THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,008
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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Per year, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Look at the date on your paper before you stop it. If you do not wish it continued, you should notify us to stop it. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1880. NUMBER 13.

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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

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CHEAPEST!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
of every description can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of every kind that can be had in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Ironware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Ammunition, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nails, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Hollows, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting tools. Also, a large assortment of
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FRENCH OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING (NO PAD TEXTURES); LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the cheapest and best; LAND PLASTER; Iron and Cistern PUMPS, of the best quality; FURNACE, KETTLE AND STOVE LADDLES, which are highly polished; CHURNS & WASHING MACHINES, the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of every size and of superior ware ever offered in this county; a full line of PAINT materials of the most desirable qualities; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES &c., together with a large and complete stock of
SNUFFS, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't procure is more or less of a bugbear, and what I have I can always be relied on as represented, while they will invariably be found
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' experience in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply customers with the very best in the market at the lowest prices of your patronage, and the assurance that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article at any price. These are facts, as it is an undeniable fact that such goods are always sold in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY OF MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $122,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM Properties
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 21, 1879.-1y.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Has always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he will sell at lower prices than any other house in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
N.B.—Special attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed as to work and price.

A GOOD PLAN. Everybody can learn the easy, honorable and profitable business of supplying their neighbors with Tea and Coffee. Two Barrels of Tea and Coffee, with Baking Powder, Spices, Extracts, and a few other articles, will be sent to any person who will take them and use their best efforts to introduce them into a family where they are not used. Our average profits are over 100 per cent. Our Teas are the purest and strongest in the market, and our Baking Powder is the most healthful made. Our Coffees are fine and fragrant. Our Spices, Extracts, &c., are the purest and strongest that can be made. Our average profits are over 100 per cent. Our business is now established in every county in the United States, and we can prove to any person that they can make from $25 to $5,000 per year by this business. We do what we advertise to do, and we want the same in return. Those who act promptly will secure positions and territory that will be worth from $50 to $5,000 per year. Those who wait some time before they act will be too late, as the territory will be occupied. Now is the time to act. Address, with stamp, Tea and Coffee, Box 1287, Boston, Mass.

Lippincott's 100, Dunham, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

B. O. Oeschger,
FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND CUSTOMER,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Has just opened out at Hoag's store, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons. Clothing, Cassimeres, Vestings, and all kinds of Goods can be made, will at all times be found on hand, and full suits or single articles of apparel for either gents or youths can be made to order on the shortest notice, in the best style, and at the lowest living prices. Cutting done in all cases and the best of satisfaction given. I am also agent for the celebrated Lippincott Family Journal, and can supply it to subscribers at publishers' prices. Agent for the celebrated Wilson Sewing Machine. Agents wanted. Government Bonds taken in exchange.
B. O. OESCHGER.
Ebensburg, May 23, 1879.-tf.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1879.-1y.*

DR. M. R. B. CREERY, Surgeon Dentist, having located in the office formerly occupied and recently vacated by Dr. J. Ostmann, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞A lady assistant will be in attendance for ladies who may prefer it. ☞Anæsthetics administered when desired, for the extraction of all to need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-30-'79.-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
Heating, Parlor and Cook
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BEST IN THE WORLD!
ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE
ARM AND HAMMER BRAND
CHURCH & CO'S
BI-CARB SODA
AND
SALERATUS
Which is the same thing.
Improve Bi-Carb Soda or Saleratus (which is the same thing) is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but in COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.
See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, or you should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.
Housekeepers who prefer bread made with yeast, will improve its quality, make it lighter and prevent its souring, by adding one-half teaspoonful of Church & Co's Soda or Saleratus. Be sure a moist not too much. Use one of this with sour milk, in proportion to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.
See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.
SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.
☞For sale by N. J. Freidhoff, Ebensburg, Pa.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,
And "center" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.
☞Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.
F. P. CONFER.
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

SMOKE THE
Little Builder Cigar,
One Hundred for $2.00;
GATLING GUN.....$2.00;
DUMPTY DUMPTY, 2.25;
Other Brands from $2.50 up.
Delivered to any address in the U. S., post-paid, on receipt of price.
M. J. DOUGHERTY,
3-12 Sole Man'f'r, 454 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-31.'79.-tf.]

