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## Select Poetry.

### NEARER HOME.

One sweetly sad man thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I have ever been before,  
Nearer my father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the Jasper sea.  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.  
But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dim and unknown stream  
That leads me at last to the light.  
Closer, closer my steps  
Come to the dark abyss;  
Closer death to my lips  
Presses the awful cry.  
Savior perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the might of my faith,  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death.  
Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink,  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now, than I think.

### BOB O'LINK.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

It was noon in summer. The earth lay breathless in the heat, with its thousand tongues in wood and field too faint for their low, accustomed, mysterious speech. The long island shore, white and crescent, bared its bosom like Danae to the golden embraces of the sun. In the meadows the heavy crested grasses with nodding heads beat time to the sweet wash of waves upon the beach. Yellow spires of the golden-red pines, the air like steeples. The tulip tree, robed like a priest in maroon green, held up to heaven with branching arms a thousand golden chimes. Far away across the Sound lay the Connecticut shore, gleaming through the mist, while behind me, from the green recesses of a deserted garden, the oriole poured forth his monotone of sorrow.

As I sauntered down the little path that led from the old house where I was boarding for the summer, to my favorite haunt by the sea-shore, with clouds of insects springing from the grass like a living spray at every step I took, I suddenly heard the saucy notes of that low comedian of birds, the Bob O'Link. As I have always had a friendly feeling towards this ornithological farceur, I set to work to obtain an interview with him. I was not long in discovering his whereabouts. He was sitting on a stump of a rail chattering vehemently, and as well as I understood his language, impatiently preening his feathers, cocking his head on one side, as if he had a passion for seeing nature upside down, and shaking his wings as though he contemplated an immediate migration to the coast of Africa. About every half-minute or so he would suddenly leave his perch, and flying a little distance, flop into the long meadow grass, whence instantly would proceed a most astounding vocal effort, after which he would re-appear and resume his rail in triumph. His frequent journeys to the same spot, led me to suspect that he had some private interest in that quarter—a nest or a young bride, perhaps, and that he was in fact passing his honeymoon. So I walked toward the place in which I saw him disappear last, determined to be a witness of his domestic bliss.

It seemed to me that a human head was lying alone and bodiless in the deep green sea of grass that surrounded me. A beautiful youth's head, blonde and spiritual, looking up at me with a calm, unfrightened look, while nesting close to its pale, rounded cheek, hushed and rather astonished by my appearance, sat Master Bob O'Link.

The head, however, was not without a body. The long bending grass met over the form, leaving exposed only the pale, beautiful face, which looked like an exquisite venetian picture framed in gold and green.

"Good morning, Sir," said the youth in a sweet voice as I bent over him, looking a little bewildered at this sudden apparition, and frowning at the same time Master Bob O'Link with his long slender fingers. "Good morning, Sir."

"Good morning," I answered. "You seem to be taking things quietly here."

He gave a sudden glance downward toward his feet, and a sad smile flickered over his lips.

"I am obliged to take things quietly," he answered.

"An invalid I suppose. I am sorry."

"I am paralyzed, Sir."

No words can paint the tone of utter despair in which he made this terrible statement. If you have ever spoken with a man who has spent some twenty years in solitary confinement, you will have noticed the unearthly calm of his voice, the low monotone of sound, the loneliness of sound. Well, this lad's voice sounded so. He talked like one shut out of life. I made a place for myself in the grass and sat down beside him.

"I was attracted by your bird," I said; "I thought he had a nest here, and so followed him. I trust I am not intruding."

"Not at all, Sir, I am glad to have some one to speak to. As for Bob, he has a nest here, but it's in my heart: He is the only thing on earth that loves me."

"You take a sad view of life, my friend. Your calamity is great, no doubt, but still—"

"Ah! Sir, it's all well enough to talk so when you have limbs, health and freedom. When you can work and go out into life and tread the earth with the full consciousness of being. But when ever since you

can remember, you have been but the moiety of a man, utterly helpless, utterly dependent, an infant, without an infant's happy unconsciousness. But what's the use of my talking to you in this way:—here Bob, show the gentleman, some of your tricks."

