



CENTRE COUNTY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

148th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

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(To be Continued) CHAPTER VII. SIEGE OF RICHMOND.

was the same, and, notwithstanding the Chaplain's usual caution, he brave—brave, he broke down, and had to be led to the gallows, assisted by the steps, and supported while being pinioned. He cried, and gave a long, piteous wail, which was ended by the springing of the trap and the strangling noose, and a sympathetic moan was heard throughout the mass of attending troops.



A Halt on the Road—Rest.

At 12 m. their arms and legs were pinioned, and the white sacks drawn over their faces; the "drop" was sprung and they passed into eternity. It was a shocking sight; as the drop fell, they dropped about five feet, and bounded high by reason of the spring in the new rope; and then, all three spun round in the same direction, slow at first, then faster, then slower again, till the twist in the rope started them in the other, till again reversed; this twisting finally ceased, and they hung quiet for some time; when the surgeon in attendance, on examination, pronounced them dead, and they were cut down; a piece of the rope by which each was hung, was put in the coffin with him, and buried, in the before named graves.

Repeated calls for troops had somewhat drained the north of willing fighters; volunteering was slow, and it became necessary, in order to obtain the requisite number of men to recruit the Army, to make rigorous drafts. These, however, were exceedingly unpopular, and, in order to avoid them, large bounties were offered to volunteers, who were credited to the quotas of their respective districts, thereby in many districts, and even whole states, the drafts were avoided.

These high bounties, ranging from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, induced to enlist, and be mustered into the military service, many who never had the least intention to serve, and therefore shirked all duty, ran in battle, and deserted at the first opportunity. Twenty of these money bought veterans, (mostly foreigners) of the 64th N. Y. deserted to the enemy in one night, which shows the worthlessness of a money-bought patriotism.

A general order granted a furlough of thirty days to any soldier who shot a recruit in the act of desertion. A small squad of recruits, deserting from one line on a very dark night, started for the Confederate lines, walked into one of our picket posts. Under the impression that they had reached the Confederate lines, they called out, "Johnnie don't shoot, we want to surrender." They were arrested, sent to Headquarters, convicted and hung. Canada furnished a great number of these deserting recruits, commonly known as "bounty jumpers"; they would come into the United States, enlist for three years, and receive a bounty, varying from eight hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars, be mustered into the service, and sent to the Regt. or their choice, from which they would desert to the enemy by the first opportunity, and be carried out of the country on "Blockade Runners," and landed beyond the authority of the United States; they would repeat this performance, in which they realized great profit. One of these bounty jumpers had taken nineteen bounties when he was caught and hanged. On Friday, Dec. 23rd, three more bounty jumping recruits were hung, side by side, in the formal way just described, on our Division Gallows, for desertion to the enemy.

They were recruits who had just been sent to the Army; they tried a new scheme; they deserted to the enemy, and came back to our lines with some "Johnnies," and also claimed to be real Johnnies, and offered to take the oath of allegiance, and go north; but they were recognized, proven guilty and hung.

They met their doom heroically; from the moment they emerged from the "guard-house," to the last awful second before the "drop" fell, that they stood alone upon the scaffold, with their arms and legs fettered, and the ghastly white cap, or rather white sack, drawn over their faces, they never faltered; not even the quivering of a muscle betrayed that intense emotion, with which humanity must approach death, especially in this way.

On Friday, Dec. 30th, we were again paraded to witness a single execution by hanging; the prolonged ceremony

THE HERMIT OF THE KNOBS.

By H. W. Shoemaker, of New York.

A few weeks ago, while driving across the Allegheny summits, from Snow Shoe to Karthaus, the driver reined his horses on the highest point, to show me, far in the distance, the famous Knobs of Clearfield county, three peaks of almost Alpine aspect, which rise pyramid-like above the surrounding ranges.

I told the driver that I had often seen the Knobs before, and had climbed to the top of the middle and largest one, and that I had spent a night several years since with an old French hermit, now dead, whose cabin stood in a hollow near the mountains' base.

It was a walking trip through the Divide region, in the days when I was still in college and had plenty of time for idling and investigation, that one August night, just after the sun had set behind the Knobs and the heavy gray dusk was settling down upon the rugged landscape, and cold gusts blew from the mountain gorges, that I came upon the little cabin by the creek-side, where the hermit resided.