SAVE MONEY
—BY—
INSURING YOUR LIFE
—IN THE—
OHIO VALLEY
MUTUAL PROTECTION
ASSOCIATION!
HOME OFFICE, GREENVILLE, O.
"Provide for those dependent upon you a shield that will protect them from the storms of life when you are gone."
OFFICERS:
Hon. D. L. Meeker, (Judge Common Pleas Court,) . . President.
James K Ripple, . . . Vice President.
M. B. Myers, . . . Secretary.
Judge J. T. Meeker, . . Treasurer.
L. L. Bell, (Cashier Greenville Bank,) . . . Gen'l Sup't.
SPECIAL FEATURES.
This Association offer the following special features:
1st. Endowment Protection on the Mutual Assessment plan.
2d. Uniform Membership Fee of $10.00, for all ages and amounts.
3d. No Annual Dues, nor extra Charges whatever.
BENEFITS.
Persons between the ages of 16 and 64 years, who have a first-class health record, may hold either a Life Certificate or an Endowment Certificate, as they may desire.
ENDOWMENT PLAN.
16 to 23—$4000, payable at death or at expiration of 23 years.
24 to 49—$3000, payable at death or at expiration of 18 years.
50 to 55—$2500, payable at death or at expiration of 15 years.
56 to 64—$2000, payable at death or at expiration of 12 years.
LIFE PLAN.
16 to 32—$4000, payable at death only.
33 to 45—$3000, " " " "
46 to 55—$2500, " " " "
56 to 64—$2000, " " " "
For further particulars call on or address
B. O. OESCHGER,
Agent for Cambria County
Ebensburg, Pa.
Or M. F. Myers, Secretary, Greenville, Ohio.

SELLERS'
COUGH
SYRUP!
40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.
R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
October 24, 1879.-1y.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
CLOTHING,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, &c.,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY
AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
☞CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.
J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.
Carrolltown, March 19 1880.-tf.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Daniel Rager, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Dan'l Rager, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
ARTHUR DEVLIN, Administrator.
Jackson Twp., March 26, 1880.-6t.

WE have already ordered our Boots and Shoes for the coming season, which will arrive during February and March, and in order to make room for our new stock, will offer the large assortment now on hand (notwithstanding the advance in such goods) at prices we defy any one to compete with V. S. BARKER & BRO.

WE have a large stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, which we will sell at very low prices between now and the 1st of April next. V. S. BARKER & BRO.

FOR SALE.—A tip-top heavy one-horse or light two-horse PEDDLING WAGON. Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Feb. 13, 1880.-tf.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. [22-8-'77.-y.*]

THE RELIEF SHIP.

BY BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

Within a cabin, where the thatch
Bright yellow gold fringed all the eaves;
Where solemn swallows loved to hatch,
Disdaining royal bed of leaves;
Where often in the summer time
The roses peep'd within the door,
And linnets learned their little rhyme
From happy children on the floor;
There knelt a woman, pale and gaunt,
By bedside of a dying child.
She might have been the shade of Want,
From hope and happiness exiled.

"Look up, my lad," the mother said,
"Ah, do not close your eyes again!
Ah, do not ask me, dear, for bread,"
And then her eyes began to rain.
"You know no bite nor sup have we.
The landlord had to have his rint.
The rich, you know, must have their spree,
Ah, well, some day he may repint.

"Besides, ye know, the year was wet
And cold, without a bit of shine,
I know you're weak, avourneen, let
Yer hand rest in this breast of mine;
It often lay there in the days
Before your father went away
To make a home across the seas,
In far-off, dear America.

"If he had lived, we would have had
Enough to eat and something more;
For God's been good to thim, my lad,
And given thim a goodly store.
But sure we have no kith nor kin
Beyant the sea to send us aid.
Don't doubt God's goodness! that's a sin!
His plans are often deeply laid.