Bob, on this summons, left his post by the lad's cheek, where he had remained perfectly still, taking an inventory of my person with his round bright eye, and apparently measuring me for a suit of clothes, and suddenly flew into the air, where he summersaulted and pirouetted and affected to lose the use of his wings and tumble from an appalling height, invariably recovering himself before he reached the ground after which he gravely lit upon his master's breast and thrust his little bill affectionately between his master's lips.

"You have tamed your bird wonderfully," I said to the boy.

"It has been my amusements during many solitary hours," he answered with a feeble smile.

"How is it that you have been so solitary?" I asked. "You live in the neighborhood?"

"In that house up yonder just peeping from behind that clump of maples," and he pointed as he spoke towards a respectable farm house.

"And you have friends—a family?"

"Ah! Sir, they are kind enough to me, but they must be very tired of me by this time."

"Come," said I, encouragingly, laying my hand on his shoulder, "come, tell me all about yourself. I'm a good listener—besides, I am interested in you. Bob, here looks as if he was anxious for a story. This is a charming nook that we are in, so I'll just light my cigar, and do you talk."

The free and easy manner I assumed, seemed to surprise him. He glanced shyly at me, out of his large blue eyes as if sincerity; then heaved a sigh, stroked Bob's feathers, as if to insure himself of the presence of at least one and saying, "As you please," commenced.

"I am eighteen," he said; "you would not think it for I know I look younger than I am. Confinement and suffering have made my complexion pale and transparent, and the sun and winds that harden other men's skins, and age their features, have had but little to do with me. Ever since I can remember I have been paralyzed in the lower limbs. For years, I laid upon an inclined plane, of kumbla very nearly as blank as the white plaster I gazed at. My father died when I was a mere infant, and there was no one left in the house but mother and cousin Alice and me."

"Cousin Alice," I said, "who is she?"

His eyes wandered timidly toward the house behind the maples, as if he expected an apparition to start from there on the instant.

"Cousin Alice," he repeated vaguely, "well she's—Cousin Alice."

"Excessively explanatory," said I, laughing. "Is Cousin Alice young?"

"My age."

"Is she pretty?"

One deep, reproachful look of those large blue eyes told me all. Poor fellow, there he lay maimed, passing his days and evenings in the presence of some beautiful creature, whom he could never hope to possess, but loving her with all that concentrated necessity which belongs to the passions of the deformed.

He seemed to know what was passing in my mind; for without a word from me he continued: "She is engaged to Ralph Farnwell, who lives down yonder. She is very fond of him and he of her. It is they who bring me down between them to this place every fine day, and I sit here with Bob while they go off and pick nuts, and—and—" and here the picture was too much for him, and the poor fellow burst into tears.

No wonder. To have his misfortune paraded through necessity before the woman he loved. To be carried about like a piece of furniture by her and his rival. How often must that poor heart have been smitten bitterly! How often those crippled limbs must have thrilled with agony.

I took his hand in mine, but did not say a word. There are times when consolation is cruel! It was better than all words to let him feel by the pressure of my hand that he had found a friend. We sat this way for some time, until I was aroused from a painful reverie into which I had fallen, by a long black shadow being projected across the spot in which we were sitting. I looked up and saw a tall handsome young man, with bronzed cheek and curly chestnut hair, on whose arms was hanging an exceedingly beautiful young girl, whose face was a perfect treasury of archness and innocence. They looked rather surprised at seeing me, but I explained how it was that I came to be there and they seemed satisfied.

"Harry, isn't it time to come home," said the young girl. "Ralph and I have come for you."

"Thank you Alice, but I would like to stay an hour longer. The day is so bright and sunny that it is a shame to be in the house. You don't want to go home yet," and he looked at Ralph as he said this with a bitter expression of countenance that perhaps I alone observed, but which seemed to say: "It will give you an hour more to wander together." Of course you don't want to go home.

