

Does the reader remember when and by whom these words were written?

If they greet his eyes for the first time to-day, and his sympathies be anti-southern, he will say, perhaps: "Johnston or Beauregard wrote that from Bull Run in July, 1861—Jackson from Fort Republic in June, 1862—or Lee from Gettysburg or Petersburg, in 1865."

On the contrary, it was written by McClellan, who penned that brief and pithy dispatch from Alexandria on the 1st day of September, 1862, when the disorganized battalions of Major-General Pope were hastening towards the protecting defences of Washington.

To-day the world knows that his fears were well founded. Never had the day looked darker for the Federal cause than then. Never had the overthrow of the Confederacy seemed so hopeless. Worse still—a great and real danger menaced the Federal seat of government. The authorities trembled in their bureaux; each moment they expected to see the red battle flag of Lee upon the Arlington hills, each instant to hear the tramp of his legions under the walls of the Capitol.

Throughout the three preceding days they had heard the long continuous roar of cannon from the fields of Fairfax. Every hour great parties of stragglers had made their appearance opposite Chain Bridge. Every moment, almost, until the wires no longer worked, depressing telegrams had come from the army of General Pope, and each one was more disheartening than the last. All knew that a great battle had been fought again on the bleak plains dotted with pine trees, opposite the weird Stone Bridge; that the fields of Manassas, already crowded with dead, had again become the charnel house of other thousands—that the shadows there had deepened, the spot became trobly cursed again by blood and destruction.

The result of that three days' roar of cannon and rattle of musketry was the pithy telegram which is given above: "This week is the crisis of our fate." Now, what were the events which rolled the great wave of battle once more to the shores of Bull Run, adding a newer and far more tragic interest to the sombre hills and ravines of this historic spot? The fifth act of a tragedy is badly understood without a knowledge of the acts which precede it. In rapidly tracing these, time will not be lost, nor is it the amusement of the reader which we aim at. The truth of the Virginia campaigns has been buried beneath great tomes full of falsehood—beneath enormous party pamphlets like the "Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War," where every grain of wheat is hidden by a bushel of chaff—where, consequently, it is chiefly chaff that the reader feeds. Chaff is not a wholesome diet. To those who prefer the wheat of truth, these sketches are addressed.

What had occurred in that month of August, 1862, was this: Defeated before Richmond, General McClellan had drawn upon his devoted head the thunder and lightning of the Federal displeasure. The world said that the hapless issue there resulted from the generalship of Lee, and the fighting qualities of his troops. General Halleck said that it resulted from the incapacity of McClellan. In vain did General McClellan "propose to cross James River at that point," Harrison's Landing, "attack Petersburg, and cut off the enemy's communication by that route South," which plan, when General Grant adopted it, was greeted with hosannas. What was thus greeted in 1864—was contemptuously scouted in 1862—McClellan suggested it, not Grant—and the record remains. General Halleck "stated to him very frankly my views in regard to the danger and impracticability of the plan," and he was not allowed to carry out his "impracticable" scheme; more still, he was summoned to Washington, sheltered there, and his forces were assigned to General Pope, then bent upon a great advance toward the Rapidan.

General Pope arrived at his headquarters in a car decked out with flags; stated, it is said, that hitherto he had seen nothing of his enemies "but their backs," and issued an order to the army in which he said: "Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of itself. Let us look before and not behind. Disaster and shame link in the rear."

The sequel, as the reader will perceive, was the most terrible and grotesque of commentaries on the General's military theory. It was on his "line of retreat" that Jackson struck the mortal blow at him. General Pope thus bade defiance to military science and fate, and it cannot be said that he conciliated the smiles of Providence, the All-Merciful who watches over the helpless. Culpeper County was desolated with fire and sword. When the Federal troops retreated, it was one great waste, full of homeless and starving women and children, whose cries went up to God. But let that pass. The first blow struck by General Pope was not fortunate. He delivered battle at Cedar Mountain, where, on the 9th of August, on a lovely afternoon, he was defeated by Jackson. The fight was obstinate, and the field covered with dead; but the August moon, bathing the slopes of Slagter Mountain, saw the southern banner floating on the battle field, and the Federal forces hastening back toward Culpeper Court House, pursued by Jackson.

