The Clearfield Republican

D. W. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

TERMS:—$2 00 Per Annum. if paid in advance

VOL. XXXVI.—WHOLE NO. 1843. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1865. NEW SERIES—VOL. V.—NO. 29.

PENNSYLVANIA

IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY,

Office 139 South Fifth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL - - - - - - - $1,000,000

200,000 Shares, at $5 each.

Reserved Capital, - - - - $200,000

President, ALEXANDER K. M'CLURE.

DIRECTORS:

A. K. M'CLURE, D. K. JECKMAN,
ELISHA W. DAVIS, THOMAS A. SCOTT,
J. C. BOMBERGER, PETER B. SMALL,
JOHN M. POMEROY.

SECRETARY, TREASURER,
JAMES M. SELLERS. ELISHA W. DAVIS.

The Company has 120 acres of land, in fee, on Allegheny river, immediately opposite Oil City, and adjoining Laytonia, with 110 rods front on the river, and 75 rods front on Lay's Run. Hon. C. P. Ramsdell, editor of the Oil City "Monitor," and agent for this land, assures the Company that it will sell in lots for $100,000, reserving the oil right, which is worth $100,000 additional. Immediate revenue will be derived for the Company from the sale of these lots; and the Company have two good engines, with complete fixtures, to operate immediately for oil. The territory in this immediate locality has never failed to produce profitably.

Also, 100 acres, in fee simple, on the celebrated Cherry Run District, immediately adjoining Cherry Run Petroleum Company, whose stock is now worth over $30 per share. The Company now have offers, which will be accepted, for sinking wells on lease, without any cost to the corporation, and one half the proceeds to go to the Company. The Curtin and St. Nicholas Companies are in this immediate locality, and their stock is now commanding a large premium. In addition, the Company has forty acres, in fee simple, on Cherry Tree Run, which empties into Oil Creek, and in the best producing section of eh Oil Territory; and 110 acres, in fee simple, on Walnut Bend, five miles above the mouth of Oil Creek, and not over two miles from the celebrated Reed well, now producing over 200 barrels per day.

Also, the lease of three tracts of land, two on Oil Creek, each producing over ten barrels per day, and one on Allegheny river, producing ten barrels per day of heavy oil, worth now $21 per barrel. The Company now receives three-fourth of the proceeds of the last named well, and one half of the other two. Each of these tracts will be developed by the Company by sinking additional wells, and the engines and fixtures are now on hand to do it.

The officers of this Company mean to prosecute the development of these lands most energetically, and they have entire confidence that they will yield very large dividends on the capital stock.

☞Subscriptions must be made promptly, as more than one half the stock is already engaged.

Subscriptions will be received at the office of the Company. dec28-3t.

PLENTY LEFT

For Sale:

At the cheap Store of
J. I. MORRIS & Co.,
Philipsburg, Penna.

10 Tons Fresh Pork!
5 Tons Salted Pork!
5 Tons Fresh Beef!
100 Bushels Dried Apples!
20 Bushels Prime Green Apples!
100 Bushels Potatoes!
10 Tons Rye Chop!
5000 Bushels Corn Ears!
ALSO,
Rafting Rope—All Sizes—Augers &c.
500 Barrels Flour, (Extra Family.)
100 Barrels Corn Meal.
250 Bags of Salt. dec. 29-3t.

STRAY COW.—Came trespassing on the premises of the subscriber in Lawrence township, about the 20th November last, a Red and White-Speckled Cow, supposed to be about 4 years old. The owner is required to come forward, prove property, &c., otherwise she will be sold as the law directs. JAMES BROWN.
Lawrence township, Dec. 28, 1864.—pd.

Ladies Furs, Purchasers may rely upon getting the best Furs at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. jan. 11.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Patrick Quinn, late of Penn township, Clearfield county, deceased: therefore all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES CLARK, Adm'r.
Penn township, Dec. 28, 1864.

Ladies' and Children's Hats, Latest Styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. jan. 11.

Ladies Furs, The largest assortment at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. jan. 11.

LEATHER! LEATHER!

AN assortment for sale in Clearfield, by
Dec. 21. MERRELL & BIGLER.

[From the New York World.]

1864, A. D.

Complete Record of Important Events—What the World has been Doing—How History is Made in These Times—War Gazette for the Year—List of Important Battles Since January 1, 1864—Valuable Table for Refference—&c., &c., &c.

