

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

Select Poetry.

FAREWELL.

My fairest child. I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe the skies so duil and grey; Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you For every day.

Be good sweet maid. and let who will be clever : to noble things, not dream them , all day long. And so make life, death, and that vast forever, One grand, sweet subg.

AN OBPHAN AND AN ANGEL. A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A little pauper boy sat down on the curbstone and tried to think. His feet were bare, red, and cold; but never mind that. The chill air penetrated his ragged garments, but never mind that. He wanted to think. Wro are these people passing him, looking o warm and contortable? What did it main that they should be happy and cheerfil. and haso sad? None of them had such heavy hearts; that he was sure of. He baked up into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who lived up there? Somebody and once that God would take care of nim. Where was God? Why didn't he take care of hm? Oh, if he could only see God for one in the minute, or the angel that the good nien told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see Angels?

An organ grinder came near and took his stand. The melody he playeed lightened the little boy's heart somewhat; but it did-not make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of the music; and he felt so all alone, so despairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away; he never headed the little child sitti g on the curb-stone; he had so many things to think off. The carriages passed by, and the carts, and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show to himhe was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor little homeless child into the gutter. One scream, one sob of Yes, the past was gone; and in the rosy anguish, as he gathered himself up and future were love, home, even God and the

Besides-and here her tears fell-there was a little mound, not yet green, over such a child. No, no; it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away. Let him stay whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue troops, a detail of sixty men to a division eyes, but he did not know himself. His was made. These men under proper officers, glance fell wearily on his hands. There were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was snowy white, too, and a crimson light fell over everything.

you now.

What visions of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed? The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty. The beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

"Oh, yes, there is an angle!" he said softly. "I am glad. They won't knock me over again; they wont want me to steal apple- here, and perhaps I shall never die again. Now, I want to see my mother.'

"My dear boy, are you better this morn-ing?" asked a low, soft voice.

He turned slowly and wearily. "Is it mother?" he murmured. "Oh yes!" and there were quick sobs and tears. "yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will you love " e dearly ?"

"Yes. I do love you, mother; and is it Heaven?

"Heaven! no darling, it is earth ; but God sent you here to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss im, Nelly

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up in his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more mouldy crusts, oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half famished, to envy a dog gnawing a bone in the streets. No more fear of rude children, v ho never knew where their own hearts lay; no more sleeping on doorsteps, and listening in terror to

anguish, as ne gathered minsen up and looked atter the boys, now flying away with shouts of mirth. On, how cruel it seemed in them—how cruel! The little hungry boy on, sobbing and shivering to forth he would put his hand trustfully in The little boy stood at last near the corner was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive branch with which to garland his glad rejoicing, for sure'y there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eter-

SHERMAN ON HIS GREAT MARCH. they come to. Some carry china dishes, [From the War Correspondent of Cincinnati Com]

The Bummers of the Army. In order to systematize and more thoroughly regulate the work of foraging for the little of that.'

were mounted, and were called by the boys "bummers." They became an institution in the army, and the history of their work is not the least important part of the labors of that army. Covering the flanks and front, "Dear God! I am in heaven," murmur-ed the child. "Yes, God will take care of and rear of the army, they served, to a great extent, the purpose of civalry. They had many skirmishes with Hampton, and Gen. Sherman asserts that he has nover known them to have been driven in by the rebel horse. In some instances they have been in the advance, and it is a muster of record that these bummers actually capured Mid-way, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. The story is this: General Howard, with 7,000 men of his army, was carefully advancing towards the road expecting at every moment to meet the enemy. As he was giving directions to the officers in command, he noticed one of these bummers moun ed on a dampy mule, with a ropemoun ed on a dampy mule, with a rope bridle, and without a saddle coming down the road at full speed, beating his mule at every jump with his cudgel. "Stop stop!" said the General; "where are you going?" "Haven't got time!" said the man, still beating and spurring the mule. "Haven't got ime; in a level of a hurry! The bum-mers of the 3d Reicade have Midway and mers of the 3d Brigade have Midway, and I'm after reinforcements!'

These bummers were the first to enter Fayetteville. Their work has been well done, and done in this manner : Knowing about where the command would encamp for the night, they would be ready near that point, with their rations all divided out, each man having ten piles for his regiment, one for each company. The road at such points would be lined for miles with these foragers and their piles of meat, potatoes, rice, meal, corn. &c. They looked more like market men than sold ers. The regiment, as they came to their place, would hault, and each company divide out the r rations. It was the work of but a few moments, when the march was resumed.

