

# Clearfield

# Republican.

D. W. MOORE,  
G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

TERMS—\$1.25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

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CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1862.

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### THE "REPUBLICAN."

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
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If paid any time within the year, 1.50  
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One square, (14 lines), \$ 50	1 30	\$1.00
Two squares, (28 lines), 1.00	1 50	2.00
Three squares, (42 lines), 1.50	2 00	2.50
One square, (14 lines), 2 00	3 months	6.00, 12 mo. 10.00
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### JOB PRINTING.

An extensive stock of Jobbing material enables the Publisher of the "Republican" to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of PRINTING, BOOKS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, FINE BOOKS, CARDS, LABELS, BALL TICKETS, HANDBILLS, and every kind of printing usually done in a country office.

### COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**Time of Holding Court.**  
Second Monday of January,  
Third Monday of March,  
Third Monday of June,  
Fourth Monday of September.

**County Officers.**  
District Judge, Hon. Samuel Linn, Bellefonte.  
Asst. Judge, Hon. J. D. Thompson, Clearfield.  
Sheriff, Edward Parker, Clearfield.  
County Clerk, John L. Cottle, Clearfield.  
Register, James W. Wright, Clearfield.  
Treasurer, J. W. Potter, Clearfield.  
Commissioners, Wm. Merrell, Clearfield, S. G. Thompson, Clearfield, Jacob Knapp, Clearfield, B. C. Bowman, Clearfield, A. B. Shaw, Clearfield, C. S. Warner, Clearfield, Jessie Brown, Clearfield.

**List of Post Offices.**

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Clearfield	Clearfield	T. A. McGhee
Clearfield	Clearfield	J. W. Campbell
Clearfield	Clearfield	H. H. Hendrickson
Clearfield	Clearfield	J. B. Miller
Clearfield	Clearfield	J. E. Penn
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Clearfield	Clearfield	W. F. Fleming
Clearfield	Clearfield	R. J. Dale
Clearfield	Clearfield	B. Brubaker
Clearfield	Clearfield	Joe Lookert

**W. M. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW.**  
Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with L. J. Crane, Esq., on Second street.  
March 26, 1862.—1f.

**Luthersburg Hotel,**  
LUTHERSBURG,  
CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA.

**HENRY EVANS, Proprietor.**  
March 12, 1862.—1y.

**D. G. BUSH, T. J. McCULLOUGH,**  
**BUSH & McCULLOUGH,**  
Collection Office,  
CLEARFIELD, PA.  
137 IN GRABAN'S NEW BUILDING.  
Feb. 5, '62.

**J. PATTERSON, Attorney at Law,**  
Clearfield, Pa. Office with L. J. Crane,  
Esq., on Second street.  
Feb. 5, '62.

**DR. J. W. POTTER,**  
Physician and Surgeon, has permanently  
located at Frenchville, Clearfield Co., Pa.  
and his professional services to the surrounding  
community. May 8, 1861.

**DANIEL GOODLANDER,**  
Justice of the Peace,  
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.  
will attend promptly to all business entrusted  
to his care. P. O. Address, Philipsburg Pa.  
March 28, 1860.—y. p4.

**CYRILLUS HOWE,**  
Justice of the Peace,  
For Decatur Township,  
will promptly attend to all business entrusted  
to his care. P. O. Address, Philipsburg Pa.  
Aug. 21st 1861.

### RYE COFFEE.

—OR—  
HOW SAMUEL AWL WAS CONVERTED.

Before we attempt to tell you how, permit us, kind reader, first to introduce to you the subject of our tale—Mr. Samuel Awl, and his neighbor, Peter Saw.

Samuel Awl is a gentleman—a knight of the 'last,' a good natured, industrious sort of a fellow, a man of principle and sound common sense, and highly esteemed by all who know him. His neighbor, Peter Saw, follows the occupation of Joseph of old, and is a gentleman in the full acceptance of the term; a man of great discernment, fond of reading, well informed and a prodigy in figures. An individual in whose company any one may spend an occasional leisure hour, agreeably and profitably. He is a man in every circumstance—the result, not of stings, but of upright industry and rigid economy—not the father of an interesting family of six children, four boys and two girls. His political tenets are, as a matter of course, of the Democratic order. (No sensible being, as you well know, will believe in any other creed.)

