

Barlow's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1862.

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OUR COUNTRY.
On primal rocks she wrote her names;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her name
Swift-winged with prayer or ocean waves:
The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors:
Meek rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores:
Till, fold by fold, the broadened land,
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girl drew.
O Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divined things,
Their record must abide in thee!
First in the glories of thy font
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found:
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound:
Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rancor runs!
So link thy ways to those of God,
So followed from the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-aped Angels hail thy cause!
O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years
The gift of Faith the crown of song!

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.
"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself. "And so have I," Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself. "Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work."
"You, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."
"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."
"Very well." And, full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began:
"You remember the debt of Warfield, about which I spoke a few days ago?"
"Yes."
"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. It was a sharp practice; but the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield will get a third of his claim."

"In my operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider quite a good one. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county, for a debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre for it at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I should never see him again I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant, for cash. He thinks he has a bargain, and perhaps he has; but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desirable one."

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, on the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited a few moments and then said:
"Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the piles of good things made—"
"No—nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so. Go on. I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But after a little more urging, she began the story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraidings, that I would, for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial-day. Shall I go on?"
Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away.
"Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's hesitancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone of my voice that was not a loving one. Dear little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found, just behind one of his ears, a small inflamed spot. It made him slightly feverish and worrisome all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!"

"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her bad humors. She didn't want to go to school to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her wilfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and her pinching shoe unshated. And so I had my reward."

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slaps, and you some pocket handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's

quick tongue, and indignant words to mine. Patience! patience! whispered a small still voice. I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very, calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face till she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion.
"You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, but without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen something wiser, I think than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed."

"Other trials I have had during the day—some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned—but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward suddenly and kissed her, saying as he did so:

"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny, dear, since you have been talking I have thought this: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing."

PETRIFFED INDIAN EYES.—The *Panama Star* says: We have recently received, through the kindness of a friend at Arica, Peru, a quantity of petrified Indian eyes, taken from the Indian burying grounds in that neighborhood, which are probably as great a curiosity in their way as has ever come to light. The ball of the eye is exceedingly perfect displaying the pupil and other parts very distinctly. It is apparently of a hard horny substance, and peels off in thin transparent flakes. The face of the eye presents a reddish hue with yellow circles, and when reflected in the light it becomes brilliantly illuminated. The back part is of a bright, glossy, yellow tinge, looking much like damaged pearl, but when the outer flakes are taken off, the entire eye becomes the color of bright amber, which it is easily mistaken for. These eyes are found at other times on the ground of the cave or grave, having fallen out after becoming dried up. On the reference to books written on Peru, we find that Frezier, who visited the coast in 1712, describes the "Heacas," or ancient tombs at Hilo and Arica, where the bodies were found entire with clothes on, and frequently surrounded by gold and silver ornaments. The graves are described as being dug in the sand, about six feet in depth and inclosed with a wall of dry stones, covered with cane rods, over which a layer of earth and sand is spread.

SINGULAR DOUBLE SUICIDE.—Suicide is one of the "specialties" of the French people; but an Englishman and his wife—she sixty-two years old and she twenty-eight—have proved themselves not behind hand in this peculiarity. Their names were Kenrick; the husband had squandered a fortune of £100,000, and, with his wife, found himself in Naples without funds. So they decided to drown themselves, and climbed over the low wall of the public gardens of the Villa Reale, where a semi-circular space overlooking the sea is furnished with stone seats, and descending on the beach, where Mrs. Kenrick tied her dress round her ankles and filled it from the waist with sand, Mr. Kenrick effecting the same purpose by filling the bosom of his shirt, his waistcoat and coat sleeves with sand and stones, his wife supplying the necessary strings and tape from her own dress. They then tied themselves together round the waist with their pocket handkerchiefs, and deliberately lay down to die in the sea, which at that point is not more than two or three feet deep. They had the resolution to endure suffocation, and their corpses were seen next morning at daybreak.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH ON THE TREAT AFFAIR.—The speech of Mr. Sumner in the Senate on the Trent affair, was a masterly and conclusive exposition of the triumph of American principles as applied to international law. In all his arguments and illustrations he left one respected mother England "out in the cold." He demonstrated that by all other leading European Powers the American doctrine had been recognized and admitted for many years and that England alone had opposed it. The inconsistency of the present position of England, with her policy in all the past, was admirably illustrated, and the conclusion that Great Britain is now stopped from any future assertion of her doctrine in reference to visitation and search, was brilliant and effective. The speech was impressively delivered. The galleries of the Senate were densely crowded.

