Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. | CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1862. | VOL. 8.--NO. 18.

DOING GOOD.

'Tis never too late to do good;
We all have our time to improve;
'Tis doing no more than we should,
Progressively onward to move.
'Tis folly to lornfully grieve;
Be hopeful and you will be wise,
The lower the station we leave,
The greater the merit to rise.

We all might be better—in fact,
More loving—more friendly—more kind;
With a little more feeling—more tact—
To manage the heart and the mind.
'Tis noble to earnestly strive
By labor or learning to rise;
The gem-seeker deeply must drive,
Or never look out for a prize.

MRS. GOLDSMITH AT FORTY.

The case of Mrs. Goldsmith was a sad one. I did not see the remedy. She was forty, and not as happy as at thirty five. At thirty her face, though beginning to look dreary and discontented, was for the most part bright with anticipation. Her children, all daughters, were unfolding from bud to fragrant blossom, and her life rested in their lives.

Since the completion of her thirty-fifth year one of her children had died—the youngest, and most tenderly loved because the youngest. Ah! for a woman like Mrs Goldsmith, who had built only upon an earthly foundation, who had loved herself intensely in her children, this was indeed an affliction. She bowed her head and refused to be comforted. The unrelieved black that gathered in furneral gloom around her person was a fitting emblem of the darkness that enshrouded her spirit. But troubles and sorrows do not always come alone. Her oldest daughter formed an attachment that did not meet her parents' approbation, and failing to gain their consent, or even the smallest approval of her choice, took the desperate and almost always unwise course of marrying against their remonstances, threats and commands. From the day she left her father's house she had been an alien therefrom; and two long years had passed without a reconciliation.

So at forty Mrs. Goldsmith had cause of mental suffering, heart disquietude; but the suffering and disquietude were in excess of legitimate causes. The home of Mrs. Goldsmith was luxurious. So far as her external life was concerned, or rather, so far as in the use of money she could arrange the externals of her life, she had all the means of happiness; but these in her case, were wholly inadequate. Nay, instead of giving that repose of mind which freedom from worldly anxieties is supposed to confer, they only added to her dissatisfaction. Their possession brought no sense of *responsibility*, but induced a feeling of superiority to others. She must always be ministered to, never minister. Her comforts, feelings, tastes, habits, desires, and conveniences must be regarded by her domestics and by all from whom she required anything; while to their feelings, tastes, habits, and conveniences no regard was ever paid. Her position of luxurious ease had made her, as it does so many in like situations, intensely selfish—and this very selfishness was a cause of her miserable disquietude.

Mortified pride was another source of unhappiness in the case of Mrs. Goldsmith. To think that *her* daughter should humiliate the family by marrying any man beneath their condition! Death, fearful as the visitation had been, was a light affliction compared with this, and disturbed her not half so profoundly.

Poor Mrs. Goldsmith! At forty, as I have said, her case was a sad one, and I did not see the remedy. Human efforts to bring her mind back into the sunshine were of no avail. She brooded over her sorrow and her humiliation, admitting no cheerful guests into heart. Mortification at her daughter's discreditable marriage, added to a morbid grief—half affected, half real—that succeeded the first strong outgush of maternal anguish, caused an entire withdrawal of herself from society, and shut her up in the shadowy retirement of her own chamber for a greater portion of the time.

No interest for others could be awakened in the mind of Mrs. Goldsmith. What was the outside world to her? Human sympathy was barred from her heart. She felt herself to be of finer quality than the mass of people around her; and in her sorrow and stricken pride she held herself coldly aloof.

If Mrs. Goldsmith had taken interest in any employment—had gone down, with a true woman's care and thought, into her household, and wrought therein the highest possible comfort for its inmates, then would she have found seasons of calmness and peace. But instead of this, neglect and indifference produced constant irregularities; and sharp, angry or injudicious reproof and complainings alienated domestics, and made the home of Mrs. Goldsmith so unlike a true home that it scarcely deserved the name.