"You say you'd like to see the say,
Look down the way your father went;
Here, lane on me, my child, that way,
You see my own strength's nearly spint.
Ah, here we are upon the rocks,
The sea is smiling in the sun.
What's that, my poor eyesight mocks,
A white-winged bird? Was that a gun?

"And what is that against the sky?
A bit of sunset in the air?
No; waving from a mast so high,
A foreign flag with folds so fair,
And stare that gleam and bid us smile,
And tells us that within the West
They've heard the wail of this poor isle,
They've come in time! God's way is best!

"Look up, my lad! here's golden grain,
And money, too, to purchase more;
All men are kin in hour of pain.
See, where the good ship strikes the shore,
See, where they come with heart and hand
To help poor Erin in the dust;
God bless the good and generous land!
You see, 'tis safe in God to trust.",

And who will say she was not right;
That Ireland's need was not God's plan
To prove, within the darkest night,
The common brotherhood of man.

[Written for the FREEMAN.]

THE "WHITE DIAMONDS" AT CHANCELLORVILLE.

On Friday morning, May 1st, 1863, the Second Division of the Third Corps broke camp and took up its line of march along the road that wound up the north bank of the Rappahannock. The roads were rather bad but the day was fine, and the gallant "White Diamonds" kept on through the romantic pine woods in buoyant expectation and high spirits.

After we had been on the march for a few hours, the faint and sullen roar of heavy cannonading resounded in far-off thunders through the forests; and still louder grew the boomings with every mile, till at last we could distinguish the sharp and rapid explosions of shells.

The afternoon was warm and sultry when we reached the pontoon bridge, which was already laid for our crossing, and we kept on across, toward the ever-increasing din whose mighty thunderings were now making the welkin ring.

While climbing the steep bank of the river, on the southern shore, many of the troops began to throw away their extra baggage, such as axes, heavy frying-pans, and other such encumbering articles; for the near approach of battle requires activity and freedom of movement, and the soldier thinks not of property or pecuniary value in that supreme hour. When all were over, we formed in columns of companies with every regimental drum corps at the head of its respective regiment, and, to the merry music of the fife and drum, we advanced up into the crash and roar on ahead.

We soon came up with a brigade formed in line of battle, and its General seemed to possess discretion as well as valor, for he had himself well fortified all around with a good breastwork, while he stood in the midst, giving commands. That same General came out eventually to be one of the most dashing and efficient officers of the Federal Army. Our coming was doubtless very welcome to this brigade, for I presume it had stood the peltings of shot and shell for some time before our approach, while our advance farther to the front pushed the opposing troops back, and gave them a rest for a time.

The rhymthical din of the field-music gave us no chance to think of danger, for everything seemed so much like a field day about camp, except now and then the wicked burst of a crashing shell in the woods through which we marched.

Our division advanced up with perfect confidence and easy step—colors flying and heads erect, faces flushed instead of pale; and thus we continued till after dusk, when at last we reached our destination, where we camped down in close proximity in the woods with orders to light no fires. This order, however, was not strictly obeyed, as one or two lights sprang up directly; but the temerity of the infringers soon brought trouble to the brigade in the shape of a hissing shell, which struck down almost into the fire.—This summary hint had the desired effect, for the fires were *non est* in a moment, and we camped in peace for the rest of the night.

The troops slept on their arms all night, for we were right close up on the "Johnnies," who were liable to awake at any moment and give us a haze in the dark. All remained quiet, however, till the morning, which dawned sun-shiny and pleasant—literally "as the flowers of May"—when we marched up the road and joined the troops at the front which had been skirmishing around the Chancellor House the night before. Our regiment was soon selected to go out on the skirmish line, where two of our men were killed. One, a new recruit, and a good man he was too, was shot right through the white diamond on his cap. He was a married man, a shoemaker, I believe, and left a little family to mourn his long absence.

During the forenoon I took a range around through the Chancellor House, which had been well battered with shot and shell the previous evening. I found there the debris of a good library, and was presently deeply engrossed in the "Lady of the Lake," which I found on the floor. Just then a racket struck up among the small arms, which interrupted my reading, so I seized several books and joined my company.

