

Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

I glory in the sages
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the foe.
And drove them from our shore.
Who flung our banner in the field
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
Once waved the forest-trees.
I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise,
And found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun:
No land so fertile, fair, and free,
As that of Washington.

MY BROTHER JACK AND HIS RICH WIFE.

BY MRS. E. G. LEWIS.

"Harry," said my mother, "there must be always one gentleman in a family. I have remarked it—some one to keep up its dignity and transmit the name to posterity. You, though my eldest son, are rough by nature; Peter is too plain; but John, my pretty boy," said mother, patting his curly head, "you shall go to college and be a gentleman."

Now my good mother was the relic of a grocer, who, dying, left her "well to do in the world;" and having worn for three long years "weeds of the deepest hue," she wiped the last tear from her cheek and unpinning the cape collar from her neck, laid it by, feeling in her inmost heart that she had fulfilled her duty to the utmost—and had been afflicted beyond most mortals. It was the morning of her emancipation from these symbols of woe, that we were called around her (as I have stated above) in order to portion out our several destinies.

I, as the oldest of the family, ventured to say: "And Susie, mother, what will she be—a lady?"

"Nonsense, Harry," rejoined my mother. "She is a mere child yet; but what hinders her from being the President's lady? Stranger things have happened."

"Well, mother, make Jack what you please. I shall be a sailor; and when Susie's husband is President, I'll come back and live with her."

To China I went, not as a sailor, but as captain's clerk. On my arrival there, I left the vessel, and was so lucky as to get a situation in a mercantile house. My boss took a fancy to me, and, after a few years, I became his principal clerk, and from that arose to be junior partner in the firm. I heard from home occasionally, but finally the correspondence dropped off. Now and then a letter from my mother reached me; and the last announced my brother Harry's marriage to an heiress, and Susie's engagement to a Southern planter.

Then years elapsed, and I heard no more. My letters remained unanswered; and becoming vexed at the apparent indifference of my family, I determined to write no more. I had now amassed an enormous fortune, but had paid the penalty of a life of luxury with a diseased liver. Not having formed any ties to bind me here, a yearning for home created such a restlessness of mind and body, that it amounted almost to a monomania.

So transmitting the bulk of my property to the United States, I took passage in the ship Dolphin, and after a pleasant voyage of five months, (our vessel being a slow sailer) arrived at New York, and trod the streets of my native city, as a stranger. I left home a boy of seventeen—and returned a man of fifty years. How I longed to see my sister Susie and my aged mother and my brother Harry! I was eating my solitary breakfast at the hotel, I indulged in a thousand fancies as to their appearance. In John, I was to see a man of polished manners; of fine, portly bearing, and pleasant countenance. Peter—good, plain Peter—was, I was sure, could not alter; and pretty Susie was to be everything lovely, with that fascinating *dolce far niente*, so fascinating in a southern woman's manners. A sudden flash seized me to visit them under a fictitious name. Acting on the spur of the moment, I called for a Directory and found my brother Jack was the resident of a modern palace, in what was formerly the suburbs of the city, now the nucleus of all that was fashionable and wealthy. The name of my sister's husband I never knew, and Peter must have left New York, for I could not find his name in the Directory, nor my mother's. Satisfied that I should get all necessary information from Jack, I determined to go to his house, immediately, and preparing myself with a letter of introduction—written by myself—stating that Mr. Sampson, an agent for a mercantile house in Canton, was about visiting New York. I begged my brother to pay him every attention. It is hardly necessary to say, that Mr. Sampson was my "nom de guerre." The letter finished I folded it in due form, and putting it in my pocket, started for the upper part of the city. I found Jack's house—over the stone work of the door was carved the "coat of arms" of the gentleman of the family. The crest—a dove pierced by a falcon—had my good father been living, it would have been a cheese supported by two red herrings.

I coughed down a hearty laugh and rang the bell; a black fellow opened the door. On asking if Mr. Chandler was at home, an answer was given in the affirmative, and I was ushered through a suite of rooms into a well-furnished library, where reclining in a luxurious arm chair, I found Jack—handsome Jack no longer—but a lean, withered, and premature old man, with all the foppish airs of boyhood clinging to him.