Well then, it so happened one day, or rather evening, of last week, that we found ourselves at friend Peter Saw's, entering the spacious kitchen, we found the entire family congregated there. The female portion industriously plying their needles, the boys perusing some of the latest papers, others their books. Mrs. Saw was busily preparing the evening repast, while the old gentleman was extolling the virtues of 'Rye Coffee' to his neighbor, Samuel Awl.

"Darn your rye-slop," exclaimed the latter, "give me the real, genuine stuff, I am determined to have it, long as money will buy it."  
"Well, every one to his liking," replied an old friend, "if you prefer and can afford it, I say use it!"

By this time supper was announced, and feeling something of an appetite, we gladly accepted an invitation extended to us. Not a neighbor Awl, "Thank you, I had my supper," said he, "can't you manage a few cups of coffee? I know that you are fond of it, hence you may as well sit by. A few cups on top of your supper won't hurt you. Neighbor Awl, who by the way, is a great lover of that article, could no longer resist the kind invitation of Mrs. Saw, so, accepting the proffered seat, he soon dispatched the contents of his cup. It was replenished a second time. Sam gave us a knowing wink—'We understood him,' when Awl suffered his cup to be filled a third time. Saw could hardly keep from laughing. 'Won't you take another cup, neighbor Awl?' inquired Mrs. Saw. 'Well, I don't care if I do—there is not a woman in our parts that can make a better cup of coffee than you do.' 'Thank you for the compliment,' rejoined the lady. The cup, the fourth time in succession, was again filled and Awl emptied it in double quick time. At this Mr. Saw could perceive his gravity no longer, and we, for obvious reasons, could not but join in his laugh.

"What was that?" he did not know what to make of it.  
"I thought you did not like rye-slop?" inquired Saw.  
"You don't mean to say—"  
"That you have drunk Rye coffee," interrupted one of our friends.  
"Was it? Well, to be honest, I must say it was very good. Upon my soul it was excellent," exclaimed Awl.  
"Didn't I tell you that there wasn't much difference between the two? Indeed all the difference I can perceive is, that the one is Rye, while the other is Ri—o," humorously responded our worthy friend.

Now, although Mr. Awl's prejudice was by this time somewhat overcome, he still contended that, having to live but once, he might as well feast upon the best in the market; and as in this case the saying would not amount to much—only a few pennies per pound, why not use Rio? Quoth Saw: "It is true the saving on a single pound amounts to but a trifle, yet it is the aggregate amount of needless expenditure which we must take into consideration, to arrive at a proper estimate."  
"Many a little makes a mickle," as Poor Richard says. Did you ever make a calculation as to the extent your means would be taxed if you should continue to live as you did in the halcyon days of Democratic rule, when peace and prosperity reigned throughout our land?

"I have never bothered my head much about such matters," replied Samuel Awl.  
"If you didn't I did, and I can show you my accounts if you wish to see them."  
"Go ahead," responded our friend of the "last."  
At this juncture, Mr. Saw retired to his desk, took out a paper and sundry account books and proceeded. By reference to my accounts, I find the quantity of Groceries consumed by us during the year 1860, and the cost of the same, to have been as follows:

20 gallons of molasses at 50 cents,	\$10.00
125 pounds Sugar at 7 cents,	8.75
20 pounds Rice at 6 cents,	1.20
52 pounds Coffee at 16 cents,	8.32
1 pound Tea,	1.00
32 plugs Tobacco at 6 cents,	3.12
Amounting to,	\$37.19

16 yards Gingham at 12 cents,	1.92
18 yards Kentucky Jean at 25 cents,	4.50
12 yards cotton flannel at 12 cents,	1.44
10 yards woolen flannel at 37 1/2 cents,	3.75
4 pounds wool at 35 cents,	1.40
Cotton Laps, &c.,	1.00

To buy the same quantity and quality at present prices, namely: Muslin at 17, Calico at 16, gingham at 16, Kentucky Jean at 35, cotton flannel at 18, woolen flannel at 55 wool at 60 &c., would require \$36.58; hence consuming a like quantity and quality of Dry Goods, would tax our means to the tune of \$14.59. These added to the above \$37.19 would be equivalent to a Tax of \$30.30.