And so life at forty was proving a failure to one whose promises at twenty appeared bright as a cloudless day in June. I called one evening to see her husband—a man of large business operations, whose sober, abstracted face did not indicate a *peaceful* mind. Care drew tightly on the muscles about his lips, wrinkled his forehead, and fixed his eyes in an absent kind of gaze, as if he were looking away from the present into some far beyond. It was not often that visitors saw Mrs. Goldsmith. I was privileged. She did not retire from the family circle on my entrance. A fleeting smile lit up her pale face as I came in, but it faded quickly, leaving a weary, desolate look in her eyes and about her mouth. Her conversation was as dreary as her face. Domestic troubles—the worthlessness of servants—the daily and hourly vexations to which the family were subjected—poor health—depression of spirits—these were the topics dwelt upon during the hour I stayed. I tried several times to get her away from them to interest her in other people or other themes; but, like a strained spring, it came always back to its common adjustments.

"The case of Mrs. Goldsmith is hopeless," I said to myself on retiring. "What are wealth and luxury worth if their possessor can use them to no better advantage than this? Inaction produces stagnation, and stagnation breeds sickly forms of life. The mind of Mrs. Goldsmith is a stagnant pool. Miasma hangs over the surface like a cold vapor, and in the sluggish waters below monstrous creatures are taking shape and vitality. Storm and flood were better than this! Let the pool be swept in ruin away, so that even the tiniest stream remain, singing, as its pure waters flow on and on, its happy song chording sweetly with every windnote that kisses the flower-heads bending above! Yes, yes, this were better far."

A year afterward, in a distant city, I read of Mr. Goldsmith's sudden death; and letters received from home soon afterward gave me the information that he died a bankrupt. "His widow is left without a dollar," was the language of my correspondent.

"Poor Mrs. Goldsmith!" said I, looking up from my letter, and recalling her image as last seen. Here is trouble indeed!—trouble that you can sit down and brood over—trouble that neither pride nor a selfish love of ease can nurture. Ah! is there any strength left for an ordeal like this? Will gold be found in the crucible after the fire has reached its intensest heat.

Afer an absence of three years I returned. In my own absorbing duties—in my own trials, sufferings, and self-discipline—Mrs. Goldsmith was forgotten, or only remembered at times with a vague impersonality. She was of the great outside world of men and women who do not touch the chords of our individual life, nor awaken a sympathetic interest.

I was sitting in one of the parlors of an old and valued friend, when a young lady, who had rung at the door and had been admitted by the servant, came in. My friend said, in a kind, familiar voice, but without introducing her.

"Oh, Margaret!"

"Miss Annie is at home?" there was a low, pleasant tone in the speaker's voice.

"Yes. Walk into the back parlor. She'll be with you in a moment."

The young lady passed through the folding doors and we were alone again.

"There's something familiar in her face," said I, looking inquiringly at my friend.

"Anna's music-teacher; a Miss Goldsmith."

"Not the daughter of Colbert Goldsmith, who died a few years ago?"

"Yes."

"What of her mother?" I asked with a suddenly quickening interest. "Is she living?"

"Yes."

"Where, and how?"

"With her daughter."

"Whom she cast off in anger on account of her marriage with a young man regarded as beneath her?"

"Yes."

"What of him?"

"He's an estimable person, I believe, and holds a responsible position in one of our mercantile houses."

"What a blow to pride! I wonder how Mrs. Goldsmith's present state compares with her condition of mind when she stood in the higher ranks?"

But my friend could not answer the question. She had not known Mrs. Goldsmith in the days of her prosperity, and only knew of her thro' her daughter, who came twice a week to give her music lessons.

Next morning I called upon my old acquaintance now in adversity. Nearly ten minutes passed after sending up my card before she made her appearance. I began to have misgivings as to the state in which I should find her.

A rustling of garments on the stairs—the pleasant pattering of little feet—the music of a child's questioning voice—and then Mrs. Goldsmith entered, leading a golding-haired little girl of three summers by the hand. One glance into her pale, calm, humanized face told the story of suffering and triumph. She had been down among the seething waters of adversity, but had risen above them in the strength of a nobler and purer love than had burned in her heart in the days of wealth and luxurious ease.

"It was kind in you to call," she said, as she stood holding my hand and looking at me with a gratified expression on her face.

"I am grieved," I said, using the common form of expression, "to find that since my absence from the city sad changes have met you."

She smiled faintly as she answered "God's ways are not as our ways."

"But his ways are always best," I said quickly.

"Always—always," she replied, the smile growing sweeter about her mouth.

"Though our feet turn to them unwillingly," I remarked.

"Very unwillingly, as in my case."