These bummers and their vehicles for transportation, following their division in their march through the town, were the Mouted

others tin-ware. The rebels would have us believe that these men all have silver ware to eat from, but the boys say the "chivalry of the South all have bogus-ware, and darned

The rebels claim that this army has destroyed all their fine furniture, Brussels carpets, French mirrors, &c. The boys say they have but a very few of these articles to destroy, and that it they thought the people in South Carolina were so poor off, they would have brought them something from the North. The army has suffered for clothing, &c., and in this respect are badly off. It makes them appear in a worse condition than they really are.

While the army was marching by General Sherman, many laughable incidents occurred. The General's attention was called to a soldier marching by with a chair on his back. "Yes," said the General, "I see, but they can carry what they please, just so they carry enough ammunition to fight

An officer in the line, marching by in front of his company, carrying a basket on his shoulder, was noticed by the General. "There," said he, "that's the way my offi-cers live. It don't look well on review, but then that's the way they have to get along."

SOLDIERS' FUN.

may have been Colonel Parson, who had sequies. . charge of river transportation. It may That sequestered grove, thus selected by have been the contractors, who did not get its owner as the last resting place for himstate, one would think it rather unpalitable | negro labor.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT. A True Story of a Great Change-Arlington

and its Proprietors.

The Washington Intelligencer has the following discription and narrative:

A visit to the Arlington Mansion and surrounding estate, a few days since, filled us with oppressive and melancholy reflections. Four years ago Robert E. Lee, then a Lieutenant Colonel of cavalry in the Union army, and now Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, was with his family in the happy possession of that magnificent inheritence. More than one half of the estate, consisting of a thousand acres, was covered with a splendid forest of oak and other timber, and the rich and productive fields adorned with the hand of culture. To-day what a change! The venerable ancestral mansion, erected by the son, by adoption, of the Father of his Country, and for half a century his cultivated and delighted home, is now in the centre of a cemetery of those who have fallen in the sevice of their country.

Two hundred and fifty acres of this estate surrounding the mansion have been permanently appropriated for burial purposes by the Government, and inclosed by a substantial and handsome fence. Nearly five thousand soldiers have already been there buried, and the number is daily growing larger. In

1853, Mrs. Custis, the mother of Mrs. Gen. There has been some mention made in the Lee, died in the Arlington Mansion, and papers of a scarcity of commissary stores was buried in a sequestered and delightful which came upon General Thomas' forces at grove near the mausion; and in 1857 Mr. Eastport. It is not material who was to Custus died, and his remains were debiame for the failure. It may have been posited by her side, a vast concourse of perthe Ohio river, which unexpectedly congeal-ed its forces by a superfluity of cold. It for the departed by their presence at the ob-

the supplies ready in season. In fact, it might have been any body's and every bo-dy's fault—as some say was the fact—but of one thing there is no doubt-for a few days ble columns marking the remains of George the commissary was compelled to issue to his Washington, and Parke Custis and Mary men rations of shelled corn, in lieu of the Lee Fitzhugh, his wife, now rise in the midst hard tack and bacon to which the soldiers of more than four thousand patriot soldiers' had accustomed. Now, corn makes excel-lent whiskey: it is good to eat when it is and wood has been swept from the entire ground and manufactured into dodgers; it estate and used for war purposes. The is savory as mush; it is fair when "hulled;" Freedman's Village is established upon one it is fine when parched, ground up and eat- portion of the land thus cleared, and it is all en with fresh milk ; but in its unhulled, raw being put under cultivation by contraband and indigestible alimant, and so it is. But | The mansion is now occupied by the offithe men at Eastport had to put that in cer in command of the post and his suborditheir haversacks, one quart each day, and nates. The dining hall is used as an office. In transfer it thence to their stumachs, or go this room are three old fashioned book cases, hungry. Some of the men had been taught containing some four hundred volumes, prioto live on nothing before, but they had now cipally old books-broken sets of very small to learn how to masticate corn. They had value. The parlor adjoining the hall is not seen horses and males grind it up and grow occupied, the only article in it being a mafat and sleek upon it, but their teeth had hogony side board, which came from Mount ed the habit, and in one day one hundred ered with scarlet velvet : two marble toptaand sixty bags of raw corn were issued to bles, a side board and a piano stool, matching Western soldiers, and by them in some man- the chairs. On the walls are several coarse ner consumed. And the boys lived through large portraits, and one or two oil paintings. There are, also two old engravings, of a classical mythological character, hanging with the soldiers, more for mischief sake than the rest. The room in the Southerly wing, anything else, perhaps, took every occasion | and used by Gen. Lee for his office, is now to bring before Gen. Thomas the scanty used as a bedroom; and all the upper