I distributed the books amongst the men, all but two, which I retained for myself, and those two, with my knapsack, I subsequently lost in the fearful scenes of the following day.

In the afternoon I noticed a cavalry company ride out to the front with their guide-flags fluttering in the breeze, and right gallant they looked, armed *cap-a-pie*, and riding out with jingling sabres and glancing spurs—not on a holiday review, but right into the fire of the enemy.

Toward sunset, when the sun just looked over the tree-tops from the western horizon, the sudden crash of a rolling fire broke out in that direction, making the forest resound with continuous volllies; and presently the broken fragments of our right wing began to surge through the woods in our rear. The Stonewall had moved on Howard with crushing power, and broken the Eleventh Corps into atoms.

The full moon came out in splendor, and lighted the embattled hosts, while the gleaming barrels of myriad rifles and their glittering bayonets rendered the scene one of war's choicest indexes.

The Third Corps soon bent before the weight of a furious attack, and the indomitable Second Division bid fair to join the Eleventh Corps in its fragmentary excursions through the woods by moonlight. Shells came skipping and bounding along in dangerous proximity to one's legs, and one went through right amidst the Twenty-sixth drum corps, which stood in the edge of the woods. Then came the pell-mell retreat of a confused medley of cooks, teamsters and non-combatants of every description and occupation, the shell and solid shot making sad havoc in the affrighted and turbulent ranks. The Second Division had given away for an instant or two, and in the hurly-burly and topsy-turvy of the momentary panic some injudicious person cried out that the Confederate cavalry had gotten into the rear, and were about to cut us all down. One poor fellow, a noncombatant, in his utter panic fell headlong over an obstructing log and lay there as helpless as a child, perfectly exhausted and unable to move. Such is the nature of a sudden panic. Men who have previously faced almost anything will become infected with contagious flight and flee from danger like arrant cowards. The gallant Second Division remained not long thus derelict in soldierly duty, but sprang back to their places like a trusty bow. Night set in and a full moon lay high in the heavens. A devouring fire had fastened on the surrounding forest, whose blazing trees and falling stumps presented an apt representation of Pluto's domain—smoke, darkness and lurid flames, with wandering soldiers interspersed.

All through that long night the rattling volley ever and anon harrassed the tired soldiers, but there was no more retreat in the ranks of the "Diamonds." Stonewall, the Confederate avalanche, had in the meantime fallen, or it were hard to say what might have happened.

The next day—the Christian Sabbath—brought battle most fierce and deadly. Shot and shell hissed, howled and shrieked with most terrific ferocity, carrying destruction into the ranks of the indomitable hosts, who seemed like salamanders in their infernal element. The "White Diamonds" were literally decimated each company averaging ten fallen comrades, whose presence was sadly missed at the next roll call. Our regiment, the 25th Pennsylvania, looked wild and powder-stained after that day's fierce trials.

Breast-works were thrown up along the edge of the woods fronting an open field, and here our troops maintained their stand against the flushed and fierce legions of the Confederate army. Whipple was killed here, right in front of the Second Division, while observing the hostile lines—killed by a sharp-shooter hidden in the tree-tops.

As a specimen of the sharp shooting, I was sitting behind the earth works, or earth and log works, to be more explicit, where the company had their little dog-tents raised and were living quite peaceably. I was sitting there quite at home alongside one of my tent-mates, the other having been killed in the Sabbath's battle, when I jumped up to stir around a little. I was standing looking over the works to the front, when, zip! came a rifle bullet, and pierced a neat hole in the tent just alongside. It was a close clip, for the missile just passed me to hit where it did.

