BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us See to it that a G vernment of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. LINCOLN.]

W. W. BROWN, A. B. HUTCHISON, } EDITORS.

BELLEFONTE, PA., MARCH 17, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 11.

RAILROADS.

MIFFLIN & CENTRE CO. Branch R. R

NORTHWARD.

No. 1, leaves Lewistown at 7.20 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 8.15 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Penn'a R. R. 11.15 a. m., arrives at Milroy 12.15 p. m.
No. 3, leaves Pen 'a R. R. 4.05 p. m., arrives at Milroy 5.00.

SOUTHWARD.

No. 1. leaves Milroy 8.40 a m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 9.40 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Milroy 1.15 p. m., and arrives Penn'a. R. R.2.10 p. m.
No. 3. leaves Milroy 5.07 p. m. and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 6.00 p. m.

Stage leaves Bellefonte every day (except Sunday.) at 11 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 4 30 p m.
Stage leaves Milroy every day (except Sunday) at 5.30 p. m. and arrives at Bellefonte 10.30 p. m.
Stage leaves Bellefonte for Pine Grove Mills every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 a. m.
Western mail closes at 4.00 p. m.
Lock Haven mail closes at 10.00 a. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE R.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

Through and direct route between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and the GREAT OIL REGION OF PENN'A.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS On all night Trains.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 23th 1868 the Trains on the Philadelphia and Erie Rail Read will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia 10 45 p.m
" " " Lock Haven... 9 31 a. m
" " arr. at Erie .... 9 50 p. m
Erie Express leaves Phila...... 11 50 a m
" " " Lock Haven... 9 50 p. m
" " arr. at Erie............ 10 08 a m
Elmira Mail leaves Philadelphia 8 00 a. m
" " " Lock Haven... 7 45 p. m
" " arr. at Lock Haven 7 45 p. m

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie............ 10 55 a. m
" " " Lock Haven... 11 21 p. m
" " arr. at Philadelphia.. 10 00 a. m
Erie Express leaves Erie......... 6 25 p. m
" " " Lock Haven 6 10 a. m
" " arr. at Phila....... 4 20 p. m

Mail and Express connect with Oil Creek and Allegheny River Rail Road. Baggage Checked through.

ALFRED L. TYLER, *General Superintendent.*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY

AND

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCHES

OPENING OF TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCH TO CLEARFIELD.

11 MILES NORTH OF TYRONE.

On and after Monday, February 1st, 1869 two Passenger Trains will run daily (except Sundays) between Tyrone and Lock Haven, and one Passenger Train between Tyrone and Clearfield—as follows:

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.

Mail Leaves Lock Haven at.........2 30 p m
"......"....Milesburg......".........3 55 p m
"......"....Bellefonte......"........4 12 p m
Arrive at Tyrone at.......................6 05 p m
B. E. Express leaves L Haven at..10 20 a m
"........."...Milesburg "...11 48 a m
"........."...Bellefonte "...11 55 a m
Arrives at Tyrone at...................... 1 20 p m

EASTWARD.

Mail leaves Tyrone at.................. 8 50 a m
"......"...Bellefonte at..............10 50 a m
"......"...Milesburg at...............11 02 a m
Arrive at Lock Haven...................12 30 p m
B. E. Express leaves Tyrone......... 7 00 p m
"........."...Bellefonte at.. 8 50 p m
"........."...Milesburg at.. 9 05 p m
Arrives at Lock Haven at..........10 30 p m

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD.

NORTHWARD.

Clearfield Mail leaves Tyrone at.. 9 00 a m
"........."......"....Osceola at..10 40 a m
"........."......"...Philipsburg.11 10 a m
Arrive at Clearfield at................... 1 00 p m

SOUTHWARD.

