sometimes reads over Luther's letters to his sister, he wondered how his comrade could address an angel precisely as though she was an ordinary human being.

One thing only marred the happiness of the friends; they were comparatively idle, and they wanted action. the mere routine of camp duties pallied upon them, and they refrained from complaint only because they had sense enough to understand that the discipline of the camp was a necessary preparation for successful action upon the field.

It was July, and an advance was to be made. Both of our friends were full of joy. With banners flying and drums beating the army marched out toward Manasses. The ——— regiment was in the thickest of the fight; in the midst of the confusion of that terrible day the companies became separated from each other, and many of them wholy disorganized; the company to which our friends belonged formed no exception. When the retreat was ordered, Lieut. Kingston could not muster more than twenty men; Milford was nowhere to be found.

"Who knows anything of Lieut. Milford?" said Luther.

"I saw him try to lift up the Captain a minute after he fell, said one from the ranks; 'but it wasn't no use, the Captain was dead. After that he waited to give one of them dyin' rebels some water, and whether he is killed or took's morn I know—but one or t'other.'

The next day, in his report to the Colonel, Kingston named Lieut. Milford among the missing.

The term for which the two friends enlisted had expired, but Luther could not make up his mind to return home alone, and he applied for and obtained a captain's commission in a new regiment. But no movement of importance was mad and the young captain dwelling upon the loss of his comrade, became depressed in spirits; he felt lonely and desolate and oftentimes expressed the wish that he might exchange places with Frank, who, he fully believed, was under the sod of the battle field.

When a forward movement was made, Kingston's regiment was in the advance, and his own company was detailed for picket duty, on the day they came within sight of the enemy's line. The long march, the necessity for action during the operation of laying out of the camp and pitching the tents, had partially removed the young officer's melancholy, but it returned with tenfold force after nightfall, when the thought would come that he was drawing nearer to the spot which had been made sacred to him by his great bereavement. He rejoiced when his duty called him to make the rounds of the picket post, and he walked rapidly in the chill moonlight night from station to station, exchanging a kind word with each sentinel. He had nearly gone the entire round when he stopped for a few moments at a post occupied by a soldier from his own town, one of his boyhood playmates; he was leaning heavily upon his rifle, and his attitude betokened that degree of fatigue which verges upon exhaustion. A few moments conversation ended in a proposition from the Captain to complete the round as soon as possible, then to return and take the place of the third picket guard until the relief came, which would be in little more than an hour.

This arrangemrnt being made, Captain Kingston soon found himself, musket in hand sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, watching the gilmmer of the rebel fires on the sides of the hills only a mile or two away. His thoughts were not of the most amiable description. Behind those hills the bloody battles had been fought; there his warm hearted brave young friend had fallen, one of the sacrifices upon the altar of our country's liberty—perhaps even now the feet of traitors were on his breast. Many weeks had passed since that fatal day. Frank might have lingered on, grievously wounded, for many days, tormented with thirst and fever by day, and feeling the marrow of his bones grow cold when the chill night wind swept over him—perhaps his bones still lie bleaching on the field. All images of horror forced themselves into the mind of the lonely watcher: he could not shake them off and he began to repent of his kindness to his fellow soldier. His thoughts were interrupted by the sudden quick crack of half a dozen rifles from the enemy's lines, far away; but hearing nothing more, he soon concluded that the rebel pickets had given the alarm without cause and resumed his watching and his thinking. He lighted a match, and, examined his watch, found that relief might be expected in half an hour. He had just returned the watch to its place, when he heard a rustling among some bushes only some paces in advance.—He leveled his rifle and cocked it before saying—

'Who goes there?'

'If you are a Union sentry, a friend,' was the answer.

'Halt, and give the countersign,' said the captain.

'That's more than I can do; but call your guard, there's only two of us—one a deserter, the other a Union prisoner just got away.'

The captain was still suspicious, and taking his revolver from his belt, ascertained that it was ready for use, before he said—

'Advance, I will look at you myself.'

'You will find us all right,' said one of the men as he advanced slowly from the bushes.

'Our friends over on the hills gave us a taste of their quality less than an hour ago, by sending a volley of rifle bullets over our heads. We hope you will be more glad to see us than they were to have us come. In the name of hospitality and good fellowship, where are you? It's so long since I have seen the face of a true man that I am hungry for a good long look. Ah, there you are, and—what! Luther, my old chum. God bless you! How is Lucy?'