Having demonstrated to you how Abolition taxes the necessities which we consume, I shall in the next place inform you how we are taxed on that which we sell.

Some kinds of northern produce, because deprived of the southern markets, do not rate as high as they did two years ago. Butter is one of the articles thus affected. During the year 1860, we sold 425 pounds of butter; averaging 18 cents per pound, and amounting to \$76.50; while last year we averaged only 12 cents per pound, entailing a loss of \$25.50—Now, presuming that the average price will be about the same this year, our loss on butter would equal an additional tax of 25.50. Adding these to the tax of \$30.30 upon Dry Goods and Groceries amounts to \$55.80.

Now for another item—labor. The least amount I learned in any year during the last decade (prior to 1861) was—as you will find in this book—\$210.00 in 1857. Last year—thanks to Abolitionism!—our earnings amounted to \$110.00. What they will be the coming season I cannot tell. Prospects not being any brighter now than they were six months ago, I fear I shall again be obliged to submit to a tax of \$94.00 on labor. Add to these the \$5.80 (on Dry Goods and Groceries) and we have the snug little sum of \$149.80.

One hundred and forty-nine dollars and eighty cents, ejaculates Awl.  
"Yes, this amount, large as it is for a man in honorable circumstances, would be by no means the whole of the burden imposed upon us by Abolitionism. In addition to the articles enumerated, we need cloth, cassimere, vestings, shawls, blankets, etc., all of which are smartly taxed. Assuming that in former years we expended about \$50.00 annually for goods of that description; we may safely suppose that under the new tariff regulations, the same quantity and quality of these goods would swell the amount by \$20.00. These added to \$149.80 would equal \$169.80.

Now does taxation stop here, for, since we have lost a government, it is but reasonable that it should call upon us to contribute in its support. Uncle Sam—or rather Uncle Abe—will need, it is said, \$200,000,000 to grease the wheels of government. These must be raised by taxation. What my share of this tax will be I am not prepared to say, but may consider myself fortunate if I escape by paying \$30.00.

Adding these to the above \$169.80 amounts to \$199.80. To wind up, State and County will put upon me to the amount of \$20.00 or \$10.00. These added to the above \$199.80 gives us a grand total of \$209.80! Just think of it, Sam! A poor man, who follows a trade and lives on a small lot of twenty-eight acres taxed \$209.80!

"Outrageous! outrageous!" exclaimed Awl. "Had you not represented the matter as clearly as you did, I should never have believed it. \$209.80! why 'tis outrageous! I plainly see the propriety of economy now. Not another pound of coffee or sugar will I buy—we shall have taxes enough to pay without taxing ourselves. \$209.80! monstrous! monstrous!" —*Easton Argus.*

### LONG-FACED PIETY.

I have seen a deacon in the pride of his deep humility. He combed his hair straight, and looked studiously after the main chance; and while he looked he employed himself in setting a good example. His dress was rigidly plain, and his wife was not indulged in the vanities of millinery and mantua-making. He never joked. He did not know what a joke was, any further than to know that it was a sin. He carried a Sunday face through the week. He did not mingle in the happy social parties of the neighborhood. He was a deacon. He starved his social nature because he was a deacon. He refrained from participation in a free and generous life because he was a deacon. He made his children hate Sunday because he was a deacon. He so brought them up that they learned to consider themselves unfortunate in being the children of a deacon. They were pitted by other children because they were the children of a deacon. His wife was pitted by other women because she was the wife of a deacon.—Nobody loved him. If he came into a circle where men were laughing or relating stories, they always stopped until he left. No one ever grasped his hand cordially, or slapped him on the shoulder, or spoke of him as a good fellow. He seemed as dry and hard and tough as a piece of jerked beef. There was no softness of character—no jolliness—no loveliness in him.

