BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

JONES & HIPPLE, Attorneys at Law, No. 1, second floor, Williams Block.

J. J. GLOVER, Attorney at Law, No. 4 Second Floor, Williams' Block. July1, '70tf

D. HUMPHREYS, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Office in Wolfley's Block, over Strauss' Clothing Store. July15tf

POPPLETON & McELROY, Attorneys at Law, Delaware, Ohio. Will attend promptly to all legal business intrusted to their care in Delaware and adjoining counties.
S. F. POPPLETON. C. H. M'ELROY.

REED & POWELL, Attorneys at Law, Delaware, Ohio. Will promptly attend to all legal business intrusted to their care in Delaware, Union, Franklin, Marion and Morrow counties. Attention will be given to practice in Probate Court, and to the collection of bounty, back pay and pensions. Office, West side Sandusky street, near county offices. febl8 '67-tf

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE.

J. S. COX, Dealer in Crockery, Glassware, Fancy Goods, &c., 1st door north of Delaware County National Bank. mr30

CLOTHING.

REYNOLDS & FRANK, Dealers in Clothing, Cassimeres, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., opposite First National Bank.

DRUGGISTS.

S. LYBRAND & CO., successors to M. L. Starr, No. 5 Williams Block, dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, &c. do

DRY GOODS.

BAKER, STURGEON & CO., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, &c., No. 1 Williams Block, Delaware, Ohio.

GROCERS.

J. W. DONAVIN, Grocers, No. 16 Sandusky street.

E. W. LITTELL & SON, Dealers in Family Groceries and Provisions. Always on hand: Coffee, Teas, Sugars, Flour, Pork, Dried Beef, Hams, Shoulders, Molasses, Syrups, &c. Location, one door south of Miller's Block. febl9 '64

HARDWARE.

M. L. STARR, 2 doors below American House, dealer in Builders Hardware, Mechanics Tools, Farm and Garden Implements, Seeds, Pumps, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Cutlery, &c. Stock large, and entirely new. apr28tf

C. C. CHAMBERLAIN & CO., Delaware, Ohio, dealers in Hardware, Cutlery & Tools also, dealers in Agricultural Implements; Reaping and Mowing Machines, Threshing Machines, Plows, Harrows, &c., &c.
C. C. CHAMBERLAIN. J. H. HUMPHREYS.

D. POTTER & CO., Templar Hall, Dealers in Iron, Nails, Glass, House Building Materials, Farmer's and Mechanic's Tools, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware Generally. janl1 '67

JEWELERS.

C. PLATT, No. 3 Williams Block, dealer in Fine Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware. Agent for the Howe Sewing Machine. apr1 69

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

T. A. BEACH, PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHER, over J. Hyatt & Co.'s Store.

DRUGGISTS.

HOWE BROS., City Drug Store, cor. Sandusky and William streets, dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Lamps, &c. janel, '70-1y

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. H. WHITE, Physician and Surgeon, can be found the two doors south of the Postoffice, where he has permanently established his office and residence. mr31

DR. JOHN A. LITTLE offers his professional services to the citizens of Delaware and vicinity, hoping by prompt and faithful attention to business to merit and receive a fair proportion of patronage.

TINWARE, &c.

C. H. CROMLETON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds Stoves, 3 doors east Williams Block.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. H. GRIFFITH, Dealer in American and Italian Marble, opposite the O. W. University, Delaware, O. Statues, Monuments, Urns, Vases, Mantles, Cabinet and Counter Slabs, constructed from the best signs and choicest marble. do

FINANCIAL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Delaware, Ohio, Second Building South American House. RECEIVES Deposits, Loans Money, Buys and sells exchange, and Gold and Silver, and does a General Banking Exchange and Collection Business. Also deals in all kinds of Government Securities.
GOVERNMENT BONDS constantly on hand and for sale.
M. J. RIDDLE, President. B. FOWLER, Vice President. W. E. MOORE, Cashier.

