Valley Spirit & Times.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Why Bobby

by George P. Burns

I watch the children's rapidly play,
Half vexed and half amused to see
The swelling pomp of speech that may
Have sprung to vigorous growth in me.

A passing coach the urchins chase,
Spite her who hands the noisy rout,
Suppose himself a parading prince,
When "ship behind!" the others shout.

Then when the object we're pursued
We see a dozen rival quite,
With every mien or lace endued,
Low not we also to wish him pale?

We scatter aside the demon pell,
Or envious shape he hastily claims,
Who hints as true, with vicious feet,
The Laddie of another's fame.

Some lucky night, wistfulness morose,
And mingle her cut with ardent mind,
And the sight the thought we'd scarce endure
We wish the driver'd ship behind!

We try to jaloux with praise sincere,
But while our steps grow tired and slow,
We're glad the whirling lash to hear,
That makes our whippin friend let go!

THE BORROWER.

A FARMER CLERK'S STORY.

For twenty miles around Bentholme there was nothing but talk about Squire Sigister's quarrel with his son and heir, young Mr. Robert, such a jolly young gentleman as you don't meet every day. He was quite the life of the neighborhood. All this happened when London was ten times as far away from us as it is now, and people hadn't taken so much to papers; though as for politics, we were glad enough to read about battles and that. So concerning young Mr. Robert, it was understood that it might be partly the young gentleman's fault, but before anybody knew anything of the case, everybody agreed that the Squire had been hard on him. So the news of the split between the old and the young one caused plenty conversation, you may be sure. When we heard what he had done, we decided that it would be the best for him if he would go down on his marrow bones, but it was pretty certain that he would not. For Mr. Roberts, he also could be stiff when he pleased—he was a chip!

But I must tell you. The fact was, Mr. Robert, as was generally known, had for a very long time been what is called sweet upon Susan Dawson, and she was something to be sweet upon, a plump, open-faced young lass, not over vain, and sensible; though of course, one couldn't think that, with her talking of one day marrying young Mr. Robert, which she did, till her father, being one of the Squire's tenants, properly stopped it, not before it came to the Squire's ear though. Talk of electric telegraphs! Village gossips used to be just as quick in the conveying of intelligence, and gave you a great deal more at a time. So the Squire, who wanted Mr. Robert to marry one of his own class, he on with his top boots and his round hat, and down he went to Farmer Dawson.

"Dawson," says he, "I hear that boy of mine hangs about your doors a good bit. You'd better see to the locks and bolts. He's a sharp fellow, and don't give his time for nothing."

"Squire," says the farmer, "if he chooses to set scarecrow outside there, I've no help for it; but I'll take care he don't get to be a fixture inside."

"Keep a sharp eye on your daughter, Dawson," says the Squire.

"One in a family's enough, Squire," says the farmer. And he must have spoken heavily, for his niece, Martha Green, had gone away in a bad manner out of that very house where he sat. Some said it was Mr. Robert who had beguiled the poor girl, and was now at the same game with her cousin; others thought better of him as to that, and were sure that it was his college friend, Mr. Danby, who had been seen about with her during his visits at the Squire's. She left Farmer Dawson's house after one of these visits. Mr. Robert was away at the time, and that gave a color to what was said against him. But his friends did not believe it, if his enemies did.

Now, when Mr. Roberts found the farmer's door banged in his face, he was mighty wroth, you may credit me.—Worse, when he heard it was through the Squire's having been down there on particular business. What does he do but go straight to the Squires and ask him what he meant. The Squire retorts by asking him what he meant. That's how the split began. The servants said that Mr. Robert went out of the library, swearing that he would go and marry Susan Dawson on the spot. He did's do that, but he managed to appoint to meet her by night. She went, as she'd have gone through fire and water. Then he asked her to go off with him to London to be married quietly, and she was delighted about it. [illegible] husband—up comes Mr. Stagg, the Squire's steward, and [illegible] Mr. Robert's [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] feeling in other [illegible]

He was an odd, indifferent fellow—one who made you believe nothing affected him. "Don't think you'll astonish me" was his customary expression, he is to say, "You [illegible] you Susan [illegible] her." [illegible] and sauntered off. Susan had a shock at the mention of Martha. The upshot was, that she went home, and so did Mr. Robert, and the next morning the great quarrel took place, for the Squire somehow had heard of his meeting Susan. They got to high words. The Squire threatened to kick him out the house, and, as Mr. Robert had money, he said he would go, and not return until he was asked.—He went in a huff with us all. He was away two years just, when we heard he was in prison for debt, and one morning Miss Susan was missing. Didn't the gossips fly about. Farmer Dawson hung his head awhile, and then he woke up again, and was cheerfuller than could be expected. By-and-by Susan returns. The farmer took her in, which he was much praised for, and he was kind to her, and wouldn't let the Vicar rebuke her, which rather went against his character in our place. However, things passed like of old, the Squire seemed to have forgotten Mr. Robert; Susan was mum; Will Green did his farm work, and steered away at his superiors.

You must know that we had fine roads round Bentholme. It lay just between two market towns, and not such a distance from a tolerable sized city. The roads were lonely, and people used often to say they wondered more had waren't done.—They even gave up wondering. The village rode home one night cleaned out, and saving for his memory, is as awful a fright as mortal man can be. A highwayman had stopped him. A pretty commotion there was in Bentholme within a month, we had as many as twelve downright open robberies—three to a week. There was a meeting of the magistrates, constables were moved about, and all the farmers said they'd be cautious. But farmers never are cautious after market days. Besides, this was a terrible fellow. He not only knew who they were, and where they were going—he knew always exactly how much money their purses contained, and used to name the sum. That was what unmanned them more than anything. They gave up at that; it didn't look human. How we came to know this was through Farmer Burmess. He was riding home from Ockham market one night, plenty of ale in him, and up trots my gentleman.

"Good night, Farmer Burmess," says he. "Good night!" answered the farmer, looking at him queerly, for he had a reel on his face.

"I am rather in want of cash to-night," says the other, 'can you accommodate me?'

"It's an uncivil request, civilly put," says Farmer Burmess; 'no I cannot; so good night again.'

'I am sorry to have to enforce it,' says the other, 'but I'm only a borrower; you'll have it again some day, which you can't say for your brains, if they go.'"

With that he outs with a pistol, the farmer stopped short; he was a cool hand but he had no weapon. Says he:

"You seem pretty clever; now, if you'll tell me what money I've got about me, to a shilling, I'll hand it out; if not, we part as we are; is that fair?"

'Quite,' said the highwayman.

'Then it's a bargain! How much is it?' said Farmer Burmess.

Hand out £22 13s. 6d., and I'm satisfied.'

The farmer started; he didn't want telling how much he had. He and his purse parted company. The highwayman called to him—Mind it's only *borrowed*,' and rode away. Farmer Burmess told the story; and from that time the terrible highwayman was called the 'Borrower.'

Suspicion somehow fell upon will green. He dressed better—got a watch and other things costing money. Will didn't mind a bit. 'Wait till I'm caught at it,' he said. But he began to badger poor Susan. He wanted the girl to marry him. Once he was heard to say he could make her wretched for life, if she didn't. Then suddenly she began to grow thin and miserable as a starved kitten. She couldn't put her hand to a thing—she that used to be the freshest, merriest creature in the country. People said it was because of Will's night work, and that she had begun to care for him.

One night the Squire had been dining in or about Oakham. He ordered his horse to be saddled, and while he was in his hall, one of the gentlemen said to him.

"Look out that you don't have to lend your money, to-night, Squire!"

"[illegible] as you very [illegible] Squire, whose head was [illegible] friend:

"[illegible] not the Borrower [illegible] the robberies on the road of late."

"Pooh," says the Squire, "I'll engage [illegible] the fellow doesn't [illegible] me."

He took two of the gentlemen at a bit of fifteen pounds apiece. He set out, and shortly after, they mounted, to follow and see fair play. The night was fine, the moon was up—one of those pleasant summer nights when you'd rather be awake than asleep. The squire trotted on merrily. He turned when he came to the lane leading down to Bentholme river, and stood up under a hedge, and presently he heard the two gentlemen trot past. He suspected a trick, do you see, and when he saw one of them turn into a gate some way down the road, to make a short cut, thinks he, 'I know what they're up to, but I'm their match.' So he drew his hat low down over his head, and on he went. Bentholme Meads is a lonely place. You're a couple of miles from any habitation; you have the river on one side of you, and Speath Woods on the other. Just as the Squire was riding round the hedge out of the road to have a gallop on the grass, a man on horseback leaps in front of him. The Squire pulled back into the shadow, and, disguising his voice to have a moment's fun, 'Hillos!' he sings out gruffly, 'be you Mr. Borrower?'