Now, it is no use for me to undertake to realize myself that I do admire such a character as this. I do not doubt that he loves such a man as this, as he loves all men; but to admire his style of manhood and piety is impossible for any intelligent being. It lacks the roundness and sweetness, that belong to a truly admirable character. Such a man caricatures Christianity, and scares other men away from it. Such a man ostentatiously presents himself as one in whose life religion is dominant. It is religion that is supposed to rub down that long face, and inspire that stiff demeanor, and to make him every point an unattractive and unlovely man. Of course, it is not religion that does anything of the kind, but has the credit of it with the world, and the world does not like it. It looks around and sees a great many men who do not pretend to religion at all, and yet who are very lovable men. If religion can transform a pleasant man into a most unpleasant one, and change a free, bright and happy home into a dismal place of slavery, and blot out a man's aesthetic and social nature, the world naturally thinks that getting religion would be almost as much of a mistake as getting some melancholy, chronic disease, and I do not blame it. It is not to be wondered at, that the world should mistake the true nature of Christianity, when Christians themselves entertain such glib errors about it.

I suppose God is attracted to very much the same style of character that men are. Christ loved a young man at first sight, who lacked the very thing essential to his highest manhood. But He loved the kind of man He saw before Him. He was upright, frank-hearted, open minded, and bright; and "Jesus beheld him, loved him." There are men whom one cannot help loving and admiring though they lack a great many things—things very "needful" to make them perfect men.—Now, I put it to good, conscientious men and women, whether they do not take more pleasure in the society of a warm-hearted, generous, cheerful, well-to-do man of the world, than in the society of any of that class of whom the deacon I have mentioned is a type. I know they do, and they cannot help it.

There is more of that which belongs to a first class Christian character in the former than in the latter, and if I were called upon to test the two men by commanding them to sell what they have and give to the poor, I should be disappointed were the deacon to behave the best. A character which religion does not fruitfully—does not soften, enlarge, beautify, or enrich—is not possessed itself of religion. God loves that which is beautiful and attractive in character, just as much as we do, and it makes no difference where he sees it. He does not dislike the amiable traits of a sinner because he is a sinner, nor does he admire those traits of a Christian which we feel to be contemptible, and simply because they belong to a Christian.

A Christian sucked dry of his humanity is as juiceless and as flavorless as a sucked orange, and I believe God regards him in the same light that we do. He will save such I do not doubt, for their faith; and, in the coming world, they will learn what they do not know here; but the question whether they are as well worth saving as some of their neighbors may, I think, he legitimately entertained. In saying this, I mean to be neither light nor irreverent. I mean simply to indicate that some men are worth a great deal more to themselves and to their fellows than others.—[*Timothy Titcomb.*]

**SLANDER.**—It is not true that Gideon Welles contracted with a Connecticut man for ten thousand wooden hams for the Navy. The contract was about completed, when it was discovered that hams of any sort were not allowed by the Navy Regulations.—*Lebanon Gazette.*

**BULLY FOR HIM.**—The *Union*, a German paper, published in Pittsburgh, says that when the news of Cameron's appointment as Minister reached Russia, the Emperor immediately collected his plates, jewels and other valuables, which he securely locked up in an underground arch built for the purpose.

**Saxe, the poet,** says that Vermont is famous for four staples, "men, women, maple sugar and horses," and that "the first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are uncommonly hard to beat."

### OUR DAUGHTERS.

The greatest danger to our daughters in the present time is the neglect of domestic education. Not only to themselves, but to husbands, families and the community at large, does the evil extend. By far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in domestic relations, and most of those depend on the domestic culture and habits of the wife and mother. Let our daughters be intellectually educated as highly as possible; let their moral and social nature receive the highest graces of vigor and refinement; but along with these, let the domestic virtues find a prominent place.