He arose at my entrance, and glancing over my letter, assured me of his desire to make my visit to New York an agreeable one; asking many particulars as to his brother Harry, health, prosperity, &c., all of which I answered in the most satisfactory manner.

A smile of relief passed over his countenance; evidently he had dreaded the subject. I abruptly said: "I was requested to inquire of the welfare of Mr. Chandler's mother, sister, and his brother Peter."

A cold, hard look settled on his face.

"Has Harry not heard of my mother's death ten years ago?" said he.

Scarcely able to restrain my emotion, I stammered out, "No—no—"

"Nor the widowhood of Mrs. Cleland?"

"My heavens! no, sir!" I exclaimed, hurt and angry at his hard, cold manner of speaking of those so dear to me. He looked surprised, but I went on—"And Mr. Peter Chandler?"

"Oh well—quite well. Really a worthy man—no inebriation to his family. True, I seldom see him—tied to his ledger—a capital

bookkeeper, and still a bachelor. Your sister, I presume resides with you?"

"No sir," was the curt answer.

Mrs. Cleland's place of residence is unknown to me. I heard a rumor of her having joined her husband's relations, South; but my dear Sampson, our walks in life were so different, that my wife could not tolerate their circle of acquaintances, particularly after her ungrateful behavior. Nor would it have done to have drawn her and her family from their obscurity, making their poverty but the more glaring. Would you believe it, my wife proctored an extremely eligible situation for Mrs. Cleland's eldest daughter, as nursery governess to a family going abroad, and I offered her eighty dollars a year for the maintenance of herself and child, but both our offers were rejected with scorn. I washed my hands of her and her affairs. But let us talk of pleasanter things," continued he.

I felt like kicking him out of his luxurious arm-chair, and fearful that my temper should get the better of me, with the best grace I could assume I left the room, and did not breathe freely until in the open air, where I vented my feelings in sundry ejaculations, which drew the attention of the passers-by. Some one touched me on the arm; it was the black fellow, who had opened the door for me.

"Sir," said he, "Mrs. Cleland lives in Spring street, two doors from the Bowery—a tenement house."

"Thank you, my good fellow," said I, giving him some money, and I turned toward the Bowery, and soon found the house where he said my sister dwelt.

Tears started into my eyes as I thought over the past, and my poor mother's pride in her little Susan. I brushed them hastily away, and knocked at the door. A little girl, the image of my sister opened it.

"Does Mrs. Cleland live here?" I asked.

"Yes sir."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes, sir, please walk in." And she opened the door of a room near the entrance. It was scrupulously clean but uncarpeted, a pine table, a few chairs, a stove and small looking glass, comprised the furniture, with the exception of a few books on a shelf between the windows.

My sudden entrance startled a female, who, with her back turned to the door, was washing some fine laces. Her confusion was momentary. With the grace of a well-bred lady, she requested me to be seated, and looked to her little daughter for information.

"A gentleman, to see you, mother."

"From your brother Harry, in China madam," said I.

The blood started to her forehead, and as suddenly retreated, leaving her deadly pale, as she gasped out:

"Oh! is he living?"

"Living! yes, yes," said I, "but he is very poor. He is coming on, but his reception will be rather cool from his rich brother, I am thinking."

"Oh! why am I poor?" said she, bursting into tears. "But I can give him a home—and I will be so happy. I can work, and we will live together."

I jumped up and caught her hand, and sobbed like a baby.

"You have a kind heart, sir, and I thank you for your sympathy."

Just then her daughter came home.

"It is Ellen," said Susan, "my eldest child. She is working in a straw factory, and gets good wages."

"But, I fear Ellen you are fatigued to-day?"

"Oh, no, mother!" And she bowed courteously to me. "Only a little hungry."

The little one that opened the door for me jumped up immediately and spread a clean cloth on the table.

Susan requested me to stay and partake of her humble dinner, to which I assented. A plate of meaty potatoes, bread and tea, was all; but to me it was better than the most luxurious dinner, for I eat in company with those I loved.

Ellen was a slight, dark-eyed girl, not beautiful, but intelligent and pleasing, and I was delighted with my intended heiress.

An hour soon passed. Ellen had returned to the factory, and drawing my chair closer to my sister, I took both her hands in mine, and looking steadily in her face, said: "Susie, why did you not marry the President?" (For you see, I could not keep the cat in the bag any longer.)