"Well, as you please, Harry. Ralph and I will go off to the pond in the cedar grove, and come back in about an hour. But I say Harry, look here; isn't this pretty?" and she spoke she held out a little box for his inspection. He opened it and disclosed a pretty little ring set with garnets. While he looked at it Alice stooped over and with a bluish whisper, said something in his ear, which made him to my keener sight quiver in all that part

of him which was alive. It was but momentary, however, for he restored the box, saying coldly: "Well, I wish you both every happiness. You will find me here when you return."

As they walked slowly away, he followed them with his eyes, then turned to me. "They are to be married next Sunday," he said.

I felt all the meaning of his words. I pitied him. Solitude is a need to him at this moment; I will leave him. As I pulled out my watch and prepared for my departure, he said to me: "I am exceedingly obliged to you, Sir, for your company but I want you to do me one more favor before you leave. You are strong and I am light. Please take me to the giant's chair. I love to sit on it and dip my hand in the salt wash of the sea."

"But are you not afraid of slipping and falling in?" I asked, for the giant's chair was a fantastically shaped rock a few hundred yards down the beach, around whose rugged base the sea at high tide washed clamorously.

"Oh! no," he answered; "there is a cleft in it where I sit quite safely. And when Ralph and Alice come to look for me, I can easily shout to them from where I am. Do take me, Sir, if you please."

Of course I obeyed his wishes. I lifted him in my arms, and with Bob flying alongside of us, carried him down to the huge old rock which was regally draped in the rich brown tapestry of the sea. I found him a comfortable dry cleft in which I stowed him away, and with a promise to come and see him the following day, I left him with Bob chattering away on his shoulder, gazing dreamily across to the Connecticut shore.

About an hour and three quarters after this, I was strolling down the road smoking my cigar after dinner, when I heard hurried steps behind me, and the young man named Ralph ran up pale and breathless.

"For God's sake, Sir, where did you leave Harry? We can't find him anywhere," he cried.

"O, you haven't looked on the giant's chair, then; I took him there. I left him snug and comfortable."

"But we have, Sir. We knew how fond he was of sitting there, and when we missed him from the meadow, concluded that he had got you to carry him there. But there's no sign of him, only the Bob O'Link looks up at me, and says, 'Harry's gone home, and is crying as if his heart would break.'"

"Not in the giant's chair?" I cried, with a sick feeling about my heart. "Good God! he has drowned himself!"

"Drowned himself! Why what for?" asked Ralph with the most unfeigned astonishment.

"He was in love with his Cousin Alice; and you are to marry her on next Sunday," was my only reply.

The man was stunned. He saw it in an instant. All that secret and mysterious love which had racked the heart of the poor cripple, unknown to him or his betrothed, was laid bare. He groaned and buried his head in his hands. "This will kill Alice, Sir," he said to me, "come and help me to break it to her."

My conjecture was correct. About a week after this, the body of the poor paralytic was washed ashore some miles down the beach, holding with desperate clutch in one hand a little daguerreotype of his Cousin Alice.

And Bob? he missed the accustomed hand. For days after his master's death he used to fly down to the old place in the meadow and hover around there, waiting for him who never more would come. This lasted for about a fortnight, when Ralph in passing by found the poor bird dead in the grass, which still bore the impress of his master's form.

## LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

CAMP MASON & DIXON,  
JUNE 30th 1861.

DEAR REPUBLICAN:

Since my last hurried epistle, penned on the eve of our hasty departure from Camp Curtin, our movements have prevented me from informing you of our whereabouts, or detailing any of the incidents of our hurried march towards the southern border of the State. I presume you are already informed, through the medium of the press, that the critical situation of Col. Wallace of the Indiana Regiment of Zouaves, stationed at Cumberland, Md., induced the Gov. of this State to order two of the regiments in Camp Curtin to march immediately to his support. In fact I believe that Col. Wallace had actually pushed on to Romney Va., but finding that he would be unable to hold the place, with a large secession force in its vicinity he fell back upon Cumberland, a town on the north bank of the Potomac, within the borders of Maryland, where he is still encamped. We left Camp Curtin—that is, the 1st and 2d Regiments, P. V. R. Corps, commanded by Cols. Biddle and Simmons, on Saturday morning of the 22nd inst. as day was dawning, and at 5 o'clock of a lovely June morning we were leaving Harrisburg and our old Camp where we had almost become domesticated, together with all their beautiful surroundings, in the distance. It seems a misnomer to call transportation on the cars a march, but it will doubtless be understood by the intelligent readers of the *Republican*. By one o'clock P. M. we reached Huntingdon, where the citizens did their best—I am convinced, to furnish the whole of the troops with ample refreshments; but their generous intentions were partially defeated by the contemptible conduct of the conductor of the train on which our regiment (the 2nd) was shipped, who backed it so far down the road that it was beyond the reach of those who brought provisions, many of whom were ladies. The train which conveyed the 1st regiment was permitted to remain in front of the depot, and they of course fared sumptuously. The front of our train also received some of the refreshments, but three of the rear companies including the "Washington Cadets," were scarcely furnished with a drink of water to the tenth man. We were, of course, all in the morning in the sun, and we would be moved up and be treated, at least, as well as what they had left would permit, but instead of that we were trundled, hungry and thirsty as we were, none but the officers having been permitted to leave the cars. True we had two days' ration of hard biscuit and cold pork in our haversacks, and if we had not, to view our fellow soldiers (to which distance lent but little enchantment,) enjoying the luxuries provided for the whole detachment, we might have felt contented with our camp fare. However, no blame is to be attached to the hospitable citizens of Huntingdon, who intended treating all alike, and would have done so, had it not been for either the stupidity or malignity of the conductor of the train that had us on board.

At Huntingdon we took the Broadtop Railroad, arrived at Hopewell, its Southern terminus about 5 P. M. the same day we left Camp Curtin, and encamped for the night in a beautiful little valley or nook, surrounded by lofty hills or mountains clothed to their summits with dark green foliage, situated about one fourth of a mile east of the village, which is a thriving little place of about 150 inhabitants. At three o'clock on the following morning (Sunday) we were aroused by the order to take up our line of march for Bedford. At half past four the first regiment was put in motion, and at five, the second, (ours) bid adieu to Camp Biddle, the appellation by which our night's resting place had been christened. And here I will correct an error I have observed in some of your contemporaries, and inform your readers of what companies the first and second regiments consist. The error I refer to is a statement, that the first regiment was commanded by Col. Simmons and the second which contained all the "Bucktails," by Col. Biddle. The first regiment is commanded by Col. Biddle, and contains all the "Bucktails," while the second is commanded by Col. Simmons who holds the rank of Captain in the U. S. Army, and has been about twenty five years in the service. This regiment is composed of West Branch companies with four exceptions, one, a company from Bradford county, two companies from Huntingdon county, and one from Lancaster; the latter being scarcely an exception. The other six are the "Centre Guards" from Centre, the "Jerseyshire Rifles" from Lycoming, the "Pollock Guards" and the "Northumberland Infantry" from Northumberland, the "Slifer Guards" from Union and the "Washington Cadets" from Clearfield co. The first regiment is composed of the "Rafman Rangers," Clearfield, the "Rafman Guards," Warren, the "Elk Rifles," Elk, the "Irish Infantry," Carbon, the "Wayne Independent Rifles" Chester, the "McKean Rifles," McKean, a company from Perry co., and the balance "Bucktails" from Potter and Tioga counties.

A little before noon we reached Bloomsburg, famed in the annals of our country's early warfare for a desperate engagement between a party of deserters and their pursuers, where a hastily prepared but handsome and most gratifying collation furnished by the patriotic citizens of the place awaited us. After despatching the refreshments provided for us and resting a short time, we resumed our march beneath a broiling sun and amid an almost suffocating dust, for Bedford (as we supposed,) now eight miles distant. About

three hours march brought us in sight of the town, and here weary and footsore as we all were we expected to rest at least for that day; but in this we were sorely disappointed. The place for our encampment had been selected three miles south of the town, and there, much to our chagrin we were compelled to march without even being permitted to halt; while the utmost enthusiasm was displayed by the inhabitants at our approach and while we were passing through the town. From the fair sex, all along our route we had been uniformly greeted with smiles, bouquets and waving of hands and handkerchiefs, but as we marched through the beautiful town of Bedford, our path was literally strewn with flowers, so thickly were they showered upon us. The ladies of Bedford have the reputation of being generally very beautiful, and from the hearty manner in which they welcomed us weary soldiers, I have no doubt it is deserved, but as military discipline does not permit gaping or side glancing I was unable to make any observations; and I believe our whole regiment marched through without violating a rule so difficult to observe under the circumstances; and as I did not get back to the town during our brief stay at Camp McCall, I was unable personally to verify my impressions of its ladies. I have every reason, however, to think them correct.