We cannot say much about our daughters being hereafter wives and mothers, but we ought to think much of it, and give the thought prominence for their education. Good wives they cannot be, at least for men of intelligence, without culture: good mothers they certainly cannot be without it; and more than this, they cannot be such wives as men need unless they are good housekeepers, without a thorough and practical training to that end. Our daughters should be practically taught to bake, wash, sweep, cook, set table and do everything appertaining to the order, neatness, economy and happiness of the household. All this they can learn as well as not, and better than not. It need not interfere in the least with their intellectual education, nor with the highest degree of refinement. On the contrary, it would greatly contribute thereto. Only let that time which is waste now being frittered away, and spent in idle gossip, frivolous reading, and various modern female dissipations which kill time and health, be devoted to domestic duties and education, and our daughters would soon be all that the highest interests of society demand. A benign, elevating influence would go forth through all the families in the land. Health and happiness would now sparkle in many a lustrous eye, the bloom would soon return to beautify many a faded cheek, and doctor's bills would give way to bills of wholesome fare.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

### MATRIMONIAL.

I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with—then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and I fresh widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition and hair of any other color but red.—As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height I am five feet eight, or eight feet five, forget which.—Weight 135, 315, or 531, one of the three, recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their proper arrangement an somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes bluenut and framed with pea green. Nose blunt, according to the Ionic style of architecture, with a touch of the Composite, and mouth between a catfish and an alligator's—made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears pained, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog-hair, moss and briar bush—well behaved, fearfully luxuriant.

I am sound in limb and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 9, when corns are troublesome, and I can write poetry by the mile with double rhymes on both ends—to read backward, forward, crosswise or diagonally. Can play the jaw-harp and base drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. An very correct in morals, and first rate at ten pins. Never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal and perfectly docile—when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. Sleep every night, mosquitoes permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep I want some one to tell me. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any—and never expect to be.

**A MUSICIAN SOLD.**—A musician recently offered to sell a cow to his neighbor; but after some bantering, his neighbor told the man that his 'cow wasn't worth a song; she was so old she had no front teeth in her upper jaw, and couldn't, therefore, eat young grass.' Singing friend laughed, looked wise, and went off whistling.—But the remark of his neighbor preyed on his mind, and he accordingly went and examined old Brindle's mouth, and to his horror and surprise he found she was 'entirely destitute of upper front teeth.' Infructured he drove off Brindle two miles to the house of the man he had bought her of, through a driving rain storm, with the mud up to his knees, and after beating the surprised farmer for selling him such a cow, demanded his money back at once. As soon as he could get a word in edgewise, the farmer told the angry man that cows never had teeth on the upper jaw, and to convince him, took him out to the barn-yard, when, after opening the mouths of a dozen or so of cattle, young and old, the singing man drove old Brindle into the road, and trudged home behind her, a sadder and a wiser man.

**A GOOD STORY.**—A Quaker volunteer, who was in Virginia skirmishing. Coming in close quarters with a Rebel he remarked, "Friend, it's unfortunate, but thee stands just where I am going to shoot," and blazing away down come Secesh.

**Kissing.** It is said, was an ancient expedient among kinsmen to discover who of the fair circle had been drinking, as it was considered a profanation of their beautiful lips to hate them in wine.

**When you strike a balance,** expect that the blow will be returned.

### ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following letter should have appeared last week. The writer is a member of Capt. Kinny's Company, of Lumber City, and the letter is addressed to his friends in Ferguson township.]

**BERNYSVILLE, Va., March 26, '62.**  
Dear Friends:—I take my pen to let you know that we have moved still further into Dixie, and are now 13 miles east of Winchester. But I will go back and refer to some of the past. On Friday the 21st of March, 1862, we were ordered out as pickets. About sundown we were attacked by Ashby's cavalry and driven back.—About the same time the rebels commenced cannonading us, when two regiments were ordered to make a charge, which they did, bravely driving the enemy back about a mile; at the same time our regiment (the 84th) was ordered to guard our batteries. About dark both sides stopped and all was quiet till morning.