not tound out the modus operandi of the vernon. In the parlor, beyond, are two miniature grist mill. But they soon acquir- sofas and six stuffed mahogony chairs, cov-

ried South; some twenty or more old men and women and young children were left at Arlington. Mr. Custis' mother owned the White House estate, and resided there when she became the wife of Gen. Washington.

A Scene in Richmond Since the Capture. A correspondent relates the following : Here, in the House of Delegates, only yesterday, as an eye witness tells us, occurred a scene that would be criminal not to describe, A well dressed, well educated, every way respectable looking man, named J. Morris Chester, strolled into the House, and with the natural desire every habitue of the Cap-itol at Washington has observed a hundred times, straightway seated himself in the Speaker's chair. His business in Richmond was to write-in fact he was a corres-pondent of Forney's Philadelphia Pressand so he began writing. Presently a rebel officer, just captured and

out on parole, Lient. Lutler by name, son of the rebel cavalry General Butler, passed the door, and saw the correspondent writing. The outrage to the Speaker's chair (I have neglected to mention that Mr. Chester is as black as a coal, and accompanies the negro troops) was too much for Lieut. Butler's blood. Assuming the plantation air, he shouted: "Get out of there, you d-d nigger!" The negro sat perfectly unmoved, and continued his letter (which I sincerely hope was a good one) for the Philadelphie Press. The wrathful rebel shouted again, and showered down abusive epithets. The negro wrote on. At last, Lieut. Butler thought it wise, after the established plantation fashion, to proceed further; and with renewed orders to the "d-d nigger" to get out, he undertook to seize him by the collar.

In an instant the negro, Chester, straighted up out of the chair of the Speaker of the House of Delegates of the ancient commonwealth of Virginia, and, duly mindful of the motto of the State, dealt a splendid right hander full between Butler's eyes. which sent the rebel sprawling down the aisle. Then, with an eye to business, which (I specially call Col. Forney's attention to the point,) deserves an increase of salary, the negro resumed the seat of the Speaker of the House of Delegates, and continued hisl etter to the Philadelphia Press!

Meanwhile the rebel recovered from his sudden confusion, and in a wonderful rush of wrath, went foaming to the nearest officer. Lend me your sword till I cut the d-d m ger's heart out!" "I'll do nothing of the sort," responded the officer-besure he was a Yankee, if not from Boston itself-"but if you want to try a fair fight, I'll have . ring made for you here, and see that there's no interference." "You'll get more damn-ably thrashed," he pleasantly added, "than ever you were in your life before." LieuL Butler considered it wise to retire with his swollen eyes; and the negro wrote on, in the chair of the Speaker of the House of Dalegates of the State of Virginia.

walked slow! himself. He didn't know what he was theirs, and turn his face Heavenward. Yes, himself. He didn't know what he was walking for, or why he was living. He felt out of place -a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost its way-a bruised reed that any one might break—a little heart so tender dark paths of this world with his holy that a look was anguish, how much more a Heave t-like teaching. Like the dove he blowl

of a street. An apple stand, at which he tidings. Blessings, then, on all who hold gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was their arms out toward needy little children tended by a cross-looking old n an. There making their homes arks of refuge. Beauwere cakes on the stand, and the poor little tiful stars shall they have in their crowns of mouth of the homeless child watered as he raw one boy after another deposit his penny and take his cake. He had no penny, and nity, than the soul of a little child. though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old man never offered him a morse.

The tempter came. The old man's back was turned. A vile boy stood at his side- corps of 20,000 infantry has about 700 wags: the side of the homeless child-nudged ons, drawn by 3250 mules. Including the 'I'll give you half.'

The little child gazed at him steadily. a march it is calculated that each wagon will It: saw something in the bleared face that occupy eighty feet: in bad roads much more. to beating.