[*Concluded.*]

DECEMBER.

1. General Gregg from the Army of the Potomac, captures Stony creek station, and destroys stores. Death of William L. Dayton, United States Minister to France.

2. General Sherman's army passes through Millen, Ga., and encamps in its vicinity.

3. Wheeler's cavalry attack Sherman's force on the Savannah railroad, a few miles below Haynesboro'.

4. Lieutenant-Commander Fitch defeats and drives the left wing of Hood's army on the Cumberland river. Capture of rebel works and cannon near Pocotaligo, S. C., by general Foster's troops. Sherman's army en route for Savannah.

5. Meeting of Congress.

6. Rebels defeated near the Charleston, and Savannah Railroad. Destruction of Pocotaligo bridge on the same road.

7. An infantry and cavalry expedition start south from the Army of the Potomac.

8. The Weldon Railroad torn up by the expedition from the Army of the Potomac; sixteen miles of Road destroyed.

10. General Sherman's troops five miles from Savannah.

11. A messenger from Sherman's army reaches the fleet.

12. The Porter and Butler expedition leaves Fortress Monroe.

18. Continued departure of the great naval expedition from Fortress Monroe Fort McAllister, Savannah, carried by assault by General Sherman, with its garrison and stores. The St. Albans robbers released by the Canadian Judge Coursol. General Sherman reports his arrival before Savannah without the loss of a wagon.

14. Interview between Generals Foster and Sherman. An expedition threatening Mobile reaches Pascagoula.

Battle of Nashville commenced, General Thomas attacking Hood's army at 9 A. M. The rebels driven from the river, from their intrenchments, from a range of hills, on which their left rested, and forced back upon the right and centre, losing much artillery, many prisoners, and a whole line of earthworks. In the night Hood withdraws his right from the river.

16. Battle of Nashville continued. Our army gains a brilliant victory, putting Hoods army to flight, with a loss (in the two days) estimated at seventeen thousand men fifty-one cannon Success of General Canby's two expeditions co-operating with Sherman.

17. General McCook defeats the rebel General Lyon at Ashbyville, Ky. Continued success of Thomas in pursuit of Hood.

18. Defeat of a part of the rebel Gener- Lyon's force at Hopkinsville, Ky.

19. The President issues a proclamation calling for three hundred thousand troops to fill deficiencies in the last draft, and ordering a draft in all districts which had not filled their quotas on February 15.—General Custer's cavalry start on an expedition up the Shenandoah Valley.

20. General Sherman demanded the surrender of Savannah. The city evacuated by Hardee's army in the night.

21. Occupation of Savannah, Ga., by General Sherman, with twenty-five thousand bales of cotton, a large amount of stores, and one hundred and fifty cannon. Recapture of two of the St. Albans robbers. Admiral Farragut appointed Vice Admiral. Admiral Porter's fleet appears before Wilmington.

22. Loss of the United States transport North American, by foundering at sea.—One hundred and ninety-four lives lost.

24. Attack on Fort Fisher, Wilmington, by Porter's fleet. The bombardment lasts from 1 P. M. till night.

25. Attack on Fort Fisher continued. Our troops land under cover of the fire from the fleet, attack the fort, but are repulsed. The land force re-embark. Gen. Thomas's army twenty-one miles south of Columbia.

26. Heavy cannonading on Broad river between Sherman's and Hardee's forces.

GAS AT SIXTY CENTS PER THOUSAND CUBIC FEET.—A process has been discovered in New York, by which gas of a superior quality and high illuminating power, can eq generated from naptha, a residium, from coal oil or petroleum, at a cost not to exceed sixty cents per thousand cubic feet. The gross matter left after the extraction of the gas is said to be valuable for many purposes, and will consequently reduce the cost of gas below the figure stated above. The process is described as exceedingly simple, and requiring very little outlay for its manufacture. It can be, and doubtless will be, extensively introduced into private as well as public buildings. Such is the confidence expressed in the success of the discovery, that we understand Mr. S. N. Pike, now of New York city, has made arrangements for its use in lighting the opera house, where an illustration of its value will be made at no distant period.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞Printers' "devils" are generally, ladies men" notwithstanding they have a rather bad name. Some time ago, our Devil and his lady love were taking an evening stroll, and while walking along, chattering briskly upon the numerous topics of the day, she suddenly caught his hand and looking smilingly in his face, asked; "Do you know why I cannot get religion?" "No" replied he, "I do not my dear." It is because I love the "devil."