'I am,' says the other.

The Squire was expecting the voice of his friend. Not hearing that, he saw that it was no joke. Keeping still in the shadow, he drew his pistol—he was prepery—cocked it, and fired point blank. The highwayman's right arm fell, and he gave a groan. His hat dropped off, his face was bare.

"Good God!" cried the Squire.

Just then he heard his [illegible] behind the hedge.

"Here it is," the Squire sung out in his assumed voice, and thrust it out for the highwayman to take. He seemed surprised, but, hearing voices, he turned right about and galloped off.

When the other two gentlemen had managed to push through the hedge, they could hardly believe their ears to see the Squire as pale as death, trembling like a child. They told him he had lost the bet, and he said they should be paid next day. The story flew like wild fire. People shook their heads. They couldn't believe the Squire a coward. But what were they to think? The Squire had paid the money, beyond a doubt.

After that Squire Sigister shut himself up. He was aged twenty years that night. He walked to church like a very old man. Nothing more was heard of the Borrower, and the roads got safe again. One day Susan was sent for to come to the hall. She put on her best Sunday dress, and went in a dreadful flurry, not knowing what to think. When she came back she looked brisker. The truth was, the Squire had said to her, 'Find out my son, wherever he may be, and fetch him here alive, and I'll marry you both within a week, so help me Heaven!' We only heard this latter, for Susan kept her own counsel; Susan knew that Will Green was as are of Mr. Robert's whereabouts, I needn't tell you what woman are, and what they'll condescend to do when they want to worm anything out of a man.—Susan began her rejoicings with Mr. Will. He swore afterwards that she had deceived him. I fancy she made him think in some wonderful women's way, that she cared no more for Mr. Robert, and that perhaps her mouth was commencing to water for Will Green. At any rate, by Will's aid, she managed to light upon Mr. Robert in a cottage twenty miles off. She brought him home to the Squire with his arm in a sling; father and son were reconciled; and then came the extraordinary thing. Susan refused to marry Mr. Robert.

This caused her of course, to be very much observed and spoken about. She was called a number of names; but she didn't seem to care for it, and this was vexation to one of the gossips, Mrs. Gillot, the grocer's wife. She put on her bonnet one evening, and proceeded to pay Farmer Dawson a visit. The farmer was out but she hit upon Susan alone.

"Well, Susan," says she, after rounding about the business, "so you're to be married at last."

"I," cried Susan, 'you're mistaken, ma'am.'

"Not at all," replied the old lady. 'And now that he's reclaimed from the error of his ways, he's very proper you should.'

"Mother grew pale. 'What ways?' she asked.

"Well, sure, the old lady, 'you know [illegible] the robber down? [illegible] Green escape at home [illegible] Squire personally [illegible] shot. Upon a [illegible] the Squire's [illegible] Green, in person, as he marches into the room.

"He didn't look so delighted, but he was jaunty and careless, as usual. When they were alone, she said to him, 'I hope you are not offended, Will.'

'What for? he shouts savagely; 'because you won't marry me? Lord bless you!

'Because I said so rather hastily,' Susan put in as soft as she could. 'You know, Will, I am not going to marry at all.'

She fell to crying as she spoke. Will jumped up from his chair—almost fell you that he was not a black looking or a black hearted fellow only strange and I can, uncertain and mill at his moods.

'Susan,' says he, it's better you should marry Robert Sigister, than keep jumping at water all day.'

'Marry him and ruin him!' says she pumping harder.

Will was fond of Susan, and he had Mr Robert in his power. The sight of her tears gave him a sort of mutual feeling, and he, using what they were shed he plucked him like pears on. Between the two temptations, Will was wrought up to say a kind thing and mean a black one. Or, perhaps he meant nothing, till circumstances were too much for him. However, he said to her, 'Marry Mr Robert, Susan. O no; she wouldn't, and then she would.'

'Will you be at the wedding?' she asked.

'I'll be at the wedding,' says he.

The Sigisters were all marked speedy walking from the hall to the church, and back again from the church to the hall. Children strewed flowers along the way, the bells pealed, there was feasting and fun for everybody. It was given out that Mr. Robert was going to be married to Susan Dawson, by consent of the Squire; the day was named and all arrangements made. Just three days left to the wedding a lady and gentleman came to the Gold Stag, our village inn, and put up there. The gentleman appeared to be a friend of Mr. Roberts, and after Mr. Robert had seen him, he sent word to said that he wanted to speak to Will Green. But Will was nowhere to be found. He had started away with his fiddle in his pocket, apparently calling for nobody. When the marriage bells were ringing, Will was still missing. This did not make Susan happier, for the poor girl feared he had done himself harm. However, she was obliged to look as cheerful as she could. The morning was true, and the procession set out. There was the Squire looking glad and gay, Mr Robert with his stiff right arm, bad and bridesmaids, all looking as in duty bound. The church village had turned out for a holiday, and lots had promised themselves to get in the inside instead of being in the outside as your followers will, when they have a chance every day, and we mustn't be too hard on them.

On the little bit of common, in front of the church, an old elm stands. Here took a halt. Just the trees were in leaf. Leaning against the bark, with his hat back in the pleasant, a man was seen holding a horse by the bridle. His master noticed this, came down, and then the people began to look into his was and talked of his manners. When we got close he faced about suddenly. Farmer Burmess sung out: 'The Borrower.'

He had a well over his eyes and nose. Mr. Robert was white as a sheet at the sight of him. The man took off his hat, and disguised, and that he was no other than the missing Will Green.

'Stop!' he cried, 'I've a word to say to this.'

There was a dead hush. Susan made an effort to go home of course, but one of the bridesmaids young ladies waiting to her had to hold her.

"What's the matter, Will?" said Mr. Robert, trying to be calm and easy.

"Rain for rain." Will answered. "I swore I'd have you. And now's the time. Don't you think me a fool sir? But you'll find I'm not a woman. You're going to be married. Now here, publicly, I say you shall be married in your Borrower's uniform, or not at all. That's my word."

Everybody was stunned. The old Squire went between Will and his son, and put out his hand.

"A hundred pounds," he whispered.

Will waived him off. "Not for a thousand."

"Will," said Mr. Robert, hastily, "what have I done to you to deserve this? Is it because I am going to marry Susan?"

"Pish!" quoth Will, "I never cared for a gig so much as that. Will you take it or not and be held out the highwayman's mask.

Mr. Robert shrank back, and seeing his bride's condition, attempted to laugh it off.

"It won't do, cried Will, 'You're in mydear now. What do you think I'm black this-mole for? Because you're a gentleman, and I'm a poor devil whose sister's to be played with like a toy?

'Stand aside!' said Mr. Robert, sharp.

'You won't submit to the terms? Blood!' cried Will, and stepping in front of you all, so as to block the way, he shouted, 'shoot!'

But what he said was unknightly; when a lady—the name that was stopped the Gold Stag with the gentleman—endeavored there her pains sound Will's mark, and cried, 'Dear brother!'

He looked stupified; but presently throwing her arm off, he said, 'Aren't you ashamed to say your have?' he said.

'No, not when my husband I by my side' said Martha.

Mr. Danby, Mr. Roberts' friend, now came upon Will. They talked to his friend, and persuaded to be entirely behind this unknightly and unknowed and foolish. Then Will, after a dash of the look of his hand across his eyes, got out from them, stood out by himself, and cried in a low tone, 'Good-bye, Susan! I'm sorry I've made you [illegible] I'm sorry I've made you [illegible] I can't forgive myself.'

'And you, Susan?' She faltered a kind word.

Will, collecting himself, called out in a strong voice:

'People of Bentholme! I was happy—I just first. I was going to tell you I'd been [illegible] You have been [illegible] for some time lately. You may not quite know how to [illegible] this day. Stand back. Give me a clear start. I am the man!'

With that he jumped on his horse, that he'd so long hobbled all the while, and rode like mad away, and we all breathed deeply.

You don't want to hear any more. do you? Why, you may be sure the Borrower, whoever he was, paid back the money he's borrowed in a hack-a, and with a tidy interest, too. And what is more, he did it through a royal prerogative, and had his acknowledgement for the same. As for Will, he never appeared in our parts again. We heard of him over in America, doing well, on a farm twice as large as the Squire's estate. Mr. Robert spoke of him ever after, as the man fellow he had known in the one of his life. But he had a twinge in his chamber, that I declare.—*Once a Week*.

Scene in a Police Office.

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dick Swift, alias 'Stove Pipe Pete,' was placed at the bar and questioned by the Judge in the following effect:

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete.—Here I am, is used to blow, as the spirits of turpentine said when he was set a fire.

"We will take a little fire out of you. How do you like?"