SHIPWRECK ON SHORE.—The anomaly of a shipwreck on shore occurred at Lombard street wharf, Philadelphia, to the ship "Esther," on Wednesday morning 8th. This ship had finished taking in her cargo on the evening previous. Next morning 7 1/2 feet of water was discovered in the hold of the vessel. Much of the cargo was damaged. Two steam fire engines were promptly on the spot, and with the rapid unloading of the cargo prevented the total sinking of the ship. The Esther was destined for Laguayra and had on board 3,000 barrels of flour, 6,000 bushels of grain, 1,000 boxes of herring, 1,500 kegs of lard, 1,000 boxes of soap, 1,000 kegs of butter, 105 hogsheads of coal and 500 bundles of boxes. The whole cargo was taken out, the grain, which was in the lower hold, was greatly damaged.

GENEROUS.—I will save you a thousand pounds," said a young buck to an old gentleman. "How?" "You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand pounds as her portion, I believe." "I do." "Sir, I will take her with nine thousand."

Isaac Jones, of Sheffield, Mass., although 102 years old, supports himself by sawing wood at the rate of about half a cord per day. He is so deaf that he has not heard thunder for twenty years.

ADDRESS OF HON. L. W. HALL, On taking the Chair as Speaker of the Senate.

SENATORS.—I thank you for the kind partiality which has raised me to the dignity of your presiding officer. I accept the honor with diffidence in my ability to fulfil your expectations, but with the determination so far as in me lies, to give to the position my industrious and impartial efforts, and I claim, as I have no doubt I shall receive, at your hands, indulgence towards myself, whilst you exercise forbearance and courtesy towards each other. I cannot but be impressed with the liveliest emotions of pleasure at this generous confidence on your part, animating me anew in the discharge of public duty; and I feel how idly I would employ your time in felicitating myself upon the attainment of civic honors, in this "awful and rugged crisis" when above all personal considerations, the salvation of the Republic should engage all our thoughts.

We meet in stirring times. An epoch in our National life is upon us. Events of vast importance in quick succession cluster fast, decisive, perhaps of our destiny of mankind. For let this government be overthrown from within itself, and who can say, but that its great underlying principle, the capacity of man for self government, shall be thrown aside for the future, by the People of the world, as a failure.