This battle, General Pope said afterwards, was lost by General Banks, in consequence of his disobedience of orders. That General Pope denied the charge, and brought a "railing accusation" against General Pope, of incapacity, and indisposition to venture on the field of battle. The record does not make the truth apparent, for the clearest issue of veracity is involved relating to the orders. Cedar Run was a defeat of the Federal forces, since they retired; Jackson followed, and two days afterwards General Pope requested permission to bury his dead. But heavy Federal reserves were behind, Jackson's force was small, and he retreated behind the Rapidan.

The Federal design was now developed. They had abandoned all further efforts to take Richmond from below, and had concentrated north of the Rappahannock. Gen. Lee accordingly put his main body in motion; advanced to the Rapidan, crossed that river, and streamed forward to cut off his opponents from the Rappahannock—a movement which induced them to fall back with rapidity, and take up a position on the northern margin of the stream.

Such was the first illustration of the Federal General's theory in reference to lines of retreat. That disaster lurked in the rear was now to receive a proof more emphatic.

Before crossing the Rapidan, General Stuart, commanding the cavalry of the Longstreet army, had met with a vexatious mishap. He had ordered one of his brigades to rendezvous at the little village of Verdiersville—had gone thither with his staff, and omitting, as usual, every precaution looking to his personal safety, had lain down on the porch of a small house in the village, where he slept unguarded even by a single vilette. The consequence was that a Federal cavalry regiment, prowling around, surprised him just at dawn; he was forced to leap on horseback and jump the fence to escape—and so hasty was this movement, the enemy being close upon him, that he left behind him his hat and cape, which they bore off in triumph, to the great disgust of the gay cavalier.

Verdiersville was thus a spot where Stuart had registered a laughing oath of vengeance. He was now about to fulfill it with a "poetic justice" seldom met with outside of the covers of a romance. General Pope had retreated beyond the Rappahannock, where he thundered at every ford with his numerous artillery, and an attack in front was evidently injudicious, if not impracticable. To flank him was evidently the most judicious course, and to cut his communications would seriously cripple him. Stuart set out with his cavalry to cripple them. In the midst of night and storm, he struck the Orange railroad at Catletts; charged pell-mell into the Federal camp; threw everything into enormous confusion, and ransacked the whole place. Catletts was General Pope's headquarters, but he was either absent or managed to escape. He, however, left behind him his most private official papers, and his personal effects, including his uniform coat. These were borne off by Stuart, and safely brought back.

The papers contained the fullest statement of General Pope's forces, position, designs; his hopes, fears, all that should be guarded, under triple steel, from an adversary. If General Lee had determined upon the great flank movement which followed, these papers confirmed his intention. If he had not, they decided him. Stuart returned laughing to his quarters. On the way he met Gen. Jackson.

CLEARFIELD

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.



REPUBLICAN.

PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN.

TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance.

VOL. 38—WHOLE NO. 2017.

CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1867.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 40.

bury his dead. But heavy Federal reserves were behind, Jackson's force was small, and he retreated behind the Rapidan.

The Federal design was now developed. They had abandoned all further efforts to take Richmond from below, and had concentrated north of the Rappahannock. Gen. Lee accordingly put his main body in motion; advanced to the Rapidan, crossed that river, and streamed forward to cut off his opponents from the Rappahannock—a movement which induced them to fall back with rapidity, and take up a position on the northern margin of the stream.

Such was the first illustration of the Federal General's theory in reference to lines of retreat. That disaster lurked in the rear was now to receive a proof more emphatic.

Before crossing the Rapidan, General Stuart, commanding the cavalry of the Longstreet army, had met with a vexatious mishap. He had ordered one of his brigades to rendezvous at the little village of Verdiersville—had gone thither with his staff, and omitting, as usual, every precaution looking to his personal safety, had lain down on the porch of a small house in the village, where he slept unguarded even by a single vilette. The consequence was that a Federal cavalry regiment, prowling around, surprised him just at dawn; he was forced to leap on horseback and jump the fence to escape—and so hasty was this movement, the enemy being close upon him, that he left behind him his hat and cape, which they bore off in triumph, to the great disgust of the gay cavalier.

Verdiersville was thus a spot where Stuart had registered a laughing oath of vengeance. He was now about to fulfill it with a "poetic justice" seldom met with outside of the covers of a romance.