It being Sabbath morning, we dared not commence, so our boys had to wait until about 9 A. M., when the ball was opened by the rebels commencing to cannonade us, which they continued until 3 P. M.—The infantry began the charge, and from that until dark the battle was very hotly contested on both sides. About this time the rebels gave way and were soon scattered in every direction. Company I was relieved at 9 o'clock in the morning to join our regiment on the Strasburg turnpike, but when we got there we could not find our regiment, so we went back to our old camp and got our dinners. We afterwards went out to the battle field, but did not reach it in time to go into the engagement, and were ordered to gather up the killed and wounded. This was an awful sight. Some were shot through their legs, arms, shoulders, bowels, &c., and all crying for help, and some just breathing their last.

The hardest part of the fight was just before we reached the ground. Three of our company were in the fight.—Thomas Goudeberg, Joseph Repeth and Philip McCracken. Had we found our regiment we would have been all in it, and if we had there would have been some of us laid out cold, as the 84th suffered the severest of any of the regiments engaged in proportion to its number, for it is a small regiment, and has as many killed as the largest. There were some eight or ten regiments engaged on our side, and some say as high as fifteen on the side of the rebels. There are 88 killed and wounded in the 84th. About 20 of those were shot dead on the field, and two or three have since died. But you will get the official report in the papers. There are a large number of Clearfield boys in this regiment.

I believe I have given you all the particulars of this fight, save that Gen. Banks is still following Jackson, and has driven him about 25 miles from Winchester towards Staunton, where it is supposed that Jackson and Johnston will give battle.—But if reports are correct, they will not stand long, for their army is completely demoralized—horse used up, their cars was at the battle of Bull Run.

We have got word that our regiment is to be filled up, and a new Colonel appointed for it, as our Lieutenant Colonel declines taking the command.

**Saturday 20th.**—Hon. Judge Barrett paid us a visit yesterday. He is appointed by Gov. Curtin to take charge of the bodies of the killed, and to see that the wounded are properly cared for. The wounded are at Winchester, in care of the Surgeons.

We are told that we will remain at this place until our regiment is recruited up to its full standard of one thousand and ten men, rank and file.

It is not likely that we will get into another fight soon, unless the enemy makes the attack, for they are driven off so far that we can't get to them, and our army is so large that there would not be more than a shot apiece if we should reach them. We are also told that Gen. Shields wants to lead our regiment personally, as it has got a good name, and one that will not soon be forgotten. Sunday the 23d March, 1862, will be a day long to be remembered in this region. The marks of the bullets in the trees will be visible for fifty years to come, for the cannon balls cut the whole tops and limbs off many of them; and I saw an instance where a cannon ball had passed entirely through a white oak tree about 21 feet thick. And where the infantry fired the thickest from our side, and where the rebels lay the thickest, the small trees and grasses are just riddled with musket bullets about as high as a man's head. Where the 84th fired it can be seen that it took the best aim of any of the regiments. I saw supplies 4 inches thick that were cut clean off, and others split for two feet. On this spot the rebels lay just like stuck hogs wallowing in their blood. 84 of them were found on a piece of ground about 4 rods wide and 30 rods long. Our men dug a trench about 40 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet deep, into which the rebels were gathered and buried. There are two more graves that have a large number in; and we have been told that Jackson took some of the dead with him; and our officers say that our men found where he burnt a lot of dead bodies on his flight from Strasburg; and the citizens buried about 50 of them, and our men 310 in the three graves; 83 we can safely say there were from 200 to 400 of the rebels killed on the battle-field and in the flight; and so Jackson will not be likely to come out to meet the Yankees soon again; for we gave them what Uncle Sam has pledged all his boys a farm for.

**Kissing.** It is said, was an ancient expedient among kinsmen to discover who of the fair circle had been drinking, as it was considered a profanation of their beautiful lips to hate them in wine.

**When you strike a balance,** expect that the blow will be returned.