"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried."

"We don't want to know what the spirits said or the rights of turpentine either. What do you like?"

"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he ran over a fit o' nigger."

"Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when she ate the chicken off the table."

"If I hear any more absurd suppositions, I will give you twelve months."

"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?"

"No, sir. I can't go around the docks with out a boat, and I ain't got one."

"Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's and sometimes at cat taters."

"No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair or stool, sir."

"How do you keep yourself alive?"

"By breathing, sir."

"I order you to answer the question correctly. How do you live?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, judge. How do you do?"

"I shall have to punish you."

"Well, you've punished yourself first that's some consolation."

Hard and Quick.—Major Knab, such a hand eye implies at full sight a Platonic sentiment, as coolly loaded as the rock of Gibraltar. A woman with the hand eye never elopes from her husband, she chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her ease, never talks too much or too little—always is an intellectual, amiable and lovely creature.

We never know, says a Leatherstocker, of but one hand eyed woman who was unfortunate to unemployed, and she had a nose that looked as well as any, like the little end of nothing whistled down to a point.

The fog is the sign of dissentiers and latent, that thinkers and capitals have it. In wound of indication a letter lead than bear Tuesday hand is odd in its significance, as well as its beauty. The blue is suitable but rainy days. The black—take care. There's thunder and lightning there.

Another Negro Scheme

Representative John Hickman's bill, introduced on Monday, authorizes the President to organize regiments of colored men, not exceeding one hundred in number, giving authority to uniform them in some distinctive manner, and arm them, enlisting them for a term of seven years or less, the private to receive six dollars and a half per month and the same allowance for clothing and rations as white soldiers, non-commissioned officers to have the same pay as the same grades in the regular army. Commissioned officers, either white or colored, to be graduates of colleges and to receive twice the pay of the same rank in the infantry of the regular army. Each company to be allowed a teacher or chaplain's clerk. The bill also provides for a line of steamers of not less than 1,500 tons, to run between New York and Liberia, touching Norfolk and Port Royal, to carry such said men as desire to emigrate. It also gives the proceeds of confiscated rebel property to carry out the provisions of the bill.

[illegible] when a lion tripped the lion's [illegible] and you'd [illegible] to the [illegible]

Over Forty-Five

A letter from Hamilton, to the *Times*, says: Of the jury from twelve men ordinary authority thus have been very office, and, as no person permitted to leave the city who is not legal, necessarily a vast amount of questioning take place at the Provost Marshal's office. A few days ago, a tall deformed looking, middle-aged man made his appearance before Col. Gilfillan and solicited a pass. The first question put by the Colonel was—

"Are you a Republican?"

"Well," said the mysterious looking solicitor, "I suppose I am."

"You *ought* you are; don't you know whether or you are a Union man or not?

"I suppose. I don't know, sir."

'The appearance of the man and his manner of conversation rather non-plussed Col. Gilfillan, who continued, however—

'Where do you wish to go, sir?

'I want to go home.'

'Where is your home?

'In East Tennessee.'

'Were did you arrive in this city?

'Several years ago.'

'Were was you at the commencement of the rebellion, sir?

'In this city!

'Did you ever hear Andy Ewing make any of his speeches?

'No, sir.'

'Have you ever been in the rebel army?

'No, sir.'

'Do you ever intend to take up arms against the Government of the United States?

'No, sir.'

'Have you a family in East Tennessee, sir?

'Yes, sir—a wife and two daughters.'

'How long is it since you have seen your family?

'Ten years.'

'Ten years! Where have you been during all that time?

'In the State prison, sir.'

'Mr. Pettit,' said the Colonel, turning to one of his clerks, 'give this man a pass to East Tennessee.'

A Bully Affair.

Many years ago, there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts a worthy old D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good Christian, yet, it must be confessed, he loved a joke much better than the majority of his serious pieces. It was before church organs were much in use, and it so happened that the choir of his church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large town pasture, and in it a large tree bell. One hot Sabbath in summer, he got out of the field and came bellowing up the street. Almost the church thick was plenty of unfeeding grass, green and good; and Mr. Bull stopped to try its quality, perchance to ascertain if the bass viol had at all improved its flavor; at any rate, the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when "Bo-ow-ow!" went the bull. The clergyman paused, looked up at the singing seats with a grave face, and said: "I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time; it annoys me very much." The people stared; and the minister went on. "Bo-ow-ow!" went the bull as he passed another green spot. The parson paused again, and again admonished the choir: "I really do wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, for, as I have already remarked, it annoys me very much." The people listened; for they knew by experience that the bullies of his eye that he knew as well as anybody where the real state of the case was. The minister again went on with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another "Bo-ow-ow-ow!" came from Mr. Bull, when the parson paused once more, and explained: "I have before already cautioned the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during the sacred exercises, now particularly against Mr. Bull. I do wish they will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching." This was too much. Indignant at the idea of speaking out in meeting, and determined to put the bullies down, the musicians [illegible] the bass viol [illegible] the parson [illegible] Bull, he went on with his sermon.

[illegible] Two kinds of [illegible]

The Dying Soldier.

Lay my coarse brother, gently,
Lay my coarse brother, gently,
And the cold sod upon my breast,
When they have covered me up in it,
I am dying brother, softly,
Dear boy, when we part from dying,
For me, you will cease to sighing,
Mark the sunset's fiery rays!

Mourn not so my brother, brother!
I have something I would say—
Take the relic of mine mother,
And I am from earth away!
I am going, gently dying,
But my soul is not the strong,
I am dying brother, dying
But it hath nothing wrong.

Listen brother, much such whisper,
Thy sup with I'd speak of love,
Tell her, tell her that I cannot hear,
When the fever burned my brow
Tell her brother, clearly listen,
Some forgot a single word!
That in death my troubled spirit,
With the tones her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
As the kiss I had imparted,
Half these closely to her bosom,
As when first I clasped her hand
Give them to their Maker early,
Point to all their trust in God,
And the power will I make them,
For he smile on in his word.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Pray that I might see thy smile,
In a world that's free from sin—
Tell my mother that I will meet her,
Now that she is gone just off,
Dost her child and I shall have lived long,
Want the life we gave it back.

Tell my sister I was sister,
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart that swell kept for her,
By the friendship that we met—
Tell her I have reached the haven
Where I sought the present dust,
But I have gained a fairer land to crave,
There is no gold nor water rust.

Oh my children heaven bless them,
They are still my life to me,
Would I can't once more caress them,
Here I stick beneath the sea
I was for them I toiled the sweat,
What my hopes were I will not tell,
But they have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet he doeth all things well.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their father there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance,
Will secure such a share.
Hark I hear my Saviour's voice,
The life-bell I know well,
When I am gone tell my wife,
Brother let thy soul be free!

REBEL MISSILES.—At the battle of Antietam, broken railroad iron, blacksmiths' tools, hammers, chisels, etc., were fired at us from the rebel cannon. Some of these missiles made a peculiar noise, resembling "which away, which away," by which our men came to distinguish them from regular shot and shell, and as they heard them approaching, they would cry "turkey, turkey coming," and fall flat to avoid them. One of our artillerists, a German, when he saw the tools falling around him, exclaimed, "My Got! we shall have the blacksmith's shop to come next!"

THE SOAP QUESTION.—"Mr. Ferguson, you surely just when you say my babe is the handsomest child you ever saw.—You must be soft-soaping."

"Well, madam, it may possibly be so for I now recollect I thought it much needed soap of some kind," replied Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson was seen immediately after, making a hasty exit, pursued by an enraged broomstick.

PANNSBORES and lovers ought to join the army, because they understand "popping," pickpokets, because they are used to "rifling," shopmen, because they are used to "countermarching," and foundrymen, glassblowers, smiths and stokers, because they can "stand fire."

TWO FRIENDS meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man, who told me I looked like you." "Tell me who it was that I may crack him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," said he "I did that myself immediately."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his solicitor. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

"WHAT do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a morning gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap, I won't higgle about the price at all.

☞ There is a man out West who is so bent on accomplishing his purpose, that he has become hunch-backed.

☞ A certain merchantile hoped quite town being reported to be in a "shaky" condition, Peyton don't think it can be called a firm.

☞ May a judge who retires from the bench be said to lay down his bar?

A NATURAL SOUNDER.—Sarah Sally, so she is called in her village, had found a lover remarkable when she, behind a young husband, the first having been buried in Rushville, some ten miles north, where she was first married. Speaking of her grief and woes she said to a friend, "We all have our trials and troubles, but I am most sady who to bear. Sally Ann, I know, has husbands better to bury than I have, and has buried more of them than any lady I know, but I do think it is hard to have to bury the first one!"

BOOK BINDERIES.

