THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1,00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

THE BEAVER ARGUS

Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per year in advance.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.

Letters and communications should be addressed to J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa.

Business Cards.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—Mrs. M. A. Binder has just arrived from Paris and London with the latest designs, personally selected from the greatest novelties; also, the most elegant Trimmings to be secured in Paris. Laces, Ribbons, Velvets, Bridal Veils, Flowers, Fancy Jewelry, and Trimmed Paper Patterns, Dress and Cloak making. Exclusive agent for Mrs. M. Work's celebrated system for cutting ladies dresses, sacques, basques, &c. N. W. corner of 11th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. [sep22;6m.

BEAVER LADIES' SEMINARY.—The next term of this Institution will commence on **Tuesday, September 14, 1869.** Every department will be furnished with experienced and competent Teachers. Miss MARY A. BUNN, who takes the place of Miss Dever, graduated in Pittsburgh High school while the subscriber was its Principal, and her scholarship and experience as a teacher, were the inducements that led him to secure her as a teacher in this Seminary. Those who desire to see our Catalogue, will please call on or address the Principal,
D. H. A. M'LEAN.

BEAVER SEMINARY AND INSTITUTE Opens its Fifteenth Annual Session on **11th of September**, under the superintendency of the Principal, **Rev. R. T. Taylor, A. M.** Special attention will be paid to the preparation of teachers for the Common Schools. Music, vocal and instrumental, by a competent teacher, at moderate rates. Lads prepared for college, or given a Business education. Languages, ancient and modern, by highly efficient teachers, as well as Painting, Drawing and Wax-work. Send for a Catalogue to
REV. R. T. TAYLOR, Beaver, Pa.

PREMIUM TRUNK FACTORY.—Joseph Liebler, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., &c. No. 101 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. All orders promptly filled, and work Warranted. Factory corner of Fifteenth and Penn streets. [June16;1y

J. J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either the BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by
J. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

THE SHARON MILLS.—The undersigned takes this method of informing the public that they have purchased and taken charge of the Sharon Mills, formerly owned by the Messrs Darragh, in Sharon, Beaver county, Pa. They have refitted them and are now prepared to do all kinds of grinding to the satisfaction of their patrons.—Their brands of flour will compare favorably with any in the market. Give us a call before going elsewhere. SAMUEL DAVIDSON & BRO.

NOTICE!—New Bakery, at Wilson's old stand, Third Street, Beaver, Pa. JOSEPH M. [illegible] takes pleasure to inform his old friends that he is established in business at the above stand, where he will be glad to meet and accommodate them. Fresh bread, cakes, crackers, nuts, &c. &c. Confectioneries of all kinds. No. 1 Flour, made of all Wheat, by the barrel, sack, or retail.

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Porter's Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call.
my26'69:1y.

BEN. F. PIERSOL, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Professor Taylor's in Beaver. [apr21;1y.

J. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinney's building, east of Public Square.

W. A. ROSE, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rochester and surrounding country. Office in Speyerer's drug store, on Water street, Rochester, Beaver county Pa. Consultation hours between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.
Drugs furnished and prescriptions carefully filled at above Drug Store.

Blanks of nearly all the different kinds for sale at the Argus office.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Right" to use the genuine GOODYEAR HARD RUBBER; consequently he does not use the Dry Rubber, or soap-stone, as a base for teeth.
Gold and Silver Fillings put in of the best material, and all work warranted.
Feb3;1y.

"Blank Constable's Sales for sale at the Argus office.

P. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 34 street, Beaver, Pa. (In room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order. The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

Blank Mortgages for sale at the Argus office.

THOS. McCREERY, Banker, corner of Third street and diamond, Beaver, Pa. Money loaned on Government Bonds. Interest allowed on time deposits. We will also receive applications for policies in the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF THE U. S. Also Merchants', Manufacturers' and Artizans' Co., of Pittsburgh. Office below the Court House.

HENRY MERZ, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Gaiters. Boots and shoes made to order. A long experience in the business enables him to do work in a superior manner. Terms moderate. Shop on Third street near Rev. Miller's bookstore, Beaver, Pa. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

CHAS. B. HURST, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent. Deeds and contracts written and acknowledgements taken, &c. Having been duly commissioned as Agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms. Also, agent for the "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers. Tickets sold to and from all ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France. Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester.

Blank Subpœnas for sale at the Argus office.

FOR SALE.—Business Stand and Dwelling, at $5,000,—worth $8,000. A three story Brick Dwelling and Store room, situated in Bridge Street, Bridgewater, Pa. The dwelling contains eight rooms and a kitchen. Lot 79 feet front by 150 feet deep, in which is a bake oven and bake-house, carriage house, stable, ice house, etc. The store is 28 by 32 feet, with fixtures all complete—now occupied as a grocery, having a good cash trade. The property will be sold with or without the stock of goods. Satisfactory reasons given for selling. For further information apply to Messrs. Croft & Phillips, 139 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, or on the premises.
A. S. HARVEY,
Bridgewater, Pa.