I found him sitting on a stool by the cabin door, poor old Pierre Bayle, smoking his corn-cob pipe, his eyes blinking in time to the musical tumbling of the creek over the smooth, black stones. I spoke to the old fellow and started to pass on, as I was on the last lap of my journey, but he asked me what my hurry was in such tones of politeness that I dropped my canteen and stopped to talk with him.

His conversation led me to believe that, while not a man of education, he possessed more than ordinary intelligence, and a slight accent caused me to inquire if he was not a Frenchman, to which he promptly replied "Yes, and more, a Parisian," so when I informed him that I had visited in Paris, could speak a little French, and had been on the Rue Berri, where he said he was born, we became good friends, and talked of Europe and Paris, then switched off to hunting, timber and local politics, until I looked at my watch and discovered that it was 10 o'clock and too late to reach my destination, so I accepted the old man's cordial invitation to spend the night in his shanty.

After lighting a smoky little lamp, he led me into the room, where I was struck by an air of old-fashioned neatness and comfort, but especially with one window which faced the rough mountain height, as it was decorated by pink silk curtains with ribbons, and before it was a gilded wire stand covered with an array of flowers growing in gilded tin cans, gilded earthen pots and gilded vases. There were wild violets, geraniums, ginseng, touch-me-not, a rose bush or two—in fact a bewildering profusion of flowers and queer looking plants which gave the window somewhat the aspect of a shrine. I looked through the window, expecting, perhaps, to see a charming vista before me, but there was nothing more to be seen but the rough mountain's precipitous sides, covered with charred logs and whitened chestnut sprouts, a scene typical of lost hopes and untold desolation!

I made bold to ask old Mr. Bayle the meaning of this elaborate window-garden, especially when there could be little sun where it was, and he faltered and tried to explain it away; but seeing my continued interest and air of sympathy, he sank into a rickety arm-chair facing the window, and gazing into the now impenetrable darkness of the night, profound in its awful stillness, he told me the tragic story of his life, wrecked from sentimental ignorance and mad desire.

"I was born in Paris, in the Rue Berri," the old hermit began. "It was many, many years ago. I really forget the year. In fact I never lived at all until I was 18, so everything that went before is best forgotten. I might be in the French capital still but for a single moment's joy. I was a gun maker by trade and worked in a little shop not far from the fortifications. I earned good pay for one so young, but as I had little schooling had no ambition. One bright May morning I was standing by my forge near the open window, working and singing, watch-

ing the breezes sway the blossoms on the horse-chestnut trees, unconcerned and thoughtless, when down the wide Boulevard I saw a splendid carriage approaching—I can see it yet; the handsome horses with banged tails; the bewigged coachman and footmen—the silver trappings of the coach—and when it drew near I saw, leaning back on the cushions, the most beautiful young woman I had ever seen, or ever will—a perfect brunette, with clear complexion and bright eyes! The other workmen, filled with curiosity, for coaches of this kind seldom passed our way, rushed to the windows to admire and marvel and the revolutionists among them to curse and grumble and many asked who she might be, and amid the racket I heard some one say "She is the Princess Irene LaFayette-de Nemours-Perigord." I heard no more, but stood transfixed with instant love, rooted to the spot, until after the carriage passed on its leisurely way. Then the master of the shop shook me violently and asked me where I was. Part of me was at the forge in the gun shop, but the rest of me, the Better Part, I call it, went with the Princess Irene LaFayette-de Nemours-Perigord, never to return.