Our State is inseparably linked with all the others. We share a common fate, either of disgrace and ruin, or permanent power and glory. All other questions of political economy, or governmental policy, are merged in the one great issue of National life or death. For what are all other interests worth, without a government that can maintain itself? What other public calamity can be compared to the National overthrow? Wars have visited our country in time past, waged by the savages of the forest, and the self-styled "mistress of the Seas." Pestilence has, at various times wasted; us public credit has gone down, while succeeding waves of financial revulsion swept the social state. Yet, blessed by a benign government, our country has outlived them all. But where is the hope of resurrection from the grave of National disintegration? We cannot be too deeply, anxiously, impressed with the conviction that unless we conquer in this struggle, all is lost. There can be no peace unless we conquer peace. If we should even tender the olive branch, a thought which cannot be entertained for a single moment, the rebellious States would disdainfully reject it. All the sacrifice that may be expended, all the evils that are inseparable from it, and which the humane croakers for peace are constantly aggravating, are light, in comparison with the untold evils which would follow a triumphant rebellion. But if we could even agree upon a peaceable separation, how long would peace continue? The disloyal Southern States intoxicated with success, would be more aggressive, domineering and unscrupulous than ever before. An eternal conflict of jarring interests would entail interminable internal wars upon all our posterity, whilst our weakened, divided, demoralized condition would constantly invite the aggressions of the grasping potentates of Europe. If this government has not the power of subduing a rebellion, it has not the power of preserving itself. It is now on its great trial. Now is the time for the solution of the grand problem. European monarchists point to this country as the last great exemplification of the impossibility of a permanent republic. Do they predicate the failure of our country on the mere fact that civil war exists? What Nation in all history has been exempt from it? Is it peculiar to Republics? Then, whence the civil wars that from the earliest history until recent reigns, have time and again, ravaged and scorched the British Empire? Why is it, that England safely moved in that quiet cove of best tranquillity, a limited monarchy, has been frequently torn from her moorings and tossed madly in the seas of revolution? If a monarchy be the symbol of strength and perpetuity whence the War of the Roses? Why has the blood of monarchs in France so often glutted the savage vengeance of internal factions? Civil war indeed exists. A war on our part to put down an unnatural, ungrateful, matricidal, Hell-born Rebellion. Long plotted, it has been hatched at last into wicked life, and seeks with treacherous, falsehood, theft, robbery, arson and murder, as its allies, to dissolve this blood-bought Union, our priceless heritage from our forefathers. The magnitude of the contest, the tremendous consequences of discomfiture, can hardly be exaggerated. But who doubts the result? Superiority of strength, numbers and resources, and the invincible will of a united North must triumph. As certain as Truth and Justice sit enthroned in Heaven, there can be but one issue from this conflict. The North may have to spend profusely her treasures, and her patriotic sons pour out their life-blood like water, but the Government must and will be sustained. The omens are auspicious. Hitherto the Rebels, immensely inferior to the Loyalists in numbers and aggregate wealth, have far excelled us in energy and vigor. We were slow to appreciate the true state of the case. Nor is it surprising. True to the Union and the Constitution ourselves, hereditarily and proudly loving the one and religiously venerating the other, we were loth to believe it possible that men were so lost to the glorious memories of the past and the bright hopes of the future, as to recklessly and diabolically conspire to overthrow both. Six hundred thousand free citizens—volunteers—marshalled on the battlefield in defence of the government, affords an evidence of strength which the world has never before witnessed. Let monarchists contemplate the incredibly short time in which this immense army has been raised, the discipline to which it has attained, the spirit of unflinching devotion which animates all, and learn the lesson of our Republic's strength.

The noble State which honors us with seats in this Chamber, has been true to her traditional renown. More than 90,000 Pennsylvanians are now in the field, and wherever they have had an opportunity of facing the foe, their actions have shown them as martial in spirit as they are distinguished for discipline. Of such gallant spirits, ready to die for their country's flag, Pennsylvania may well be proud. We know that their names and deeds will illustrate the brightest records of this unhappy war, and that they never desert the post of duty, until victory wreaths its

laurels around their brows, and the restored bond of union shall be.

"Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature
That binds the jarring elements in peace."
The present session will doubtless be one of great importance. Whatever public affairs may demand our attention, (it is needless for me to surmise what they may be) it becomes us to lift ourselves above all personal and party interests and to act in that grave, dispassionate and dignified matter, which should ever characterize a Legislative body. From my knowledge of the Senate, I confidently anticipate that the peculiar position will be rendered light and easy, by your cordial co-operation in the maintenance of strict order and the careful observance of parliamentary rules. Again I thank you, Senators, for the honor you have conferred upon me, and doubt not that mutual prudence and patience will enable us to transact the business of the session pleasantly to ourselves and to the welfare of our constituents.

You will be good enough to indicate a Senator to administer the usual oath.

LECTURE ON LINCOLN.—The annual message of John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, delivered to the Legislature of that State on the 6th instant, after abusing Secretary Cameron for his proposition to use the contrabands in army service, recites the rebel indictment against the President in this amusing style:

"The history of Abraham Lincoln is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having for their object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these Confederate States.