A NHW YEAR'S STORY.

"Never, Mrs. Lawson!", exclaimed Judge Carlton, in a voice quivering in passion; "I will never leave one dollar of my estate to Lelian Delacy's children. I said it on the New Year's day twenty years ago, when she left me a desolate, childless old man to become the wife of a low-born artist.

"Well, Judge Carlton, of course you can dispose of your property as you deem best, still it appears to me that when you are conscious that your life is drawing to a close that you had better lay down all enemities and hard feeling this side of the grave, as they be a sorrow and burden to carry beyond." She spoke without fear, the brave, noble-hearted woman, and she looked the proud, stern old man steadily in the face. Judge Carlton winced a little. The words she spoke were facts which there was no laying aside, and they confronted him now with terrible earnestness. He gazed upon the calmly beautiful face of the old Doctor's wife, the only human being who would so fearlessly have told him the truth. For once the proud spirit of the old man recoiled, and when he spoke again there was a change in the tone which told that the words had struck home.

"I settled my mind upon that subject years ago, Mrs. Lawson, and I shall not alter my will, made in perfect health and strength, because I am, as you say near the grave."

"I do not know that you are correct in thus deciding. Judge Carlton; it is my opinion that our eyes are more fully opened when we draw near the end of our journey, and we see many actions of our past lives in a different light."

Judge Carlton did not reply. He leaned his weary head back among the soft damask cushions, gazing with pardonable pride upon the lovely scene before him. The first morning of the New Year was peeping forth, modestly clad in the some-hue-hued gray, but as he advanced he rapidly changed his lines, each being richer and more beautiful than that which preceded it; the ample grounds which surrounded the family mansion were embellished with works of art, and all the elegancies and luxuries that wealth could procure. The foaming river a few yards distant, rushing and leaping over its rocky bed into the abyss below, like a sea of molten silver, with noble lakes in their calm repose, the vast forest land and beautiful valleys and the blue hills in the distance, all combined to make "Carlton Hall" a scene of enchanting loveliness. So thought the owner of all this wealth of beauty, as he sat at the window enjoying the fresh air of the Southern morning, and, as the cool wind fanned the old man's brow, it brought over his soul a wind from the land of his youth, a soft perfumed wind, stealing up and down the dark, silent pathways of his heart. Mrs Lawson saw the change that was passing in his mind; and women like, she had the quick, sympathetic instincts which a good heart and native delicacy bestow.

"Judge, your little girl was *left* mother less very young, was she not?"

It was years since any one had dared mention the name of Lelian Carlton, in her father's presence. The old man started, and a shadow that was like a frown came and went over his marble brow, but in a moment he answered: "She was two weeks old when I received her from her mother's dying arms!"

"And she was your only child; the second Mrs. Carlton had no child, I understand?"

"She was my only one."

After this there was a pause. "My old friend, Mrs. Manvers, passed the day at our house last week," resumed the clear, steady voice of the Doctor's wife. "Perhaps you remember that she nursed your child through a long fever when she was very young."

"Yes, I remember her," said the Judge, with no show of interest.

"Well, she was inquiring for your family, and spoke a great deal of your little daughter, as she was at that time. She must have been a very lively child, as she described her; I fancied I could almost see her, with the thick, glossy curls of golden-brown floating over her dimpled shoulders, and her great blue eyes, full of mirth, her very lips and cheeks like the carnation. No wonder you were so fondly proud of her."

The Judge moved uneasily in his chair, and far off in the eastland of his life he saw standing the small figure and bright face of his beautiful child. And over all the years of pride and bitterness which lay between, his memory swept for a moment, and he forgot all the anger lying deep in his heart as he said; "Yes, Lelian was remarkably handsome."

"She was very like her mother, so the old lady said," persued Mrs Lawson; "she was very much touched when she told me that, one morning, when little Lily started for school the first time, she said she could see the little one just as she was then; standing on the great white step, her brown ringlets clustering round her pretty head, and her little hand slipped in yours; and how when she reached the gate, she turned and called out, 'don't be lonesome, papa, Lily won't be long gone." It is a trifle to speak of, but it touched me to hear of the child's sweet prattle, and it is pleasant to bring back the old days sometimes to our remembrance."