Local and Radical copy

ALEXANDER & MASON,

J. M. ALEXANDER, Late Col. 2d D. C. Vols. and ex-Post Master of Washington, D. C. — Solicitors of — J. M. MASON, Attorney at Law.

American and European Patents,

And Counselors at Patent Law.

Fifteen years experience as solicitors of Patents. 460 Seventh Street, opposite the Patent Office. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Papers carefully prepared and patents secured without delay.

Examinations in the Patent office *free of charge.* *No additional fee asked in any case unless a Patent is allowed.*

Send for Circular of Terms, Instructions and References. [aug 1;1y

Blank Notes for sale at the Argus office.

LOOK HERE!

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear, which he offers at very low rates.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Suits made to order on the shortest notice. Thankful to the public for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER, Jr.
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER.

Seasonable Goods For Farmers.

Buckeye's Agricultural Steamer and Cauldron, Burrell, Star and Virginia Corn Shellers, Sinclair, Telegraph, Mummas, Cheeka, Climax, Gale's copper strip, Slade, Cummin's and Self Sharpening Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters. Hay Presses, Small Threshers, Powers, &c., &c. Send for price list.

W. W. KNOX,

165 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Beware of imitations of the Sinclair or Baltimore Cutters. Be sure you see the name, R. Sinclair & Co., cast in the machine. [dec1;1m.

HENRY LAPP.

Dealer in all kinds of

FURNITURE,

Brighton street above the Plow Factory,

Rochester, Pa.

The largest stock in Beaver county constantly on hand, and selling at the very lowest prices. [aug18.6m

Miscellaneous.

T. O. MORGAN.

SUCCESSOR TO

SHALLENBERGER BROS.

DEALER IN

Fine Family Groceries.

Queensware, Hardware,

NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME,

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods.

Goods delivered free of charge in all the Villages.

aug19;68.

WALL PAPER

&

WINDOW SHADES

In great variety, also

SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS SLATES,

The largest and cheapest assortment of ALBUMS to be found in either city, at

F. E. WELL & CO'S.,

NO. 106 FEDERAL STREET.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN'A.

sept15;1y.

THE SUEZ CANAL!

WHILE the World is more or less exercised over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that

S. SNITGER & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES.

Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,

Tobacco and Cigars;

And all other articles usually found In a First Class

GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call

and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.

jan5. S. SNITGER & CO.

To The Public.

THE Undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that, notwithstanding the "dullness of the times," he has, as usual, a full supply of all articles connected with the

Grocery Business.

Among which may be found a full assortment of

Hardware,

Embracing everything usually called for In a country store;

A Large Stock of the Best

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Syrups, &c., &c.;

All of which are fresh, and the best in the market. The best brands of

FLOUR

Can always be obtained at my Store, and at as low a price as can be afforded.

Cornmeal Feed, &c.,

Kept on hand, and sold in any quantity. His assortment of

Queensware, Glass &c.

Is complete, and will compare favorably with any stock in the county. In short, he aims to keep a

FIRST CLASS GROCERY STORE,

And no pains nor efforts on his part will fail to make it such.

Having been in the Grocery Business for a number of years, and becoming familiar with it in all of its branches, he feels confident that he will be able

To Please his Patrons.

Remember the Stand.

Stewarts' Block,

Bridge Street, Bridgewater Pa.

A. S. HARVEY.

jan5.1869:1y

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINES,

$30.00.

The most perfect machine yet invented. Will widen and narrow, turn a heel or point the toe. It will knit plain or ribbed. It will knit stockings, drawers, shirts, &c., &c. It is cheap, simple and durable. It sets up its own work, uses but one needle, and requires no adjusting whatever. It will do the same work that the Lamb machine will do; it costs less than half as much and has not the tenth part of the machinery to get out of order. Circulars and samples mailed free on application. Agents wanted. All machines guaranteed.

STRAW & MORTON,

GENERAL AGENTS,

No. 20 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh Pa.

nov24:1y.

FLOUR.

Bucher & Ryder's Best,

made at Massilon, Ohio, is now taking the lead.

S. J. Cross & Co.,

ROCHESTER,

have it constantly for sale, wholesale and retail, at

Lower Figures

than any other Flour of the same

QUALITY

sold in the county.

oct6tf.

NEW GOODS!

Fall and Winter Wear.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF GOODS OF THE

LATEST STYLES,

FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR

Gentlemen's Furnishing Good

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

In latest and most fashionable styles, and at short notice.

mar31tf WILLIAM REICH, Jr., BRIDGEWATER, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

Blank Deeds for sale at the Argus office.

AMARANTH Lodge No. 294, I. O. G. T. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Coffin's Hall. [feb10;tf

SPRING STOCK.

CARPETS

Oil Cloths, Etc., Etc.

M'CALLUM BROTH'S,

51 Fifth Avenue, above Wood street,

PITTSBURGH, PA

Have on hand

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARKET.

From the Finest Qualities to the Very Lowest Grades,

WINDOW SHADES,

Fine and Common Table Covers, &c., &c.

Prices uniform to all, and the lowest.

M'CALLUM BROS.

mar24:1y.