We were seated. The sunny-haired child was in her arms, her head laid back, and her eyes turned lovingly upward. Mrs. Goldsmith looked down upon the sweet face, and left a kiss upon it.

"Your grand-daughter?"

"Yes, and she's a darling little girl!" Her arms on which the child lay, felt the loving impulse that was in her heart, and drew the form close against her breast. I noticed the movement, and said in my thought, "Yes, His ways are best—always—always."

"There has been much lost," she said, in the earnest talk that followed—"much lost and much gained; and the gain is greater than the loss. Oh, into what a blind, selfish, sinful state had I fallen when that sterner visitation and discipline came, and I sunk for a time in utter despair. Then I became conscious that a struggle for very life had come, and not only for myself, but for another also—a struggle in which victory would be reached only in the degree that I had in myself the elements of strength. In the wreck of my husband's estate everything was lost. Our elegant home and luxurious furniture receded from our pessession, fading away, in our bewilderment and grief, like a disolving view, or the passing of scenery in a play. My first distinct impression was like that of a man in the midst of overwhelming waters, and I began reaching about fearfully, in my thought for a way of safety and escape. Then the despised and contemed one—he from whom we had turned ourselves away in bitter scorn—came and spoke such kind, tender, manly words, that my rebuked and smitten heart bowed itself before him in something of reverence. I saw in what loving trust and confidence my daughter leaned on him, secure and steadfast, while against me and my other child the floods swept fiercely, and it seemed as if no power could save us."

"Ah! Sir. God led us down into a deep, dark and frightful valley, only that he might show us the way to a mountain of love, rising heavenward beyond. I could not go in thro' the door opened in such a manly, Christian spirit, and sit down in idleness with folded hands. The generous conduct of my daughter's husband inspired me with a desire to return benefit for benefit, and though here under the law of filial love, I try daily to let gratitude express itself in service; and so, in useful employments, I find a new life in which peace dwells. Margaret will not be idle and dependent. It is not the wish of her excellent brother-in-law that she should teach; but duty has led her into the right way, and she is cheerful and happy."

"Not in the external things of this life," said I, as she paused, "can the heart find rest."

"Nor without them," she replied. "We must make them the ministers of useful service; must dwell in them, as life dwells in true forms, directing and controling them for those good uses they were intended to serve."

"Then," said I, "they will be as Aaron's rod in the hand—a staff for support; and not as Aaron's rod on the ground—a stinging serpent."

UNCLE BOB FEELS WASPISH.—Uncle Bob is a backwoods preacher in Mississippi, (provided he hasn't joined the Secesh. army,) and is not of a very amiable temper. In the summer of 1860 he went to minister to the spiritual wants of some "brethring" at a rough built meeting-house known by the very classic name of "Coon Tail." Inspirited by a crowded house, Uncle Bob turned himself loose in the most tragic style. He beat, stamped, and vociferated terribly. For sometime previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of mud wasps had built a nest underneath it. Uncle Bob's peculiar mode of conducting the service had disturbed the insects; and just as he was executing one of his most tremendous gestures an enraged wasp met him half way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose. He stopped short, gave sundry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a half suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far corner of the house. Turning towards them with illconcealed rage, he exclaimed, "No laughing in the house of God; I allow no laughing in my meetings. I'll lay out the first man that laughs as soon as service is over!" This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the wasps, and soon warmed up to a two-forty lick. But again, in the midst of the most impassioned gesticulatian, a wasp struck him full in the forehead; he bowed, dodged, and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter rose from the congregation. Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage and disgust, and then shouted, "Meetin's dismissed! Go home! Just go home, every one of you! But as for me, [taking off his coat,] I don't leave this shanty as long as there's a wasp around!"

