



THE CENTRAL PRESS.

JOHN G. KURTZ,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TWO DOLLARS a year, which must be paid in advance or no paper will be sent from this office. No subscription received for a less period than six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMER'S MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE—YORK, PENNA.
ACCUMULATED CAPITAL OVER \$280,000.

COLUMBUS INSURANCE COMPANY OF LANCASTER COUNTY,
CAPITAL, \$203,407 68.

THESE COMPANIES continue to issue Policies of Insurance against loss or damage by fire on the same kinds of town and country property, at rates as low consistent with the safety of a company of this kind.

The undersigned, having been appointed an agent for both the above named companies, will attend to receiving applications for insurance.
July 29, 1864-45. I. C. HAUPT.

NEW GOODS!

Just received a General Assortment of new fall goods, which will be sold at small advance on costs at
S. H. BROWN'S.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING

Not intending to continue the clothing department, I will sell the balance of my stock at old prices. Persons in want will find it to their advantage to give me a call.
Sept. 16, 64. S. H. BROWN.

E. C. HUMES, Pres't. J. P. HARRIS, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BELLEFONTE.

(LATE HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.) THIS BANK is now organized for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States. Certificates issued by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co. will be paid at maturity, and Checks of deposits at sight as usual on presentation at the counter of the said First National Bank.

Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Government Securities.
E. C. HUMES, President.

BURNS & SMUCKER,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Produce Commission Merchants
605 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. MORRIS BURNS—late of B. S. Janney, Jr. & Co. S. SMUCKER, Jr.—late of S. Smucker, Jr. & Co. Dec. 23, 1864.

A. O. FURST,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Penna.

Will practice in the several Courts of Centre and Clinton counties. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office in the North West corner of the Diamond.
Jan. 31, '65.

A. BOYD HUTCHISON,

LATE AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. ARMY.

Will attend to the collection of all claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c.
Office with W. P. Wilson, Esq., Bellefonte, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1865.—3m

STRAW CUTTERS—\$15.00.

You Farmers who are in want of a first rate straw cutter—good and cheap—should call on the subscriber, either at his place in Bellefonte or at the Mithsburg Foundry. Price only \$15.00.
Jan. 27th, 1865. ISAAC HAUPT.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFORK, PA.

Will visit Bellefonte professionally, when specially retained in connection with resident counsel.
May, '62.

TOPOGRAPHICAL AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER.

This subscriber offers his services to the public as a Topographical and Hydraulic Engineer. From his experience and practical knowledge of these subjects, he flatters himself that his services would be valuable to persons intending to improve mill-races, or other water power.
Bellefonte, May 23. WM. HARRIS.

J. D. WINGATE,

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Office in Masonic Hall. At home, except perhaps the first two weeks of every month.
Bellefonte, Feb. 5, 1864.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE

of every description on hand and made to order on short notice, wholesale and retail by
HAUPTS & CO.,
Milesburg.

MALLISTER & BEAVER

Attorneys at Law,
Feb. 11, '59.—1y. BELLEFONTE PA.

TOBACCO & SEGARS

"Big Lick," "Lynchburg," "Danville," "Killickinick," and "Idol," smoking tobacco and "Sunny Side," "Solace," and "Annie," chewing tobacco, also a fine lot of "Conchita" cigars, just received.
May 6. GREEN'S DRUG STORE.

PERFUMERY.

A fine assortment from the oldest established Perfumery house in Philadelphia, just received at
GREEN'S DRUG STORE.

ALL KINDS OF STOVES

on hand and for sale at the ware rooms near the Bellefonte Depot.
ISAAC HAUPT.

CATTLE POWDER

of the best quality for sale at
GREEN'S DRUG STORE.
May 6.

LOCKS.

A large lot just received by
GEO. W. PATTON.

TRUSSESS

of every description, constantly on hand and for sale at the Drug Store of
Dec. 2, '64. F. P. GREEN.

COZAR'S EXTERMINATORS

for sale either wholesale or retail at GREEN'S.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th 1864, and are payable three years from that time in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 six per cent.