General Pope had retreated beyond the Rappahannock, where he thundered at every ford with his numerous artillery, and an attack in front was evidently injudicious, if not impracticable. To flank him was evidently the most judicious course, and to cut his communications would seriously cripple him. Stuart set out with his cavalry to cripple them.

In the midst of night and storm, he struck the Orange railroad at Catletts; charged pell-mell into the Federal camp; threw everything into enormous confusion, and ransacked the whole place. Catletts was General Pope's headquarters, but he was either absent or managed to escape. He, however, left behind him his most private official papers, and his personal effects, including his uniform coat. These were borne off by Stuart, and safely brought back.

The papers contained the fullest statement of General Pope's forces, position, designs; his hopes, fears, all that should be guarded, under triple steel, from an adversary. If General Lee had determined upon the great flank movement which followed, these papers confirmed his intention. If he had not, they decided him. Stuart returned laughing to his quarters. On the way he met Gen. Jackson.

"Here is Pope's coat, General," he said, holding it up; "if he will send me back my hat, I will send him back his coat."

Jackson smiled, as he always did when he heard the laughing accents of that brave voice. Then he became thoughtful again; he was developing in his profound intellect the details of the great blow which, in obedience to the orders of Lee, he was about to deliver.

The design of Lee was more than daring, it was correct. Absurdest of the absurd is that philosophy of "war which, ignorantly pointing to Caesar and Napoleon as examples, erects a precedent above science, and decries sound principles in warfare. Examine the campaigns of Lee, the greatest living soldier, and his movements everywhere will be found "correct." Place him where Gen. Pope then was—he would never have been flanked and cut off. General Pope's order desired the men to "dismiss from their minds certain phrases—lines of retreat, and bases of supply." His destruction followed.

Lee's plan was simply to send a column of about 20,000 men across the upper Rappahannock; thence by a rapid march to Thoroughfare Gap; thence to Manassas, where General Pope had established his main depot of supplies. If the column was pushed rapidly, it might arrive before Gen. Pope—Manassas would be destroyed—the Federal army starved—Lee would follow, and thus the southern army would be concentrated on the enemy's line of retreat—starving, faint, disheartened, they would find in their path, strongly posted to receive them, the veteran bayonets of Jackson and Longstreet, held in the firm, inexorable grasp of Lee.

To command the advance corps, Jackson was selected—that great "right arm" whose loss Lee lamented so bitterly after Chancellorsville. The peculiar trait of Jackson as a soldier was that he always arrived in time. Others failed often—he never did. He moved with the mathematical accuracy of a machine. If he undertook to arrive, he arrived, if not with his whole force, with a part of it. Those broken down would probably catch up—meanwhile, he attacked. For great examples, take Kernstown, McDowell, and Port Republic.

artillery across the narrow, rock-ribbed, and forgotten ford at Hinson's; pressed on to Orleans; and was heading straight for Thoroughfare. For the time he seemed to have forgotten the existence of roads. The column moved apparently on the theory that where two men can place their feet, an army can pass. When they came to fences, they threw them down; when they met with streams, they waded. Jackson thus advanced, an eye-witness says, "across open fields, by strange country roads, and comfortable homesteads, on and on, as if he would never cease." It was the "bee line" that he was taking. When the Confederates were marching across the ground in June, 1863, a soldier asked an old negro where they were going.

"All right, Master," replied the old man, smiling. "You are going the same road Mas' Jackson took last year, only he took the right-out."

At sunset on the 25th of August, the column, "moving on briskly with a straggler," was approaching Salem. Jackson sat his horse with the light of sunset on his bare forehead—for he had taken off his old cap to salute the men—and his face was lit up with a proud smile. No sound was heard but the shuffling feet of the great column, and the rolling wheels of the artillery; the men whispered, "Don't shout, boys, the Yankees will hear us;" for orders had been issued that music, cheers, should all be stopped, as they were now approaching the enemy.

Jackson had counted, nevertheless, "without his host." There was something that the men could not do, and that was refrain from cheering their favorite. For a time they passed by, waving their hats in silence to the bare-headed soldier. Then the stream broke through. Some, carried away at sight of the old faded uniform, the dingy cap, and the familiar face, raised a shout—with that the torrent burst forth. A roar, wild, thundering, tumultuous, reverberated across the fields and in the forests—and Jackson succumbed, for that greeting stirred his soldier-pride and conquered him.

"You see I can't stop them!" he said, turning to an officer. "Who could fall to win victory with those men?"