Leaves Clearfield at..................... 2 00 p m
"........."........."..................... 2 55 p m
"........."........."..................... 4 15 p m
Arrive at Tyrone at....................... 5 50 p m

CONNECTIONS:

Passengers leaves Clearfield at 2 o'clock p. m., Philipsburg at 3 55 p. m., Osceola at 4 15 p. m., arrive at Tyrone at 5 50 p. m., making connection with Cincinnati Express East at 6 17 p. m., and with Mail West at 6 44 p. m., on Main Line; also with Bald Eagle Express, leaving Tyrone at 7 00 p. m, arriving at Bellefonte at 8 45 p. m., at Lock Haven at 10 30 p. m., connecting with Erie Mail East on the Philadelphia and Erie road at 11 21 p. m. arriving at Williamsport at 12 40 a. m.

Returning, passengers leaving Williamsport at 8 15 a m, on Erie Mail West, arrive at Lock Haven at 9 31 a m, connecting with Bald Eagle Express leaving Lock Haven at 10 20 a m, arriving at Bellefonte at 11 55 a m, Snow Shoe City at 5 35 p m, and Tyrone at 1 20 p m, connecting with Way Passenger West at 1 40 p m, and Mail East at 3 31 p m, on Main Line.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 2 30 p m, and Bellefonte at 4 12 p m, arrive at Tyrone at 6 05 p m, connecting with Cincinnati Express East 6 17 p m, and Mail West at 6 44 p m, on Main Line.

Passengers leaving Tyrone on the Clearfield Mail or the Lock Haven Mail, connect from the Day Express East and the Phil'a. Express West—and on the Bald Eagle Express, connect from the Cincinnati Express East and Mail West.

GEO. C. WILKINS, *Sup't.*
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS, *Gen. Sup't.*

MEDICAL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

That the Science of Medicine has reached a period of its history, when it may be said [illegible]

HORSE FOR SALE.—Any person wishing to purchase a good driving or riding horse, can be accommodated by calling at this office. The horse is good and safe. The purchaser can have his choice of two, a mare or horse. Also a good cow for sale.—For particulars, call at the office of the "REPUBLICAN."
a26'69.tf

OUR TERMS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING

The "BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN" is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING, in Bellefonte, Pa., by

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,

at the following rates:
One year (invariably in advance,) $2.00
Six Months,......"........" ....".......$1.00
Three Months,.."........"........"..........50
Single Copies..".........."........"..........05

It is Republican in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8.00 per annum.

Advertisements of 10 lines, or less, $1.00 for one insertion, and 5 cts. per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
One inch (or 10 lines this type)	$5	$8	$12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column (or 5½ inches)	12	20	30
Half column (or 11 inches)	20	35	55
One column (or 22 inches)	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper Books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications relating to business of this office, to

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

LODGES.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No 268. A. Y M. meets on Tuesday evening of or before the Full Moon.

Constans Commandery. No. 33, K. T., meets second Friday of each month.

I. O. O. F. Centre Lodge, No. 153, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall, Bush's Arcade.

For the conferring of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.

For Degree of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. G. T. This Lodge every Monday evening.

Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H.C. Pardoe, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Byron McGann, pastor.

Lutheran Church, Linn St., services 10½ a. m, and 7½ p. m. Rev. J. A. Hackenberger, pastor.

Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present

Catholic Church, Bishop St; services 10½ a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. T. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services —

African M, E. Church, west side of creek; services at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinwell, pastor.

DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

President—Ulysses S. Grant.
Vice-President—Schuyler Colfax.
Secretary of State—Hamilton Fish.
Secretary of Treasury—George S. Boutwell.
Secretary of War—General Rawlins.
Secretary of Navy—Adolph E. Borie.
Secretary of Interior—Jacob B. Cox.
Postmaster-General—J. A. A. Cresswell.
Attorney General—Eben Rockwood Hoar.

STATE.

Governor—Jno. W. Geary.
Sec'y of Commonwealth—Frank Jordan.
Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth—Isaac B. Gara.
Auditor General—John F. Hartranft.
Surveyor-General—Jacob M. Campbell.
Treasurer—W. W. Irwin.
Attorney General—Benj. H. Brewster.
Dep'y-Att'y General—J. W. M. Newlin.
Sup't of Com. Schools—J. P. Wickersham.
Dep'y Sup't of Com. Schools—C.R Coburn.
Sup't of Soldier's Orphan Schools—Geo. F. McFarland.

COUNTY.