Her first impulse had been to rise up in anger. She looked me steadily in the face, and grew deadly pale. I feared she would faint, and cried—"Oh! Susie, don't, it is your brother Harry!" It was useless, there she lay in my arms, helpless as a child, and little Mary crying.

"Oh! mother, mother! You've killed my mother!"

"No such thing," said I, as I dashed a cup of cold water in her face. By-and-by all was right again. Susan was satisfied that it was her brother. I told of my whim of wishing to remain unknown to Jack, and his wife, whom I had not yet seen; and told Sue to get ready to move—asked where I should find Peter. She told me he was a porter—managing to exist, and that was all—one of those unfortunate stepsons of fortune with whom nothing prospers, but honest and respectable while. Of course, John dropped him. His wife could scarcely tolerate her own husband, and would have died with mortification, if Peter, in his coarse suit of clothes, had dared to accost her as sister.

I was sick of these fol de rol airs—this spicing of aristocracy; and became more anxious than ever to put a damper on their conceit. I wished Susan good-bye for a while, and went toward the business part of the city. Who should brush against me but the identical man I was seeking. I recognized him at once—called out.

"Halloo, Peter! Stop, can't you, old boy?" I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks at his look of astonishment. At last he slowly ejaculated.

"Are you Harry, or are you not?"

"The veritable one," said I.

Why it was pleasant to this meeting. Peter's heart was in the right place. We went into a porter-house, and had a good talk together—settled all our plans—then separated, Peter to give warning to his employer, and I in search of a dwelling. This was soon found, and an upholsterer dispatched with unlimited orders to furnish it. My next step was to procure an equipage and horses. A week sufficed to put my establishment in complete order, and then sending for my sister and nieces, I installed Susan as the mistress of my mansion.

It was now time to call on Jack. He was not at home, but his wife was. She received me very ceremoniously, and motioned me to a chair. Heiress was written on every muscle of her countenance. One look at those cold eyes and rigid mouth was enough for me to know what my poor sister must have suffered from her arrogance. She grew affable, however, when I presented her with a fan made from the teeth of the elephant, and (in aid of the hand) with rubies and turquoise.

Wishing to probe her heart a little, I asked if Mrs. Cleland was living in New York?

Drawing herself up she said, "I cannot inform you where the person you speak of lives. In marrying Mr. Chandler, I did not marry his relations. These I could not raise to my level."

"But is she not very poor?" I persisted in saying.

"Sir, I am not acquainted with the state of her circumstances."

"Ah, madam," I playfully rejoined, "you will not confess your good acts. I am sure she is indebted to you for every comfort."

"Obliged me, Mr. Sampson, by dropping the conversation."

I begged a thousand pardons, and then went on to say, that I had determined to settle in New York—had already taken a house, and New York—had already taken a house, and would issue (under her patronage) cards on the fourteenth, for a large ball and supper. She consented, very graciously, to invite the elite. So ended my visit.

The slave of the magic lamp is money.

The evening of the ball arrived—my sister wore a La'ma dress, woven in with golden violets, a Bird of Paradise plume, gracefully rayed in her soft, fair hair. An agretto of diamonds fastened it firmly—that I attached to the plume with my own hands. Though over forty years of age, she was still a lovely woman. But Ellen was a perfect gem, so graceful and self-possessed, in her simple white dress and oriental pearls. And little Mary, dancing about with delight. I was a happy man, not the less so, that I had the power to humble the pride of that hard woman.

The room began to fill. Soon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler was announced. My sister and Ellen were standing at the upper end of the room. I advanced toward my brother and his wife, and leading them forward, said,

"Allow me to introduce you to my sister—Mrs. Cleland—and my adopted daughter Ellen. And at the same time to drop my false cognomen, and introduce myself as your brother Harry."