The old mand leaned forward a little, and drank in every word that dropped from the good woman's lips. He forgot that sixty years had blossomed in his gray hairs, and burdened his steps; he was once more a young husband standing by the side of his bride. The door in his heart creaked on their hard rusty hinges, and the wind blew up stronger from the loved of early memories, and penetrated with sweet, mysterious perfumes the hidden places of his soul, and his whole frame vibrated to the old memories; the stern old man was young again.

"I remember it all, Mrs. Lawson," said he and the flash of his eye and the flush o his cheek told more.

"Ah, then," continued the lady, "Mrs. Manvers told of the time when you came so near losing your little girl; it was near a miracle that you ever saved her life; it must——"

"Don't, Mrs Lawson, don't."

There was a sharp plaint of agony in the old man's voice, and the face which he lifted was deadly pale. He arose and walked the room slowly and fearfully, and his massive frame shook as though in the midst of a storm. Then he flung himself into a chair, and the tempest broke where five years there had been a great calm.

"Oh, Lelian my child, my beautiful child," groaned the stricken father; and, bowing his head in his hands, the tears poured down his withered cheeks. He thought of the New Year's night twenty years before when he saw his loved child for the last time: It was on that night he had banished her from his fireside, and his home had ever been dreary and gloomy since. All anger, bitterness, and revenge was forgotten in his anguish now.

Mrs. Lawson was a truely wise woman; she spoke not till the storm of grief went over the soul of the old man. At last she rose and said. "It is time for me to leave you, Judge, and I've only a few words to say. I know not whether your daughter is living or dead, but I beseech you to pause and consider before you cut off heirs from your will. This cold winter night your grand-children may be suffering for the necessaries of life; think of it, and give them, at least, the home of their mother's childhood, as a New Year's gift."

And the lady left the old man alone. The first day of the New Year turned its golden feet slowly toward the night, the wind came coldly through the meadows, mingling with the warm air of the room while, unconscious of all, Judge Carlton paced up and down his room, until twilight deepened into darkness, for his thoughts reverted to by-gone days of happiness. One by one the doors rolled open in the far off years and his soul went back strong and joyful to other days; and wherever he went there stood still before him the form of his beautiful child, in every picture the laughter looked on him. "Lily, come to me, come and comfort your old father this dreary night" he murmured, in just such yearning tones as a mother mourns a lost child. "I wonder where you are this New Year's night, darling," he said, "and if you still look like the queenly beauty you were when you were when I saw you last in this room I can't believe that time could rob you of your charms; I can only see you as I saw you at your New Year's party twenty years ago to-night. The year seems long, very long, since you crossed the threshhold, and my heart is heavy to-night at the memory of your wrongs. Your children shall love the old homestead where you first opened your eyes and grew to womanhood. It should be theirs, and shall be this very night." And the old Judge rang for lights, and the old family servant wondered at the change in his master at the new light in his face and the vigor of his tones. That night Judge Carlton sent for his lawyer; and, before he slept, his will was drawn up, leaving as a "New Year's gift," Carlton Hall and all his vast estate to Lelian DeLacy's children.

The dawn was just breaking in the east. Mrs. Lawson had just risen and was standing by the window. As she turned away, Judge Carlton's errand boy stood panting at the door.

"Why John, what has brought you out, at this hour?"

"The Judge took a poor turn in the night, but has revived and asked for you," replied the boy.

Mrs. Lawson was not long in making her way to the hall. The master lay in the front room, with the Doctors and servants gathered about him; but Mrs. Lawson saw, with a glance into the white face and the glaring eyes, that his end was near. The old man's eyes opened as the lady entered; a new light flickered across the dimness. He took the soft, white hand in his cold one.

"Mrs. Lawson," he said, "I have done as you wished. Last night I made my will, leaving all to Lelia's children as a New Years gift."

"Thank God!" broke from the lips of the kind lady.

"You are right now," and the shrivelled fingers tightened on the warm, living ones. "It is better to drop the burden this side of the grave; it would have been very heavy to carry beyond."

"And you forgive your daughter all the wrong she did you?" interposed the lady.

"As I hope that God may forgive me!" and these were the last words which ever passed the lips of Judge Carlton.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Another week and I shall receive my first quarter's salary! Oh, Lily! it is for your sake that it seems so long and the time passes so slowly." And the youth that had spoken these words with a feeling of pathos and an expression of pain, threw himself down by the side of the lounge.