Strange confidence, had it not been justified by experience! "Those men" were the veriest tatterdemalions who ever, with their rags and tatters, affronted the sun! Such scarecrows had never before carried muskets, and that implement alone established their claim to the title of soldiers. It is true that their method of carrying it removed all doubts. They were faint, half-starved, weary unto death, and in rags; but they laughed, and their bayonets were bright.

It was General Lee who said that there was one occasion when he was never ashamed of the appearance of his soldiers—when they were fighting. At dawn on the 26th, after a brief rest at Salem, Jackson moved again, reached Thoroughfare Gap, passed unopposed between its frowning pine clad ramparts; and debouching thro' its eastern mouth, swooped down upon the rear of General Pope.

The march had been a complete success. Stuart's cavalry had presented an impenetrable barrier to the enemy's horsemen, thus completely shielding the great movement; Jackson had arrived, next came the fighting, and the cannons soon began to roar. The plains around Manassas, silent, asleep, cursed, it might have been said, through those long months since July, 1861, had again begun, opened afrighted eyes, and again began to groan as the dogs of war coursed backward and forward again over the fields where the foot sunk into graves.

To comprehend what followed, the reader must look at the map. Many who read these lines, will probably need no such reference—having fought there. The "situation" may be conveyed in two or three lines. Jackson, with 20,000 men, was full in Gen. Pope's rear; Lee was moving rapidly to join him; General Pope, warned at last of the fate which threatened him, was hastening back from the Rappahannock to extricate himself from the terrible trap in which he was nearly caught.

But his situation was by no means discouraging. While Lee, with the great reserve under Longstreet, moved over the arc of the circle, by way of Thoroughfare, the Federal command could move over the chord, by way of the Orange railroad. He had the straight line to Manassas, that is to say, to Jackson, whose 20,000 men, he ought surely, with his large army, be able to crush before Lee's arrival.

That result was indeed looked upon as certain, and northern correspondents—those children of enthusiasm—wrote to their papers that the great Stonewall Jackson was at last securely hemmed in, and out-generated, flanked, cut off, and as good as captured.

The personage thus threatened was meanwhile at work. He knew that General Pope's great column would soon be hurled against him, mad with rage and anticipated triumph; and the Virginian doubtless proceeded on the hypothesis that nothing tempts rage in men, as in animals, like starvation. The destruction of the great stores at Manassas meant starvation for General Pope's followers, and Jackson hastened to destroy them. Stuart rushed in with his cavalry, and an infantry detachment. The mighty mass of stores was kindled; the flames soared aloft, and that black cloud of smoke upon the horizon must have announced to General Pope the loss of his precious bread and meat, and forage,

that is to say, the sustenance of his men and animals, were being destroyed.

What he could not do, being out-generated, the authorities at Washington did, they sent a brigade under the brave General Taylor to protect the depot; but admirably as this brigade attacked, it was driven back, pursued toward Alexandria, and the fate of Manassas was sealed. The men of Jackson swarmed in and ransacked it.

Many memoirs of that strange and grotesque scene have been written. In the midst of burning store houses, burning cars, burning sutlers' shops, surrounded by fire, smoke, utter confusion, amid shouts, cheers, cries, laughter, the men were feasting on unheard-of delicacies, and with thirsty throats guzzling rich wines and cordials.

"'Twas a curious sight," says one, "to see our ragged and famished men helping themselves to every imaginable article of luxury or necessity, whether of clothing, food, or what not. For my part, I got a tooth-brush, a box of candles, a quantity of lobster salad, a barrel of coffee, and other things which I forget. The scene utterly beggared description. Our men had been living on roasted corn since crossing the Rappahannock, and we had brought no wagons, so we could carry little away of the riches before us. But the men could eat one meal at least. So they were marched up, and as much of everything edible served out as they could carry. To see a starving man eating lobster salad, and drinking Rhine wine, barefooted and in tatters, was curious; the whole thing was indescribable."

(Consulted next week.)

"Lee's Rock." The grounds comprising the Antietam Cemetery, Sharpsburg, Maryland, was the spot occupied by General Lee and his staff during the battle of Antietam, and a rock protruding from three feet above the surface has been pointed out to all visitors as the one on which Gen. Lee stood and viewed the progress of the battle. It was from this rock that he issued his orders. Those who took part in the battle usually take their position upon this rock to point to their friends the farm house to the left in which Gen. McClellan had his headquarters, the Burnside Bridge to the right, and Round Mountain in the distance, on the apex of which the gallant general of that name fell mortally wounded in the battle of the 13th. In short, all points of interest are specially visible from "Lee's Rock."