DELAWARE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK, First Building South of American House, Delaware, Ohio. RECEIVES Deposits, Loans Money, Buys and sells Exchange, Gold and Silver, and does a General Banking Business. GOVERNMENT SECURITIES for sale. Will pay interest on Deposits as follows: 4 per cent. per annum if left 60 days, 5 per cent. per annum if left 6 months, 6 per cent. per annum if left 8 months and over, payable on demand.
REVENUE STAMPS FOR SALE.
H. WILLIAMS, Pres't. S. MOORE, Cash'r. January 20, 1869-tf.

COAL.

NEW COAL YARD.
W. R. CLARK, General Dealer in Coal.
HAS opened a new Coal Yard near the Railroad, directly north of the Depot. Orders may be left at the Grocery Store of Gallcher and Pierson, or at the office on Depot Street. sep10 69tf

HENRIE E. BUCK, (Successor to Hills & Buck,) DEALER IN HOCKING, MASSILLON AND ANTHRACITE COAL, Sewer Pipe and Drain Tile. Office—CITY MILLS. Orders left with J. Hyatt & Co. will be filled promptly. jan28tf

BOOK BINDING.

NEW BOOK BINDERY!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:
Now is your time to get your PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, MUSIC BOOKS, ORDER BOOKS, &c., NEATLY BOUND.
You don't want to send them to another city for binding as you have a splendid Book Binder in Delaware. Call in and examine the style of Binding at
Wm. Goerke's,
on Winter street, three doors west of Main, in the new building over Stauble & Co.'s Meat Market.
Look for the Sign.
dec30 '70-1y

Wants not all Supplied.
ESPECIALLY those of having a good and durable likeness of THEMSELVES AND FRIENDS.
These can be had at
196 South Main Street,
by leaving a small picture of any size even so small as those in lockets, made any size up to Life Size, Colored in Oil which will continue to assert in the only really durable coloring in use. Will neither grow lighter nor darker, continuing the same for ages, and be cleaned as many times by Water or Oil without fear of injuring the picture. Put up in the best Frames, costing no more than water coloring, or Indian Ink. Satisfaction given in every case or not required to take the work. Give us a call before making your choice.
MRS. S. S. BURKHOLDER.
N. B.—Agent wanted in every town in the County. mr9-1y

A NOTHER Cargo of choice TEAS just received at (to sell at cost prices) AUG 27-tf JNO. W. DONAVIN'S.

DELAWARE GAZETTE.

VOL. LIII. DELAWARE, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1871. NO. 1.

For Sale on Time.

A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS.

Being otherwise engaged, I will sell my Varnish Factory upon the following terms:
ALL VARNISHES
at the appraisement of any good judges *after thorough trial.*
ALL MATERIALS
at present New York cost and freight.
ALL BUILDINGS
and Implements at cost, with proper deduction for injury.
With satisfactory security I will give time enough to convert the entire stock into money. Owing to my unfortunate accident while experimenting with turpentine and my introducing varnish without age, this community neighbors my stock of varnishes. I have not a barrel of Benzine varnish on hand and will GUARANTEE every article to prove after trial as represented and fully equal to any varnishes sold for the same money any where in the United States; also that my beeswax is good and can be bought any where at any price.
A rare chance for a good man to engage in a money making business. Reciprocal company invoice. ISAAC RANNEY.
mr-16-tf

FOR SALE.

Two Fine Properties

SITUATED on Railroad Street, North side, between Sandusky and Franklin Streets.
THAT LARGE, DOUBLE, TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,
Containing nine large rooms, two halls, and cellar under the whole house.
THE TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE
situated on the same lot, nearly new, containing five rooms, hall and fine cellar under the whole house.
THE LOT
on which these buildings are situated is 125 feet front on Railroad street and 185 feet deep. There is a good frame stable, 24 large apple trees, a variety of other fruit and small fruit in abundance. There are two cisterns; one for each house, one holding the capacity of 150 bbls; smoke house and everything necessary to the comfort of the families occupying the house.
Those properties situated within FIVE MINUTES walk of the University buildings and are nearing doubled to any one desiring to keep boarders, or to persons desiring to make an investment in Real Estate, as they will always command the best of rents. Will be sold at a bargain.
Apply to HURLBUTT & LYBRAND, Or at FRANK WALTER'S, on Main street.
Jan-30-3m

EDUCATIONAL.