COINCIDENCES.—In 1856, Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, of Alton, Illinois, was brutally mrudered by a pro-slavery mob for publishing a paper, in a free State, wherein he temperately discussed the institution of slavery, occupying substantially the ground covered by the Chicago platform. His murder took place on the 7th of November, 1836. In November, 1860, we published a communication from a gentleman of this city who was with Lovejoy when he fell pierced by the bullets of the furious mob, and who received his last words. In that letter he called attention to the cheering coincidence, that on the twenty-fourth anniversity of the murder of Lovejoy, Nov. 7th, 1860, the nation rejoiced with cheers over the election of a President from the same State of Illinois, chosen to carry out the same views in defense of which the martyr fell. The same gentleman now reminds us that the anniversary has been signally celebrated this year by the glorious capture of the forts at Port Royal and the planting of the Union power in the heart of the stronghold of treason. Thus do events keep alive the memory of noble deeds, and bring in the just revenges of history.—*N. Y. World.*

NEGRO IDEA OF CREATION.—At a recent negro camp-meetiug, the preacher gave the following lucid exposition of the creation:—Sisters and brothers, God made a big ball of fire and chucked it right waar it is; and waar is de white and brack man dat daar says it's not right? If a man had de placing of it, he would have it too near, and de men, animals, and rivers would all burn up before he could get it higher; den he would have it so high dat de men, animals, and rivers would all freeze to death before he could get it down. He then went on to show that there was do difference between the white man and the negro. Dar is no difference between the white man and nigger except in de color. God made them so to beautify and varigate de world, de same as he made white and black pigs. Let de white man die and also de nigger, bury them both, den after a year dig up de white man and then dig up yourselves, and den see if dar is any difference.

RETRIBUTION.—A letter from a private in the Seventy-ninth Hilanders, discloses an instance of just retribution which fell on an earnest traitor who should have been hung months ago. It will be remembered that in the early part of Summer a man employed in the Washington navy yard was discovered filling shells with sand instead of with the proper material. This man had received a medical education, and on his escape within the rebel lines resumed the practice of his profession. When the Seventy-ninth landed at Port Royal the first sight that greeted them on entering the hospital was this man seated at a table, with a splendid case of surgical instruments before him, his left arm laying naturally upon the table and the position of his body indicating perfect ease but upon a closer examination it was discovered that the entire upper portion of his head had been cut away, from the crown to the back of his neck, by a cannon ball.

THE WATCH OL GENERAL WASHINGTON.—We were shown, says the Louisville *Journal*, a gold watch of the olden time, which is of great value as a memento of an important event in American history. The watch was a present from Gen. Washington to Gen. Lafayette, and bears the following inscription on the inner case: "G. Washington to Gilbert Mortiers de Lafayette. Lord Cornwallis capitulation, Yorktown, December 17 1781." The watch is of London manufacture, and was made in 1869. It is said that the watch was taken to San Francisco by a Frenchman, who became embarrassed there and sold it to the present owner for the sum of fifty dollars,

Those who heed not God's writ are often compelled to heed the sheriff's.

The loss by the great fire at Charleston is estimated at $7,000,000.

REMINISCENCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

A Sermon,

By Rev. JOAB PROUT. Delivered on the eve of the battle of Brandywine. Sept. 10 1777. in presence of WASHINGTON, WAYNE and others of the Army.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN.—We have met, this evening, perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toils of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat—alike we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of internal foes and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night by the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in this peaceful valley, on the eve of the battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder hights, the sunlight that tomorrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitened tents of our encampment; in times of terror and of gloom we have gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has died away along the green plains of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder streams, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strife of tomorrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolated plain, the blood soddened valley, the burned farm house blackening in the sun, the sacked village and the ravaged owner answer; let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer strewd along the field of his homestead answer—let the starving mother, with babe clinging to the withering breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring ones that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and the babe answer!

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here, wrong was not here, Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods across the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from the waste of the wilderness and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people. They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our post on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering thick and fast, the dark cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine Retribution!

They may conquer us on the morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from the field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Ay, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space; if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives while the laborer starves; want striving among the people in all its forms of terror, and ignorant and God defying priesthood, chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud, a merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of the doom and the retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid to the fight? We will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children!

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his grey hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmibe—I might tell you of a mother butchered and a sister outraged—the lonely farmhouse, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatched their victim, the cries for mercy; the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the terrible colors of vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You might go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground and the dead line your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle clouds, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the awful and the infinite fights for you, and you will triumph. *"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."*

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones.

You have taken the sword for truth, and justice and right, and to you the promise is to be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear and in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. If any of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite hights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the Continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the buried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and silence that mark the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it.

Let us pray.

Great Father, we bow before Thee. We invoke Thy blessing; we deprecate Thy wrath; we return Thee thanks for the past; we ask Thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength our hope, and thy instrument, even George Washington—shower thy counsels on the Honorable, the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, and they may fill us with desires for revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us in their hour of butchery and bloodshed. And in the hour of death do Thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto Thee, through Christ our Redeemer—GOD PROSPER THE CAUSE—AMEN.