"I tell you, hook one," whispered the boy, "I won't tell, and we'll go away and three miles: thirty thousand troops need eat it."

child.

his throat. "Oh, what have I done to be lery.

sore injustice somewhere.

ting

is under his feet, back! back!"

over a poor little boy! Oh, mamma, sow out of the log, and giving it to the mamma "" small one, he sung out "now run, you beg-Lamma 1

'Is he hurt much, coachman?" The gar.' woman's face was pale as ashes. "Yes, he is hart badly. Take him right in ; don't wait ; cruy hum right in and up stairs. It was lended to "

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God tay us had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart to heal. How Very white and quiet! "Oh, a sweet face, a torehead, but he did not feel them.

'Oh, the poor little boy!'' sobs Nelly; cies of the world. W 'the poor little boy! I wish he had kept on profit by the lesson. the sidewalk ; I wish he had stayed home with his mother."

to keep him.

but allow that. He had been injured by printers. to attend to him. Besides, it was likely A schoolmarm in England has adopted a

the streets like that if he had a mother. trowser lega

What an Army Corps Requires.

In the Army of the Potomac an Army his elbow. "You take one," ne whispered, horses of officers and of the artillery, about 7,000 animals have to be provided for. On

made him shrink-something set his heart so that a train of 700 wagons will cover 56,000 feet or over ten miles; the ambulances will occupy a mile; and batteries six miles to march in if they form one col-"I don't want to steal," said the homeless | umm; the total length of a marching column

of a corps is, therefore, twenty miles, with-"Oh, you fool!" muttered the brutal out including the cattle herds, and trains of tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his bridge materials. Impatient critics of arheavy hand dealing a blow that sent the my movements would often be more lenient poor little child quivering with anguish. were they to familiarize them elves with the The terrible blow had almost blinded him details of the immense difficulty of orgafor a moment. A great sob had came up in nizing and moving large trains and artil-

that because he refused to be wicked. I ship yard in Pembroke, the other day, a try that my foragers haven't touched yet. I con't believe that ever a man in his deadli- tar from a man-of-war was observed wat he t b reavement suffered more than that sad ing two men dragging a seven foot cross-cut might think I was saving that to live off of in te child. His heart was literally swelling saw through a huge oak log. The saw was in my march to that city. Now, you can with grief, and though he could not reason dull, the log was very tough, and there they about it, he feit as if there were great and went-see-saw, see-saw, push, pull, pull, his Honor, "that might do, but these per push. Jack studied the matter a while, un-He started to cross the street. A dark, til he came to the conclusion that they were blinding pain still made his poor temples pulling to see who would get the saw, and as man, and torthwith issuel forty stand of one was an immense big chap while the arms to the Mayor, and thus organized for "Back ! back ! Good heavens ! the child other was a little tellow, he decided to see these chivalric South Carolinians a compafair play; so giving the hig chap a blow un-"Oh, mamma, it is our horses who ran der the ear that capsized him, he jerked the

Four years ago Jeff Davis, and his coworkers in crime, as u ed the aristocracies Your carelessness. The child shall be at- of the world that the American Union had those of any other State. They have manceased to exist, and that the idea of n an's capability of self-government was exploded. that was about to smite them. There was To-day Jeff Davis is little better than a fu- not a secessionist to be found in all the gitive and an outcast, the American peorle State. They always had been Union men. having established on a basis stronger and An English or French officer, who never sweet face !" murmured the woman, bend- broader than it ever existed before, not only ing over the boy; and tears fell upon his their ability of self-government, but their would laugh to see Sherman's army, and power to resist the enmity of the aristocracies of the world. We hope the world will

Eels have been skinned ever since Noah Alas! in this world there was no mother came out of the ark ; and printers have been cheated out of their just dues ever since the The doctor came, said he was not dead, Orientals printed with blocks of wood; yet but would very likely die. There was a neither do eels get used to being skinned. sent there. But the good woman would gues great obstinacy on the part of cels and rebel uniform entire. Some wear their

that the child had no mother. Such a boy new and novel mode of panishment. If the carry their knapsacks, others have nothing

most amusing sight we ever saw. on mules, horses, and oxen, with old saddies an ! bridles, followed by carriages of every description from a gig to a carryall, drawn by mules, horses, or oxen; carts and wagons of every description; then the pack taules and oxen, all loaded with chickens. turkeys, geese, ducks, bacon, hams, meal rice, and everything the country afforded led by negroes, old and young, male and female. All this officered and guarded by these bummers, was the occasion of many jokes and hearty laughs.