1866. OHIO BUSINESS COLLEGE! 1870.
DELAWARE, OHIO.
A Complete, Thorough and Systematic Commercial College and Writing Institute, for Educating Young Men, Boys and Ladies for Business or Teachers by Practice.
Cost of Tuition—One-third less than in most other Institutions of the kind.
Circulars containing terms, &c., sent *free* on receipt of a three-cent stamp.
In addition to the Commercial and Writing Department, there is in this College, from the 15th of April until the 15th of September, a
NORMAL SCHOOL DEPARTMENT,
for Teachers to pursue the studies requisite in Common Schools, in connection with thorough instruction in Penmanship. Young Teachers will find this last step place to qualify themselves for a high standing in their profession.
For further particulars call at the College or address J. W. SHARP, Proprietor.
nov22 '70-1yr

INSURANCE.

A WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY.
Is It Not Time to Keep Our Money at Home?
Is the West to Continue to Build Up Eastern Cities and Enrich Eastern Capitalists?
THESE are pertinent questions to which our citizens should answer before insuring their property. For years the West has been paying an annual tribute to the East, by patronizing Eastern Fire Insurance Companies. This constant and continuous drain has seriously affected the financial interests of the West, and the people of Ohio have sought for means to check the tide, and retain these interests to our own benefit. The organization of Fire Insurance Corporations has afforded an effective means, and to-day the Insurance Companies incorporated by the State of Ohio are among the most solvent and effective in the country. Among these incorporations the
"SONS OF COLUMBUS,"
occupies a most enviable position. Organized by gentlemen of acknowledged probity and capacity, with a paid-up capital exceeding
HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS,
She enters the insurance field with all the elements of success. Her career thus far will compare favorably with any similar institution in the country, and her future promises to specially rank her among the foremost. There exists a large portion of the State which has not manifested its interest in the success of this institution. The best known business men throughout the State have become stockholders, and an earnest disposition is shown to build up a Western Fire Insurance Company, which will be without a rival.
No company offers more or better security than the "SONS OF COLUMBUS." Its assets amount to $515,279, while its entire liabilities, exclusive capital stock, are only $34 199 66. Nearly a half a million of dollars security. This is ample beyond any contention, and should command the Company to our citizens.
The following well-known gentlemen of this place are stockholders in the "SONS": Hon. T. C. Jones, H. M. Carper, W. P. Reid, J. D. Van Deusen, Prof. W. G. Williams, A. Lyrand, C. B. Peck, T. E. Powell, J. M. Milligan, J. H. Mendenhall, Chas. O. Little, R. N. Jones, B. F. Loofborough, S. K. Donavin.
Risks Written at Adequate Rates.
S. K. DONAVIN, Agent
apr29tf

LUMBER, NAILS, &c.

CLIPPENGER & CO., HAVING opened a Lumber Yard and Ware House, on Winter Street, between the Suspension Bridge and Railroad Depot, are prepared to offer great inducements to purchasers. We are receiving and will have constantly on hand a large stock of
PINE, POPLAR, ASH, WALNUT, AND OTHER LUMBER,
Choice Seasoning, Siding, Flooring, Shingles, Lath, Fence Boards and Posts,
which having purchased from first hands, they are enabled to sell at the lowest cash rates. Also, Iron, Nails, Window Glass, &c. We can sell to Merchants and others on the most favorable terms.
Jan. 1 '68. CLIPPENGER & CO

H. J. McCULLOUGH, Lumber Merchant,
DEALER IN
All Kinds of Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Nails, Glass, White Lead, Oil, Salt, Calcined Plaster, Water Lime and Cement. Corner Winter and Henry streets, near Suspension Bridge. febl5 70—tf