AGE OF MEATS.—We do not mean from the birth, but from the butcher. The Englishman would insist upon having his *beef* at least a week old, and will keep it longer; his *mutton* not less than month old; and other meats of such age as he has found them most savory to *his* taste. People of other nations think that meats require time—some more, others less—to come into their best condition for the table. In this country there is much more dread of *tainted* than of *tough* meats. While shunning Scilla, we have approached too near Charybdis. We often butcher in the evening and devour in the morning; and sometimes eat for breakfast that which was killed at sunrise. Except in case of necessity, this is not wise. Meats do not come into that condition in which they are most readily assimilated, and most nourishing, until some time after slaughtering—longer in cold than in warm weather, and longer with some kinds than with others, at the same season. Until then, they are tough; and although "there is no disputing of tastes;" it must be admitted that they are, to a large majority of persons who have fairly made the comparison, less tasteful, if not absolutely unsavory.

CHICKEN SALAD.—A friend who fried a chicken salad with us the other day, asked a minute description in the *Agriculturist* for the benefit of his better half and others. The recipe is a common one, for aught we know—the salad was used with special skill in the instance when our friend was so well pleased. Written minutely it reads thus: Mince finely the white parts of one chicken previously well boiled. Take blanched, crisp celery and chop very fine. With 1 measure of the minced chicken, mix $1\frac{1}{2}$ measures of the chopped celery. Boil hard one large or two small eggs, cut the yolks fine, and mixing in a teaspoonful of mustard, and nearly as much salt, with $\frac{1}{4}$ teacupful of vinegar, pour this over the chicken. Cut the boiled whites of the eggs in rings and lay on top, garnishing also with the smaller leaves of the celery. Usually the celery is not chopped half fine enough.

HOW TO COOK EGGS IN THE SHELL.—A correspondent of the *Agriculturist* writes: "One way to cook eggs is to drop them into boiling water, and let them remain there three minutes—the water all the time boiling. This hardens the white next the shell to almost leathery toughness, while within it is still uncooked. Another and preferable mode is, to pour boiling water upon the eggs; let them stand in this 5 minutes; pour off this and add more boiling water and immediately bring them to the table *in the water*. Those taken out at once will be somewhat cooked through; and those left in five minutes will be "hard boiled," or nearly so, and thus the taste of every one may be suited and no toughness of the whites be observed."

ROLLED UP BEEF.—Cut pieces of beef, about as broad as a hand and finch thick, pound well, and then spread with a forcemeat of bacon of the same size as the beef, roll the slices together, and tie them with a string. Boil with water enough to cover the meat; keep the pot well closed. When the beef is tender, take it out, and also half the liquor; let the other half boil down, and then add the first half to it. Season with onions and salt to taste. Cut the strings off the beef and put on the table with the gravy. If to be used on the second day, boil it up again, cutting a pickle in the sauce, and it will be quite good. If to be kept for a time, put it in a dish and cover with fat. It will keep good for several weeks.

CAN IT BE?—The Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: —A gentleman of our acquaintance asserts that there are about five hundred Knights of the Golden Circle in this county. We are loth to believe that such a number of men abide, even in Western Pennsylvania, so base as to have taken a solemn oath to disrupt this government. If there be any of these poor deluded persons, we hope they will be dealt with.

The time that tries men's souls—Winter.

THE JOURNAL.

THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

A STORM IN CAMP.—A member of Col. Stambaugh's regiment, in Camp Negly, Ky., relates the following remarkable incident, as having occurred during a recent storm. He says that "about midnight the thunder and lighting burst over the camp in all its fury, and a deafening explosion took place in the adjoining tent. The terrific yells of the sentinel brought me to my feet. I soon found the tent to be on fire, and that Lt. Wishart of Fulton and Lt. West of Franklin county, Pa., were struck by lightning. Their sides were burnt to a crisp, yet God's mercy interposed and saved their lives by the very weapons they had used with which to protect themselves from the rebel foe—little dreaming at the time that those weapons would prove their safety in a storm. Their swords were melted by their sides by the subtle fluid, and no doubt exhausted its fury and saved their lives." Truly, the ways of Providence are wonderful.