President Judge—Charles A. Mayer:
Associates—{ John Hosterman, William Allison,
Prothonotary—James H. Lipton.
Register & Recorder—J. P. Gephart.
Sheriff—D. Z. Kline.
Dep'ty Sheriff—D. Woodring.
Dist. Att'y—H. Y. Stitzer.
Treasurer—A. C. Geary.
Commissioners, { Wm. Keller, Wm. Furey, John Bing.
Clerk—John Moran.

BELLEFONTE BOROUGH.

Chief Burgess—E. M. Blanchard.
Ass't " Capt. C. T. Fryberger.
Chief of Police—Wm. Shortlidge.
" Wm. Felty.
" Amos Mullen.
" Charle Cook.
Town Council—Wm. P. Wilson, *Pres't.*
" S. M. Irwin, *Clerk.*
" Robert Valentine,
" A. S. Valentine,
" Jas. H. McClure,
" F. P. Green,
" [illegible] Irwin, Jr.
[illegible]
P. M. Butts
Dan'l M Ginley.

LAMPS, every variety and kind at IRWIN & WILSON'S

GLASS, all sizes and qualities, at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High St. ja6'69.y

JAMES H. RANKIN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Armory building, 2nd floor. ja6'69 1y.

SAMUEL LINN. A. O. FURST.
LINN & FURST, Attorneys at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.tf.

EDMUND BLANCHARD. EVAN M. BLANCHARD.
E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys at-Law, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.1y.

H N. M ALLISTER. JAMES A. BEAVER.
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte Penn'a. ja6'69.1y

W. W. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Penn'a., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care

E. C. HUMES, *Pres't.* J. P. HARRIS, *Cash'r.*
FIRST NATIONAL BANK Of Bellefonte. Allegheny St., Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN H. ORVIS. CYRUS T. ALEXANDER.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Conrad House, Allegheny St. ja6'69.1y.

W. J. KEALSH, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care. Deeds, Bonds, &c, executed in the best style. mar10'69 3m.

URIAH STOVER, Licensed Autioneer, will attend to all sales entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Address, Uriah Stover, Houserville, Centre Co., Pa. ja6'69.6m.

GEORGE F. HARRIS. M. D., Physician and Surgeon; Pension Surgeon for Centre county, will attend promptly to all professional calls. Office on Hight Street North Side. ja27'69.1y.

J. D. WINGATE. D. D. S., Dentist. Office on the corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Bellefonte. Pa. At home, except the first two weeks of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. ja6'69 1y.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office up-stairs in J. H. McClure's new Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times, and all hours. ja13'69.y.

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S. Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte. Penn'a. Every Description of Plain and Fancy printing done in the neatest manner and at prices below city rates. ja6'69.

D G BUSH. GEO. M. YOCUM.
BUSH & YOCUM, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to them, with promptness. Office on Northeast Corner of the Diamond, in Mrs. Irvin's stone building. ja13'69 y.

WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections, and all other legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law building, Allegheny street. ja6'69.

WM. H. BLAIR. H. Y. STITZER
BLAIR & STITZER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Can be consulted in both the English and German languages. Office on the Diamond, next door to Garman's Hotel. feb10'39.1y.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.

The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte.—Choice meat of all kinds always on hand. ja6'69.1y. R. V. BLACK.

CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
HENRY BROCKERHOFF, *President.*
J. D. SHUGERT, *Cashier.* ja13'69y.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain.—Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja13'69.1y.

AARON R. PAUP. J. T. SALMONS. LEVI R PAUP.
PAUP, SALMONS & CO., Contractors and Bricklayers, Bellefonte, Pa., adopt this method of informing those wishing to build that they will furnish Brick and lay them, by the job, or by the thousand. Will set Heaters, and do all kinds of work in their branch of Business. ja20'69.1y.

J. H. TOLBERT, AUCTIONEER. Would respectfully inform the citizens of Nittany Valley in particular, and the people of Centre county in general, that he has taken out a license and holds himself in readiness to cry Vendues, Auctions, or other sales at all times, and at all places with in the limits of Centre and Clinton counties. Charges reasonable. ja27'69.1y.