DELAWARE COUNTY TEA COMPANY!
JNO. W. DONAVIN, Agent.
Jan-27-tf

A NEW ERA IN MUSIC.
Unparalleled for Cheapness and Completeness.
LOOK AT THE PRICES!
Ditson & Co's Standard Operas.
Bruant. Fausta. Lucia de Lammermoor. Norma. Martha. Lucrezia Borgia. Traviata. Sonnambula. Trovatore. Puritani. Marriage of Figaro.
Price $1,00 each; Handsomely Bound $2,00.
Also Instrumental Arrangements of Der Freischutz, Don Giovanni, Bruant, Fausta, Lucia, Lucretia, Martha, Norma, Sonnambula and Trovatore.
Large Paper, Elegantly Bound, $1,00 each.
Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.
A beautiful style of Silk Hats just received at Jones and Pumphrey's. apr29tf

LEGEND OF THE EASTER EGGS.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

Trinity bells, with their hollow lungs,
Their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city rour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climes his father's knee,
"Why are those eggs that you s-e me hold,
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the beautiful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay,
Why cloud this youngster by saying nay?
So I cringe my lo ialsa? the story he begs,
And tell him the tale of the Easter eggs.

"You have heard, my boy, of the One who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward,
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously touched it within the rock
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close to the tomb, a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with moss like malachite
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the morn was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow so wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so fond and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came, through the weeping night,
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Soaring notes, still higher, higher,
They shoot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth,
That hailed Christ risen from the earth,
He said, 'sweet bird be forever blest;
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest.'"

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue,
And burn with red, and gold and blue;
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter day."

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

BY REV. C. C. M'CABE.

[Published by request.]

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—CHORUS.

I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,—
More wondrously sweet.
I love to tell the story
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

LEE'S RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

Confederate General Imboden contributes to the April Galaxy a paper on the battle of Gettysburg, from which we extract the following:

After a good deal of conversation he (General Lee) sent for his chiefs of staff and ordered them to have everything in readiness for me to take command the next morning, remarking to me that the general instructions he had given would be sent to me next day in writing. As I was about leaving to return to my camp, he came out of his tent and said to me in a low tone: "I will place in your hands to-morrow a sealed package for President Davis, which you will retain in your own possession till you are across the Potomac, when you will detail a trusty commissioned officer to take it to Richmond with all possible dispatch, and deliver it immediately to the President. I impress it upon you that whatever happens this package must not fall into the hands of the enemy. If you should unfortunately be captured, destroy it."

On the morning of the 4th my written instructions and the package for Mr. Davis were delivered to me. It was soon apparent that the wagons and ambulances and the wounded could not be ready to move till late in the afternoon. The General sent me four four-gun field batteries, which with my own gave me twenty-two guns to defend the trains.

Shortly after noon the very windows of heaven seemed to have been opened. Rain fell in dashing torrents, and in a lit le while the whole face of the earth was covered with water. The meadows became small lakes; raging streams ran across the road in every depression of the ground; wagons, ambulances, and artillery carriages filled the roads and fields in all directions. The storm increased in fury every moment. Canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded, lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies, were drenched by the cold rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm, and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost impossible to communicate orders. Night was rapidly approaching, and there was danger that in the darkness the "confusion" would become "worse confounded."—About four P. M. the head of the column was put in motion and began the ascent of the mountain. After dark I set out to gain the advance. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly, and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front, and heard more—it was too dark to see—of the horrors of war than I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run up to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or Minie ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of shell had lacerated their heads. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid. Many had been without food for thirty-six hours. The irragged, bloody, and dirty clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds. Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed sound, strong men. From nearly every wagon, as the horses trotted on, such cries and shrieks as these greeted the ear:

"O God! why can't I die?"

"My God! will no one have mercy and kill me and end my misery?"

"Oh, stop one minute and take me out and leave me to die on the roadside."