The march from Bedford to our camping ground, afterwards named Camp McCall, was the most toilsome and exhausting of the whole distance of twenty three miles. Every energy had been called to their support by the men to sustain them on their first day's march, and when they reached Bedford they supposed their task was accomplished; but when three dusty, hot and weary miles were added to what was already a long day's march, their spirits sank, and it was with the utmost exertions on the part of their officers that they could be induced to remain in the ranks and complete their journey. But all things, even a weary march, must have an end, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we attained the summit of a hill, which became at once populous as a city, and cast ourselves upon the earth to revive our exhausted energies.

Camp McCall was in many respects a desirable and pleasant place for a camp, surrounded as it was by woody hills luxuriant with dark green foliage, while a mountain summit we pitched our tents; and at the same time the celebrated mineral and medicinal Springs of Bedford poured forth their healing waters within the distance of a mile and a half. But we were not long permitted to remain in so agreeable a locality. On the Wednesday morning following our arrival, we were ordered to march and the evening of the same day found us ten miles on our way towards the southern border of the state; and the day following about noon we arrived at our present place of encampment, within less than a mile of Mason & Dixon's line: twenty two miles south of Bedford, and eight north of Cumberland, Md., in a narrow valley with Will's mountain on the West, and Evil's on the East.

It affords me great pleasure to say that during our march and transportation from Camp Curtin to this point, no Company in the two regiments displayed better discipline or greater powers of endurance than the "Rafman Rangers" in the first and the "Washington Cadets" in the second regiment; while among the disorders incident to the passage of nearly two thousand armed men, and which it is impossible entirely to prevent, I have never yet heard of any, or a single act to their reproach. The citizens of Clearfield county will never have cause to blush for her representatives in the reserved corps of Pennsylvania Volunteers; but on the other hand they may well be proud of them. This letter I find is spinning out to a much greater length than I had intended, and I must draw it to a close. In our march we have passed through a great variety of country as regards appearance and fertility, though all broken and hilly and frequently mountainous. Your readers generally know the character of the country east of Huntingdon. South west of that point, we first passed through a medium of agricultural district, and then into the mountains until we reached Hopewell. Here the surface again opens out, and is tolerably well cultivated, having the appearance of recent improvement. As we approached Bloomsburg marks of superior fertility and cultivation were apparent, and from that place to Bedford the country is populous, rich and well cultivated. Beyond Bedford northward we passed the far famed springs and entered a rough hilly district, with a sparse population, and thin soil poorly cultivated.

On last Wednesday morning we struck our tents at Camp McCall and took up our line of march southward through a rough hilly and unpromising looking country, but as we proceeded southward down Cumberland valley its appearance improved and around Centerville fifteen miles from Bedford we found a thickly settled and prosperous settlement. After passing here the country gradually became less improved and cultivated and more hilly, and where we are now encamped the hills are abrupt and high. The soil I think is naturally tolerably good but is indifferently cultivated, and the people look like as if they had merely enough without abundance. It is an old settlement; the inhabitants generally of German descent, although several generations removed, and not over stocked with intelligence.

I cannot pretend to give you any idea as to our destination. When we left Bedford, we supposed it was for the purpose of marching directly to Cumberland, but our commanding officers did not like to

take the responsibility of marching into another State while the troops were only a State reserved corps. However, daily rumors are in circulation, that we will be ordered to march to Col. Wallace's support very shortly, others again that we will be ordered back. Of our movements you will be informed by the press faster than I can do it.