J. W. RHONE, DENTIST. Boalsburg Centre Co., Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession Satisfaction rendered, and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week, commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon. ja13'69.1y.

INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE. Joseph A. Rankin of his Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: Lycoming Mutual, York Company, Pa., Insurance of North America, Enterprise, and Girard of Phila. Pa. Home, of New Haven, and any *other* reliable company desired. Also, Provident Life Company of Phila., and other good Life Companies. j 6'69.1y.

J. F. HOLAHAN. Physician and Surgeon having removed from Emporium, Cameron county, has located in Milesburg, Centre county, Pa., where he will faithfully attend to all business entrusted to him in his Profession. Office in his residence on Main st., where he can always be seen unless professionally engaged. In his absence from home, orders may be left at the store of Thos. Holahan. mar10'69-1y.

Select Poetry.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night is coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet coating upon my bare head:
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild;
Is it because I am *nobody's child?*

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty and all things bright;
Beautiful children in robes so fair
Are carolling songs in rapture there,
I wonder if they in their blissful glee
Would pitty a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement stone to die?—
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mamma's have tucked them up snugly in bed,
No dear mother ever upon me smiled:
Why is it, I wonder? *I'm nobody's child!*

No father, no mother, no sister—not one
In all the wide world loves me; e'en the little dogs
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see
How every one shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white robed nameless things
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair,
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like a carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
'Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come to their home above;
They look at me with their soft, sweet blue eyes,
From their starry home, in the azure skies,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light;
And away from the hunger and storms so wild
I am sure I shall then be—*somebody's child!*

History of the 49th Pennsylvania.

BY A. B. HUTCHISON,
Late Captain of Company 'C.'

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

Battle of Lee's Mill—Picket firing—The Evacuation of Yorktown by the Enemy—Our March in Pursuit—Williamsburg—Battle of May 5, 1862—March to the Chickahominy

We found in the deserted works of the enemy in front of Yorktown, old stovepipes and logs, mounted as cannon in the embrazures of their earthworks.—Whether this was done to deceive our balloon man, who used to try to see what was going on over there, as was stated, or fixed up by our rebellious brethren as a joke on leaving, is a matter of doubt; but it is certain that we found more stovepipes and logs, than cannon, in the works we entered.

As we approached the town of Williamsburg, our Cavalry encountered their rear-guard, posted in rifle-pits, and were driven back some distance. Hancock's Brigade being in the advance, were moved forward in line of battle, to endeavor to dislodge them. Before the force was ready to attack, night came on; but as the moon was shining, we were directed to attack them by moonlight. Accordingly, we moved forward into a woods which had been set on fire, and in which we expected to find the enemy. A fence ran along the edge of the woods, in crossing which, our direction was so much changed that the line were thrown into some confusion, and as we reached the point where the woods was on fire, and where we expected to find the enemy, some of the troops commenced firing, which soon ran along the whole line—Clouds obscured the moon, and a scene of confusion, excitement and uncertainty ensued, which might have been a serious matter, but was only ludicrous, as it resulted. Finding how difficult the ground was, and that we had mistaken the position of the enemy, the attack was suspended, and the men directed to lie down in their places, where our line was established. Soon afterwards, rain commenced to fall.

On the morning of the 5th of May we rose early, the rain still continuing, packed up our wet blankets as best we could, collected what courage we were endowed with, and prepared for a fight, expecting to be led forward to attack the enemy at once. However, we were moved back to the edge of the woods, and directed to cook and eat breakfast.