"I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children! what will become of you?"

Some were praying; others were uttering the most fearful oaths and execrations that despair could wring from them in their agony. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and sobs could be heard.—No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On, on; we *must* move on. The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and the guards disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded and helpless in that vast train of misery. The night was awful, and yet in it was our safety, for no enemy would dare to attack us when he could not distinguish friend from foe. We knew that when day broke upon us we would be harrassed by bands of cavalry hanging on our flanks. Therefore our aim was to go as far as possible under cover of the night, and so we kept on. It was my sad lot to pass the whole distance from the rear to the head of the column, and no language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war.

Daybreak on the morning of the 5th found the head of our column at Greencastle, twelve or fifteen miles from the Potomac at Williamsport, our point of crossing. Here our apprehended troubles from the Union cavalry began. From the fields and cross-roads they attacked us in small bodies, striking the column where there were few or no guards, and creating great confusion.

To add still further to our perplexities, a report was brought that the Federals in large force held Williamsport. This fortunately proved untrue. After a great deal of harrassing and desultory fighting along the road, nearly the whole immense train reached Williamsport a little after the middle of the day. The town was taken possession of; all the churches, school-houses, etc., were converted into hospitals, and proving insufficient, many of the private houses were occupied. Straw was obtained on the neighboring farms; the wounded were removed from the wagons and housed; the citizens were all put to cooking and the army surgeons to dressing wounds. The dead were selected from the train—from my own included on the way—and were decently buried. All this had to be done because the tremendous rains had raised the river more than ten feet above the fording stage, and we could not possibly cross.

Our situation was frightful. We had over 10,000 animals and all the wagons of General Lee's army under our charge, and all the wounded that could be brought from Gettysburg. Our supply of provisions consisted of a few wagon loads of flour and a small lot of cattle. My effective force was only about 2,100 men and twenty-odd field pieces. We did not know where our army was; the river could not be crossed; and small parties of cavalry were still hovering around. The means of ferriage consisted of two small boats and a small wire rope stretched across the river, which owing to the force of the swollen current broke several times during the day. To reduce the space to be defended as much as possible, all the wagons and animals were parked close together on the river bank.

Believing that an attack would soon be made upon us, I ordered the wagoners to be mustered, and, taking three out of every four, organized them into companies, and armed them with the weapons of the wounded men found in the train. By this means I added to my effective force about five hundred men. Slightly wounded officers promptly volunteered their services to command these improvised soldiers; and many of our quartermasters and commissaries did the same thing. We were not seriously molested on the 5th; but next morning about nine o'clock information reached me that a large body of cavalry from Frederick, Maryland, was rapidly advancing to attack us. As we could not retreat further, it was at once frankly made known to the troops that unless we could repel the threatened attack we should all become prisoners, and that the loss of his whole transportation would probably ruin General Lee; for it could not be replaced for many months, if at all, in the then exhausted condition of the Confederate States. So far from repressing the ardor of the troops, this frank announcement of our peril inspired all with the utmost enthusiasm. Men and officers alike, forgetting the sufferings of the past few days, proclaimed their determination to drive back the attacking force or perish in the attempt. All told, we were less than 3,000 men. The advancing force we knew to be more than double ours, consisting, as we had ascertained, of five regular and eight volunteer regiments of cavalry, with eighteen guns, all under the command of Generals Buford and Kilpatrick. We had no works of any kind; the country was open and almost level, and there was no advantage of position we could occupy. It must necessarily be a square stand-up fight, face to face. We had twenty-two field guns of various calibre, and one Whitworth. These were disposed in batteries, in semicircle, about one mile out of the village, on the summit of a very slight rising ground that lies back of the town. Except the artillery, our troops were held out of view of the assailants, and ready to be moved promptly to any menaced point along the whole line of nearly two miles in extent. Knowing that nothing could save us but a bold "bluff" game, orders had been given to the artillery as soon as the advancing forces came within range to open fire along the whole line, and keep it up with the utmost rapidity. A little after one o'clock they appeared on two roads in our front, and our batteries opened. They soon had their guns in position, and a very lively artillery fight began. We fired with great rapidity, and in less than an hour two of our batteries reported that their ammunition was exhausted. This would have been fatal to us but for the opportune arrival at the critical moment of an ammunition train from Winchester. The wagons were ferried across to our side as soon as possible, and driven on the field in a gallop to supply the silent guns.—Not having men to occupy half our line, they were moved up in order of battle, first to one battery, then withdrawn and double-quicked to another, but out of view of our assailants till they could be shown at some other point on our line. By this manœuvring we made the impression that we had a strong supporting force in rear of all our guns along the entire front. To test this, General Buford and Kilpatrick dismounted five regiments and advanced them on foot on our right. We concentrated there all the men we had, wagoners and all, and thus, with the aid of the united fire of all our guns directed at the advancing line, we drove it back, and rushed forward two of our batteries four or five hundred yards further to the front.—This boldness prevented another charge, and the fight was continued till near sunset with the artillery. About that time General Fitzhugh Lee sent a message from toward Greencastle, that if we could hold out an hour he would reinforce us with 3,000 men. This intelligence elicited a loud and long-continued cheer along our whole line, which was heard and understood by our adversaries, as we learned from prisoners taken. A few minutes later General J. E. B. Stuart, advancing from Hagerstown, fell unexpectedly upon the rear of their right wing, and in ten minutes they were in rapid retreat by their left flank in the direction of Boonsborough. Night coming on enabled them to escape.