I leave you to imagine the result—my ink pales—my paper flutters—farewell.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.—Who thinks of it? And yet, in the economy of nature, of what immense importance they are in all seasons, every naturalist knows, while in commerce the amount derived from them is astounding. We have no figures to produce in regard to our own trade, for our statistics do not reach that high state of perfection which will admit of it; but Great Britain pays annually \$1,000,000 for the dried carcasses of that tiny insect known as the cochineal; while another, also peculiar to India, gum shellac, or rather its production, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the silkworm, of which the annual circulating medium is said to be \$200,000,000. In England, we say nothing of the other parts of Europe, \$500,000 are spent every year for the purchase of foreign honey, while the value of that which is native is not mentioned; and all this is the work of the bee; but this makes no mention of the 10,000 pounds of wax imported every year. Besides all this, there are the gallnuts, used for dyeing and making ink; the cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, every insect is contributing, directly or indirectly, in swelling the amount of our commercial wealth. Even those which in some cases are a plague and become destructive, have their place in the economy of nature, and prevent worse.

PAPER DOLLARS.—"Aunt Sally's" currency is passing into a more disorganized condition. Not only municipalities, issue ship-plasters, but even individual firms print tickets and give them in change. The day is not far distant when Davis will make the Confederate paper legal tender, and as like as not, his pocket Congress will pass an act that any one refusing it shall be put to death, as being clearly disaffected. Whether such a currency tends is clearly shown by an incident which took place a day or two since in New York. Between one and two hundred bales of wool were received from a port in one of those Southern American Governments, constructed on the Teombs-Davis-fast-and-loose-free-right principle, and was invoiced at over seven hundred thousand dollars in value. Such a valuation, amounting to something like five thousand dollars per bale, seemed incredible, until evidence was given that, one of the date of shipment, exchange on New York was twenty-five dollars. At this rate we may see the barrel of flour worth three hundred dollars in Charleston before long, when Davis money is issued in sufficient abundance.

ORIENTAL WIT.—A young man going a journey, intrusted a hundred dollars to an old man. When he came back, the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Khazee. "Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?"—"Under a tree." "Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge.—"Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal." The young man went in wonder. After he had been gone some time, the Khazee said to the old man—"He is long. Do you think he has got there yet?"—"No," said the old man; "it is at some distance. He has not got there yet." "How knowest thou old man?" cried the Khazee, "where that tree is?" The young man returned, and said the tree would not come. "He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."

Letters to a Charleston paper let out the carefully concealed fact that there are many Union men in the very heart of Eastern Virginia. At Manassas, Gen. Beauregard is surrounded by a hostile population, and it is unsafe for his soldiers to leave the camp alone. Slave insurrections and civil war are imminent.

A TENNESSEE DEMOCRAT SPEAKS.

SPEECH OF HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, U. S. SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

On arriving in Cincinnati, Mr. Johnson in response to the calls of the people assembled, made a short speech, in which he said: "The Stars and Stripes must be defended to the last extremity." In the afternoon a committee from the Chamber of Commerce and another from the citizens waited upon him, offering him the freedom of the city, &c. In response to addresses of welcome he made the following speech:

Fellow Citizens and Countrymen: In response to the welcome which has just been tendered to me by the chosen organ of this city, I have no language to express my gratitude. On the present occasion I am here without expectation of any such reception as is this which has welcomed me. Neither have I any desire, so far as I am myself concerned, for any such thing, and I might conclude the remarks which I shall make on the present occasion, by endorsing and responding to every sentiment which has been uttered by your chosen speaker. I feel that while I am a citizen of the Southern States, as they are called, I am a citizen of the United States, and most cordially do I respond to what has been said in reference to maintaining the Union of these States. The Constitution lays down a basis on which the Union may and can be preserved, and for one, I am willing to live under, abide by, and sustain the flag which Washington carried throughout the Revolution.

I repeat that I have no language to express, no words to utter; rather I have words which will give utterance to my feelings of heartfelt and sincere gratitude, sentiment, and at the same time express my devotion to that flag. Much has been said about the South and the North. I am glad to hear the language expressed by your organ to day, that the pending difficulties or existing war does not grow out of any animosity to any local institution, but from a devotion to our common country; and, as far as possible, to bring back those individuals or States if you please, which have taken upon themselves to proclaim the odious doctrine of secession. I characterize secession as an odious doctrine, a heresy, a political absurdity. It is an odious and abominable doctrine, and I look upon it as contrary to all government, and as a heresy which should be crushed out. Where it is admitted, no government, political, moral, or religious, can stand. It is disintegrating in its nature, and a kind of universal solvent. I speak it not profanely, but it is well formed, well held, and, if permitted to go on, it will drag everything in its train to ruin.