By this time firing opened farther to the left, and we were informed that Hooker's Division had come up by another road, and were engaging the enemy. We remained quiet several hours, listening to the sound of the battle going on, seemingly without our having any part in it when: finally, orders to move around us, and we again girded ourselves for our nervously expected maiden battle. At about eleven o'clock we moved off towards our right, and making a circuit of several miles, approached a branch of Queens creek, which had been deepened by the enemy, by means of dams, to obstruct our crossing. The depth of water above, and the swamps below the breast of the dam, made the narrow road on the breast our only practicable crossing, and just on the bluffs at the end of this was an earthwork of the enemy. This we found deserted, however, and were quickly in possession of it, and formed in line on the other bank. Passing around the bluff, we came upon a large, open plain, skirted by a woods on our right, and commanded by a chain of redoubts and pits, similar to the one we had taken.—The first of these was abandoned also by the enemy, and they retreated from the second at our approach. We then moved forward in line to within about eight hundred yards of the main works of the rebels, known among our troops as Fort Magruder. They also held a redoubt nearer our line. Fighting continued in their front, and near our extreme left; but they seemed to pay but little attention to us. Our batteries commenced to throw shell at the fort, and the barracks near it, and we received a few in reply.

It continued to rain all the afternoon, and we lay quietly awaiting the course of events. The attention of the enemy seemed to be mainly directed towards our left; at times the firing was heavy and rapid. At about five o'clock, the enemy made an attempt to dislodge us from our position. The attack was sudden, their force moving on our right flank, under cover of the woods, and rapidly driving in the Fifth Wisconsin skirmishers, their line outnumbering ours, deployed quickly along our front. Coming on rapidly, in full view, we retired before them as far as the second redoubt we had taken, and awaited their attack. Our batteries, being only supplied with shell, soon became useless by reason of the shortness of the range, and we then opened with musketry, beginning on the right, and extending along the whole line. The enemy came on gallantly, cheering, until our fire threw them into confusion, when they beat a hasty retreat. A very few, only, came within about thirty yards of our line, where most of them fell. We then moved forward a short distance, and captured about a hundred prisoners, who had thrown themselves on the ground to escape our fire. About two hundred and fifty of their number were left killed and wounded on the field. The rain continued, and the little pools of water, on the old cornfield where the battle was fought, were many of them seemingly turned in to blood by the gore of our first battlefield's unfortunate victims. Our loss was remarkably small; there being but a few men wounded in the regiment, and but one of them mortally. In the entire brigade, the loss was but about sixty men killed and wounded. Hancock's brigade, by this brilliant contest, decided the day against the rebels, and the battle of Williamsburg was over. The rain fell in torrents, as though the clouds of heaven were weeping over the bloody scene; and weary and wet, and hungry, we lay down on the field to rest and sleep, disturbed by the groans of wounded men, for whom there was, as yet, no shelter.

Next morning the enemy was gone, and we encamped on the field. Gen'l Mc Clellan visited us early in the morning, and complimented the brigade, highly, on their conduct in this matter. Our wounded were carried to the York river to be sent north. The weather became pleasant, and we were soon rested from our conflict.

On the 9th of May, four days after the battle, we resumed our march in pursuit of the enemy, marching to Burret Ordinary, a distance of thirteen miles, the first day. All along the road were evidences of a hasty retreat, broken wagons, dead horses, mired caissons, and a road so cut up by their trains, as to be almost impassable. Next day we remained in camp, and marched to a point near New Kent C. H., on the 11th, where we encamped again. On the 14th of May we moved to Cumberland landing, on the Pomunkey river. Here was organized the Ary corps commanded by Maj. Gen. W. B. Franklin, afterwards denominated the Sixth Army corps, to which our regiment was attached, and whose fortunes we shared during the rest of our history.

As soon as the corps was brought together, we moved on to White House, on the Pomunkey river, a place memorable as the former home of Mrs. Washington, at this time owned by Colonel Lee, a son of the rebel chieftain, who has given our army so much trouble. At this point our Depot of Supplies was established, cars and engines being brought up the river, and put on the York River Railroad, which crosses the Pomunkey at this paint. Here were a large number of slaves, most of whom left after our occupation, some following the army, while others started to Fort Monroe. We were not permitted to destroy fences, here; but the great and fine wheat fields were trodden down by the troops, but whether for any particular reason, I cannot say. The fishery here supplied us with herring in abundence, which greatly improved our commissariat.