Our mail facilities are not very reliable. We have to send our letters either to Bedford or Cumberland. If you send us any *Republicans*, send them to the latter place in care of our Capt. Comp'y. C. 2nd Reg't. P. V. R. Corps. Yours, SOLDIER.

## ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

### Celebration at Clearfield.

The 85th Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated by the citizens of Clearfield, at Liberty Spring Grove. Much credit is due to the Committee of arrangements, Messrs. Porter, G. W. Riehm, R. Shaw, Jr., T. J. McCullough and R. J. Wallace, Esqrs., considering the late hour (Monday Evening) at which it was determined to celebrate the day, their success was beyond all reasonable expectation. The company was large, without party or sectarian distinction, male and female, young and old, and the Dinner was substantial and good, the weather warm and pleasant, and all things considered, it was a day well spent.

The company repaired to the ground about 12 o'clock preceded by the Washington Cadet Sax Horn Band, discoursing music in the richest strains, together with a band of Martial Music, all under the direction of John McGaughey, Marshal and Joseph Birchfield and E. W. Graham, Assistant Marshals.

When the cloth was removed, the company came to order, the officers taking their seats as follows:  
D. W. MOORE, President of the day.  
Wm. RADEBAUGH, B. STURM, L. R. MENNELL and G. C. PASSMORE, Vice Presidents.  
W. W. Bette and Wm. M. McCullough, Secretaries.

The Declaration of Independence was then read in a loud clear voice, by Samuel J. Row, which was followed by music and a salute.

Ex-Gov. Bigler was then called upon to read the *Farewell Address of George Washington*, which was followed by music and a salute.

The following Regular Toasts, prepared by the Committee appointed for the purpose, Messrs. Wm. A. Wallace, A. C. Finney, Esqrs., and Dr. Hartwick, were then read by the President of the day.

### Regular Toasts.

1. The day we celebrate.—May it never be dishonored.  
Hail Columbia.
2. The memory of George Washington.  
Boney Jean.
3. The Constitution of the United States.  
The Flag of our Country.
4. The Union of the States.—Separate yet inseparable—may it be eternal.  
Star Spangled Banner.
5. The President of the United States.  
Dixey's Land.
6. The Heroes and Sages of '76.—Green be their memories.  
Yankee Doodle.
7. Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott.  
Torch Light Quick Step.
8. Our absent volunteers.  
Washington Cadets Quick Steps.

The following Volunteer Toasts were then read, and appropriately responded to.

### Regular Volunteer Toasts.

By D. F. Kitzweiler.  
The President of the United States—May he strictly confine himself to the powers confided to his care in the preservation of civil and religious Liberty—and respect the inalienable rights of American Freemen.

By Wm. L. Moore.  
Our glorious Union—Its restoration and perpetuation—May the Almighty Ruler of the Universe vouchsafe to us that blessing—and also inspire our people to beware hereafter of the schemes of the political demagogue, and the rant of the abstractionists.

By A. C. Finney.  
The glorious old 4th of July—Now ripe in years, but threatened with a hemorrhage. May our great Physician, Scott, be able to restore her to perfect health.

By R. Shaw Jr.  
Uncle Sam—May he soon return to sanity and consign Sambo to oblivion.

By John Moore.—The Union and the Ladies—may they never be divided.

By Wm. Porter.—Union and Harmony, Peace to the States and plenty to the poor.

By R. Wallace.—Our Host—May his shadow never grow less.

After which, on motion of W. Radebaugh, the company adjourned with three cheers for the Union and the Constitution—which were given with a will, followed by a salute of all the guns.

### The 4th at Pennville.

The citizens of Pennville and vicinity celebrated the late anniversary in a most patriotic manner.

Hon. J. P. Hoyt, of Ferguson tp., acted as President of the day.

John Ferguson, Samuel Widemire, Joseph Hoover and E. Fenton, V. President's Dr. J. M. Ross, Reuben Wall and Geo. Dale, Secretaries.

The Declaration of Independence was read by John Russell, followed by addresses by L. J. Crans, Esq., and Col. J. McQuilkin.

After which a resolution of thanks to the speakers, and that Mr. Crans would furnish a copy of his address for publication, was adopted.

[The address will be given next week.]