About noon we were all sitting about behind the works, conversing and amusing ourselves, as soldiers are wont to do under almost any circumstances, when all at once a din, racket and hullabaillo broke out which might have been compared to the sudden eruption of a new volcano. Bang! bang! bang! went the big guns in rapid succession, like the discharge of a rifle volley, and shells began to shriek and burst in every direction. Just at that moment Joe Hooker came along the line with his staff, riding with his hat off before our lines, conversing, and paying no more heed to danger than if he were immortal. A brigade immediately bounded over the breastworks, like mad, right into the fiery vortex before them, and met the "Johnnies," who were coming out of the woods on the other side of the field. The contest was short, sharp and decisive, and at its close the "Rebs" went back to their lairs. Quiet reigned for the rest of the day, but that night a rumor circulated about that siege-guns were being planted to drive us from out position. This was anything but welcome news, for nothing is so repugnant to the feelings as the terrible ravages of these huge, monstrous shells, which tear humanity literally to pieces in their dread course. Next day a road was cut through the forest, and that night in a drizzling rain we commenced a retreat. Across the pontoons again, and the great battle was over and lost. The next time we met the "Johnnies" was at Gettysburg, of which more anon.

A. D. H.

NOTE.—The Third Corps lost two division commanders at Chancellorsville—Berry and Whipple.

As editor's business is to write editorials, grind out poetry, sort and re-write communications, listen to all kinds of complaints, offer advice on all subjects, from prescribing for a baby with the colic to specie resumption, keep a waste basket, steal matter, fight other people's battles, take beans, pumpkins and green wood, when he can get them, on subscription, work eighteen hours out of twenty-four, always in a good humor and witty, be alike imprevious to flattery and censure, and be criticised and damned by every nincompoop who don't like his paper. Finally to wear out in the service, and at last to hear the pleasing plaudit: 'Tis enough; come up higher.

IRELAND.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

Hearts are falling, mothers wailing,
Hope is drooping o'er the land;
God of mercy! help dear Erin,
Stay the famine with Thy hand.
Clouds are gathering, darkly gathering,
Fast the tide of woe rolls on:
Help dear Erin, oh ye people!
Till the wave of want is gone.

Help us! help us! or we perish,
Is the cry from o'er the deep;
And the billows of the ocean
Chant a lonely dirge and weep.
Help dear Erin! help dear Erin!
Sounds a tocsin from the dead,
Sounds the voice of armied martyrs
That a nation's glory led.

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the breeze upon the stream;
They are dying! Erin's children,
Oh my God! is this a dream?
In the midst of wealth and plenty,
Hunger knocking at the door,
Shrouds of pity, shrouds of mercy
Wrap the dead forever more!

Cold the night and chill the morning,
Dies the fire upon the hearth,
Dies the hope in Erin's children,
Faint each ember quenched by dearth.
Woe is Erin! woe the people!
Famine darkens o'er the land;
Tears of sorrow bathe the nation—
Suffering Erin—faithful band!

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the harp across the deep,
They are dying! Erin's children
Chant the psalm of death in sleep.
Tears and sorrow—hope to-morrow—
Beads of woe in silence told—
God of Erin! God of mercy;
Take the dying to Thy fold.

They are dying! they are dying!
Oh affection! can it be
That the homes of happy childhood
Sink beneath the woeful sea?
They are dying! *De Profundis!*
Lay them gently 'neath the sod,
Miserere! faithful Erin!
Live forever with Thy God!"

—Montreal True Witness.

SAD SCENES OF IRISH MISERY.

WRETCHEDNESS OF THE DWELLINGS—HARROWING DETAILS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PEOPLE—HOW RELIEF IS DISTRIBUTED.

The New York *Tribune's* special correspondent in Ireland spent a Sunday at Westport, county Mayo, investigating the results of the famine in that region. At the hamlet of Thornhill he attended church. After the services were over, he writes, the Sunday-school met and a brace of babies were christened. Meanwhile I walked down the road with one of the men to see an Irish cabin. I pointed out a low cottage and asked him to take me into it. It was a filthy hovel—the foulest and dreariest human habitation I had ever seen. Alas! only five days have passed since I saw it and already I remember it as a tolerable decent cabin! There was no floor save the cold earth; a calf had its share of the room; it was a stable, a kitchen, a nursery and a sitting-room all in one. As in most of these Irish hovels there is a large niche in the wall near the fire, just large enough to hold a rude bed. There, covered with horrible rags, lay an aged woman, ghastly, yellow and gasping. There she had lain for a month or two, "dying of slow decline." No American family would have suffered such rags as covered this dying woman to stay even in their ash-barrels for a single day. The mother sat near the open fireplace—a young woman with a strong and comely face and the head of a Roman matron. Her infant, in its home-made wooden cradle, was beside her. There was a little dark room back—the room where the children slept. Six children lived here—a family of nine persons. The mother and children were in rags; but the woman wore her rags with dignity.