On the 22nd of May we commenced our advance on Richmond from the new base. Encamping, after a short march, we spent the night, and resumed our march early in the morning. On our march to-day we discovered a number of sweet potatoe bins, which were pits dug in the ground, and covered with rails planted in the sides, and forming a steep roof over them, which was rendered tight by straw and dirt. We soon reduced their contents to our own purposes, and improved, by so much, our daily rations.—We encamped that night near a Flouring mill, and had a fine view of our balloon, which was on a reconnoisance in front of us. The enemy attempted to shell it, and finally did cause it to return to Mother Earth. At this place we secured a considerable quantity of flour and corn meal, the mill being in the hands of a very accommodating negro, and its pond furnished us with fine baths which could be had for the taking. This camp was the scene of Cold Harbor's after struggles. Next day we marched to the banks of the Chickahominy, near New Bridge, and encamped in an orchard, this being Camp No. 19, in the field. Here we came into full view of the enemy's pickets, on the opposite banks of the Chickahominy, and almost within sight of the spires of Richmond. Our month before Richmond must form the theme of our next chapter.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Funny Mistake.

What happened when Mr. Johnson Left the White House.

A Washington correspondent of *The Sun* tells an amusing story of how late on the night of March 4, a terrible ringing of the bell of the White House was heard. Grant was at his private residence, and the servants in charge were badly scared. Still the noise continued:

"Andy! ho, Andy! op'n the door!" shouted the mysterious individual, working away at the bell handle as if he were raking a stove. A short silence ensued

"Come, come, open the door, I tell ye! Me'n Smythe's out here, an' its cold enough to freeze a spirit level!"

At this point one of the coachmen recognized the voice and sprang for the door saying:

"Why it's Dave—old Uncle Dave!—Yere, open this door, some o' ye, d—d quick!"

Ten seconds of suspense, and the key was turned in the lock, and the catch was unsprung. A heavy foot strode over the threshold, and two hundred pounds of solid flesh and overcoat rolled in the hall. The servants gathered about the mass in amazement.

"Tom, ho, you, Tom! S'the gas burnin' in my room? 'S Andy gone to bed? Confoun' ye, why didn'n' ye op'n th' door? Didn'n' ye know I was freezin'?"

"Why, Uncle Dave," was the reply, "didn't you know that to-day was Inauguration day, and that the President's left for good, and that General Grant runs the mill now?"

Uncle David unsteadily gazed at Tom for a few seconds, and a meaning smile passed over his face. "No, you don't," said he; "what d'you take me for?"—Then he straightened himself up in an effort at dignity, and continued: "Thomas, be careful how you joke with a Unitted States Senator, and a son-in-law uv the President."

"Yes," answered Tom, "but you ain't a Senator no more, and he ain't a President any longer. Don't I tell ye that Grant is a runnin' the mill?"

"What?" roared the ex-Senator from Tennessee, "and Andy's gone! an' Gid, an' Bill, an' Aleck, an' Hughey, an' Orv., an' all these lively fellows—all gone!—Well, well, well!"

For one minute the speaker put his hand to his forehead, then blew a long whistle, rolled out on the corridor, and disappeared among the trees lining the graveled walk to the White House.

It was ex Senator David T. Patterson, of Tennessee, who, in a fit of absence of mind, brought on by undue excitement attending the inauguration had reeled to the Executive Mansion, as in nights past, and demanded an entrance.

The Land Breezes.

Here is an ocean memory to which Mr. Beecher lately treated the old folks of his congregation:

"When, after the weary voyage that I first made across the ocean, sick and loathsome, I arose one morning and went upon the deck, holding on, crawling, thinking that I was but a worm, I smelt in the air some strange smell, and said to the captain, 'What is the odor?' 'It is the land breeze from off Ireland.' I smelt the turf, I smelt the grass, I smelt the leaves, and all my sickness departed from me; my eyes grew bright; my nausia was gone. The thought of the nearness of the land came to me and cured me better than medicine could cure me. And when, afar off, I saw the dim line of land, joy came and gave me health, and from that moment, I had neither sickness nor trouble; I was coming near to the land.