Robert Barnett, BOOKBINDER,
Third street, below Market, Harrisburg, Pa.
Blank Books made to any pattern, in the best and most durable manner, at the lowest cash prices. Music Books, Magazines, Pamphlets, Law Reports, Newspapers, &c., bound in every variety of plain and fancy binding. Old Books rebound and made to look as good as new. Orders from Country Booksellers promptly attended to.
Harrisburg, Sept. 27, 1862.

Book Bindery.—The undersigned would respectfully inform the public and the trade that he has resumed the business of Book Binding, in all its branches, at the old stand, Market street, second door west of Second street.
JOHN L. MICHAEL.
Harrisburg, Sept. 27, 1862.

Chair and Cabinet Manufactory.—The subscribers would respectfully inform the public that they have on hand and are constantly manufacturing Chairs of the various articles, in the latest fashion, and of the best material, at the old stand, Market street, near the Market House. The Chairs are made of Maple, Walnut or Mahogany, and are finished in Gold, Bronze, Black and Brown, Gold, Bronze, Brown, Black stained, Plain, &c.
They also keep on hand a large variety of Cabinet Furniture, such as Bureaus, Wash stands, Tables, &c.
Having had long experience in the business, they feel confident that their work will give satisfaction to every purchaser.
Warerooms open at all times. Sufficient number of assistants to the trade. Orders from the country will be promptly attended to.
Warerooms, Market street, near the Market House.
Harrisburg, June 25, 1862. W. A. WILLIT.

Hoffman's Constitution.—Prepared according to the recipe of the late Dr. Hoffman, and offered with Vinegar and Medicinal Brandy.
This preparation is recommended in case of the utmost prostration of nervous system, such as is produced by fevers, consumption, and protracted chronic diseases, and in all cases where a stimulant is required for the system.
Physicians are respectfully invited to test the efficacy of this article, and to prescribe it in cases where they think it will do good.
The Proprietors of the Constitution have in their possession the highest testimonials from all quarters, of its efficacy in the cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, &c., &c., and will be pleased to furnish any thing in their power, upon application, in regard to the efficacy of the Bitters, &c., and to furnish testimonials of the cures which have been made by the use of the Bitters.
An authentic Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the cause and consequences, Mental and Physical Debility, Impotency, Premature Decay of the Sexual Organs, and all those diseases which follow in the train of this, the parent evil, with the most approved mode of treatment, by which the patient may be restored to health, and the ravages of the disease stayed, and the constitution saved from the ruin which follows in its wake, will be given to the unfortunate victims who may apply for it, or may be sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.
Address, for Report or Treatment, DR. J. SHILLING, Hoffman's Medical Dispensary, No. 2 Spruce street, below Third, Philadelphia, Pa.
July 10, '62.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY.

Just Published in a Sealed Envelope, Price 6 cts.:
A LECTURE ON THE EXHAUSTING DISEASES, Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Consumption, Mental and Bodily Weakness, Impotency, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Hypochondria, Insanity, Wakefulness of the Limbs and Back, Indigestion, and Nervous Irritability, resulting from Indulgence or Abuse in Marriage, Solitary Habits, Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium, Tea, Coffee, Spirituous Liquors, Tobacco, Snuff, Pleurisy, Hysterics, Headaches, Affections of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Fits, Blotches, Pimples, Eruptions, Premature Decay, Loss of Memory, Consumption, the Consequences of Youthful Indiscretion, &c.
☞ To Parents, the lecture clearly proves that the secret habits of youth, often and without fears, may be carried into manhood, rendering the married life miserable, and entailing a feeble constitution on their offspring, to be transmitted by their children, perhaps, to the third and fourth generation.
Sent by mail, in a sealed envelope, free of charge, on receipt of 6 cents, by addressing the author,
CHAS. J. C. KINE & CO.
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4586.
Nov. 21, '62.

FANCY PURSES! FANCY PURSES!

John Purdon, No. 19 Arcade, Fifth street, south side, PURSE MAKER AND PERFUMER, and DEALER IN all kinds of FANCY GOODS.
Ladies and Children's Wear, Toilet and the surrounding Stores, will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock, which is now more complete than ever before, and I feel confident that I can please the most fastidious.
Gentlemen's Wallets and pocket-books of every variety.
Remember the place, No. 19 Arcade, Fifth street.
My Purses were awarded a premium at the Agricultural Exhibition of the State of Pennsylvania, held at Pittsburgh, in 1859, and at the Exhibition of the Franklin Institute, held in Philadelphia, in the Fall of 1860.
Oct. 1, '62.—3m.

Fancy Purses.—Ladies can find a large assortment of Fancy Purses, of my own manufacture, at the Fancy Store, Market street, second door west of Second street.
Ladies, remember the place, Market street, second door west of Second.
Oct. 1, '62.—3m. JOHN PARKER.

New Marble Yard.—The Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the MARBLE CUTTING ESTABLISHMENT, on the corner of Second and Market streets, Harrisburg, Pa., is dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by the undersigned, at the old stand, where he will be pleased to see his friends and customers.
Having purchased the entire interest of the late firm in the stock, he is now prepared to offer to the public a large and well assorted stock of Marble, such as Italian, Statuary, Veined, Variegated, Black, Brown, Blue, Sienna, Scotch, Dove, Sienna, Vermont, Rutland, Lee, Lisbon, Pentelic, Parian, Lunenburg, Lee, Lisbon, Pentelic, Parian, Lunenburg, Sienna, Rutland, Vermont, Dove, Scotch, Blue, Brown, Black, Variegated, Veined, Statuary, Italian, such as Tables, Bureau, Wash stands, Mantles, Grates, Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, Footstones, Posts, Railing, Iron Fence, Iron Tombs, Iron Railing, Iron Fence, Iron Tombs, Iron Railing, Iron Fence, Iron Tombs, Iron

Daily Spirit & Times

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Dec. 24, 1862

B. C. EFFINGER, R. T. HAMILTON & W. EFFINGER,
Proprietors and Proprietors.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS! is thy name
We call our standard to the mast—
To conquer or to die. We claim
No greater honor. Waile the blast
Of civil strife sweeps o'er the land
We'll strike the foe that dares to mar
Our lovely stripes, and we'll stand
A wall of fire to guard each star.

MONEY WANTED.

We need money very much at the present time, and would appeal to our subscribers who are in arrears, to PAY UP. Those who cannot make it convenient to visit town can, no doubt, send by some of their neighbors or they may enclose the amount through the mail, at our risk. We hope that our patrons will promptly respond to this appeal.

To our Patrons

In consequence of the increased prices of Printing materials, Paper, &c., as well as the advance in the price of all articles of subsistence, we are compelled to raise the price of subscription to our paper. The price of printing paper is 100 per cent. higher than formerly. Breadstuffs, provisions, &c., have advanced in like proportion so that we cannot possibly make both ends meet at our presentrates.

On and after the first day of January next, our terms will be, uniformly, Two Dollars payable within the year.

Our old subscribers, who pay up before the 1st day of January, will get the paper at the old rates until the end of their subscription year.

The Battle at Fredericksburg

It becomes our painful duty to-day to record another humiliating disaster to our national arms, resulting through the intrigues and mismanagement of the War Office, at Washington. In utter disregard of the opinions of the best military minds of the country, Gen. Burnside was peremptorily ordered to cross the Rappahannock and fight the enemy in his stronghold. The result was a disastrous defeat and the slaughter of thousands of as brave troops as ever fired a musket, who fell a sacrifice to the imbecility that reigns at Washington.

This seems to be the crowning act of folly committed by the incapables at Washington since they have undertaken to control our military destinies. Commencing with the division of the Army of the Potomac into *corps d' armee*, and the depriving of Gen. McClellan of his position as Commander-in-Chief; the detention of McDowell's corps in the neighborhood of Washington when it should have followed McClellan to the Peninsula as had been agreed upon; the subsequent refusal to permit McDowell to reinforce McClellan at Hanover Court House, when, as McClellan solemnly swears, "Richmond could have been taken within a week;" the disasters of Pope and his retreat to the fortifications at Washington and the removal of McClellan from his command when in hot pursuit of the enemy and offering to give him battle with every prospect of success, having previously defeated him in two engagements and driven him out of Maryland, we have a series of blunders and disasters which needed only this last reckless sacrifice of human life at Fredericksburg, to stamp the military authorities at Washington with everlasting infamy and disgrace.

No one blames Gen. Burnside, for all agree that he did all that mortal man could do. He, therefore, is not responsible, his brave corps commanders are not responsible, his noble army, almost an army of martyrs, is not responsible for the awful slaughter. Ordered peremptorily to cross the river, they but obeyed as soldiers ought, even to death, and went over the fatal stream to the sacrifice.