At the meeting of the Board of Commissioners representing a few of the States, held at Sharpsburg last spring, a vote was taken on the question of leaving Lee's Rock stand, when it was, by a close vote, decided to have it blown up and removed. At a meeting on Thursday evening last, held in this city, on motion of the Commissioners from West Virginia, seconded by New York, the order to destroy the rock was rescinded, and it was decided that it should remain. The majority, in this decision, considered Lee's Rock a historical mark of the battle field, that must always prove of interest, especially to the visitor from a distance, who, for the first time, views the field of this most sanguinary battle.—Baltimore American.

HOW TO LIVE EARLY.—The art of living easily, as to money, is to pitch your scale one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon any degree in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure. The notion is absurd that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure per se. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want, and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of the two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.

Some of the Radical newspapers are laying the whole weight of their defeat in Connecticut on P. T. Barnum, although, before they found the woolly horse wouldn't run, they repeatedly declared he was one of their very best men—an ornament to the party and a useful member in Congress.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

There is some discussion on the best mode of ventilating the National Capitol. We would suggest whether it cannot be better done by the people at the polls, than in any other way.

New married people who advertise, "No Cards" may be sure to have played all their cards before marriage.

The End of the World. A LIVELY AND INTERESTING PROGRAMME FOR THE NEXT EIGHT YEARS.

A new Canadian book of the prophetic sensation order, is thus sketched by the Detroit Post: "Coming wonders expected between 1867 and 1875," are fearful to contemplate, if the prediction thereof can be at all relied upon. The data of the prophecy are found, as they always are, in the Book of Daniel and the Revelations. In the first place Louis Napoleon is, it appears, the "last head of the Roman Empire." Among other proofs is the fact that the term Louis in Latin is Ludivicus, and the numbers corresponding to the letters of that name are 100—u (v) 5—d 500—r 5—l 1—c 100—u 5—5—666; that the Greek name Napoleon is in an equally ingenious manner given 666, and that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in Hebrew also makes 666. But there is also an identity between Napoleon and the Greek form Apolon and the Greek word nai or truly; hence Napoleon is the "True Apollon." Now 666 is the number of the Wild Beast in Revelation XIII, 3, 7. Hence the present Emperor of the French is the last head of the Roman Empire, who is soon to make a seven year's covenant with the Jews. Then he is to absorb ten European kingdoms, being the ten-horned beast of the "prophecy." A great agitation in the Church Militant will arise, the Jewish temple will be restored, and the sanctuary cleansed for Christ's coming. These are the wonders of the first year. In the second year, there will be an increased activity of the three frog-like demon spirits of infidelity, democratic despotism (of which, perhaps, the Connecticut election is the commencement), and Jesuitical propagandism; Napoleon will make war upon Egypt and conquer it; the Turkish empire will be dissolved, and "the four born kingdoms" of Greece, Egypt, Syria and Thrace be re-established. The third year opens with the resurrection of all the deceased saints who with 144,000 watchful Christians, are to be caught up together into Heaven. This will be followed by an unparalleled religious revival, and in successive years hail, and fire, mingled with blood, are to scorch a third of the earth. Michael and Satan are to renew their war, the Christians are to flee to a wilderness and be miraculously supported for three years and a half, then eight months of universal war, a third of the sea to become blood, a third of the rivers, and even lake tunnels, like that of Chicago, cannot save the numerous victims of this impure water, a third of the sun moon and stars are to be eclipsed, (nothing, it will be observed, is to be done by halves.) Napoleon is to unite under himself the ten kingdoms of Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Algeria, Tripoli, Egypt, Greece, Syria and Turkey. Napoleon will capture Jerusalem, commence a general persecution of Christians, consecrate the Romanish church property, institute public worship of his image, imprint his name on people's foreheads and hands, then famine for eighteen months, a great smoke for three weeks, five months of locusts, horsemen and horses breathing brimstone (which, let us hope, will exterminate the rheumatism and a popular complaint of Scotland) with various sores and fountains of blood, and the battle of Armageddon, and earthquakes, and a variety of other agreeable experiences which will keep men in an exceedingly lively and disturbed condition for seven years. This nonsense is propped up by quotations from fifty or more other writers as crazy as the Rev. Mr. Baxter, the author of this work. He urges an immediate discussion on this subject, as by "these unparalleled troubles and calamities, the present opportunity of traversing the countries and preaching the gospel, and announcing the coming of Christ, will ere long, to a great extent, be taken from us."