"Oh! is there not for you, old man, and for you, wearied mother, a land breeze blowing off from Heaven, wafting to you some of its odors, some of its sweetness? Behold the garden of the Lord; it is not far away; I know from the air. Behold the joy of home. Do I not hear children shout? The air is full of music to our silent thoughts. Oh, how full of music when our journey is almost done, and we stand upon the bound and precinct of that blessed land. Hold on to your faith. Give not away to discouragement. Believe more firmly. Take hold by prayer and by faith. In a few hours visions of God, and of all the realities of the eternal world, shall be yours, and you shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

A CYNICAL husband says that the only good run of luck he ever had was when his wife ran away from him.

WHY is a weather-cock like a loafer? Because he is constantly going round, doing nothing.

Odds and Ends.

—To be angry is to revenge the faults of others on ourselves.

—Two electioneering requirements—wind-bags and money-bags.

—Horace Greely is paid $7,500 a year for his work on the *Tribune.*

—"What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

—Everybody knows good counsel except him who hath need of it.

—It is a great mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.

—The Grecian bend has reached California, but there it is called the Pacific slope.

—Whisky is not a tonic, but an alterative—it alters dollars into pence and men into brutes.

—Rehearse not unto another that which is told to thee, and thou shalt fare never the worse.

—If brevity is the soul of wit, what a vast amount of fun there is in the tail of a fashionable coat!

—A noble anger at wrong makes all softer feeling warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to spices.

—A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross. He Teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

—A niggard kept a surly dog in his yard, so that when the needy called for a bite they could get it outside the door.

—The secret of working easily is to keep in good humor. A man who sings at his work will do twice as much as one who snarls at it.

—Bible promises are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as at the rich man's palace.

—Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

—How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Quiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till mornin,' he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't he must give him up."

—A distinguished French physician announces that the white of an egg, given in sweetened water, is a sure cure for the croup. The remedy must be repeated until a cure is effected.

—Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and noble soul as the respect and reverential love of womankind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a profligate or a bigot.

—A man in Milwaukie was imprisoned for cruelly beating his wife. Poking his nose through the cell bars, he ejaculated: "I thank God I'm not locked up for any mean, dirty crime like getting drunk."

—A dollar once broken into, soon goes It is the same with a resolution. A resolution unbroken is as hard as gold; once change it, and it is thrown as it were, into as many coppers, and rapidly melts away.

—It is said that all the gold in the world employed for coin, plate, jewelry, &c., if put in a single cubical block, would be twenty-six feet square, and weigh 10,500 tons. Its commercial value would be six billion dollars.

—To show us the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things; is exceedingly frugal in the dispensing of that; for He never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second until he has withdrawn the first.

— The Editor of the Ironton (Mass) *Register* refers as follows to the attack of a cotemporary: "The poor, old, dilapidated piece of flesh and bones who hangs himself out every week in the Jackson *Standard*, has rattled his old skeleton at us."

—The young ladies of Dover, Wayne co, Ind., have formed a society for the redemption of young men from bad habits. Each of the members has pledged herself not to receive the attentions of any young man who uses liquor, tobacco, or profane language.

"Pat," said Judge Tiff to his neighbor in a sleeping car, "you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge." "Yes, your honor; and ye would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge."

—A single snow flake—who cares for it But a whole day of snow-flakes-obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors—gathering upon the mountains to crash in avalanches—who dose not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

—A cockney family were lately gazing at a shop window in Rockford, Illinois. Little Girl—"Oh, mamma! is that a 'en?" Ma—"No. me child; that is a howl."—Father—"No my wife and daughter, that is neither a 'en nor a howl, but it is a *heagle, the hemblem of this blasted country.*

—A gentleman, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said:

"You have all heard of a man drowning—how dose that happen?"

The ready answer was:

"Cause he can't swim."

—The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found and never will be while the world stands. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employments, in order to enjoy themselves.

Mr. Wilkins on Velocipedes.

BY JOHN QUILL.

From the Phil'a Eve. Bulletin.]

"But Wilkins, I—"

"I tell you, Mrs. Wilkins, I'm not going to have it; you may as well make up your mind to that at once. No woman shall ever go prancing around this community on a velocipede while she's a wife of mine if I can help *it*; so you can just take that old pair of wheels you brought home and gladden the heart of some kindling wood man with them, for ride on them you don't; if you do I'm a Dutchman; there!"