Blank warrants for sale at the Argus office.

This is no Patent Medicine Humbug, gotten up to dupe the credulous, nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth; carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing Remedy, a perfect Specific for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, also for offensive Breath, Loss or Impairment of the sense of Smell, Taste or Hearing, Watering or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the head, when caused, as they all not unfrequently are, by the violence of Catarrh.

We offer in good faith a standing Reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh that we cannot cure.

Sold by most Druggists Everywhere.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Sent by mail post paid on receipt of 60 cents. Four packages for two dollars or one dozen for five dollars.

Send a 2 cent stamp for Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh. Address the proprietor, R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

mar3:3m:je:3m:sep3m.dec.3m.

HARDWARE,

Glass, Nails & Paints,

S. J. Cross & Co.,

ROCHESTER, Pa.

uy in large quantities of manufacturers all kinds of

Building Hardware,

Such as Locks, Latches, Butts, Screws, Strap Hinges, Bolts, Sash Locks and Pulleys, Shutter Hinges and Fastenings, &c., &c.,

CARPENTERS' TOOLS

Saws, Augers, Planes, Plane Bitts, Steel and Iron Squares, Iny Squares, Bevel Squares, Braces, Brace Bitts, Drawing Knives, Hammers, Hatchets, Adzes, Axes, &c., &c.

Plasterers' and Mason's Trowels.

FARMER'S TOOLS,

Shovels, Spades, Picks, Mattocks, Forks, Hoes, Breast, Trace, Draw, Halter, Dog & Cow Chains.

Also a full line of

Housekeepers Goods,

such as table and pocket Cutlery, Spoons, Scissors, Coffee Mills, Apple pearers, Sad Irons, &c., &c.

NAILS OF ALL SIZES,

Comprising Fence and Finishing, in any quantity, and as low as can be bought in the city.

GLASS,

A large supply constantly on hand of all sizes, and single and double strength, at manufacturers prices,

PAINTS.

WHITE LEAD, RED LED,

and every Color, dry and in oil.

MINERAL PAINT

WHITING, PUTTY,

Linseed Oil,

TURPENTINE, DRYER, ALCHOHOL, GUM SHILLAC, VARNISHES, PAINT BRUSHES, GLAZIER'S TACKS, &C.

We buy our White Lead by the ton of manufacturers, and can sell on as good terms as any house in or out of the city.

These goods are our

SPECIALTIES,

and we know we can make it the interest of consumers to buy from us.

All goods delivered in the vicinity and to railroad and river free of charge. Orders carefully filled.

S. J. CROSS & CO.

oct6,1y.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY. On and after Nov. 15th, 1869, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.15 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	155AM	645AM	915AM	215PM
Rochester	310	820	1055	330
Salem	506	1021	1245PM	508
Alliance	615	1115	135	600
Canton	700	1215PM	221	646
Massillon	717	1240	248	705
Orrville	800	125	319	753
Wooster	835	201	350	805
Mansfield	1025	351	527	940
Crestline A	1100	440	600	1010
Crestline D	1115	600AM	620	1020
Bucyrus	1140	632	651	1043
Upper Sandusky	1215PM	710	723	1115
Forest	1244	743	801	1145
Lima	150	905	915	1235AM
Van Wert	256	1018	1031	200
Fort Wayne	430	1150	1205AM	320
Columbia	511	1253PM	1250	359
Warsaw	602	144	156	446
Plymouth	636	250	303	600
Valparaiso	825	430	447	730
Chicago	1030	635	650	920

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S
Chicago	450AM	920AM	505PM	920PM
Valparaiso	720	1000	635	1151
Plymouth	901	1125	830	200AM
Warsaw	1005	1215PM	943	327
Columbia	1055	1253	1027	433
Fort Wayne	1150	155	1130	600
Van Wert	115PM	256	1227AM	710
Lima	225	353	133	830
Forest	333	449	240	940
Upper Sandusky	425	510	305	1005
Bucyrus	515	546	347	1046
Crestline A	550	610	415	1115
Crestline D	550AM	630	425	1205PM
Mansfield	621	700	453	1234
Wooster	835	827	615	201
Orrville	905	853	643	227
Massillon	942	921	717	308
Canton	1000	938	735	318
Alliance	1115	1035	840	355
Salem	1159	1059	909	445
Rochester	205PM	1223AM	1052	603
Pittsburgh	315	140	1155	705

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 6:35 p. m; New Castle, 6:13 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 6:50 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 9:50a. m. Youngstwn, 10:40. a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:30 a. m; New Castle, 7:30 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 2:30 p. m; arrives New Castle, 6:20 p.m; Youngstown, 7:05 p. m.