The slight form of the girl who lay there stirred a little. A smile gleamed about the white lips. "You are the best brother in the world, Edward," said the invalid, "but I see you are wearing yourself to death on my account, and that is harder to bear than all my pain and suffering."

"Don't think of me Lily. I know that every hour is precious now, that your very life depends upon your getting out of this dark, gloomy garrett."

"Oh, I long to leave it!" And the white face of Lily DeLacy kindled with a smile. "Oh, I long to go to the country! How pleasant it will seem, Edward, to leave this close room, and feel the fresh air on my brow."

"Poor little sister," and Edward DeLacy's fingers were slipped through the sunny brown ringlets that shaded the transparent brow of his sister. "It is hard, so hard, to see you lying here, Lily, and to think you cannot get the air and sunshine. If we only had some friends to help us, but we are all alone in the world."

"But we love each other!" and the girl threw her arms around her brother's neck.

"I know that. Oh, Lily, a little while ago I thought I should be all alone, and that you would leave me."

The sunlight poured a flood of golden wine into the chamber where the brother and sister strove to comfort each other.—It was a scantily furnished dark, gloomy room, a few chairs, with a lounge in the corner; were its principle appointments.

There came a loud rapid knock at the door, and Edward drew his arm away and went to answer the door. He did not recognize the two strange gentlemen who stood there and scrutinized his face.

"Can you tell me anything of Mrs Lelian DeLacy, formerly of Carlton Hall?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"That was my mother's name, sir."

"It is only necessary to prove this, and you are the heir of the estate of your grand-father, Judge Edward Carlton!"

The gentlemen entered the chamber, and as they walked in the white face and burning eyes of Lelian DeLacy were lifted toward them.

"She is my sister," said Edward.

"You will not be able to bear the tidings we bring you?"

"Don't mind me, gentlemen," gasped the girl, "It doubtless is a mistake."

"We will be able to prove so in a moment;" and then, turning to the young man, the gentlemen inquired whether he had ever heard his mother speak of her father, Judge Carlton.

"Oh, frequently, sir, but there was some difficulty between papa and grandfather, and papa and mamma left their native place twenty years ago."

The gentleman came forward saying: "We have found you at last. I am your grandfather's lawyer. We advertised for the heirs for the last eight months, and came upon you by the merest accident. I called at a store this evening on some business, and while there heard your name mentioned. It struck me at once. I made some inquiries and obtained your address, and I am here now, my young friend, to congratulate you, for there is no doubt you can establish your claims; and the will of your grandfather places you in the immediate possession of 'Carlton Hall' and the lands about it, worth at least two hundred thousand dollars."

The gentlemen did not ramain longer. There was something in the manner of the brother and sister which made them feel it was best they should be alone—They took leave of them with many expressions of interest, and promised to call early the next morning.

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Another year has passed. The last day of December was hanging, like a pale, golden fringe, on the skirt of winter, and the great trees around "Carlton Hall" stood, tall and bare, shaking a few sodden leaves to the ground whenever the wind walked through their branches. In the old drawing room Edward and Lelian DeLacy stood near the bright fire, where crimson flames gave a picturesque glow to the rich old-fashioned furniture, and formed a vivid contrast with the gloom outside.

"How well you are looking, Lily; I hardly know this bright face" said Edward, looking down to it tenderly.

"That ride this morning has put new life in me. Oh! Edward, it is so pleasant to be well once more."

The bright color had returned to the young girl's lips now, and her cheeks had rounded to soft, oval outlines. Lily leaned her head down a moment on her brother's shoulder, and then lifted it suddenly.

"Come, brother, let us have a song," glancing toward the piano, "it is fitting that this New Year's day should go from us with sweet songs, as it has brought us so many fair and pleasant gifts."

Edward did not reply. He stood looking into the dancing flames with a dreamy expression. Lily bent down and gazed into his face.

"What are you thinking of brother?"

"Of two things, Lily. One was, what could have made grandpa leave us his heirs when he was so bitter toward mamma for so many years, and the other was why he left us his property as a New Year's gift."

"I have myself wondered over that a great many times."

"Mrs. Lawson," turning to the good lady who had just entered, "you were with grandfather during the end of his life; can you tell us what softened his heart towards us?"