The people of the country, with an unanimous unanimity, have this time located the responsibility in the right quarter and on the right parties. Two Cabinets have been dissolved and Messrs. Seward and Montgomery, the President's bitterest and most unrelenting enemies, have been forced to resign, which we think and trust

by irresponsible faction of radical Abolitionists in the guilty party, who will be held responsible for the misdeeds of his subordinates before God and the country.

The people have then for home painfully the burdens that have been imposed upon them by the intoxication of the times. They never murmured as long as they saw any hope for the country, but when they see their treasure wasted and the resources of the country exhausted in fruitless expeditions around the outskirts of the rebellion, and their brothers and sons murdered in cold blood through the incompetency of imbeciles at the head of the Government, they begin to cry enough. They demand a radical change in the policy of the Government. They call upon Mr. Lincoln to reorganize his administration on a sound, national, Constitutional platform, around which the loyal people of the whole country can rally. They demand of him to rid the departments, and especially the war department of all dibblers and fanatics who are ruining the country, and call to his aid men of sense and of patriotism—STATESMEN, who will have wisdom to comprehend the exigencies of the nation and capacity to devise means to overcome them.

Henceforth the administration will hear plain talk. The people will speak out boldly, fearlessly and to the point. There is no time left to weigh words or mince sentences. Let them cry aloud and spare not until the cry pierces the ears of our rulers at Washington and compels them to stop in their career of madness and folly which has already imperiled the nation almost beyond the hope of recovery. Perhaps our beloved country may yet be rescued from the brink of ruin to which it has been brought by political fanatics and military charlatans. God save the Republic.

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The old hero said to a friend at the Hermitage, a short time before his death:

"The Abolition party is a disloyal organization. Its pretended love for freedom means nothing more or less than civil war and dissolution of the Union. Honest men of all parties should unite to expose their intentions and arrest their progress."

Few men had a more prophetic mind than the old hero of New Orleans, and the truth of the above prediction is being realized by us at the present day in all its horrible realities. He had a heart to love his country and we are not surprised that he should have denounced the Abolitionists as enemies of the Union.

"No union with slaveholders" was the motto of their organization then and it is their motto now. Thaddeus Stevens, the leader of the dominant party in the lower house of Congress, only the other day announced from his seat that "he would never give his consent to a restoration of the Union as it was, with slavery." Here we have the same doctrine avowed by those high in authority as was avowed by a small faction of New England Abolitionists in Gen. Jackson's day.

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About two months later Gen. Burnside was "peremptorily ordered" by the same authority, to cross the Rappahannock and fight the enemy in his intrenchments, the result of which was the reckless slaughter of ten or fifteen thousand of our brave troops and the retreat of the grand Army of the Potomac to this side of the river. Gen. Lee remains secure in his position and no doubt laughs at the strategy of this man Halleck and the War office at Washington.

Truly this is the day of small men and the nation mourns in consequence.

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A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that certain New York members of Congress have been defeated in receiving fees for procuring commissions in the army, in the case charging as high as five hundred dollars for their services in procuring a single commission of the first grade.

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A Nation Mourns

The country is in mourning. Its sons, by hundreds of thousands, have been sacrificed on the bloody battle fields of the South in the dark as to the moral law they have contained in the worse than useless campaigns into which they have been so precipitated; while anxiety is wide spread in every heart, and anguish wrings the bosoms of the friends of the gallant slain; while every patriot mourns the loss, and every honest man blushes with shame at the new repulse; while a cloud gather and the future looks black with foreboding; while there is horror enough, God knows, for all of us—anger, deep, resistless and overwhelming, is kindling the nerves and stirring up the blood of an earnest, outraged people.

Failure upon failure, millions upon millions, hundreds of thousands of precious lives, die aloe, labor, earnage, misfire—and will not those suffer?

What more of blood and ruin will the insatiate monster passion have? How long shall we stand dumb and silent, and submit? How long shall we suffer?—Have we not drunk the bitter cup of madness to the dregs?

There is not more momentary passion in the Union, but. The gathering rage which swells the lowest indignation of the land from east to west, like the deep heaving of the troubled sea, is a precursor of the approaching storm which, if it shall ever come upon us in its full fury, will sweep before it the cause of the nation's danger and agony, as the rushing tor ado sweeps the forest and the fields in its mad, resistless career.

We have no heart to write more on the subject of that ill judged and murderous conflict, forced upon a reluctant General by the peremptory commands of his superiors—a conflict in which, it is said, our loss will fall little short of 30,000 in killed, wounded and missing, ending in disastrous defeat, and the retreat of the army across the river to its original position near Falmouth—a position which should never have been taken, or, being taken, never left to attack the impregnable position of the enemy in front. It was a terrible blunder, for which a guilty administration must yet atone.

The feeling in New York is but freely portrayed in the following extracts from the *Herald* and *World*:

[From the New York Herald, Dec. 17.]

Yesterday was a gloomy day in this city. It was in all ties that the truth came to be fully realized—that the slaughter of our troops had been immense, and the situation altogether so discouraging that it was necessary to recross the Rappahannock to insure the safety of the remnant of the army.

These facts created a great deepest depression, mingled with intense indignation and smothered mutiny. Everybody seemed to feel that the be al blood of the country had been shed in vain through the imbecility which directs our armies from the city of Washington.

The duty of the President under these circumstances, is very plain. He alone is entirely responsible to the country. His Cabinet Ministers are responsible to him only, and will have to render an account hereafter, as sure as there is a God in Heaven or an honest, outraged people. Let him at once provide for the safety of the republic by cutting loose from the radical disorganizers who have brought ruin on the country. The delivery of the country is in the hands of the President, and the people who elected him will look to him for the proper administration of their affairs, and the sacrifice of men in office who are incompetent to the task they have undertaken. It is the Republic and not the Cabinet that must be preserved.

[From the New York World, Dec. 17.]

By Gen. Halleck's order the Army of the Rappahannock was marched upgainst the impregnable batteries of the Fredericksburg heights in six after brigade, division after division, one after another decimated, thousands upon thousands slaughtered, from daybreak to sunset, until the ruin was complete, until well nigh twenty thousand brave and noble souls met the Virginia bullets with their blood. The unflinching courage, the dauntless intrepidity, of our magnificent army were never more conspicuously displayed. The blundering strategy, the incompetent generalship, which hurled them to a fruitless doom never branded itself so conspicuously as in this criminal slaughter and to crown the sight with the people's cup, Abraham Lincoln, by the hands of Henry W. Halleck and Edwin M Stanton, sent death to thousands upon thousands of our brothers and friends, again desolation and anguish to the homes and hearts of the people;—death that gives no life to the perishing nation, and we now which no patriotism can conceal, or the consciousness of a needful though costly sacrifice can assuage. By the banks of the Rappahannock there was slaughter which was fruitless, and by twenty thousand broken hearts now to-day shed which God alone can wipe away. We have no words of reserve in an hour like this. The sense of sorrow for the nation and her slaughtered sons cool even the hot wrath which must yet break forth upon the heads of those whose selfishness, whose incompetency, whose recklessness, and whose ambition have brought our grief upon us.

But that sorrow, in which there is not a family in all the cities and villages of the North but shares; by that love for our country which has not faltered amid the darkest hour; by that love of liberty, in her darkest hour; by the hopes which must yet linger in the breasts of the chief magistrate, to whom the sight has been vouchsafed, that the tocsinall an hundred hours to his and their posterity; by them, and every other considerations which the breaking of the ice in the anxious minds of twenty millions of people can suggest, we appeal to the President of the country to cast off from his side that fatal and fatal policy, and from the men, of whom it is enough to say that the Union and the Constitution might have been saved, but that with the exception of a sentimental fool like Seward, or a millions of misled Democrats at their backs, they have not saved it. We beseech him to call in Mr. Chase and ask the wisest, bravest and best man of the nation, and put it out come is 100 per cent yet simply, by their help, and the favor of God, that, to make one final effort for

by irresponsible faction of radical Abolitionists in the guilty party, who will be held responsible for the misdeeds of his subordinates before God and the country.

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Master of the Position.