It was Frank, sure enough, rather dirty and dilapidated in the matter of costume, and somewhat grizzly about the face but not in much worse condition bodily, than when Kingston last saw him.

Frank's story was a short one. He had been wounded and taken prisoner while in the act of giving to a wounded rebel a drink of water from his canteen. His wound was not serious and he had been removed from place to place until an opportunity should occur for sending him to Richmond; he had accidentally met the very soldier to whom he had given the water upon the battle-field; he had argued or ridiculed his treason out of him, and they had managed to come together to pay their respects to the stars and stripes. All that Frank wanted at that particular moment, was a couple of clean shirts, a decent suit of clothes, and a free ticket home.

The next day, proceeded by a telegraphic message, the friends, having obtained a furlough, started from Washington. They arrived home in good time, and in one short month after the performance of his one night's picket duty, Capt. Kingston was busy superintending the distribution of cards, fastened together in pairs by knots of narrow white satin ribbon. One of these pieces of cards reached us in our retirement, and even then we thought of putting the little story of which they formed the climax, upon record. But we forgot that 'the flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it,' and we might have done nothing about it until this day had we not seen the name of Col. Frank Milford mentioned with honor in the battle of Fair Oaks.

The facts above recorded are substantially true. The names of course, are wholly disguised.

READING.—This I deem twin sister to orthography, and one of the first elements of a good education. Indeed, it is one of the grand starting points of all self made men. It is through this medium that we are enabled to grasp wisdom and carry off the laurels in triumph. The question then comes to us, why cannot the community at large become more than passable readers? Are they not intelligent? And where shall we seek for an answer? Methinks some one whispers, "visit our common schools, and then sum up the argument."

'Do you choose Newport this season?' asked a pretty woman of old Roger.

'No, ma'am,' said he, 'I most decidedly prefer old port.' The lady smiled, and so did old Roger soon after.

A letter was dropped into the post office in Greenfield, Mass., last week directed to 'Eggarborcity Nu chersy.' After some study it was sent to Egg Harbor City, N. J.

A man in Oxford is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was.

One line wanted here

Smiles.

Smiles and the sunbeams of the face; they make even the plainest countenance interesting, if not really beautiful. One may also judge a character from a smile A poet says—

"She is not fair to outward view,
As many maides s be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Untill she smiled on me;
O then I saw, her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light!"

A smile may impart hope to the poverty stricken; it can do no harm, and oh, how much good, no one knows but the happy receiver. They lighten many, many a heart that is sad and cheerless. Another poet prettily says—

"Ah never does the youthful *smile*
Such angel sweetness borrow,
As when it would the heart beguile
Of one dark hour of sorrow."

A kind, sympathetic smile is never in vain; it lightens your own heart to see the good it does to others. Are there not *many* dark hours of sorrow? Think if you could cheer some—and you may many. Perhaps some day your heart will bound at a kind smile, and if you do not impart them to others, how will you hope to receive them? Smiles and tears are twin sisters, both capable of doing an incalculable amount of good. Even the raving maniac is not insensible to a kind smile.

Give an encouraging smile to the young and diffident; it may, perhaps, be the means of bringing out some bright talent hitherto unsuspected and unknown, for

"A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a *smile* but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour."

Many hearts pine away in secret anguish from unkindness from those who are their nearest, and who should be their dearest friends, when a kind smile or action from them would have cheered their drooping spirits, and created, as it were, a new atmosphere for them to live in. To win the love of others, you must express an anxiousness for their welfare, an interest in their well being. Goldsmith in his "Village Pastor," says:—

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."

Oh, smile, then, and smile right cheerfully; not a cold, frigid smile, for it would freeze instead of melt, but a warm, sunshiny smile; one that carries love and hope in its genial rays Never forget that

"'Tis good to walk with a cheerful heart
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly *smile*, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

"Since life is a rough and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We should all endeavor, while passing along
To make it as smooth as we can."

—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

HOW THEY FIRE IN BATTLE.—An army correspondent says: 'You wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volleys, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends upon circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and a roll which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at at great fire. Sometimes when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form a square, with the officers and music in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones kneeling with bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them, they would run against a picket fence of bayonets. When they form in this way the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of bullets.