The imprisonment of Messrs. Mason and Slidell alarms the New Orleans *Crescent*. That paper says: "Messrs. Mason and Slidell are very old men; therefore, as a matter of course, they cannot be expected to withstand the privations which a dungeon life imposes upon its victims. They are physically incapable—they would languish and die under the deprivations of close confinement, within a very few weeks. Should this sad result be brought about by the infernal cruelty of the Lincoln dynasty, we trust President Davis will order the execution of every prisoner of war in his possession, and announce in an informal proclamation that *no prisoners of war will be taken hereafter.*"

On Tuesday the 24th Dec. a man named J. B. Wharton, residing at Clear Spring, Md., approached one of the river pickets near Williamsport and offered him $25 to carry a dispatch to the other side. The soldier made the fact known to Col. Leonard, who had him arrested but not until he had destroyed the despatch. He is connected by marriage with Ex-Senator Mason, now at Fort Warren. He is held as a spy.

A Setter Dog, adopted by Fremont's Body Guard, named "Corporal" is distinguished for his intelligent and noble conduct on the battle-field at Springfield. "Corporal," found one of our men lying badly wounded, and in need of immediate surgical relief. The dog ran to the surgeon, and by his persistent barking and uneasy movements induced him to follow to the spot where the wounded guardsman was lying.

The fight at New Market bridge above Fortress Monroe was but a slight affair. A company had been sent out to search for a man who had been lost in the woods the day before. While near the bridge they were suddenly surrounded by 700 rebels, but they cut their way out without the loss of a man—only six being wounded. Seven rebels are known to be killed and a number wounded.

From intimations given, Fortress Monroe is to be improved and put in complete trim for action. The artesian well in the Fortress is now 367 feet deep, but no water as yet. The borers think when they get through the bed of clay which they have struck that water will be reached. Water is all that is wanted to render the Fortress proof against a prolonged siege.

Colonel Corcoran when he was told that he was to be hung if one of the privateers were executed, he said: "Well, sir, I am ready. I am proud to be able to say that I am willing to sacrifice my life, if necessary, in defence of the flag under which I have lived and gained an honorable position."

The rebels have torn up and destroyed much of the North Missouri railroad, during the last week. They have burned a number of bridges and culverts and destroyed all the cars within reach. It is not known who the parties are, but certain secession residents along the road are suspected.

F. A. Foster of Company B, Kane's Rifles, received two gunshot wounds in the leg, in the battle at Drainesville. After receiving the first shot he sat on the ground firing until he received the second shot, when he was carried off to the hospital.

The force which Gen. Pope sent against Lexington, Missouri, burned two ferry boats belonging to the rebels, and destroyed the iron foundry at that place which had been employed by the rebels in casting cannon.

John F. Barnes of Company K, Kane's Rifles, was shot in the breast in the recent battle at Drainesville. He dropped his gun, but picked it up again, loaded it and fired at one more secesh, before he was carried off.

It is rumored that the rebels intended to make an attack upon Forts Hatteras and Clarke at the Inlet. Gen. Williams and his force are ready for the rebels, and will tender them a cordial reception.

Eleven hundred soldiers, five thousand stand of arms, three hundred tons of stores and two batteries of artillery, have been sent to Quebec, Canada, by the British government during the last week.

The brig Ellen P. Stewart arrived at Philadelphia on the 24th, with 291 bales of Sea Island cotton, belonging to the United States government. It was shipped by flag-officer Dupont.

Samuel Campbell of Company E, Kane's Rifles, had his nose cut off by a rifle ball and he is a jolly chap. He says he had "smelt powder" but "never expected to smell a rifle ball."

Two hundred and forty-nine prisoners have arrived at Fortress Monroe from Fort Warren who are to be exchanged for a like number now held at Richmond.

The rebels have been tearing up the railroad track between Green river and Bowling Green in Kentucky.

The progress of the second famine in Ireland—caused by the potatoe rot, short crops of cereals and a general want of employment—will be read with melancholy interest. In the Provinces of Connaught, Munster and Lienster the yield of potatoes will be only up to half the usual supply and of this a quarter will be totally unfit for human food. A man has been already found starved to death in the highway in Clare, the peasantry of Mayo, Galway and Sligo suffered from want, both of food and fuel, while the greater part of the weavers of Antrim are out of work.