To this end he has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power."
He has combined with Pierpont and other traitors in Virginia "to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, giving assent to their acts of pretended legislation."
He is endeavoring to quarter "large bodies of armed troops amongst us."
He is endeavoring to cut off "our trade with all parts of the world."
He is endeavoring to impose "taxes upon us without our consent."
He is endeavoring to deprive us, "in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury."
He has abdicated government here by declaring us "out of his protection and waging war against us."

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns and destroyed the lives of our people."
He is at this time transporting large bodies of mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation."

GOVERNOR LETCHER IS A GAY.
THE GOVERNMENT FINANCIAL PLAN.—The following plan has been recommended to the Government in lieu of the plan of the Bank Committee. It appears to us to be practicable and sensible:

1. Mr. Chase to be authorized to pay all Government creditors in Treasury notes, bearing a very small rate of interest or none at all.
2. These Treasury notes to be a legal tender and to be redeemable in coin at the pleasure of Government.
3. These Treasury notes to be convertible into funded stock of the United States at the pleasure of the holder, after a fixed period.
4. All demand notes now afloat to be a legal tender, and convertible on the same terms as the new Treasury notes.
5. A revenue to be raised by direct and indirect taxation of not less than \$150,000,000, to wit: enough, to pay, first, all the ordinary expenses of the government; secondly, the interest on the entire debt; and thirdly, to constitute a sinking fund which shall extinguish the present debt of the United States in twenty-five years.

The foundation on which this issue of government paper would rest, is the taxation of \$150,000,000. This would retire the paper so rapidly that there would be no large accumulations, and as soon as the necessity of such large expenditures ceased, the taxes would soon absorb the whole, when the taxes could be reduced or abolished, as the necessities of the case might require.

The one thing in the plan we hesitate about is the making the Treasury notes a legal tender. While the notes are kept at par, or nearly so, no great hardship would occur, but in any great depreciation of the notes, much injustice might be done. We hope the subject will be weighed well, as doubtless it will be.

A BRACE OF SENSIBLE CANADIANS.—The *Co-burg (Canada) Star* copies "with pleasure" the following from the *Kingston Wig*: "No matter what the news may be of the action the British Government may take of the Mason and Slidell affair, we entreat our readers not to fret their fat with any dread of a war between Great Britain and the United States. Sensible men are at the head of both governments, and know the horrors of war too well to hasten into it without adequate cause. Whatever might be thought of the war at home, it would be very unpopular in Canada. It is all very well for us to poke up the Yankees with a long stick when they brag of their victories, and the press feeds its readers with 'Pop Doodle,' but to fight with them is beyond expectation. They are our neighbors and best customers. Many of us are connected with them in ties of blood and ties of business. They are a kind, hospitable, intelligent race of people—they would not brag so much—are our kindred, and the idea of cutting each other's throats is utterly out of the question."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Senator Wilson stated to the Senate last week the astonishing fact that one Cyrus Seymour was appointed Brigade Supt. in Sickle's Brigade and the other sutlers were obliged to pay him \$22,000 per year and another man was appointed sutler to seven regiments, and he was making \$75,000 per year by under-letting them. We have called this highway robbery, but it is infinitely worse. We hope the party concerned in it will meet with that punishment which a crime so heinous deserves. It is high time that the sutlers should be driven from the army. They are worse than pestilence, of which they are the cause.

The servant girls of the Free States consume more silks and French goods than the whole Southern aristocracy.

HOW I CAME TO GET MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a wife, and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cocktails, cigar boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whisk and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, band boxes, ribbons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibles, pap, sugar teats, paradice, hive syrup, reubarb, coster oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, senna, salts, squills and doctor bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more hive syrup, etc. etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the farthest, most tea-custared, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakers, every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one, 'twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a tree looking through a knot hole, I could not look at any one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house, whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to knock my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked a bunch of cigars and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable I concluded to shin it up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed. "Now," said I, "I can't sleep. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the farthest, most tea-custared, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakers, every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one, 'twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a tree looking through a knot hole, I could not look at any one long enough. 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