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

"Old Maids."

I have no sympathy with that rude, unfeeling, and indelicate phrase, *old maid*, which is bandied about in the mouths of rude, unfeeling, and indelicate persons. It is true that a selfish nature, cut off from all duties and ties, and sinking back into the solitary life of a selfish heart, becomes most unlovely, and useless. But shall the few cloud the true nobleness of the many? How many elder sisters, it may be unblessed with outward comeliness, have entered into a brother's or a sister's family, and excepted all its cares as the duty of their life, and, joining hands with the mother, given to each child, as it were, two souls of love, like two wings of God, to help it fly up withal from weakness and ignorance to manhood and strength! How many have cheerfully given up their own whole life, built no nest, sought no companion, but sang in the tree and near the younglings of another's nest, patient in toil, watchful and laborious in sickness, frugal amidst poverty, rich in nothing but good works, and in these abounding in wealth! When the roll is read above, and they are named that lived in self-sacrifice in gentleness, in patience, in love, and in the only triumph of disinterested mercy—they who are unmarried and childless, that they might more heroically serve the households of others, and become mothers to children not their own—shall stand high and bright.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

An Editor's Lament.

A gentleman who formerly conducted a weekly paper, waites to a friend who has recently assumed the charge of a daily paper, as follows: "You must live in and for the paper. There is no escape from this voluntary and yet life-long slavery. For now nearly ten years I have known the willing voluntary, unbroked service which the true servant of the free press must render. My weekly charge has been more than I can bear; and often like the slave descriped with such pathetic eloquence by Job, *I* have longed for the shadow' which tells the hour of rest.—Feeling thus in regard to the weekly press, how can I but fear for you my brother, my friend, when you bind yourself in sixfold bonds? How little do the majority of readers of newspapers know of the expenditure of thought, of the labor of the head anb brains and hands, which goes to make up that which ministers to their highest wants! And also how many truths, thought out with brain throes pass unnoted unobserved, even if not received with relentless hostility! Nevertheless, the true man must work, ane work, too, in the martyr's spirit; contented with the thought that his mere relicts, when he has laid him down in the dust, will constute a kind of a superstructure and basement, upon which the glorious and eternal temple of truth shsll stand.'

ORIGIN OF PLAYING CARDS.—It is generally believed that cards were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the l'ne of Bourbon; but this belief is erroneous; who the man was that invented these instruments of folly is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were first invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they came—namely Egypt. The colors are two, red and black, which answers to the two equinoxes. The suits are four, answering to the four seasons.—Their emblems formerly were and stil are in Spain—for the heart, a cup, the emblem of winter; the spade, an acorn, the emblem of autumn; the club, a trefoil, the emblem of summer; the diamond, a rose, the emblem of spring. The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer the number of weeks in a year. The thirteen cards in each suite, to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips, amount to the number of days in a year.

Who did you vote for?

Speech
OF
JOHN H. ORVIS, Esq.,

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

merciless and unrelenting tyranny, if this fair fabric of government is to be demolished, to Andrew G. Curtin more than to any other man will the terrible responsibility attach. And when the poor victims of executive rage shall for months and years drag out a weary existence within the walls of military prisons, they will heap curses and execrations upon Andrew G. Curtin. When the blood of other victims innumerable shall be shed to appease the insatiate fury of executive violence, that blood will cry from the ground for vengeance upon Andrew G. Curtin. When the widows and orphans of these martyrs to the cause of civil liberty shall approach the throne of the Most High, it will be to pray that adequate retribution shall be visited upon the head of Andrew G. Curtin. And when he himself shall be bro't to the gallows, the block, the guilloutine or stake—and surely the justice of Heaven will not permit him, even in this world to escape the legitimate consequences of that course of things which he has been instrumental in producing—and he starts back in horror from the fate which awaits him, he will for the first time understand the magnitude of the great crime he has committed against a free government, and will then know that his name must go down

"Festering in the infamy of years."

Fellow citizens, dark and portentous clouds are lowering over our heads, and no one can tell the day or hour when the storm may burst upon you or me. But we must be firm and fearless in our advocacy of right. We must now be men, if we do not wish to be slaves. We must speak openly and boldly against the present course pursued by our public servants; and at the ballot box we must make one more, one final effort to restore the government to the hands of that party which alone can safely and successfully administer it. If we fail in this, God help us.