By extraordinary good fortune we had thus saved all of General Lee's train.—A bold charge at any time before sunset would have broken our feeble lines, and we should all have fallen an easy prey to the Federals. This came to be known as "the wagoners' night" in our army. I ain the fact that so many of them were armed and did such gallant service in repelling the attack made on our right by the dismounted regiments of cavalry. Our defeat that day would have been an irreparable blow to General Lee, in the loss of all his transportation. Every man engaged knew this, and probably in no fight of the war was there a more determined spirit shown than by this handful of cooped-up troops. The next day our army from Gettysburg arrived, and the country is familiar with the manner in which it escaped across the Potomac on the night of the 9th.

It may be interesting to repeat one or two facts to show the peril in which we were until the river could be bridged. About 4,000 prisoners taken at Gettysburg were ferried across the river by the morning of the 9th, and I was ordered to guard them to Staunton. Before we had proceeded two miles I received a note from General Lee to report to him in person immediately. I rode to the river and was ferried over, and galloped out toward Hagerstown. As I proceeded I became satisfied that a serious demonstration was making along our front from the heavy artillery fire extending for a long distance along the line. I overtook General Lee riding to the front near Hagerstown. He immediately reined up, and remarked that he believed I was familiar with all the fords of the Potomac above Williamsport, and the roads approaching them. I replied that I knew them perfectly. He then called up some one of his staff to write down my answers to his questions, and required me to name all fords as high up as Cumberland, and describe minutely their character, and the roads and surrounding country on both sides of the river, and directed me to send my brother, Colonel Imboden, to him to act as a guide with his regiment, if he should be compelled to retreat higher up the river to cross it. His situation was then very precarious. When about parting from him to recross the river and move on with the prisoners, he told me they would probably be rescued before I reached Winchester, my guard was so small, and he expected a force of cavalry would cross at Harper's Ferry to cut us off; and he could not spare to me any additional troops, as he might be hard pressed before he got over the river, which was still very much swollen by the rains. Referring to the high water, he laughingly inquired, "Does it ever quit raining about here? If so, I should like to see a clear day."

These incidents go to show how near Gettysburg came to ending the war in 1863. If we had been successful in that battle, the probabilities are that Baltimore and Washington would at once have fallen into our hands; and at that time there was so large a "peace party" in the North, that the Federal Government would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on the war.—General Lee's opinion was that we lost the battle because Pickett was not supported, "as he was to have been." On the other hand, if Generals Buford and Kilpatrick had captured the ten thousand animals and the entire transportation of Lee's army at Williamsport, it would have been an irreparable loss, and would probably have led to the fall of Richmond in the autumn of 1863. On such small circumstances do the affairs of nations sometimes turn.