GOLD-BEARING BOND.

These bonds are now worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to	
One cent per day on a \$50 note.	
Two cents " " " \$100 "	
Ten " " " \$500 "	
20 " " " \$1000 "	
\$1 " " " \$5000 "	

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscription, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th of June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the Loan, authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, Philadelphia.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE First National Bank of Bellefonte.
Feb. 24th '65.—3m.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA.

Taken from the *Harrisburg "Daily Telegraph,"* December 24th, 1864.

During the last two or three years in this old and well known company have been extending their business in the interior of the State of Pennsylvania, and have already laid a good foundation for fire and inland business throughout the Commonwealth.

The incorporation of the company was in the year 1794, by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and up to the year 1862, having agencies only in two or three prominent points in the State, their claims for business throughout the State whence their authority came, seem well founded, and hence, some three years since, they established a central State agency at the seat of Government, through which new agencies should be addressed. In this community Mr. Buehler does not need newspaper endorsement. Respected for his strict integrity, and known as a faithful and indefatigable business man, to his connection with the Insurance Company of North America, as much as the reputation of that corporation, must we attribute its popularity outside of Philadelphia.

The agent for the Insurance Company of North America, for Bellefonte and vicinity, is
JAMES D. TURNER,
Jan. 20, 1865.—6m. BELLEFONTE, PA.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING relating to the human system, male and female; the causes and treatment of diseases; the marriage customs of the world; how to marry well and a thousand things never before published, read the enlarged edition of "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE," a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages, 100 Illustrations. Price \$1.50. Contents table sent free to any address. Books may be had at the Book stores, or will be sent by mail, post paid on receipt of price. Address, Dr. E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1103 Broadway, New-York.
Feb. 10, '65. 6m. NAC7d.

YOU can get the best 25 cent calico in town wholesale or retail at GREEN'S.

Original Poetry.

WE HAVE CONQUERED.

BY FLORENCE B.

We have conquered! We have conquered!
Let the joyful news go forth
Into all the lands and nations,
Loud proclaim it through the North.

From the hills, from the valleys
Let it echo loud and long.
Sing, oh sing, ye birds of freedom
Breathe it forth in every song.

Lo! the iron chain is broken,
And the rebel's paltry power
Is forever crushed and shattered;
It has withered in an hour.

Peace, again around our borders
Hovers with an outstretched hand,
Only waiting for the signal
To alight upon our land.

We have conquered! Richmond's fallen!
Glorious news to all proclaim!
Proudly o'er the Rebel city,
Floats the banner of the slain.

Flag of Freedom! Float forever!
Float upon the passing breeze,
O'er the graves of fallen heroes
Over lands, and over seas.

May the bright folds, ne'er be sullied
May the pure and spotless wave,
Breathing freedom now and ever
Over households true and brave.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Unmeant Rebuke.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must "boss" the job, and for miles around people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had been the pride of the inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall rank trees grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single lock at the door and its accompaniments told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within, sat a woman in the early years of her life and thought; she was still handsome to look upon, but the bloom had gone from her cheeks, and brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! once she had been one of the happy, but now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were well patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, her sister a few years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should never grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common schools, for thoughtless children sneered at them, and made them the object of sport and ridicule, but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when intoxicated.

Oh! how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a firmer looking man in town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact, and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beautiful ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bands.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food in the house, there was not more than enough for the husband and children; but when her husband was gone, she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he rose, but he was sick and faint, and the liquor would not remain on his stomach. He drank very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he should sleep he should feel better, and had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off to a wood not far from the village, and sank down by a stone wall, and was soon in profound slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining down upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little farther off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come, Katie," said one of these latter girls to her companion, "let's go away from here, because if anybody was to see us with those girls, they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"But the berries are so thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out sometime when these little ragged, drunkard's girls are not here."

So the two favored ones walked away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the ground and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"Oh, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up in her sister's face. "O, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. Oh, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy."