How To Finish a Daughter.—1. Be always telling her how pretty she is. 2. Instill in her mind a proper love of dress. 3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home. 4. Allow her to read nothing but novels. 5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life. 6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping. 7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything herself. 8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid. 9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry to a clerk upon five-hundred dollars a year, or a lieutenant going out to a fort.

If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not "finished," you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

A Radical newspaper of Jefferson county, Missouri, called the Leader, lately contained a call for a meeting at Victoria for the purpose of establishing "loyal Baptist churches in the villages of Jefferson county." We should like to know where the "loyal" heaven is to which those "loyal" churches will conduct their members when they die.

A western paper states that the young temperance ladies in that section now kiss young gentlemen's lips to see if they have been tasting toddy. This must be ticklish business.

The most annoying cut the Republicans have lately received is the Connecticut.

The Cost of the Military. The "military despotism" which has been established over the South is immensely expensive, and greatly adds to the enormous measure of taxation which is now being imposed on the people of the North. The land is dotted over with officers, drawing such salaries as these:

Table listing military ranks and salaries: A General receives \$16,165 10; A Lieutenant General, 13,919 80; A Major General, 7,916 80; A Brigadier General, 5,415 40; A Colonel, 3,912 20; A Lieutenant Colonel, 2,734 70; A Major, 2,483 15; A Captain, cavalry, 1,729 15; A First Lieutenant, cavalry, 1,427 10; A Second Lieutenant, cavalry, 1,237 10; A Second Lieutenant, foot, 1,480 95.

Most of these costly military ornaments, with their numerous staffs and great auxiliary force which they command, could be dispensed with by restoring the South to its old status and condition in the Union. In its present position, it serves as an excuse for keeping up a vast military establishment. In point of fact, the military which has been sent South have retained all the civil machinery of the government of society just as it was before, only reserving to themselves the prerogative of interfering with it when they choose. They are really of not the least use in the administration and merely draw their large salaries for exercising a tyrannical supervision, while the real labor is as usual performed by the civil authorities. To those accustomed to the rule of constitutional law, with its judges, sheriffs, &c., what thoughts are suggested by observing the government of the States vested in the kind of rulers whose names and salaries we have given above? How it smacks of "habes corpus," "trial by jury" and all the other old monuments of English or American freedom to see such a programme of military shoulder-strap authority overriding all constitution and laws after the fashion of imperial Russia or Austria.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by his untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years, was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket when one of his sons observed: "Father you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?" "To be sure my son," said the dying man; "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number and sank back exhausted upon his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more. My son read me the list. Is the name of Mr. Higgins there?" "It is father."

"Then strike it off," said he emphatically "for he never was punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour."

SOUP OR NOTHING.—At a very excellent hotel, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand. "Now, Barney," said mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup the first thing—serve soup first." "Bedad, I'll do that same," said the alert Barney. Soup came on, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came up to the last one. "Soup, sir?" said Barney. "No soup for me," said the man. "But you must have it—it is the rules of the house."

"D—n the rules of the house!" exclaimed the guest. "When I don't want soup I won't eat it." "Well," said Barney with all due solemnity, "all I can say is just this, it's the regulations of the house, and d—d the drop else will ye get till ye've have finished the soup!" The traveler gave in and the soup was gobbled.

GET MARRIED.—With a wife the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more respected and useful, the mechanic more industrious, and the merchant better credit; in short, a man without a wife is no man at all.

The Winsted (Cl.) Herald (Republican) admits that the real cause that defeated the Radical party in Connecticut was its radicalism. It says the issue was "negro suffrage" and that this defeated the party.

A correspondent writing of the loyal Presidential cliques in Washington says: "The Chase ring has the most brains. The Colfax ring the most impudence."

A hickory cut at Mt. Vernon with a Charter Oak head, which has been seeking for some years for a Democratic Governor of Connecticut, has been handed over to Mr. English.