"General Halleck is master of the position," exclaimed the President's organ, Col. Forney, the other day. It turns out that Gen. Halleck is *not* master of the position; that the information was deceptive; and we respectfully suggest to the administration that the frequent communication of false intelligence through its organ is an outrage upon public feeling and at this stage of the crisis in our national affairs, is disrespectful to the people and highly dangerous. If it is not criminal, it ought to be, and the besotted fool, who seeks to thrive upon pretension, be punished for the offence. If this court buffoon and cabinet scavenger must be employed, give him some occupation less dangerous and better suited to his capacity. Let him write down the President's stale jests in a book, or mount behind his carriage in livery; put him at the head of a contraband establishment to teach letters and morals to black men and women with whiter hearts than his own; let him mix toddies for the gentlemen visitors at the White House; make him boot black messenger, porter or butler; but take from him the means he now enjoys to injure the cause and country by semi-official falsehood and deception.—*Patriot and Union.*

Wisconsin

The Congressional vote in Wisconsin shows a Democratic majority in that State of 6,349. The Democrats have elected three and the Abolitionists three members of Congress. The whole vote polled was 117,271. Luther Hanchett, Republican, representative from the Sixth district, is dead, and a new election is ordered on the 30th inst to fill his seat in the present and also in the next Congress. He was elected by nearly 2,000 majority, so that unless a very great change in public sentiment has taken place, a Republican will be chosen in his place.

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Central Committee met at the Keystone House in Reading, on Thursday evening December 11, 1862, at 8 o'clock. The Chairman, F. W. Hughes, Esq., and ten or twelve other members, were present. On motion, a resolution was adopt ted, fixing *Wednesday, the 17th day of June 1863*, as the time, and Harrisburg, as the place, for holding the next Democratic State Convention, to nominate a candidate for Governor, and candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, in place of Hon. Walter H. Lyris, whose term will expire in 1863.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN OF HIS PROMOTION CAMPAIGN.—General McClellan was examined on the trial of General Porter, and, his testimony is of intense interest, detailing, as it does, the plan of the campaign on the peninsula. Among other things he said:—"I have doubts, for it has ever been my opinion that the Army of the Potomac would *be* taken Richmond had not the corps General McDowell been separated *from it*. It is also my opinion that had *I* command of General McDowell joined the Army of the Potomac in the month of May, by way of Hanover Court House from Fredericksburg, the capture of Richmond would have been a much easier thing for us. But we did not hold General McDowell responsible for a failure to join with him on my question. He had been ordered McDowell for nearly twenty years, and have known him as one who entirely relieved from any private or partisan feeling, and he thought even from me and order.

Who is Responsible?

The *New York Times*, radical in the Republican, says M'Clellan's statement that the events of this war have shown that the fighting qualities of our private soldiers may be relied upon, and that if military failures occur they must be attributed to defects in organization, command, or plans, is strictly true, and only confirms what the public have learned from the current history of every engagement since the war began; and then adds: "It is the government at Washington, and not the people of the country or the private soldiers of the army, who must be held responsible for our military failures." This is solemn truth—and if the whole Abolition press would join the *Times* in promulgating it, we might hope for a speedy and salutary change of men and measures at Washington. The Democratic press has no influence there, and the wholesome truths it utters are thrown away on the fanatics and miscreants at the Federal capital.

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Correspondence.

From "the Army of the Potomac"

Correspondence of the Spirit and Times.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK FIELD OF FREDERICKSBURG, Near General Headquarters, Dec. 8.

A blood-red moon, unknown to the old soldier of succeeding battles, and a cold, pitiless heaven on Wednesday night. During the day it became well understood that on the following morning active battle operations would be commenced. No fifties orders were issued for the movement but the word was quietly passed around verbally. By the time "the taps" had sounded for retiring, knapsacks packed and every thing ready to march at command. At 4 o'clock in the morning "the reveille" sounded us to duty. At 5 o'clock the sounds of idle commanding reached our ears. It became incumbent now along the banks of the Rappahannock for miles and echoed from the surrounding hills. At 7 o'clock we fell in line as moved off, General Humphrey commanding Division, taking the head of the column. We were brought to a halt about a mile and a half distant for further orders. At this point we spent the night. The next morning (Friday) we were ordered to move forward to wight about a mile and immediately in front of the city. We encamped in a woods and remained until Saturday morning. Your correspondent being detached on special duty with Gen. Tyler, here left the column and assumed his place with the Brigade Headquarters. Ambulances were sent to pick up a hill about close by the General Headquarters of the army, formerly occupied by Gen. Sumner as special position, but to day taken by Gen. Franklin. Here we had been, as their sin point of observation and communicate. The building they occupy is a very handsome and extensive brick cottage and commands a view for many miles surrounding. Brigade of orderlies were moving about in, arriving and departing, and the plains around, a fair as the eye could reach, were covered with artillery, cavalry and infantry. At various localities convenient the supply of ammunition trains were parked. Prof. Steiner, with his balloon "Eagle," was near by making frequent ascensions. The signal corps had their tents and apparatus stationed on a high eminence, and their flags were continual by day time, and the telegraphic communication so kept up over wires from Headquarters to quarters of the Eight and Left Divisions on the left and to Aquia Creek Landing. During Tuesday and Friday, our artillery kept up a gay and almost continuous fire on the city.—Forty two hundred guns were brought to bear in that time. Finally the engineers and instructing corps succeeded, after many fruitless efforts in throwing across the pontoons bridges, and the various Grand Divisions commenced crossing. Friday night we had possession of nearly the entire town. That a terrible battle would be fought the day following was evident to every one.

Saturday morning, long before day break, the cannonade was commenced again with greater fury. From this side the city was scarcely distinguishable on account of the immense clouds of smoke arising from the batteries, and the dense fog prevailing. It was ascertained that the enemy's works were of a formidable and almost impregnable character. He had from three of batteries on commanding elevations and a most and almost impregnable wall of stone and earth erected miles in length. The first line of batteries were within about three fourths of a mile of the town, and in front of the hill, batteries commanded the streets of the town itself and points accessible of any attack. There is will be seen that our gallant men had fearfully hot and most terrible work to perform.

At 10 o'clock our Division was moved towards the city. Reaching a position near Sharpsburg, I outlined Gen. Humphreys riding up to us. Brother who was stationed with Gen. Tyler, rushed up to him and inquired if he was to march either the forward or the rear. He said he did not hold General McDowell responsible for a failure to join with him on any occasion. He had known General McDowell for nearly twenty years, and have known him as one who entirely relieved from any private or partisan feeling, and he thought even from me and order.

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Spirit and Times

Wednesday, December 22, 1897.

Local and Personal.

THE RECENT BATTLE NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.—We have made diligent efforts to obtain a complete list of the killed and wounded in the 125th Regiment in the battle near Fredericksburg, and, as in all previous cases in which it was engaged, distinguished itself.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., December 17, 1862.

DEAR ——: Another battle has been fought on the south side of the Rappahannock. It occurred on Saturday last. It was a great struggle but was not decisive in its results, and as our position was not a good one we recrossed the river last night. Our Brigade was in the thick of it. The 107th took the point to which they were ordered by Gen. Gibbons, but could not hold it an amount of red belcp ungodly oaths we were compelled to fall back. We were exposed to two heavy fires on going in, and coming out, and suffered from both. Jonas Neff is killed Sergeant Thomas Myers wounded. Three were two wounded in our company but none killed. The Colonel and myself—Sandy Gist—are safe once more to that made memorable enough. We are now about two miles from the river and I expect will remain for some time. The Rebels must evacuate this point, strong as it is. The 107th is much praised for its gallantry by all who saw it engaged. * * * *

J. A. C.
Lieut. Co. E.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning, Sallie, second youngest daughter of Mrs. McNaughton, while in Hon. Stock's schoolroom, was badly burned by her clothes taking fire from the stove pipe which she was tangling herself. Her arms and one side of her body suffered most severely. Every effort was made to save her, and partial success obtained. Subsequent applications have greatly reduced her suffering. The most surprising thing in the accident is that her limbs and body almost entirely escaped burning.—*Cogl Issue.*

The present session of the Theological Seminary will close to-morrow, (Saturday.) The winter session will open about the 5th January, the vacation being unusually long in order to afford an opportunity to both students and faculty to attend the tercentenary celebration of the Heidelberg Catechism which will take place in Philadelphia beginning on January 19th. Twenty-five students have been in attendance during the term.

Marshall Collegiate Institute gives its pupils a clever holiday vacation, namely from Wednesday 22th inst., to the first Monday after New Year. The Academy has been quite get rattled during the term. Of course Hemmer boys might have a little fun, but the school will close up, Wednesday before Christmas, and remain so till after New Year. —*Good Intent.*

THE EIGHTH TAX ON HOUSE AND TAVERN KEEPERS.—An amendment to the Internal Revenue Law has just passed the House of Congress—and will undoubtedly pass the Senate—repealing Mr. Commissioner Boutwell's decision requiring the taxes to be paid by Keep-ers of Hotels, Taverns and Boarding Houses.

The amendment provides that:

"Public Hotels, Taverns, and Boarding Houses, which did not exceed in the aggregate, for the year of expiration of the year, the sum of $500 for the year, or an average of $1 per day, for the year, or which, or in the aggregate, for the year, or which, or in the aggregate, for the year, or which, or in the aggregate

Ninth Street above Third,

PHILADELPHIA

UPTON S. NEWCOMER.