HOW THE DEVIL "FORECLOSED" ON TOM WALKER.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and put his wits to work to cheat him out of his conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strongly, as if heaven were about to be carried by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week by the clamor of his Sunday devotion! The quiet Christians who had been modestly and quietly traveling Zionward were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religion as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecutions of the Quakers and the Anabaptists. In a word Tom's zeal became as his riches. Still, in spite of his strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil might still would have his due. Lest he might be taken unawares, therefore, it is said that he always carried a small Bible in his pocket. He also had a folio Bible in his counting-room desk, and would quite frequently be found reading when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say Tom grew a little crack-brained in his older days, and that, fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled, and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost, because that, at the last day, the world would be turned upside down, in which case he would find his horse ready to mount, and he was determined at the worst to give his Satanic friend a run for it. This is probably, however, an old wife's fable. If he really did take that precaution, it was totally superfluous; at least, so says the authentic old legend, which concludes his story in the following manner:

One hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust came up, Tom sat in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unhappy speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few month's indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber.

"Charity begins at home," cried Tom; "I must take care of myself these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing."

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door.

He stepped out to see who was there. A black man with a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you are come for," said the black man, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk, buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose—never was a sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse, and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and started after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker dashing down the streets, his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavements at every bound. When the clerks turned to look, the black man had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived near the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he caught sight of a figure such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the hemlock swamps toward the old Indian fort, and that shortly afterward a thunderbolt fell in that direction, which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. They had been so accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects.—There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all bonds and mortgages were found reduced to ashes. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his hall-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burned to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all grinding money brokers lay the story well to heart. The truth is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day, and the neighboring swamp and the old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horse-back, in a morning gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has solved itself into a proverb, and is the original of the popular saying prevalent throughout New England of "the Devil and Tom Walker."—*Washington Irving.*

FEBRUARY IN CALIFORNIA.

The following is an extract from a letter dated at Oakland, California, last week of February, 1871, to the Cleveland *Herald*, from Miss Emma Janes, a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware, and a lady who has many friends and acquaintances in his locality.—*Eds. Gazette.*

"Looking out from my window this morning, a charming window on a hill-top, full fronting the Golden Gate, my eyes are greeted with the unaccustomed sight of snow on the mountain summits beyond the Bay. Thoughts of far Ohio come crowding over me—snow-bound Ohio with its wealth of warm hearts—and I feel "keen" for an hour's pen-talk with any indulgent friends who will read these way-side jottings kindly for the old times' sake.

"This is my second year's experience on the Pacific coast, to which I came a student of nature, hungering, most of all, for God's mountains and his sea; and if in some faint measure their glory has entered and satisfied my soul, I am humbly thankful in the thought, and count myself ever-more a debtor to Providence for this new discipline of life.

"You remember that the dear Joan Paul—he who "loved God and little children"—says we should never speak of the Supreme One to a child, save in sublime and memorable moments. There are two little nieces, dear to my heart, who I wish could nestle down on the broad window-seat before me as I stand and look at this landscape glowing with the lustre of the early spring, that I might show them our Father's hand in the waving outline of these encircling mountains, the Bay's bright azure, the messenger-clouds borne on by the morning breeze, and the green, level fields that stretch from the foot of our hill to the water's edge, dotted with subtropical trees. A carriage drive of 150 rods, shaded with cedars, whose sombre green is relieved by the feathery bloom of the acacia and the sword-like foliage of the Australian gum-tree, (Eucalyptus) winds down to Telegraph Avenue, the longest street in Oakland. A mile to the north-ward lies the Temescal, an old Spanish settlement, near which stands California's noble institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. From that point, a line of horse-cars leads down the avenue and past our College hill, to the foot of the ferry train on Broadway, a mile south of us thus linking this classic city of 12,000 souls, the Athens of the sunset coast, with San Francisco four miles away. To show you the healthy growth of Oakland, there were in 1870, more than a thousand buildings erected, more by actual count, than in its metropolitan neighbor, and since the opening of the new year there have been upwards of a hundred begun, a large proportion of them being tasteful and elegant residences.