In response to what has been said, I am proud that I can lay my hand on my breast and say that I am willing to guarantee every right, every single right, which belongs either to the North, South, East, or West. I am gratified to carry your sentiments to the people of whom I am one; that there is no disposition to make war upon any institution, whether of slavery or otherwise, and to end termination to leave the disposition of slavery to time and those circumstances by which it is surrounded, and over which no political legislation can exert any control.

I hope that it may not be deemed out of place if I make any allusion to myself or of my own position. My position in the Congress of the United States is familiar to most of you. I have been a member of the Union since I was a boy, and I still believe that without the power of enforcing the laws and maintaining itself, there can be no Government. And I believe that we have reached the time when it is time to show the world, Pagan and Christian, whether we have a Government or no. It is time that the world should know that the Government framed in 1789 was not a dream, and that it has neither been frittered away nor faded from our sight. It is time that the world should know that the Union is still there, and that the doctrine of secession is a heresy, and that neither States nor individuals can set the Government aside.

These are substantially the doctrines I cited and maintained in 1833, and from that time down to the present time. Let us look at the last struggle for the Presidency. The friends of Senator Douglas presented him as the best Union man. The friends of Mr. Breckinridge, who was regarded as the best representative of the Union sentiment. That the friends presented Hon. John Bell as the best Union candidate, and the Republicans, so far as I am informed, have always been for the Union. Thus we had four candidates, the only question between those advocates was, Who was entitled to pre-eminence for their efforts in preserving the Union? We have now laid aside all questions of political difference, all disputes about the division of the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, about tariffs, about banks and no banks, and gathering round the stars and stripes in one fraternal hug over our devotion to it, the flag of our country. So far as I am concerned, I am proud of that flag borne by Washington and his compeers, over the bloody battle fields and frozen marshes of a seven years' war. I am proud of that flag, the emblem of our liberties.

You are all familiar with the events which have taken place in Tennessee. We have been taunted—told that we were traitors—that the hemp was growing for us—that the day of our execution was fixed. We have stood all this, and more, face to face, toe to toe, and answered that the Constitution defines treason to be adhering to the enemies of the United States, and giving them aid and comfort; and we have told them that the time will come when the judiciary will dare to decide according to the law, and that we will see for whom the day of execution is fixed, and for whose neck the hemp is growing.

The stars and stripes should be preserved, if for nothing else, as a memento, as an emblem of the best and purest Government upon which the sun ever shone. And I invoke the bitterest curses upon the head of him who would trail it in the dust. I know that rewards have been offered for my head, and that it is even said that warrants have been issued for my arrest, myself, and other Union men. But, my friends, I am no fugitive, much less am I a fugitive from justice. I am not flying from my home. I am on my way to execute a holy mission. I am willing to place every particle of property I possess at the disposal of the Government, if she needs it, in this strife, and if this is not enough, I am willing to pour out my life blood a libation on the altar of my country. If I fall in this strife, I ask is, that my corpse shall be carried to my

home in Tennessee, wrapped in the stars and stripes, and that I shall be buried among her mountains. And if the Union should fall with me, all that I ask is, that, wrapped in the flag which is her emblem, I shall be buried in the same common grave. I ask no greater glory.

On teaching Washington, Mr. Johnson was serenaded, and in response to the call of the people made a powerful speech. In the course of which he said that Mr. Lincoln had done no more than his duty, and that if he had done less, he would have deserved the halter himself. He said he stood by the President in all his acts, and called upon all good citizens everywhere to do the same. Let millions of money be expended, let our most precious blood be poured out; but above and before all things, let the Union and Constitution be preserved. The speaker showed clearly that the war was not brought about by the North, but in the fulfillment of every citizen's greatest privilege—the election of our Chief Magistrate, which was done honestly and fairly. There arose in the South a few dishonest politicians, who were bound to break up the Union and the Government. Then was practically inaugurated the principle of secession. South Carolina must first make friends with the Union, and then destroy it, and then its acquiescence upon the other Southern States by its brutal assault on Fort Sumpter, thus causing blood to flow and the cannons to reverberate over the South, until every Southerner should be filled with the spirit of war. He showed that the doctrine of secession would utterly abandon the idea of ever constructing another Republic, because its tendency was to destroy and not to inaugurate any system of equality among men, and destroy that principle which enables man to govern himself. Hence, to acknowledge the doctrine of secession would be to invite despotism and anarchy. And shall we permit it? [Cries of "No! No! Never!"] The line of march has already begun on Washington, the capital of our nation, founded by the father of our country George Washington; and, my friends, let me tell you that anarchy and destruction are treading closer upon your heels than you are aware, if you allow this principle or its advocates to gain a foothold upon the soil of American freedom.