I had no wish to see any other cabins, so I went back to the church. Most of the men had gone home, but there was a crowd of about fifty women and a score of old men around the vestry-door. It was raining; but no one stirred. The tickets for Indian meal had to be distributed as soon as the priest was at leisure; and for this meager help from the charity of the world these poor mothers waited with a patient anxiety. There were few young women, and fewer girls among them. They were mostly women of from thirty to sixty years of age. At least a third of them were barefooted. Not one of them had a bonnet on her head. They covered their heads with the hoods of their old cloaks, or with little faded woolen shawls. Not a merry-eyed woman among them all! Deep wrinkles and sad faces everywhere—not the fine noble lines that the old artist Thought had chiseled; but the sharp gutters made by a torrent of calamity, the dark shadows cast by mean care and groveling want. They were the sign manuals and signets—hunger and despair.

The priest came out, and, one by one, read the names on the little handful of orders for two stones, or twenty-eight pounds, of Indian meal. This was all the allowance that the funds of the local committee permitted to be given to families of from five to nine persons per week. One by one wretched women from the crowd came up and took the order that bore her name, and courtesied and thanked the donors and God. They were soon distributed. A babel of appeals! "Sure I have five children and not a mouthful for them!" This was one of the cries; and it was the truth. Again and again the priest told them that he could do no more.

"But," he added, "I have one blank order. It must be given to the poorest family here. Now tell me who is the poorest?"

Only one man named himself, but he was thrown back by a dozen indignant voices. Not another one of the eager voices that spoke named her own wants. It was a noble tribute to these poor Irish starvelings—every one seemed anxious to point out some one more wretched than herself. And when one man and his needs were stated—"Sure, he is the worst off!" shouted a chorus of women. Whatever centuries of mistrule and hunger may have made these people, it has not quenched the hollest light that illuminates the soul.

We drove back to Murrisk, that we had passed on our way to Thornhill. It is a cluster of hovels built higgeldy-piggeldy along the shore and up the sides of the little hill near one of the arms of the bay. There is a rough barrier of stone across the water, which was built to keep the tide from overflowing the sweet water of the little pond that empties into the bay. Without it the people could not drink the water, and there are no springs or wells near by. It was badly constructed, and has been partly demolished by the high winds and the tides. It is dangerous crossing when the wind is high. It required the utmost care for us to keep our feet in walking over it.

A woman lay dying in one of these hovels. Father Lynskey entered to administer the the last sacrament. As I am not a Catholic, the priest advised me to visit the other cabins while he sought the dying woman. I went into one of them. I shall have to grow half a yard or so before I can truthfully be called a tall man, and yet I had to bend nearly double before I could get through the door. There was no fireplace. There was only a hole in the roof at one end of the room, out of which the smoke made its way at its leisure. A little peat fire was buring on the hearth, or rather beneath the hole in the roof. There was no ceiling, of course, for none of the cabins have a ceiling. There was no floor but the ground—few of them have even a few flat stones here or there. There was no window. The rafters and the furze sticks on which the thatch rests, and the walls, and everything in the wretched room, were begrimmed with smoke. There was no dresser for the plates and cups. There were no chairs. There was only one mean rickety little home-made table. There were only two low rude stools for sitting on. A pig was eating out of a kettle on the floor. Two or three hens were picking up a few grains of meal. Near the fire there was a rude bed, covered with two filthy blankets. There was an inner room. I entered it. It was the children's bedroom. Its furniture consisted of three little heaps of rags. There were six persons in this family. The children were ragged and cold. As I took notes in this Irish home, the neighbors thronged in until the place was full, and before I could complete my notes I had to ask them to stand away from the little door, for there was no other way of getting light. The woman of the house was clad in filthy rags. She was barefooted. She plaintively told me that she could not go to mass now, for she had not a decent dress to cover her rags.