Terms of Subscription. If paid in advance, within three months—\$2 00; If paid after three and before six months—\$3 00; If paid after six and before nine months—\$4 00; If paid after nine and before twelve months—\$5 00. Rates of Advertising. Transient advertisements, per column of 10 lines, 3 times a week, 10 cents; per column of 10 lines, 1 month, 25 cents; per column of 10 lines, 3 months, 75 cents; per column of 10 lines, 6 months, 1 25; per column of 10 lines, 1 year, 2 25. For each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Administrators' and Executors' notices, 10 cents. Auditors' notices, 10 cents. Quotations and Returns, 10 cents. Discontinuation notices, 10 cents. Local notices, per line, 5 cents. Ordinary notices, over five lines, per line, 4 cents. Professional Cards, 1 year, 1 00; 6 months, 60 cents; 3 months, 35 cents; 1 square, 25 cents; 2 squares, 40 cents; 3 squares, 55 cents. Job Work. Single quire, 25 cents; 2 quires, 50 cents; 3 quires, 75 cents; 4 quires, 1 00; 5 quires, 1 25; 6 quires, 1 50; 7 quires, 1 75; 8 quires, 2 00; 9 quires, 2 25; 10 quires, 2 50; 11 quires, 2 75; 12 quires, 3 00; 13 quires, 3 25; 14 quires, 3 50; 15 quires, 3 75; 16 quires, 4 00; 17 quires, 4 25; 18 quires, 4 50; 19 quires, 4 75; 20 quires, 5 00. Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates. GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor and Printer.

Professional & Business Cards.

JOHN H. FULFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McKenly, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bonds, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 20, 1867.

S. A. FULTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hollidaysburg, Pa. Prompt attention given to the securing and collection of Claims, and to all legal business. Nov 11-66-67.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [over 21, 66] Wm. A. Wallace, Frank Fielding, J. Blake Walters, Wallace, Bigler & Fielding, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. [over 17, 66]

THOS. J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office adjoining the Bank, formerly occupied by J. B. McKenly, Second St., Clearfield. Will attend promptly to collections, sale of lands, &c. [over 17, 62]

JOHN L. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market street, opposite the jail. Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a real estate agent, offers himself as a reliable and satisfactory. [over 23, 65]

WM. M. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market street one door east of the Clearfield County Bank. [over 14, 64]

ORVIS & ALEXANDER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bellefonte, Pa. [over 17, 65] DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 52d Regt. Penna. Volunteers, having returned to the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield County. [over 17, 65] Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [over 17, 65]

DENTISTRY. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Dentist, in the citizens of Clearfield County, Pa. Office in Drug Store, corner of 2d and Thompson streets. [over 17, 65] J. BLAKE WALTERS, SCHIVNER AND CONVEYANCER, Agent for the Purchase and Sale of Lands, Clearfield, Pa. Prompt attention given to all business connected with the county office. Office with Hon. Wm. A. Wallace. [over 17, 66]

1867 SPRING. 1867 JAMES, KENT, SANTEE & Co., Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Nos. 225, 237, 239 & 241 N. Third St., PHILADELPHIA. We are now prepared with our usual extensive and well-assorted stock to offer extra inducements to CASH BUYERS. [over 17, 66] DREXEL & Co., No. 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia, B.Y.K.E.R.S., And Dealers in Government Securities. Application by mail will receive prompt attention, and all information cheerfully furnished. Orders solicited. [over 17, 66] REUBEN HACKMAN, House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger, Clearfield, Penna. Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. [over 17, 66] SURVEYOR. THE undersigned offers his services as Surveyor, and may be found at his residence, in Lawrence township. Letters will reach him directed to Clearfield, Pa. [over 17, 66] JAMES MITCHELL, 2nd-66-67

JAMES MILES, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Luthersburg, Penna. Will promptly attend to calling sales, at reasonable rates. [over 17, 66] A. H. FRANCIS & Co., 513 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. MANUFACTURERS AND AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF CORDAGE. Note.—The regular allowance made to Dealers in MANILA ROPE. [over 17, 66] Thomas B. Forbes, A. A. Graham, FORCEE & GRAHAM, DEALERS IN General Merchandise and Lumber, [over 17, 66] Clearfield, Penna.

JOSEPH H. BRETH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, And Licensed Conveyancer, New Washington,