So efficient has this organization been, and of such great service and assistance to the cavalry, that though general Hampton's cavalry force outnumber- General Kilpatrick's nearly three to one the rebels have never been able to strike our wayon trains, and from Atlanta to Goldsboro, they have never capture I even one wagon.

General Sherman Organizes "Bummers" for the People of South Carolina.

The burning of Columbia has been heard of by your readers. By this unfortunate accident some 8,000 people were left without homes and food. As General Sherman was about to leave he was visited by the Mayor, who wanted to know what was to become of him and those 8,000 people, dependent on him. "Go to your friend, General Hampton," said Sherman. "He," said the Mayor, "is our worst enemy." "Well, then," the General told him, "he must live off the country, as he had done." "But," said his Honor, "there is nothing left in the country, and I can't see how these people are to live." "Well," said the General, "if you

really want my advice, I will give it to you. First, I will tell you a great secret. I'm not tieated so?" There never, never was a God, or he should not let him suffer so, and A SAILORS LOVE OF FAIR PLAY. -In a going to Augusta. There is a tract of counforbid them going there, that the people "Well." forage out of that country." said his Honor, "that might do, but these peo-"I will give you arms," said General Sherny of "bummers,"

This Brute Sh rman, whom they affect to despise, teaches them their lessons of warfare. He supplies them with arms with The strong oppress the which to "bum." weak. The war betwe n the classes has begun. The people throughout South Carolina have acted more syconphantic than ifested a willingness to kiss the hand

sees so diers in any but the neatest of order, langh still heartier to hear it called an army. They are the motliest troops ever marched through the country. Scarcely a soldier has an entire suit of blue. They are ragged and

many bare-footed. Some have appropriated the finery of the Southern lords ; some you ee with fine high-hats, swallow-tailed coats, tight-lesged breeches, and round-toed boots. Some have the broad-brimmed plantation hat- and sheep-gray clothes; others have the white shirts, others have their woolen. Some have yards of fine carpets for bedding, others have counterpanes or quilts. Some

While this corning process was going on, fare they were kept upon. One day an of-ficer saw a file of men passing headquarters, pose. The building is not injured. The each couple fastened together by a halter flower garden has been enclosed by a new round the neck and led by athong. Taking fence, and is laid out and tastefully adorned them for depredators of some sort, under- this spring. going condign punishment, the officer ask-

aint no prisoners," was the response. "They's soldiers. They've had their corn, now we are leading them to water.'

This explanation was substantiated by a confirmatory bray from the entire squad. neatly covered with sod. and a kicking up of heels in imitation of mules, which brought all head quarters to the scene. It is hardly necessary to state He graduated second in his class, in 1829, that those mules soon scattered to their cor- (Judge Charles Mason, of Washington City, ral. On another occasion a soldier came def-

erentially into General Thomas' quarters. cap in hand, and, with the usual salute, requested permission to address the General in person. He was allowed to do so, when the following dialogue took place:

desire!'

Corn-fed-"If it is in 'conformity' with corn.

need not bring such a request here !

Corn-fed-"But, sir, I want permission to buy some."

General-"But why buy it?"

Corn-fed-"Well, to tell you the truth, I porrowed some from a mule last night, and I wish to repay the animal." .

who heard a bray from an adjacent mule. his class, at West Point, in 1854, and was The soldier said with a semi-comic face that first lieutenant in the corps of engineers would have done honor to a first-class low when he followed his father into the Southcommedian of a first-class theatre : "Bray on, ern service. William Henry was farming bray on, Misther 'mule!' You can afford it, upon the White House estate, which beshure! Ain't yez had two quarts of corn a longed to the Custis inheritance when the day, while I have but one, entirely.

cold hear what Paddy had said.

boy wanted." The next morning, on open-ing the store, he found a little urchin in a Mr. Custis, at the time of his death, ownbasket, labeled. "Here he is."