"After that day I became a poor mechanic, I neglected my work in efforts to discover the home of the Princess, and when I did learn where her palace was situated, spent my evenings hovering about the neighborhood, not in any hope of seeing her, but to know that I was near her. On Sundays and holidays I lurked around the courtyard, hoping to see her again, but in vain, until I was finally chased from the premises by the Porter, armed with the bar with which the iron gate was clamped. At last I was discharged from the gun shop and I was not sorry, as I hoped to seek better employment, where I might educate myself to become somebody, I knew not what. So I became a watcher at a book-stall near the Seine, where I read books of all kinds at my leisure; but my Better Part was still wandering, and one afternoon, during my day dreams, the stall was robbed and I was again turned loose. I saw a vessel on the river and, gaining the confidence of the captain, became a helper for my passage to the coast and there thought I would make a man of myself and forget my hopeless love by going to America. I worked my way across as a deck-hand, reaching New York just before the Civil War, and served my adopted country in a Zouave regiment. The new country, instead of diminishing my love for the beautiful Princess Irene, only aggravated it, and after a while the officers became disgusted and had me mustered out for inefficiency. I took to drink, became a tramp, and my wanderings brought me to Clearfield county, where I met some French people with whom I spent a winter, supporting myself by working in the woods; but when spring came I decided to strike out for the west. The first night I stopped at the house where I now am, then a deserted hunters' camp in the virgin forest. It was in the month of May and thoroughly exhausted, I laid down on the earthen floor, gazing through the window which you admire at the awful blackness of the night. All at once my troubles seemed to vanish, the sun-light, in great golden beams, poured through the broken panes, and I felt myself back at the forge in the gun shop, the birds were singing in the horse-chestnuts across the way, a great carriage came lumbering along, drawn by stately bay horses with banged tails, and I could hear the rattling of the silver trappings; raising my eyes I beheld the face of the beautiful and long-lost Princess Irene LaFayette-de Nemours-Perigord. The carriage passed on, the sun-light grew dimmer, and I found myself once more lying on the floor of the miserably hut; but I resolved to stay and every night since, towards the mid-night hour, I take my place in the rocking chair and watch with eager eyes the splendid carriage go by, and feel the presence of my lost love, the beautiful Princess Irene LaFayette-de Nemours-Perigord.

LOCALS. Don't pawn your opportunities. Dr. Musser removed a cancerous growth from the face of W. K. Stover, of Haines township.

H. A. Detwiler, of Smulton, has moved to Gainesville, Florida. He will engage in teaching school.

Joseph D. Winters, of New Berlin, has given up the road, and is engaged in the insurance business.

John L. McCienshan advertises wheelbarrows for sale. He guarantees the stock and workmanship.

Masters Wallace and Clarence Horner, sons of George Horner, called to see the Reporter one day last week.

John P. Elkin told the Indiana county Republicans that he had not retired from politics, and still would be at the service of his friends whenever he could do them a favor. This is truly an edifying declaration to come from a candidate for the position of judge of the supreme court of the State, but it will not cause astonishment among those who are acquainted with Mr. Elkin's public career. As attorney general of the State he was ever ready to serve his political friends and to give any opinion which they demanded of him. Some of his opinions were so notoriously bad that even the unscrupulous bosses were afraid to act upon them. If Mr. Elkin intends to serve his friends the same way should he be elected to the supreme bench, it would be the part of wisdom for the people of the State to permanently retire him from politics by overwhelmingly defeating him.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, intended to commemorate in a dignified and impressive manner one of the most interesting and significant events in the national history, was formally opened on Saturday. All that careful preparation and the lavish expenditure of money and American brains and energy can contribute to a splendid display of the country's progress in the hundred years elapsing since the purchase has been effectively applied to make the exposition a great, and possibly an unparalleled, success. The event to be commemorated strikes the imagination of every American, and it is fitting that it should be memorialized on a magnificent and colossal scale.

A potato famine started the wave of Irish emigration which carried nearly four million Irishmen (the exact figures are 3,961,911) to foreign lands between the years 1851 and 1903. This is equivalent to 74 per cent. of the average population of Ireland during the period mentioned. The cotton famine in Lancashire, England, may produce a like effect if it shall continue long enough. Two thousand persons weekly, mostly Lancashire mill hands, are sailing for Canada to take up farm work. A dislocation of population is bound to follow any restriction upon the means of subsistence.

The Fifty-eighth Congress has gained the unique distinction of being a Congress with three short sessions and no long one. The alternation of long and short sessions has proceeded so regularly for two generations that it has seemed to be part of the constitutional order. But when the written Constitution itself has to give way to the interests of a bustling young President there is not much chance for a mere unwritten custom.

Attorney General Knox declares that he will not be a candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania. So much the worse for Pennsylvania. Mr. Knox is a man of gubernatorial size. Because he does not seek to be Governor there is added reason for making him Governor. But he is not of the class of men whom the Republican Machine dots upon or willingly selects.

The newspaper, like a first-class hotel, spreads a varied table. Some dishes are relished by one class and despised by another. The wise reader will take what commends itself to his judgment and leave the rest for other patrons who have different tastes. No one person consumes the whole bill of fare at each meal.