This was not the worst hovel. There were others smaller and more wretched, both here and at a similar cluster of hovels called Killeneaoff. But it is useless to describe them one by one. Everywhere I saw cows, calves, pigs, horses, asses and hens living in the same room with young mothers and children—in the same damp, dark, slippery, smoky hovels, half stables and half home; everywhere I saw old men and old women ragged and barefooted, and hungry and cold and despairing.

At Killeneaoff the good priest offered to expend a sum that had been sent for the twenty four families of that hamlet to him, in paying them wages at the rate of a shilling a day to build a road for their own use, so that they might earn their scanty meals, and save their self-respect. They gladly accepted the offer. It is to the credit of these starving people that they do not want relief, but work; that they are anxious to be employed, and only accept alms because their families would perish from hunger without it.

I shall tell of only one more visit. As we crossed the "barrier"—Father Lynskey was some distance behind at the time—I saw two little children, with bare red feet and blue lips, sitting at the roadside near what seemed to be the roof of a pig-sty or little stable, for the roof was flush with the road. I noticed that they were rather more tastefully clad (albeit in rags) and that they seemed of a finer organization than most of the children that I had seen. Their faces were clean. A slim blonde woman of thirty or more, whose face showed traces of early beauty, stood with dejected countenance near them. As I looked a second time at the little creatures the woman spoke to me and said that she had not been able to get any relief, and that her children had not eaten a mouthful since yesterday. It was now afternoon.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"There!"

She pointed to a house that I had supposed to be a little stable. It was built between the barrier and the road. She had put it up with her own hands, she said. I turned to the man who was guiding me.

"Is that true?" I asked him—out of her hearing, of course.

"Yes," he answered, coldly.

I made my way down to where the door was, followed by the guide and the woman. I had to bend low to enter the hut. It was not fifteen feet by ten. There was no hole in the roof, even, for the smoke to escape, and only three bits of turf burned on the hearth. A little white kitten, singed and dirty and famished, was crouching near the semblance of a fire. At one end of the hovel was a rude bed, and two dirty rags for covering. The straw of the roof was half-rotten; when it rained hard, the woman said, the rain came through into the cabin. There was no furniture save a kettle and a table and a stool. "Where is your husband?" I asked. "He is not here," said the man, quickly. I gave the poor wretched woman half a crown to buy food for her children.

A CHILD VOYAGER.

Children furnish more than one-half of the world's purest joys, their beautiful deeds breaking in upon us oftentimes as a delightful surprise; and stupid would we be if we failed to be roused from life's torpor by their presence, their deeds and their expression of them. As we stepped upon the platform of the cars on our way west in the middle of the night, we heard a man say, "Here is a little girl. Will not somebody take care of her?" Somebody responded, and we thought no more of it until the next day when we had dropped our 'sleeper,' and entering one of the other cars we saw the sweetest little child form we ever looked upon, fast asleep, so soundly sleeping as not to even be heard in breathing. Such a head of dark brown hair, lying all loose over her shoulders, back and face, we never beheld; features as if the choice of an artist from a thousand beauties; her long, dark eyelashes lay across the openings in a world of beauty, and her form was in beautiful adaption to the ideal of her face. We could hardly wait for her to wake, for we felt sure she was the lonely child of whom we had heard the night before, and were impatient for the history of this interesting but solitary voyager across the earth. After a while the conductor stood over her, as if drawn by her beauty and innocence. He seemed to be shrinking from waking her, as if she was an angel whose repose it would be irreverent to disturb. Said he, "Whose child is this?" No one could tell. He turned away and went on gathering his tickets. When he had finished he came back and she was awake. He stopped and said:

"Whose little girl are you?"

"Mamma's," said she, looking trustingly in his face.

"Where is your mamma? Show me where she is."

Said she gently, "Mamma is not on cars; she is in heaven."

The gentlemanly conductor grew more intently anxious, and said:

"But you have a father aboard?"

"No, sir; my father's in heaven a long time ago. When I was a little baby he was in the army. Mamma used to tell me about him. She called him her