"And we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that ain't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? Oh, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—"

"—sh, sissy I don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him, I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays for him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our father sometime."

"He is our father now, sissy."

"I know it, and he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember mother told us she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold dagger was upon her heart, and—"

"—sh! don't Nancy, you'll—"

These words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what I have sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for a few moments he stood with his hands clenched, and his eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upwards, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected not to notice it. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some porridge.

"Yes Charles," she said, "we have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said addressing the man, "I would like to have a drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask for more questions but believe me true.—Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manly, in surprise.

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Why, you have earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke them for him, and Manly understood them.—He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beefsteak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home.

It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket on the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get two quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the shilling and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money enough to buy rum, if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? Oh, how fervently she prayed there.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper, Charles arose and said to his wife:

"I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early."

A pang shot through his wife's heart as she saw him turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long time. There was something in his manner that assured her and gave hope.

Just as the clock struck nine the well known foot-fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick and keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He has been to the barber's and hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject.—Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning, the husband arose and first built the fire. Mary had not slept till long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotion that had started up in her bosom, and she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked:

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and child."

Mr. Nelson turned toward the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms; and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning, he felt well and very happy. Mr. Manly was to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Sunday evening and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, "there are ten dollars for you and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the past five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job isn't it?"

Mary looked up and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her of the words he had heard the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge.—My soul started up to a stand point from which all the temptations of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered."

Time passed on, and the cottage assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and her children choose their own associates now.

An interesting discovery has just been made in a tumulus at Ekaterosnia, in Russia.—It consists of a treasure which formerly belonged to a chief of the Huns. Among the different articles is a heavy gold diadem, in which is set a cameo of amethyst of ancient Roman workmanship; also a large collar, bracelet and drinking cup, with handles formed by animals, the whole of which are in gold of remarkable workmanship.

A Madison, Indiana, young lady has offered hands for which she refused eighty thousand dollars, but will take a partner of the male persuasion.

Clippings.

Do not for one repulse forget the purpose you resolved to effect.

Dick Morgan, brother of John Morgan, has been sentenced to the Illinois Penitentiary, Alton, for life.

It is an error to think that a long face is essential to good morals, or that laughing is an unpardonable crime.

A number of Confederate surgeons left in Richmond have been paroled, to attend to the Confederate sick and wounded.

Mr. Green, who was banished from Richmond for Union sentiments, returned there last Thursday, as United States Postmaster.

The Legislature of Tennessee will meet on the 3d of May next, to organize the commonwealth under the new policy of freedom.

Some splendid ocean steamers are fitting out for the Southern trade, and in confident anticipation of a speedy close of the rebellion.

Rebel prisoners to the number of 800 or 1,000 have been received in Richmond within forty eight hours, and consigned to the Libby Prison.

In the town of Moravia, N. Y., the flood washed a grave yard away, leaving coffins and bodies exposed, and washing many of them entirely away.

A prominent Virginian once prophesied that the slave masters of his State would one day run away from their slaves. That prediction has been fulfilled.

General Warren was removed from command of the Fifth corps and succeeded by General Gibbon. This was done, it is reported, for disobedience of orders.

A warehouse opposite the Pemberton Prison was filled with tobacco belonging to the French Government, worth one million dollars in gold, and was fired by the rebels before they fled.

All the hospitals of Richmond have been taken possession of by the military authorities, and are used for the care and comfort equally of the Federal and Confederate sick and wounded.

A National bank of the United States is to be immediately established in Richmond, where subscriptions to United States bonds will be received at the rates established in the Northern cities.

A recent rebel letter, found in a Southern Post Office, says:—"After the war I don't know which will sound worse to say I was in the penitentiary four years or that I belonged to Wheeler's Cavalry."

Connecticut has just held her State election. The Republican party sweeps everything before it, electing the Governor, Legislature and Congressmen by increased majorities. It thunders all around.

The world's fair for 1867 will be at Paris, and the building for it will cost from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000. The building will be made to