The she with a face so sweet and girlish, so Pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy the streets like that if he had a mother. Such a boy the streets like that if he had a mother. The base streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother. The streets like that if he had a mother had be street

The grave of each soldier is neatly marked, "What prisoners are these?" "Them ed by a wooden slab at the head and foot. painted white, inscribed with the name of the soldier, and his company and regiment, at a little distance these slabs have the appearance of marble. The mounds are to be

is, consequently, fifty-seven years of age. promoted successively, by merit, Major, Lt. ture !" It is said the old lady swooned. Colonel and Colonel, for his gallantry; in practice and the army regulations, I will ask 1852, Superintendent of Military Academy ; for a permit to buy a small quantity of in 1856, transferred as Lieutenant Colonel of General-"What corn, sir? That will be 1861, promoted Colonel of the First Cavalry; issued to you by the proper officer. You resigned April 25th following, and embarked in the rebellion.

The following are the children of General about thirty ; William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, Berkley Springs in 1863, and would have of a free Government. The soldier was not punished for his ap-parent disrespect to a superior officer, but bout twenty-three: Robert E. Lee, about he left headquarters rather precipitately, twenty; Mildred Lee, about eighteen. None and a distant bray attested his mulish pro- of them have married except William Henpensities were not entirely wiped out, as he ry Fitzhugh, whose wife, Miss Charlotte retreated in good order to his company. An instance is also related of a soldier eldest son, George, graduated at the head of Wickham, died in Richmond in 1863. The war opened. He was commissioned second The remark was followed by a roar from lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry in 1858, but the entire regiment-or from as many as resigned in 1859. Robert was at a military upon his door the laconic advertisement, "A mother, who, it is believed, has latterly been known number of drunks.

ed some two hundred slaves, who, by his wife, poor tobacco, and no money. will, were to be free at the termination of Uncomfortable-to be seated at the table five years from his death, which period ex-

A Rich Story.

A Parkersburg paper says that several members of the Legislature took cars at Grafton late on the evening of the 16th ult ... for Wheeling, and among the number was Mr. G., of somewhat large proportions physe ically, and a Mr. D., of proportional undersize. These two, the stalwart Mr. G. and the smooth-faced little Mr. D., took a berth together, it seems, in a sleeping car. The little man laid behind, and the good-natured, waggish Mr. G. before. Mr. D. soon was snoring furiously. Mr. G., more restless under his legislative burdens, soon arose, and was sitting by the stove, when an elderly lady came aboard and desired a sleeping berth. "All right, madam," said Mr. G., "I took a berth with my son, and you Gen. Robert E. Lee was born in 1808, and can occupy my place in that berth where my little boy is sleeping.' Taking G. at his word, the lady disrobed, and laid down with (Judge Charles Mason, of Washington City, and formerlyCommissioner of Patents.stand- time, the boy, Mr D., became restless from ing first in that class,) and was assigned to some cause, and began to kick around, to the Engineer corps, as Second Lieutenant; the great annoyance of the old lady. So in in 1835 an Assistant Astronomer, fixing the a maternal manner she patted the boy on boundary between Ohio and Michigan; in the back and said, "Lie still, sonny; pa said in person. He was allowed to do so, when the following dialogue took place: General—"Well, my man, what may you in Mexico, and greatly distinguished, being

> The School Master follows the Yankee soldier in all his victories in the South. Imthe new regiment of cavalry : March 16th, mediate'y upon the occupation of a rebel stronghold by the Federal forces, schools are opened and free newspapers circulated. These are the influences which will soon regenerate the South ; while the contemptible Lee: George Washington Custis Lee, about aristocracies which have so long devoted the thirty three years of age; Mary Custis Lee, fairest portions of the Union to slavery, will find it as hard to resist free schools and a about twenty-seven; Annie Lee died at free press, as to battle against the majesty

> > "Call that a kind man," said one gentleman to another, speaking of an absent acquaintance, 'a man who is always absent from his family, and never sends them a farthing-call that kindness!" "O. cer-tainly-unremitting kindness," chuckeled his waggish friend.

A paragraph is going the rounds, to the effect that "since the 1st of February all receipts of what ever amount must have on a a two-cent stamp," &c. This is incorrect. No change has been made in the law, and only receipts for \$20 or over need the stamp.

An old Irishman who had witnessed the school in Virginia. The sons, it is well effect of whiskey for many years past, said known, are all officers in the rebellion. The a barrel labelled 'whiskey' contained a thou-A Boston storekeeper the other day stuck three surviving daughters are with their sand songs and fifty fights, besides an un-

The vinegar of life-sour bread, a sour

What is the best tar for making the wheel

Patron Saint of Poppies-Sa Makel us