State Treasurer William L. Matthews, who assumed the duties of his office Monday, announced the re-appointment of T. Steward Pearce, of Saltsburg, as cashier, and John E. Stott, of Coatsville, as corporation clerk.

Whether Congress adjourned in obedience to Theodore Roosevelt or in fear of John Sharp Williams is a problem that is none the less interesting for being insoluble.

Guard May go to Gettysburg. It is likely the division encampment of the National Guard this year will be held at Gettysburg, that being the choice of National Guard officers, but the selection will not be made until a meeting of the general officers of the guard is held. It is unofficially announced that the guard will go into camp on July 23rd remaining until July 30th.

Mrs. John Peters Recovers. Some weeks ago it was stated in these columns that a tumor, weighing seventy-seven and one-fourth pounds, was removed from Mrs. John Peters, of Wallaceport, at the Phillipsburg hospital, and last week the lady was discharged from that institution. A remarkable feature was that the cyst weighed more than the lady did after it was removed.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS.

Farmers are sowing oats and barley. Very little sowing was done previous to this week.

Teachers' examination for Centre Hall and Potter township will be held at Centre Hall, May 19.

Lands in the vicinity of Philipsburg are being leased by parties who propose drilling for oil and gas.

Miss Mary Fetterolf, of this place, has found employment with Miss Ellen Woods, of Bellefonte.

Miss Laura Keller advertises personal property and real estate for sale Saturday, May 7, 2 p. m., at her residence at Tusseyville.

Miss Rebecca J. Moyer, who is teaching a primary select school in this place, spent Sunday with her parents near Rebersburg.

Rev. and Mrs. Edgar R. Heckman, of State College, are among those from Centre county who joined the California excursion last week.

Frank Kister, of Millheim, who for the past two years had given up shoemaking for the "art preservative," has opened a shoe shop near the Musser House.

Mrs. Kreider, wife of Rev. H. R. Kreider, pastor of the Pennbrook Reformed church, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moyer, of near Rebersburg.

Rev. Daniel Gress, Wednesday morning went to Lancaster where he will attend the commencement exercises of the Theological Seminary. The graduates number eleven.

New Berlin is calculating the cost of extensive water works and an electric light plant in anticipation of the building of the Wabash railroad, which survey passes through that town.

The Howard Creamery Corporation has opened a retail department at its quarters in Bellefonte. Fresh eggs, butter, poultry, etc., the best the market affords, are stored in an up-to-date refrigerator, ready at all times for the customer.

McClures Magazine for May makes the most casual reader stop and think. As usual it covers a wide range of human interest but the impressive effect of the number is produced by another appalling picture of the results of our industrial warfare.

The Review of Reviews for May provides a group of entertaining and instructive articles on the Russo-Japanese war and cognate topics. In addition to the careful editorial treatment of the events of the month in "The Progress of the World," there is a sketch of the great sea-fighter, Admiral Togo.

From present indications Bellefonte will expend something like \$30,000 to build an addition to the stone school building on Allegheny street. If this is done that borough will have an indebtedness, for school purposes, of \$55,000. It is the wish of the present board of school directors of the county seat to put their schools on a footing with other towns of its size.

The Reporter had a genuine surprise on opening a letter from William Musser, of Jewell, Kansas, to find that it contained a cashier's check in the sum of forty-one dollars, and a letter stating that the same was in payment for one year's subscription to the Reporter. There is no doubt the Reporter is worth more than that sum each year to more than one-half its readers, but the subscription price is fixed at one dollar, in advance, which obliged the editor to return the check with thanks.

The most prosperous town is the one where there are the greatest evidences of local pride. It doesn't require mansions and great lawns and the trappings of wealth to make a prosperous town or city, but order, cleanliness and the evidences of civic pride are an absolute essential. The neat, clean, well kept home with the evidences of personal interest, clean streets and back alleys free from rubbish, the things that may be possessed by all but the really unfortunate are the things which make a town inviting and upon which prosperity in a large measure rests.

F. A. Long, formerly of Spring Mills, but now of Cambridge, Ohio, writes: "Enclosed please find check in payment for one year's subscription to your bright, newsy paper, (The Reporter.) I am sure that your paper gives me much satisfaction, to learn of all interesting news back in old Centre county. We have a fine town here of 12000 population and a good, up-to-date manufacturing and mining town, the chief industries being the manufacturing of tin plate, sheet steel and a large glass plant. Hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you in our town at some time, I wish you success with your paper."