"Mr. Wilkins you know I—"

"No. I don't know anything of the kind. Do you think I'm going to let such a looking woman as you dress up in Bloomers, and mount a high hat, and go around trying to show of *that* figure—"

"Mr Wilkins!"

"Go straggling around the thoroughfares of this town, looking like an old beer-cask propped up on two legs, and showing those ankles which are so thick that you couldn't get one of them thro' the equator?"

"Wilkins, I'll scratch——"

"Well, I should think not. And, besides, I don't know where on this terrestial globe you expect to find any wheels strong enough to bear you. You'd smash a pair of cast-iron car-weels into smithereens the minute you sat down on them, you would. The best thing you can do is to walk, and on the ground, too, where the crust of the earth isn't thin; or else sit in front of a fire and melt down your avoirdupois."

"Mr. Wilkins you're perfectly scandalous."

"But I'm not going to put up with it. I don't intend to have you flopping round town on a velocipede, and very likely falling off and breaking your bones, and then having a lot of doctors coming to my house and making a *post mortem* examination, and sawing you up, and discovering things with hard Latin names in your lungs and your liver, and your physique generally. Well, I should think not! It's bad enough to have to submit to you now, without having your gore spilt over the carpet, and a parcel of sawbones blaspheming at your anatomy. I—"

"Mr. Wilkins, ain't you ashamed to talk so?"

"I want you to understand that if you ride that velocipede I'll sue for a divorce. I don't believe in a woman exercising her muscles on any such contrivance. You'd a good deal better get a scrubbing brush, and go down and tackle the front door steps with some good sand and a chunk of soap. That's the kind of exercise you want, in my opinion."

"Mr. Wilkins, if you'll only listen—"

"Or else practice carrying a coal scuttle up and down stairs every five minutes all day. But as for the mother of a family and a flabby old girl of your years undertaking to ride a velocipede, why it's simply rediculous."

"Mr. Wilkins, I—"

"The next thing I know, I suppose you will be parading yourself in the papers as 'Madame Wilkins, the champion Velocipedest,' and running mile heats on the Nicholson pavement for hundred dollar purses, best two out of three. A beautiful spectacle, won't it be? And then I suppose you'll want me to bet on you, and back you up; but not one cent of my cash do you get. Not a single, solitary red. Do you suppose I am going to throw away my hard-earned money on such a frantic as you? Well, I should think not. I would not put up a dollar on you if I was worth untold billions.—I'm not proud of you; I want you to distinctly understand that."

"Mr Wilkins, that's all nonsense."

'And a pretty example you are setting to your children. Here only yesterday Holfernes Montgomery made a velocipede out of two flour barrels, and when he and Bucephalus Alexander tried to mount it, it broke down and bit Mary Jane on the leg and lamed her for life, while Holfernes Montgomery fell over the cat, which yawled and spitted around and scratched Holfernes Montgomery over the frontispiece, so that his beauty is entirely destroyed, and he looks more like you than ever. I say it's perfectly outrageous, and I'm not going to stand it."

"Mr. Wilkins! O, if you'll listen I'll tell you something."

"Oh! I don't want to hear it. We'll discontinue the conversation. I'm tired of hearing you cackle."

"Well, that velocipede that came home—"

"Never mind now. I want to go to sleep. Just give your tongue a chance to rest, will you."

"Was for you. I heard you say you wanted one, and so I bought it out of the market money I saved. But you treat me like such a brute, that I—I—I—"

"For me, did you say, Sarah? Well, 'then never mind now.' Don't cry, Sarah, I say? Never mind; I won't do it again, Sarah! Sarah! Don't cry, Sarah! Oh, well, cry, then, cry; who cares!—You're the most aggravating woman that ever lived. I'll get on that velocipede to-morrow morning and abandon you as sure as my name is Wilkins. If I don't, hang me!"

WHAT is the difference between a hen and an idle musician? One lays at pleasure and the other plays at leisure?

A WOMAN'S heart, like the moon, should have only one man in it.

Subscribe for the *Republican*