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD. On and after Nov. 15th, 1869, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows,

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	815AM	1235PM	335PM
Euclid Street	826	1246	348
Hudson	930	140	445
Ravenna	1004	210	518
Alliance	1100	249	600
Bayard	1133	313	
Wellsville	105PM	435	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM.
Wellsville	835AM	355PM	
Bayard	1025	510	
Alliance	1120	535	725AM
Ravenna	1218PM	641	815
Hudson	1242	636	855
Euclid Street	146	719	950
Cleveland	200	730	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S	*	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	725AM	151PM	430PM
Bridgeport	555	815	200	440
Steubenville	700	1053	306	600
Wellsville	815	125PM	435	
Smith's Ferry	840	146	516	
Beaver				
Rochester	925	220	530	
Pittsburgh	1035	325	635	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	625AM	155PM	350PM	
Rochester	735	255	500	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry	817	323	548	
Wellsville	850	415	620	
Steubenville	950	520		705AM
Bridgeport	1059	628		815
Bellair	1000	640		820

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville and an express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves N. Philadelphia, 640 a. m. | Arrives Bayard, 945, a.m.
B.yard, 11:50a.m. | N. Philadelphia, 240pm

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

Dry Goods.

CASH BUYERS

AT

WHOLESALE

WILL FIND A VERY LARGE AND

ATTRACTIVE STOCK

OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY - GOODS,

At Very

LOW PRICES,

Either by the yard, piece or package

AT

A. W. ERWIN & CO'S.

178 Federal Street, Allegheny

jun2:1y.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The [illegible]

HOMELESS.

I wander in the cold and snowy [illegible]
Amid the fast descending [illegible]
My heart does ache as I look
At the windows, all aglow,
I see within the window [illegible]
By means of the cosy light,
The many forms that are gathered
Around the fire so bright.

I stop and gaze at the shadows [illegible]
The shadows that come and [illegible]
And oft a face will, at the [illegible]
Look down on the street below
Where forms along are moving
With swift and silent tread;
Where the cold, white snow is [illegible]
A shroud for the seasons' dead.

I, sometimes, see a childish [illegible]
Sometimes, a maiden's [illegible]
With golden drops in each [illegible]
And locks of beautiful [illegible]
Sometimes a wife in the [illegible]
Sometimes one in her prime;
Sometimes a face that one [illegible]
With furrows wrought by [illegible]

The little ones laugh so [illegible]
As they watch the dropping [illegible]
The maiden waits, with [illegible]
The coming of her gallant [illegible]
The young wife smiles, as [illegible]
Arises in her loving breast;
The old man's eyes are upward [illegible]
Where he has hopes of rest.

I see the forms of gallant men [illegible]
And of women fair and bright
As they move through the mazy dance,
With hearts and steps so light.
They seem so very happy and [illegible]
Their faces lit up with the glow;
As, to the sound of the music
To some grand march they [illegible]

And here to-night, in this cold street,
'Mid the fast descending snow,
I watch and sigh with aching heart
At the windows all aglow.
I think of the hearths where the fire-light shines,
And of the ones that are gathered there;
Of the faces lit up by the light,
And the pleasant smiles they wear.

As I stand in the snow [illegible]
I [illegible] think of them all,
I think of their comforts, I think of my wants,
As around me the snow-flakes fall.
My eyes are dim with watching—
Watching through a mist of tears—
And out of the gone and hidden past,
Rises the ghost of other years.

I once had a home and many friends,
I once had a home and a wife;
I once had a child, with a beautiful face,
To make happy the hours of life;
But now, how changed is the world to me!
My home, my wealth, have long since fled;
My host of friends, are friends no more;
My wife, my child, they both are dead!

What, to me, is that envied word—Rest,
With no home but the wintry street
Where even curs shrink back, with a cry,
At the forlorn wretch they meet?
Oh, when to me will the cosey light,
From the windows, cease to shine?
For it brings to my memory, out of the past,
The comforts that once were mine.

GALEN.

Campaign Characters.

[Written for the Beaver Argus.]

BOB.

BY S. Q. LAPIUS.

It is not our intention to enter into a detailed history of all the minute circumstances of our hero's early life; only so far as to show up his peculiar idiosyncracies.

'Bob' was born in the town of W—, Western Pa., of the stereotyped 'poor but honest' parents. The former of which—poverty—he inherited; but we are sorry to say [illegible] virtue—honesty—was not transmitted to Bob, if so, it was latent.

In the course of this 'history' we shall avoid as much as possible, giving names; as Bob's father and some others of his relations are yet living. And very many in whose hands this history may fall, will at once recognize the portrait.

At ten years of age Bob developed some 'peculiar' qualities, one of which was pugnacity, if you know what that means. Phrenologically speaking Bob was a 'character.' His frequent encounters with his comrades had developed 'bumps' of such a character on his 'figure head,' as would have sorely tried the skill and genius of a Fowler; he would have pronounced them all bumps of 'brickbativeness."

Now, we do not say that Bob would steal; but we do say that many things of value suddenly disappeared when he was in the immediate vicinity, and whether true or false Bob was always blamed for it.

Chickens and other poultry that went unsuspectingly to roost at night, were missing in the morning, and all the owner knew was 'that they were not.' But it was known that Bob played 'truant' next day and had a 'grand roast,' and no one believed that he bought them.