This Hotel is central. One minute's walk to Passenger Railway. Omnibus at depots of the Railroad Companies. Rooms from 50 cents to $1 per day. Meals 25 cents.

Terms—$1.50 per day.

HOWARD HOUSE,

(FORMERLY BARUM'S)

17 AND 19 PARK ROW,

Opposite the Astor House and Park, New York.

Price of Board $1.50 per day.

This long established and popular House has recently been thoroughly and greatly enlarged by the addition of over 100 rooms, and now has accommodations for one hundred persons. It has also been thoroughly repainted and refurnished, and is

HEATED BY STEAM

AND

LIGHTED WITH GAS THROughout.

The Hotel has one of the best locations in the City, being in a central place from all the leading railroad and steamboat lines of the City, and is convenient to all the City emporiums. It has now all the qualities of a

FIRST CLASS HOTEL,

combining the comfort of its patrons.

The patronage of the travelling public is respectfully solicited.

Terms $1.50 per Day.

H. L. POWERS, *Proprietor.*

WHITE SWAN HOTEL,

Chambersburg, Pa.,

M. GROVE, Proprietor,

Having purchased this well known House, (long known as Weiler's Hotel,) the proprietor pledges himself that no effort will be spared to minister to the wants of his guests.

The house has recently been refitted and a new Bar Room attached, affording ample room and comfort to the travelling public with refreshments.

HIS CHARGES are moderate, and he hopes to merit a share of public patronage, and will be at all times ready to wait on those who may stop at his house.

HIS BAR will be supplied with the choicest liquors, and the table will always be supplied with the very best provisions, and shall be under his own supervision.

In addition to large stabling, he has TWO COMMODIOUS LOTS and a pen of HAY on every season for the accommodation of drovers and others.

The proprietor gives no excuse that the "White Swan" should be kept with an inferior character as it now enjoys. Appreciation, and moral responsibility induce him to hope for a continuance of the patronage of his friends and the public.

M. GROVE.

FRANKLIN HOTEL,

West Side of the Public Square,

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the Travelling Community that he has thoroughly and in the present tense the Franklin House. He hopes to merit a share of the public patronage, by attention to business, that can be found in any city house.

He will also continue to spread with the seasons the best of the season.

His Bar will be always well supplied with the choicest liquors.

His Stables are large, well-ventilated, and fitted up in modern style.

His Hostler is well acquainted with all the roads and stopping places in the country.

His Omnibus will be provided with good, wholesome food, and shall be under his own supervision.

He will be spared to render entire satisfaction, and respectfully, confining himself to entire ease to patronage.

Terms a liberal share of the public patronage.

DANIEL TRUMP.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

Broadway, New York,

Price Reduced to $2.00 per day.

Since the opening of this vast and splendid Hotel, in 1854, it has been the single endeavor of the Proprietors to render it the most attractive and comfortable home for the citizen and stranger on this side of the Atlantic.

Of whatever has seemed likely to administer to the comfort of an entire city have been considered, without regard to cost, and, in addition all the elegancies of luxurious and social enjoyment which modern art has added, and modern taste approved, and the patronage of a liberal and discriminating public, the proprietors have spared no pains to secure the entire satisfaction of the guests, and to produce the most rigid economy the under

Have Reduced the Price of Board to $2.00 per Day.

Without any shading none of the luxuries with which this house has hitherto been supplied.

TERRILL, WHITCOMB & CO.

FIFTH ST. LOU'S HOTEL

Corner Street, between 3rd and 4th,

Philadelphia.

The undersigned, having leased, for a term of three years, the popular house, begs to have the pleasure of announcing your friends and the travelling community that it

THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS!

Commenced on the first of March last, has been entirely renovated and refitted in a superior manner; the rooms are large, well ventilated, and furnished in the best manner, and the table will be supplied with the best the market and the country can afford.

Omnibuses Connected with the Hotel.

HOTEL IS A RESTAURANT

Accommodation for those preferring the European plan. Terms of Board from three to seven dollars per week, according to accommodation.

Meals 25 cents per day. Table d'Hote for travellers and business men from 1 to 3 P. M.

HENRY BEIL,
ISAAC L. DEVOE

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

C. AUGSBURGER & CO.,

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY, and
FANCY GOODS,

No. 7 Cheap Spirit & Tower Buildings, opposite Kurtz's Store,

MAIN STREET,

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.,

Respectfully invite the attention of Jewelers and the public generally to their large and well assorted stock of GOODS, which they offer at very low prices.

SPECTACLES AND AMERICAN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES

of various styles and prices.

JEWELRY of the latest styles and patterns; the latter of Gold, Silver, Platina, Gutta Percha, Jet, Gold Stone, Florentine, &c.

FINGER RINGS in great variety.

Spectacles,

Gold and Silver Chains.

PLATED WARE—

Consisting of Tea Trays, Cake Baskets, Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c.

French and American WATCHES of different styles and Patterns.

FANCY GOODS—great variety.

All goods warranted to be represented.

A work manship guarantee to be satisfactory, will be done in a workmanlike manner, and warranted.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired at the shortest notice, and warranted to be done in a fair manner.

May 1859. E. AUGSBURGER.

R[illegible]

[illegible] Having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Kurtz & Brother, and having added to it a large variety of other goods, offers the same at the lowest prices. Our stock consists in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Fish, Salt, Plaster, Cement, Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Cordage, Iron, Steel, Leather, Saddles, Harness, Collars, Trimmings, Hardware, Cutlery, Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, Fish, Flour, Feed, Grain, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow, Rags, Hides, Furs, Ginseng, Beeswax, Tallow, Soap, Candles, Cheese, Dried Fruit, Cider Vinegar, Molasses, Syrup, Coffee, Sugar, Rice, Starch, Saleratus, Pepper, Spices, Tea, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Brooms, Buckets, Tubs, Cedar Ware, Coffins, Coffin Trimmings, Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco

DRY-GOODS, &c.

EYRE & [illegible]

[illegible]

Cotton Sheeting, Cotton Flannels, &c.

JOB LAINGS.

Also a large assortment of

Calicoes Muslins, Ginghams, Canton Flannels, &c

Nov. 21, '66.

DRESS SILKS.

[illegible]

Nov. 21, '66.

GREAT BARGAINS

NEW YORK AUCTIONS!!

A. WILLIAMS

[illegible]

Black Silk Velvets, Three ply superior Ingrain and common Carpet.

Four Four and Five Four Sheetings and Pillow Ticking.

Linen Sheetings, Shirtings, Linen Towels, Table Linens, Napkins, Linen Diapers, Marseilles Quilts, Super Cot. Blankets, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Cloaks, Sacks, Ladies' Felt Skirts, Balmoral Skirts, Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Ladies' Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Notions, Fancy Goods, Gents' Linen Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, Cravats, Ties, Scarfs, Suspenders, Gents' Felt Hats, Gents' Cloth Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Trunks, Carpet Sack, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Fixtures, &c.

CARPETS.

Brussels, Velvet, Three ply superior Ingrain and common Carpet.

Four Four and Five Four Sheetings and Pillow Ticking.

Linen Sheetings, Shirtings, Linen Towels, Table Linens, Napkins, Linen Diapers, Marseilles Quilts, Super Cot. Blankets, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Cloaks, Sacks, Ladies' Felt Skirts, Balmoral Skirts, Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Ladies' Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Notions, Fancy Goods, Gents' Linen Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, Cravats, Ties, Scarfs, Suspenders, Gents' Felt Hats, Gents' Cloth Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Trunks, Carpet Sack, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Fixtures, &c.

March 27, '67.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE [illegible] INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.—Capital $[illegible], all paid in. Charter perpetual.

The Premiums may be paid every year or may be divided so as to make a single payment for life. Table sent free on application.

Persons desiring to insure their own lives or those of their friends, can obtain pamphlets and all necessary forms and information gratis, by applying to the undersigned.

JOHN MILL, Agent.

Jan. 9, '67.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE [illegible] LOSS BY FIRE, [illegible] INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, [illegible] Chestnut Street, near Fifth.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Pickering Lancaster, when daylight appeared, the skirmish seemed to be, as they no doubt were, partially concealed that our army had succeeded in retreating to this side of the Rappahannock.

We returned without losing a single man or a gun in the retreat or movement.

A few soldiers, who had straggled off, made their appearance on the river bank after the pontoon bridges had been removed, but they were brought over in small boats.

A few contrabands, who were crowding a house inhabited by a private family, were not, during the night, aware of our crossing, but in the morning they said, even the river.