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

ANOTHER REQUISITION.

A HEAVY IMPORTATION OF

HARDWARE!!

FOR THE FIRM OF

BAXTRESSER & CRIST,

Who have just opened, in the Store Room on the N. W. corner of the Diamond, in Bellefonte, formerly occupied by Wilson Brothers, their large and splendid assortment of Shelf Hardware, House Trimmings of every description.

POCKET AND TABLE CUTTLERY of every variety and price.
CROSS CUT, MILL AND CIRCULAR SAWS of the best manufacture.
RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOT GUNS, AND LOCKS of every description and the best quality.
MORTICE AND RIM LOCKS AND LATCHES of different kinds
CUPBOARD, CHEST BOX, AND TILL LOCKS, and large and small PAD LOCKS.
HAND, BACK, GRAFTING AND PANNEL SAWS, Broad, Hand and Chopping AXES.
BUTCHERS' CLEAVERS AND CHOPPERS, Drawing Knives, Hatchets Chisels & Adzes.
HAY, MANURE AND SPADING FORKS, EDGE TOOLS of every desirable variety.
SADDLERS' HARDWARE.
A general assortment, and 50 per cent lower than any place else.
CARRIAGE MAKERS TRIMMINGS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS which cannot be surpassed
VICES, ANVILS, DRILLS, SCREW PLATES, FILES, RASPS, PIPE SKEIN & WAGON BOXES.
STEEL SPRINGS, IRON AXELTREES, BENT FELLOWS, HAMES, &c.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS AND PUTTY, COAL OIL AND LAMPS, VARNISH, FLUID.
OIL CLOTHS, PATENT LEATHER, ROPE AND WIRE of every size in abundance.
SHOEMAKER'S TOOLS.
And all other kinds of Goods usually kept in a well regulated Hardware Store.

Their stock is an entirely new one, comprising all the leading articles connected with the Hardware trade, and their facilities for purchasing goods not being excelled by any other establishment, they here declare themselves able to sell from fifty to one hundred per cent. lower than any other establishment in the country, and invite farmers, Mechanics, and all others in need of Hardware, to call and satisfy themselves of the truth of the assertion.

July 18, 1860.

BANK NOTICE.

IN PURSUANCE OF THE 25th Section, First Article of the amended Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, and the First Section of the Act of the General Assembly, passed the First day of June, 1839, the undersigned, citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, hereby give notice that they intend to make application to the Legislature of said State, at its next session, commencing the first Tuesday of January, 1863, for the charter of a Bank, to be located in the borough of Bellefonte, in the county of Centre, and State aforesaid, to be called the "BELLEFONTE BANK," the capital stock thereof to be One Hundred Thousand Dollars, with the privilege of increasing it to Two Hundred Thousand Dollars; and the specific object for which the proposed Corporation is to be chartered is to transact the usual and legitimate business of a Bank of Issue, Discount, Deposit and Exchange.

H. BROCKERHOFF,	C. T. ALEXANDER,
WM. P. WILSON,	JOHN IRVIN, Jr.,
ED. BLANCHARD,	W. F. REYNOLDS,
D. G. BUSH,	O. M. ELDER,
D. M. WAGNER,	MAY & LOEB,
GEO. W. JACKSON,	W. A. THOMAS,
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SAM. STROHECKER,	M'COY, LINN & CO.,
A. R. BARLOW,	THOMPSON, LINN & CO,
HARTLEY MANN,	DANIEL RHOADS,
F. P. HURTATHAL,	GEO BOAL,
JOHN P. HARRIS,	C. & J. CURTIN,

VALENTINES & CO.

Bellefonte, June 26, 1862.—tf.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.
PHILADELPHIA.

For the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with virulent and Chronic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis by the Acting Surgeon.

VALUABLE REPORTS on Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptable. Address DR. J. SKILLON HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 12, 1862—1y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the Estate of Hetty Cummings, of the Borough of Bellefonte, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned; all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the Estate are required to present them, duly authenticated for settlement.

R. D. CUMMINGS,
Administrator

Aug 15th 1862—6t