As we said, Bob played truant, of course he went to school; and there he developed some of those qualities of which we shall speak hereafter.—He could look the teacher in the face and tell a 'red hot' lie with the coolest impudence imaginable. Always prepared with a plausible lie, he was never known to tell the truth only when a lie would not answer the purpose. The first time that Bob failed to have his 'lessons'—which was very early in his school boy career—the teacher 'kept him in' during the dinner hour to study them and recite during the afternoon. He was locked up in the second story of the building and as soon as the teacher and pupils were out of sight, Bob began to reconnoitre his position to see how he could better his condition. He raised the window and looking out saw a boy whose mother kept a little store just up the street a little way; it was a cake and taffy store where the boys used to spend their pennies during recess.

Bob hailed him and after a short parley let down his cap with money in it, with instructions to the boy to procure its value in ginger bread; he did so, and putting it into the cap Bob hauled it up, devoured the ginger bread, and mentally consigned his books to perdition. Bob did not get the lessons, but *did* get a 'whaling.'

The teacher began to find out that all the 'keeping in after school,' and the thrashings he got did not improve him either mentally or morally, and so perforce was compelled to let him 'go it.' The end came at last; being found guilty of a more than ordinarily flagrant outrage, he got a tremendous pounding and was again locked up for repentance. Bob made a grand dash for liberty by jumping out of the window—catching hold of the trailing runners of a climbing vine, called a 'Virginia Creeper'—by which he descended safely, and darting off down an alley nearest home, was heard to say by one who inquired his hurry: "Yer don't ketch me a stayin' in that are school house when we've got beans for dinner at home."

Bob's parents were loth to believe the stories told them in regard to their son's shortcomings and misdeeds and steadfastly refused to listen to, or entertain them for a moment. To his father, he was a spirited lad who was no worse than those of his neighbors. To his mother, he was 'only a child,' whose 'little tricks' hurt no one, and who would settle down and be steady enough when he grew older.

And here let me ask, how much different were Bob's parents from those of many—nearly all nowadays? None. Here in this very place, and in other places, we hear parents say; "My son, or my daughter was never known to lie to me, or deceive me," Or, "My son or my daughter never goes any place, or does anything without telling me."

Poor duped, deceived parent.—Perhaps while you are talking thus, and lauding the virtues and amiability of your progeny, they are off on some forbidden expedition, chuckling to themselves and narrating to their companions how they have 'shut the old folk's eye up.'

It is ever thus, and perhaps always will be.

Taking advantage of this unwillingness on the part of his parents to credit anything derogatory to their son's character, Bob swept onward in his career of wickedness, until from being a terror abroad he became incorrigible at home, and finally—although unwillingly—his parents were compelled to admit his depravity and make application for a commitment to the House of Refuge, in A—— city, on the score of inability to control him any longer.

Judge G—— heard and granted their petition, and Bob was numbered with the transgressors. After remaining there a year or two, his mother died, and Bob was granted 'leave of absence' to attend the funeral, and from some cause—certainly not of reform—he never was sent back.

In a few years occurred that memorable event which we all so well remember—the firing on Fort Sumpter, and the breaking out of the Great Rebellion. In one of the first calls for troops, Bob—to the unutterable joy of all—enlisted and joined Co. K, ——th Reg. Pa. Reserve Corps. The regiment was organized and quartered at Camp 'Wilkins' in Pittsburgh.

Bob was not long in learning all that was worth knowing of the 'tricks' connected with camp life. While he was yet a little 'green' in the service, an incident occurred which we shall relate. Bob had been sent in to camp with other new recruits after the regiment had been some time in camp.

After being duly examined and sworn in, he chose his company and was a soldier. On the first night in camp he contrived to 'slip the guard' and made his way off 'down town.' After enjoying himself with other runaways at the 'Varieties,' he went with those who were 'posted' and 'knew the ropes' to the 'Red, White and Blue' drinking saloon, where, after indulging in frequent drinks, they got the 'countersign' from the bar tender, who always had it, and gave it to any soldier who would buy a glass of beer.

But when they got to camp, Bob was drunk all the way through, in fact too drunk to answer the challenge of the sentinel properly, and so a corporal was called, and Bob was dragged off toward the Guard House.—He made a determined resistance and created quite an uproar. It happened that the Captain of Bob's company was 'officer of the day' on duty then. He approached to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Said the Captain: 'Take him along. If he makes much trouble give him a taste of the bayonet, and if he don't behave we'll 'buck and gag' him.'—As they were dragging him away, he turned to the Captain and said: 'Cap'n, if that's (hic) the way (hic) yer goin' to ter (hic) treat a fellow, yer may (hic) jist git somebody in my place, (hic) 'n I'll go home.'—Poor Bob. He forgot he was 'cussed' in and was under martial law, but he was compelled to 'cave.' He came out of the guard house the next morning a wiser if not a better man, and ere long found plenty of opportunities to indulge in his 'ruling passion.' No matter what turned up, Bob's 'mess' always had double rations.

And woe unto the unlucky peddler who came into camp; if he did not keep his eyes skinned he got skinned before he left if Bob was about.