The good lady hesitated, and at last stammered: "I suppose he came to see things differently in his last hours."

This was too general an answer to satisfy the brother and sister. Lily went over to Mrs. Lawson, and said earnesly: "If you know anything of this matter, and we feel that you do, don't refuse to tell us."

Thus appealed, Mrs. Lawson complied: and with a good deal of embarrassment, related her last conversation with Judge Carlton. Her voice broke down many times during the narrative, and the brother and sister were weeping before she concluded.

"And it is to you, after all, dear Mrs. Lawson, that we owe our fortunes!" said Edward, at last breaking the silence.

"My dear young friends, not to me but to God who softened the heart of your grandfather, do you owe all that has com to you."

The December night had let down its dark curtains about them long before this. Mrs. Lawson couldnot see the happy young faces, but their voices, soft and tremulous with gratitude, reached her.

"To God and to you, dear friend, we owe our New Year's Gift."

E. C. D.

LETTER FROM JOHN RUSSEL.

PENNSVILLE, Jan. 23d, 1865.

Editor Clearfield Republican.—In looking over your paper of the 18th inst., I noticed and article under the editorial caption, headed "Swear the witness," in which my name is used rather freely, and in such manner as to require some notice on my part. In refference to a donation given to the soldiers now quartered at Carwensville by the Ladies and citizens of Penn tp., on the 4th a notice of which appeared in the *Journal* of the 11th inst., after quoting some remarks reported to have been made by John Patton, you say. If this writer quotes Gen. Patton correctly, which we did not allege" &c. Then follows a quotation from what was reported as an address read by me on the same occasion, followed by the emphatic declaration on your part that "This is genuine and no doubt correctly reported." Now I ask you in all fairness to say upon what authority you so unqualifiedly vouch for the genuineness of this quotation while you so readily shield Gen. Patton by three times using the conjunction if, to cover with doubt the presumption even that he is reported correctly. Had you treated me with the same fairness, I should have been saved from the necessity of replying; for by reference to my address, (a copy of which I send you) you will see that not one word of your quotation is contained in it, your positive assertion to the contrary notwithstanding.

But the whole tenor of your article in reference to me, rife with falsehoods as it is, leads inevitably to the conclusion that you have some prejudice to gratify, some sinister motive to aim at, beyond the limits of any thing connected with the transactions of the 4th of January. Now what is it? I ask you, What is it? That is deemed of sufficient importance to induce you to stoop to the unenvitable position of assailing in so scurrilous and undignified a manner my religious views or those of the society to which I belong. This may be gloated over by those of your calibre as peculiarly smart, but let me assure you that good men every where regard the maligning or traducing of private character, or reproachfully sneering at religious sentiments, on account of political or other differences, with the most signal contempt and abhorrence. I pity more than I blame persons who so far sink themselves in the balance of enlightened public sentiment, and I hope and trust that the public will regard your course in this connection with a like leniency.

In reference to what you say that "report says" of my once having been before a military Examining Board and there declared upon a solemn affirmation &c., &c. I have only to say that I have no doubt whatever that you are well aware that no oathes containing the language you make use of were administered to any one, as the records will show.

The enclosed address is a copy of the one alluded to verbatim et literatim which I respectfully ask you to publish together with the foregoing remarks, so that the public mind may be disabused in reference to what it contains, and see also how much there is in it of "lecturing soldiers as to their duty." Remember that you cannot fall back upon the reporter of the "Journal" because you have unhesitatingly declared to your readers that "This is genuine and no doubt correctly reported."

JOHN RUSSELL

MORE TAXES!—The New York *Tribune* thus cries loudly for more taxes:

"Let us have a twenty-five per cent, income tax, if necessary, with a searching inquiry into every man's business and receipts, with double the present taxes on all luxuries and superfluities."

☞Congress is engaded in arranging about taxes, and altering the Constitution. Controlled by Lincolnites, they care very little how heavy the draft upon the people, as it "strengthens the Government" according to their theory to own a large National debt.—*Vide* Lincoln's Message.

☞Many a man would like to be a Steuerverweigerungversammlungsmussigbesuchtight. In Germany its a chap who isn't obliged to pay taxes.—*Ex.*

Such a class is rapidly getting a foothold in this country.

☞It is stated that a lady walked down Broadway, New York, last Tuesday morning, with a dress on which cost the aggregate two thousand and five hundred dollars.