This man Beauregard, or no-regard, (cries of blackguard,) as some call him, fired upon our gallant Anderson when he was informed that he and his men were upon the point of starvation, and would evacuate the fort in three days, unless supplied with provisions. Pryor was there, and desired that the cannons should be heard by Virginia, as that State was then wavering on the point of secession, and he desired to make her decide in favor of "protection of the rights of the South." Hence, the war upon a little band of the most gallant, though starving, men in the service.

He referred to the historical records of the past to prove the spirit of anarchy among bad men, and proved the present Southern movement to eclipse them all.

What principles have we lost by the continuance of this Union? [Cries of "none."] Then stand by it! ["We will," "we will."] Compromise! Where can compromise be found but in the Constitution of the United States? I look upon it as one of the best compromises that ever could be made. ["Good!" "good!"] Hence I look upon it as our God-bidden duty to stand by it; by the Government which was framed by Washington, which was sustained by Jackson; which was fought for by our good old patriot Scott, ["Bravo!" and "Huzza for General Scott," and the cheers repeated given."] He then paid a very high compliment to General Scott. He believed South Carolina and the whole South would be as quiet as a lamb if the old man Jackson had been at the head of the nation last fall; and could Clay and Webster respond to their cries for compromise, it would be as it often has been, in the language of our good old father, "The Union, the Union—it must and shall be preserved." They may burn our fields; destroy our property; nay, our best blood may and will be sacrificed, but East Tennessee cannot be converted into a land of slaves! They may confiscate my little property I own in Tennessee. My life may be required to lay upon the altar of my country, but let my country be saved! She is right, and right and justice must prevail, while the stars and stripes continue to float over us. Mr. Johnson closed amid great and enthusiastic applause.

PRAYER IN THE ARMY.—On that Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, when Commodore Downie, of the British squadron was sailing down on the American ships, the Federal Union—Plattsburg, he sent a man to the mast to see what they were doing on Commodore McDonough's ship, the flag ship of the little American squadron.

"Ho! aloft," said Downie, "What are they doing in that ship?"

"Sir," answered the lookout, "they are gathering about the main mast, and they seem to be at prayer."

"Ah!" said Downie, "that looks well for them but bad for us."

It was bad for the British Commodore. For the very first shot from the American ship was a chain-shot which cut poor Downie in two, and killed him in a moment. McDonough was a simple, humble Christian and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle. He died as he lived—a simple-hearted earnest Christian.

A PATRIOT-HEROINE.—An officer of the Niagara, writing from Pensacola, tells us the following, which is well worthy of being told: "It appears that, when Capt. Armstrong was about to surrender the yard, his daughter, after a vain endeavor to persuade him not to so act, demanded of him a dozen men and she would protect the place until aid came; but no, he was a traitor in heart, and must so act; the dear old flag was hauled down from where it had so long waved, and the renegade Ranshaw ran his sword through it, venting his spleen upon the flag which had so long kept him from starvation. Human nature could not stand it, and the brave woman, seizing the flag, took her scissors and cut from it the Union, telling them that the time was not far distant when she would replace it unsullied, but for the stripes, she left them as their legacy, being their just deserts."

A little four year old girl, while repeating the catechism to her mother, was asked, "What did God create?" The child promptly replied, "The sun, the moon, the stars—and the stripes!"