On Sunday, while the first battle of Bull Run was raging, the regiment received marching orders. Away they were hurried—shipped in all kinds of cars; ununiformed, except blouses, old fashioned muskets, no knapsacks, haversacks or accoutrements of any kind. On arriving at Harrisburg these were distributed to the men, while the train lay on a siding opposite the city.

Bob indulged his propensity by stealing a duplicate of his 'dress coat,' haversack, &c., which he afterwards sold. He also managed to 'euchre' a woman out of nearly all of her pies which she came to sell to the soldiers.

On arriving at Washington, D. C., the regiment disembarked and 'stacked arms' near the Capitol. Bob disappeared in search of 'game.' Within half an hour the regiment was again under arms on the march to Meridian Hill, but Bob was left behind. Early next morning he came to camp fairly staggering under his load of plunder.

Passes were of no use to Bob, as he always managed to get in and out of camp whenever he pleased, and no one seemed to know how. And although the city was full of 'corner guards' and 'patrols' he always managed to elude them. In fact he seemed to enjoy the 'freedom of the city' as though privileged to do so. It would be a matter of impossibility to chronicle half of Bob's exploits in 'cabbaging,' &c., while at this and other camps.

While in camp at Meridian Hill, the Reserve Regiments were to be sworn into the U. S. service, having previously been sworn into the State service. All that were willing to be be sworn in were ordered to come to it 'shoulder' at the word of command. Bob and some few others were not willing, and so kept at an 'order arms.'

They were immediately disarmed and put into the guard house to sleep over it. The next morning they relented and were sworn in by the mustering officer who remained over night in camp to await their decision.

In a few days marching orders were again received and the regiment took up the line of march for Tenallytown about six miles from the city.

Bob went in 'light marching order' having got rid of his knapsack and contents, trusting to luck to procure another when needed. On the way he foraged extensively.

The day was terribly hot; men dropped by scores from exhaustion, and many were prostrated by *coup de soliel*. In the cool of the evening after Bob's messmates had their tents pitched, he came riding into camp astride of a mule, with a bag thrown across its back, both ends of which were filled with 'forage,' such as whiskey, tobacco, cigars and other various articles of food

The distance from the city (6 miles) was no obstacle in Bob's way. He would sometimes hide in the commissary wagon, which went down daily for bread, and thus steal a ride; and when once in the city he forsook his hiding place and went on his own hook.

Although Bob could be generous with his fellow soldiers when he had plenty, he did not hesitate to steal from them when an opportunity occurred. Any loose change lying around their clothes, unless carefully watched, was sure to be transferred to his, and bread, meat, coffee, &c., disappeared often, when there was no cat to blame it on.

One morning as I passed up the street formed by the double row of tents of Co. K, I observed Bob come suddenly tumbling through the 'fly' backwards, closely followed by Jim B——, one of his mess, who was swearing, striking and kicking as fast as tongue, hands and feet could go. 'You infernal thief, I'll show you better than to steal my bread while I am away on guard!' said the irate Jim, and they fell to it in regular 'Kilkenny cat' fashion, tearing, striking and gouging, until a corporal came with a guard of men and arrested both and took them to the guard house.

The guard house at this camp was only a temporary affair made of rails like a cattle pen, about four rails high, around which the guard paced to watch their prisoners.

About half an hour after this occurred I was walking past the guard house and stopped to look at them.—There they sat under the broiling hot sun, one at one side and the other on the opposite side eyeing each other closely, and ever and anon shaking their heads at one another menacingly.

I stopped and spoke to them; said I: 'You are two pretty looking chickens; what brought you to this place?'

Jim spoke and said: 'Why that d——d thief, Bob, stole my loaf of bread. He's always stealing something from me or some of the rest of the mess!'

'You're a liar!' said Bob; and into each other's wool they went again. The guard rushed in and after a sharp struggle succeeded in separating them. Just then a scuffle which was going on between the corporal with a squad, and a wild Irishman who was drunk, and whom they were trying to take to the guard house, attracted the attention of the guard, and during the brief time which elapsed before they turned to their prisoners, Bob had given them the slip, and was steering his course rapidly for the city.

The officer of the day, coming round, heard Jim's version of the affair, and knowing Bob's character, released him.

It was very generally remarked that Bob always had plenty of money, no matter whether after pay day or before it; and although a pretty expert manipulator with cards, yet it often occurred that the men generally had no money left to gamble with before pay day came around again, and of course it must have come from some other source.

There was not a house or plantation for miles around that Bob was not familiar with its owner and occupants, and while the rest of us were living on Government rations, Bob subsisted on the fat of the land—if it could be considered fat.

After remaining here waiting in vain for the 'On to Richmond' order, the division was ordered across the Potomac to the Virginia side—four miles from the Chain Ridge—about twelve miles from Washington, where 'Camp Pierpont' was established, and where they lay in a state of masterly inactivity—waiting for the rebels to remove their troops from our front, and quit floating their flag so impudently and defiantly in our very faces.

And there we held them (the rebs) like John Phoenix held the foreman of the printing office down on the floor. Said John: 'We held him firmly down on the floor, ourselves being undermost, by *inserting our nose between his teeth.*' And while we held the rebs, or the rebs held us, the Western armies were fighting and winning some of the most brilliant victories.