The pickets of the contending armies being separated by only a few yards, rendered it necessary that everything on our part should be conducted with the utmost caution. Those on the outpost were unaware of the movement until just before daylight, when an officer went to each individual man, and in a low tone ordered him to fall back. After they got sufficiently far off to be out of danger they were ordered to quicken their pace and reach the bridges.

At about 9 o'clock yesterday morning the enemy advanced their skirmishers along the entire line, and by noon had established their pickets near the river bank.

We had a large number of dead on what was regarded as neutral ground, and as soon as it was known that our forces had evacuated, the soldiers of the enemy commenced robbing the lifeless bodies. This was plainly seen through a field glass, as well as indistinctly with the naked eye.

About 10 or 11 o'clock females, neatly dressed, were seen walking the streets of Fredericksburg. They had doubtless been concealed in their homes during the time the city was occupied by our troops, and had availed themselves of the first opportunity to make their reappearance.

On Monday the pickets in front of the left wing agreed upon an armistice among themselves, and freely intermingled, exchanging their dead comrades who lay on neutral ground. During the time a general of our army rode by and just a step to those proceedings. The result was that both parties immediately commenced firing, when nine of our men were killed. After the general had left the friendly relations of the pickets were renewed, and between and their uniforms freely mingled.

About this time Gen. Franklin dispatched a flag of truce, which the enemy immediately recognized, and the exchange of dead bodies was resumed and continued until completed.

Yesterday afternoon Gen. Lee sent a flag of truce to Gen. Burnside, asking him to detail men to bury his dead in front of Gen. Sumner's grand division. This was done.

The wounded, with the exception of those whom the enemy obtained, have all been brought to this side of the Rappahannock, and as rapidly as possible are being sent to Washington.

During the flag of truce, Gen. Stuart, of the rebel cavalry, in answer to a question, stated that Banks' expedition had gone, South, but he did not seem to know exactly were.

The entire army is now encamped on the same ground which they previously occupied They are as comfortable, for the present, as they can be in shelter tents.

Our army has been considerably reinforced since the battle, and we forgive whatever is attached to their present position.

It is the opinion of military men that had we even succeeded in taking the first ridge of works, the opportunity for slaughter by the enemy would have been far greater than yesterday.

Our men, it may be repeated, behaved with the greatest gallantry, but no troops in the world could withstand such a concentrated fire of heavy ordnance and musketry, pouring over of their fortifications.

Dispatch sent to Gen. Burnside.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18

The following dispatch from Gen. Burnside to Gen. Halleck was received at 9 o'clock this evening:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 16—6 P. M.

Major General Halleck, Commander in Chief:

The Army of the Potomac was withdrawn to this side of the Rappahannock river, because I felt fully convinced that the position in front could not be carried, and it was a military necessity either to attack the enemy or retire. A repulse would have been disastrous to our under existing circumstances.

The army was withdrawn at night without the knowledge of the enemy and without loss, either of property or men.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

Gen. Burnside' Expedition.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17

The bark Ann, from New Orleans, reports that on the 9th inst, at 6 o'clock a. m., she saw, off St. Augustine, Florida, 6 large steamers. She judged from their course that they were bound further South than Florida. They were probably a part of General Banks' expedition.

General Wool Relieved.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.

The President to-day signed the order relieving Major-General Wool from the position of the military department of Maryland. Gen. Schenck has been designated to fill immediately. The mild and judicious army of General Wool has won for him hosts of personal friends, of whom affection he may well feel proud.

PERFUMERY AND Toilet Articles,

IN ALL STYLES

The cheapest and most delicate scent of BREAD and CHEESE, Lyon's Extract, Rose, Violet, Jockey Club, &c., may be brought in the market, are now offered to the public by

Miller & Henshey,

at their DRUG Establishment, on the Corner of the DIAMOND.

Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea and Dysentery, &c.,

Are speedily checked by using

MURRAY'S Camphorated Cordial.

It is a certain cure. It is prepared and sold by MILLER & HENSHEY, at 25 cts. per bottle.

HORSE POWDERS, IMPORTANT TO FARMERS, GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY, SAVE YOUR STOCK.

Farmers are often imposed upon by northern and heavy gold and bogus under the name of Horse Powders, they find in them little or no value. The best article ever brought to market from E. Miller & Henshey have with UNIFORM CELEBRITY and are made Powder from the very best Medicine prescribed by veterinary surgeons.

It is a Horse Powder that really made the waste of Farmers, and will prove their money back in the very best condition and sure Destroyer of the horse and other cattle Diseases.

GO TO MILLER & HENSHEY'S AND ASK FOR

Miller's HORSE POWDER.

(1 name 20 cents a pound. Wholesale at prices of at have been sold by them, and in no single instance has it failed to give satisfaction.

KEROSENE OIL.

62 Cts. A GALLON, AT MILLER & HENSHEY'S, ONLY 12 Cts. A QUART for the best quality of KEROSENE, at MILLER & HENSHEY'S.

KEROSENE LAMPS,

Cheap, at MILLER & HENSHEY'S.

THE ANODYNE CORDIAL

Is warranted the BEST MEDICINE in use for the relief of CHILDREN when teething. Prepared and sold at 25 cts. a bottle, by MILLER & HENSHEY.

Lindsay's Blood Searcher

and all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Essences, can be had at MILLER & HENSHEY'S

You can get at Miller & Henshey's the celebrated Receipt for SUGAR CURING HAMS, and making Corned Beef Try it.

Also many other articles too numerous to mention, can be had at MILLER & HENSHEY'S

Remember the Place, Corner of the Diamond.

Dec. 1, '62.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

5 CENTS A PAPER.

AT BRYSON'S DRUG STORE.

Wilson's Early Cabbage, do Dwarf Skirmish and Yellow Dutch.
Large Red Wurzburgh do
Large Drumhead and Sugar Pumpkin
Blue Prussian and Large Marrowfat Pea.
Bryson's Improved Blue Imperial Pea.
Early Dwarf Prolific and Early Frame Pea.
Dwarf of England Pea
Extra Early Dwarf Pea
Tom Thumb, Early French Pea.
Sweet Golden Pumpkin
Sugar and Sweet Nutmeg Melon
Sugar and Sweet Ivy Scarlet, Yellow
Sugar and Fodder Beet
Sugar Beet
Long Red Red Beet
Early Scarlet Red Turnip
Early Purple Top Turnip
Early Dutch Turnip
Early Snowball Turnip
Early Dutch Cabbage
Early Dutch Cabbage
Red Dutch Cabbage
Green Curled Savoy Cabbage
Green Curled Savoy Cabbage
Cabbage and Sugar Loaf do
White Pepper & Cayenne French do
Cauliflower and Sugar French do
Large Red Italian Tomato
Extra Early Tomato
Early Dwarf Cluster do
Early Red Tomato
Early King Philip Corn
Long and Short Green Cucumber
Red Cabbage
Early Frame and Cluster do
Early Curled and Mission Lettuce
Green Curled and Mission do
March 19, '62

Canary and other Bird Seeds at BRYSON'S.

Cheap Revolver Lamps. The best and cheapest lot of Lamps in the county at BRYSON'S.

Pocket Ink Stands, at SPANGLER'S.

Pocket Looking Glasses, at SPANGLER'S.

Reading, Pins and Pocket Combs, at SPANGLER'S.

Superior, at SPANGLER'S.

Castile Powder, at SPANGLER'S.

Tooth, Hair and Cloth Brushes, at SPANGLER'S.

Brown's Jamaica Ginger, at SPANGLER'S.

Tinsel all kinds, for Indexes and sale at SPANGLER'S.

Wafers and Pastes, at SPANGLER'S.

Blackbirds Extract Bonhous, at SPANGLER'S.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery, at SPANGLER'S.

Fare Pomeroy and Sarsaparilla, at SPANGLER'S.

Soap and Perfumery, at SPANGLER'S.

Spices Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, Good for Sore Coughs and Colds, at SPANGLER'S.

Fancy Paper, at SPANGLER'S.

WEDDING INVITATIONS, Put up in the best style, at the STEPT AND TIMES Job Office.

CLIP BILLS, CIRCULARS, and Every Kind of Job Printing, executed in best style and at shortest No. 19 Job.

Hay, Cash, Neat, Smooth and Plain Business, at SPANGLER'S.

FUNERAL INVITATIONS, Printed in neat style, at the shortest notice, at STEPT AND TIMES Job Office.

COOKING STOVES.—Most variety assortment of Cook Stoves, Parlor Stoves, Box Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin Ware, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Brushes, &c., &c., at the Sign of the Big Tin Pan, Corner of Market and Diamond.

A Lot of Ladies' Gaiters, Slippers, Shoes, Boots, Gents' Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Boots, Shoes, Brogans,