"You will infer from what it is also quite an educational centre, indeed, if I should try but to enumerate the schools in flourishing activity here your patience would be exhausted before the list was closed; and they are all styles and grades, from the State University down to a fine Kindergarten, under the management of Miss Emma Smith, who, two years ago, taught gymnastics in your East High School. The "Female College of the Pacific" is owned by Rev. Dr. Walsworth, a native of Cleveland (on the site of where your "American House" now stands). We have the finest educational building as yet completed on this coast, and quite a cosmopolitan corps of teachers. Our list for this year embraces a French gentleman who lost an arm skirmishing with the Maroons, in the English service, at New Zealand; an Italian and German as music-masters; an American lady, born and reared in the Sandwich Islands (we are very neighborly with that fine volcanic group, and are wont to speak of them familiarly as "The Islands"), besides lady graduates of Oberlin, Albany, Troy, Pittsburgh and Delaware respectively. Yale sends us a new Principal, now on his way, Mr. D. P. Sackett, son of a well know citizen of Tallmadge, Ohio. Our lady teacher from the Seminary at Pittsburgh, is a niece of Messrs. James and Jabez Fitch, of your city. I have never seen schools better disciplined, or scholars more loyal and ambitious than ours, and other neighboring institutions that I could name.

On the hill south of us, a fine military academy is located. By accident, perhaps, or perhaps because the young men are prone to go where the maidens most do congregate, the cadets often march over this way on dress parade, and their agony of drum-beating, and unimpeachable uniforms recall a year passed at the old Humiston Institute, on the "Heights," where my life was measured off by drum-beats.

A little boy hearing his father say, "There is a time for all things," asked his mother: "When is the proper time for hooking sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

A hotel in a small southern town advertises: "Ally Gator supe for Breakfast, dinner and Supper."

Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A wile old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined." Poor rule that don't work both ways.

Pioneer Sketches of Delaware County.

NO. VIII.

[Written for the Delaware Gazette.]

DELAWARE CONTINUED.

"People speak of the olden times. The present is the oldest time of which we have any knowledge—*Dr. Fuller.*"

This is the Golden Age. In speaking of the former times the writer is actuated by no desire to make them appear better, more joyous, or freer from life's hardships than the present. I simply wish to state facts. Errors will unavoidably occur, but their correction will lead to a better apprehension of the truth.—In offering the readers of the GAZETTE a few additional items in the earlier history of Delaware, I do not claim to complete it, nor do I omit any part of it intentionally. One of the first boarding houses was kept by John Blackbird and his mother, in the vicinity of the O. W. F. College, and near Delaware Run.—Slices of venison, hung in the open air until fully ripe, formed no small part of the rations of this hospitable mansion. A hundred coons, in different stages of putrefaction, at times adorned the exterior and interior walls. At such a time a venerable pioneer, still living, spent a night in this tenement of the wilderness.

The eminence of South Delaware, west of the University, was covered with a dense forest. The lowlands of Delaware Run were mostly a glade, or plain, in the forest abounding in strawberries and wild flowers in their season, with here and there a plum orchard, a crab apple tree, a scrub oak, or a black-jack. About the White Sulphur Spring, and in other places, were "deer-licks." One of these, on the site of Evans' Block, was so strong that the Indians obtained salt from evaporation of the water contained in it. The extensive plum-thickets north of Wottring & Miller's Grist Mill yielded, annually, scores of bushels of delicious fruit for years after the settlement of Delaware by the whites.

Not many of the works first made in Delaware by the present generation remain. The residence of M. Miller, since remodeled, the one opposite,