But we must not forget Bob.

One of the first incidents that came under my notice, was this: One dark night Bob was on guard at the upper side of the camp, which was at first on the side of a pretty steep hill, afterwards removed to more level ground. After being relieved he was returning to his quarters; on his way down the street of Co. E, he observed a sergeant lying on a gum blanket by a fire built in the middle of the street. To all appearances he was asleep. Bob resolved to 'go for' his pockets. He crept up cautiously on tip toe; the sergeant was lying in such a position that he must approach from the lower side. This he did with the stealthy step of a cat. He reached out his hand as he bent over him, and was inserting it slowly into the pocket of the sergeant, when the latter, who had only feigned sleep after he saw what was going on, quickly drew up his leg, and planted his foot in the region of Bob's 'bread basket,' which sent him rolling and tumbling down the hill for a considerable distance. Bob picked himself up and disappeared in the darkness. The next morning he was at the surgeon's quarters under treatment for diarhœa with great pain in the bowels.

In the meantime our sutler had rejoined us with a fresh supply and larger tents for his commodities.—Among other things he brought a barrel of cucumber pickles in the vinegar.

Bob determined they should be all his own. He entered the tent, bought a few cigars, &c., and took observations—noticed that the barrel was setting close up against the canvas. That night after 'taps' he stole off quietly to the sutler's tent; felt around until he found where the barrel was, drew out a couple of stakes that held the canvass to the ground, lifted it up and dropped it over the barrel, leaving it outside. After replacing the stakes he cooly rolled the barrel off down into the woods covered it over with brush and left it for the night.

The next morning Bob had them sold out at 25 cts. per 'camp kettle full,' before the sutler had fairly discovered his loss. For this offense, he was arrested, courtmartialed and sentenced to forfeit two months pay, and confinement in the guard house three months.

This, to many, would have been considered a very heavy punishment and disgrace, but Bob heard it with secret delight. Why, you will see presently.

The regiment on going into winter quarters had built a variety of tenements. Some had log huts, some slabs inclined and meeting at the top, so as to form an inverted Λ shaped hut, covered with sods, and others had a foundation four or five logs high, over which they spread their 'wedge tents. All had fire places lined with flat stones and mud, until sheet iron stoves were introduced, when they pretty generally took the place of the former.

The guard house was a large, square log hut—the largest in the camp—with a very wide fireplace and a mud and stick chimney. In this Bob was confined, but he could not remain idle.

He had noticed a short time before that the sutler had brought on quite a stock of red 'skull caps with yellow tassels, such as many of the boys wore in camp when off duty.

He determined while in the guard house to appropriate as many of them as he could; so one night after he saw the guard at the door was fast asleep—nothing unusual—he quietly stole his ramrod and ball screw. He then worked his way slowly up the chimney and easily descended to the ground on the outside. Cautiously he made his way to the sutler's quarters, and after reconnoitering carefully, he took out his knife, cut a large slit in the canvass, put the ball screw on the end of the ramrod, and proceeded to 'lift' the caps off the shelves, and bringing them to the opening thus abstracting about a dozen, at least all he could reach, went back, let himself down the chimney, hid the caps, and then quietly lay down to sleep, unobserved and undisturbed.

The next night he mounted the chimney again pulling the caps up after him by a cord which he had procured, slipped the guard and going off some distance from camp hid them away.

On the third day he determined to make an attempt to leave both guard house and camp in broad daylight, which he successfully accomplished, and peddled the caps off to one of the other regiments, that lay in another field, at a dollar apiece. He returned to his quarters without having been missed, at least if he was nothing was ever said about it.

But Bob's exploits were not all of a thieving character as the following will show: He had conceived the idea of scaring the Colonel, and having a little sport at the same time. One night about a week after the event narrated above, he found the 'door guard' fast asleep, he possessed himself of all the cartridges in the soldier's box, and then left by way of the chimney again. He proceeded to the Col's. hut, which was built similar to the guard house, but not so large. Climbing up the chimney he dropped the cartridges down into the red coals in the fire place; a tremendous explosion followed, which awakened the sleeping Col., who sprang out of the door into the frosty air in his drawers and bareheaded.

He yelled out at the top of his voice: 'Corp'l 'the guard! corp'l 'the guard! where the h——l are you? Where's the adjutant? Turn out the guard! Turn out the regiment, quick, for God's sake, we're attacked—the rebs are on us: Get into line quicker'n h——l would burn a feather, or we'll all be gobbled up!'

The camp was aroused, and all was in commotion as the men prepared for a skirmish with the enemy. But Dan, the pock marked soldier who served in the capacity of servant to the Colonel, being somewhat late about turning out, thought he smelt powder *inside* of the hut. He went outside and told the Col.; they entered and raking among the ashes found pieces of burnt cartridges, ball and buckshot. All at once it flashed thro' the Col's. mind that he had been sold.

'I'll bet a month's pay that it was that d——d Bob——.' He sent a soldier down to the guard house to see if he was there; but Bob had made his escape during the excitement, and was to all appearances fast asleep, coiled up in his blanket in the guard house.