THE JOURNAL.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The 85th Anniversary of our National Independence, was celebrated by the citizens of Clearfield, at Liberty Spring Grove. Much credit is due to the Committee of arrangements, Messrs W. Porter, G. W. Rheem, R. Shaw, Jr., T. J. McCullough and E. J. Wallace, Esqrs., and considering the late hour (Monday evening) at which it was determined to celebrate the day, their success was beyond all reasonable expectation. The company was large, without party or sectarian distinction, male and female, young and old, and the Dinner was substantial and good, the weather warm and pleasant, and all things considered, it was a day well spent.

The company repaired to the ground about 12 o'clock, preceded by the Washington Cadets' Saxe Horn Band, discoursing music in the richest strains, together with a band of Marshal music, all under the direction of John McGanghy, Marshal; and Joseph Birchfield and E. W. Graham, Assistant Marshals.

When the cloth was removed, the company came to order, the officers taking their seats as follows: D. W. Moore, President of the day. Wm. Radebaugh, B. Stumph, L. R. Merrill and G. C. Passmore, Vice Presidents. W. W. Betts and W. M. McCullough, Secretaries.

The Declaration of Independence, was then read in a loud, clear voice by Samuel J. Row, which was followed by music and a salute.

Ex-Gov. Bigler, was then called upon to read the Farewell Address of George Washington, which he prefaced with a very appropriate remarks, most happily expressed. The reading of the address was followed by music and a salute.

The following Regular Toasts, prepared by the Committees appointed for the purpose, W. A. Wallace, A. C. Finney, Esqrs, and Dr. Hartwick, were then read by the President of the day.

1. The day we celebrate—may it ever be honored. Hail Columbia.
2. The memory of George Washington. Bonnie Jean.
3. The Constitution of the United States. The Flag of our Country.
4. The Union of the States—separate yet inseparable—may it be eternally united. Star Spangled Banner.
5. The President of the United States. Dixie's Land.
6. The heroes and sages of 1776—green be their memory. Yankee Doodle.
7. Lieut. General Winfield Scott. Torch Light quick step.
8. Our absent Volunteers. The girl I left behind me.

The following volunteer toasts were then read, and appropriately responded to.

By D. F. Etzweiler.—The President of the United States—may he strictly confine himself to the powers confided to his care. In the preservation of civil and religious Liberty, and respect the inalienable rights of American Freeman.

By Wm. L. Moore.—Our glorious Union—its restoration and perpetuation. May the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, vouchsafe to us that blessing, and also inspire our people to beware hereafter of the schemes of the political demagogue, and the rant of the abstractionists.

By A. C. Finney.—The glorious old 4th of July—now ripe in years, but threatened with hemorrhage. May our great Physician, Scott, be able to restore her to perfect health.

By R. J. Wallace.—Our host—may his shadow never grow less.

By Wm. Porter.—Union and harmony, peace to the Stars, and plenty to the poor.

By Jack Moore.—The Union and the Ladies—may they never be divided.

By R. Shaw Jr.—Uncle Sam—may he soon return to sanity, and consign sambo to oblivion.

After which, on motion of W. Radebaugh, the company adjourned with three cheers for the Union and the Constitution—which were given with a will, followed by a salute of all the guns.

GOING TO THE DEVIL.—One of the best known members of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and somewhat short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit to the country, and was making a great fuss about the preparing and putting up of his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, "Whans this ye be gann, Bobby, that ye mak sic a grand wark about your clothes?" The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied, "I'm going to the devil." "Deed Bobby," then, was the quiet answer, "ye need na be sae nice—he'll just tak ye as ye are."

We have a little friend by the name Freddy, who is less than four years old. His sister, who is not quite a year old, was sitting in his father's lap, crying and fretting for her mother who had gone out, when Freddy turned to her and said, in the most earnest manner possible: "There, Alice, you've cried enough; there's no use fretting any more; mother's gone away—and father don't keep the article you want!"

LOUISVILLE AND THE UNION.—A recent letter from Louisville says that there is no business there of any kind. The city is unconditionally for the Union. Even Secessionists dare not talk what they mean, but clothe their treasonable designs with the form of armed neutrality. A Union club in Louisville of ten days' growth numbers between 3,000 and 4,000 of the best men in the city.

Some amusement was created in the Department of the Interior on the 29th, when Dr. Sparks, one of the Examiners, opened and read an application from John Hadenheimer, for a Bounty Land Warrant, for services in the Black Hawk war, as private in Capt. Abraham Lincoln's company.