Bob's time having expired he was released from confinement (?) only to indulge in his "tricks" worse than ever.

He had not been released many days, when the ever welcome Paymaster came and paid the boys their two month's pay. And, although Bob had forfeited his, yet the 'red cap' money and other means, were sufficient for a start, and as long as he could get a fellow soldier to play cards, he made additions to his capital.

As usual, after the paymaster had visited the camp, it was overrun with hucksters, peddlers, and all sorts of schemers to get hold of the soldiers' money. One, in particular, drove into camp one morning in an oil-cloth covered wagon, plentifully supplied with cigars, tobacco, pipes, gloves, and buckskin gauntlets. Bob mounted the wagon, among others, to "investigate" the chances of smuggling something. He managed to "crib" a pair of gauntlets valued at $2.50; with these he made off to his quarters to examine his "spoil," when to his chagrin he found that *both* were for the left hand—they were not mates.

Off he marched again to the wagon, and mounting it, with the coolest impudence, said: "You're a pretty feller, to *sell* me a pair of gloves both left handed!"

"Did I?" said the pedler, "let me see. So I did. Well, here's a pair that's all right."

"That'll do," said Bob. "Now, give me my change and I'll get down."

"What did you give me?" inquired the pedlar.

"Why, a five dollar bill. There it is"—pointing to one of a number he was holding in his hand.

Accordingly, the pedlar handed him $2.50 change. Off went Bob, muttering:

"Well, that's good; a pair of gauntlets and two dollars and a half change for nothing!"

Sometime after this we struck tents and went on a "wild goose chase" to Manassas Junction, *after* it had been evacuated by the rebels, and when McClellan knew very well we should not find them there. After tumbling around over the country without any particular object in view, we stopped at Hunter's Mills, and the same night we "moved" again, and after a toilsome march through rain and mud "pulled up" at Alexandria, Va.—Here we lay for some time expecting to be sent, at least, in sight of the enemy. When we arrived there, and had pitched our tents, who should come marching in but Bob. He had given us the slip somewhere, and reached Alexandria sometime before us. When he came into camp he had on a pair of new high top boots, a new patent leather haversack, two artillery blankets and a major's uniform and shoulder straps. The latter he carried over his arm, covered up by the blankets.

Officers went to and fro from camp to city at their pleasure, in day time—and at night, too, if they had the countersign—but privates were arrested by patrols when without 'passes.' Bob found his Major's straps of immense use to him in this respect.—Clothed in his "uniform" he would gather up a squad of stragglers and march them up to the door of the theatre, or other place of amusement, and demand of the door guard to be admitted to "search for some of his men who had left camp without leave;" and, once in, he would forget to come out as promptly as might have been expected.

After remaining at Alexandria for some time, anxiously expecting to be sent to the Peninsula—as we had been told we would be—we again took up the line of march over the Orange & Alexandria Rail Road to Manassas Junction, where we encamped within a short distance of the first Bull Run battle field. Bob "stole" a passage on a freight train, and had the country all 'explored' before the regiment arrived. From thence we moved to Cattlett's Station; and, soon afterwards, pushed on to Fredericksburg. Here we halted on the Falmouth side of the Rappahannock, opposite to Fredericksburg. Nothing of any moment occurred here, in relation to our hero; but after we moved over to the Fredericksburg side, he was in his glory—finding plenty of opportunities to practice his 'specialty.' From here we shipped on transports; and, after a tedious journey, were landed at the White House, on the Pamunkey River; marched to the front, and set down face to face with the enemy, *where they held us till they got tired of us, and then drove us away!*

On the 27th of June, 1862, hostilities began directly on our front. The Pa. Reserves bearing the brunt of the battle all the afternoon till ten o'clock at night. When the fight actually began, Bob was sent to the hospital sick, and from that day to this—Jan. 14, 1870—I have never seen him; although I heard that, after being sent to Baltimore hospital and getting well—he did something for which he was sent to represent the State of Maryland in an institution where they feed and clothe their inmates, and learn them, principally, shoemaking. The truth or falsity of the report I cannot vouch for. Bob was only one of a class of many. His mission seemed to be thieving, and he "filled the bill."

If you read this, and like it, I may probably give you more, for we had a number of characters in our regiment whose "peculiar traits" would read well.

OF THE last New York scandal it is said that Miss Johnson was not merely passive in the hand of her clergyman, but that on the contrary she did her part to allure and entice, is convincingly proven. One time she addressed a note to her pastor expressing her disappointment at his failure to fulfill an engagement which he had made with her, and said if he would send his son Baldwin to play chess with her she would be satisfied. Mr. Cook told his wife that he was about to elope with a young lady, and when they had made their escape she would be surprised at the choice he had made.

THE Democracy of Ohio are becoming fearfully demoralized. For instance, in Champaign county, they ran Harry Ford, a colored man from Urbana, for State Senator from that district, and had printed under his name: "If he is white enough to vote, he is white enough to be voted for." We tremblingly ask, what next?