Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1862. VOL. 8.—NO. 27.

A UNION SONG.

Now "Abe" has got *his tools to* work,
Good wedges, axe, and maul,
He'll make the *rebels*, like the trees,
Before his axe to fall.
A wedge, or two, already in,
He'll drive both hard and well,
And ev'ry blow that Lincoln strikes
A loyal tale will tell!

The tools he uses are the men
Gone forth to battle bold;
To chase Rebellion from the land,
And still their birthright hold!
Which birthright from their Fathers came,
When struggling to repel
The tyrant's power, that once was sway'd
In vain, their hearts to quell!

Those Patriots fired with noble zeal,
Press'd on through fire and blood!
And as the Victors of the field
At length they proudly stood!
'Twas Liberty they fought for then,
The *cause* is now the same;
Then strike! bold freemen of the North,
Be worthy of your fame!

For you are like the forest trees,
You've lived among so long;
The hardy pine, the spreading oak,
The "hick ry" tough and strong.
So if the rebels here and there
May fell a freeman bold,
He'll slay them in his fall, as much
As Sampson did of old.

For thousands more will onward press,
To follow where he fell!
And, like the falling Temple, crush
The rebels down to hell.
And thus their stars may soon be set,
Their stripes upon them fall;
And Union stars and stripes again
Be waveing o'er us all! UNION.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mrs. Tompkins' parlors were in apple-pie order—not a speck of dust on the shining piano—not a stray shred on the velvet carpet, not an atom of of ashes under the well filled grate. For Mrs. Tompkins was one of those thrifty souls who keep up appearances in spite of everything, and delight in handsomely furnished parlors, while the kitchen is stinted to the closest degree of parsimony.

She was flying about, shaking out chair-covers and arranging the little china ornaments on the mantle, was Mrs. Tompkins, in a manner that betokened a considerable amount of inward disturbance. There was a jerk to her elbow and a toss of her head, which foreboded woe to somebody or other.

"I am clear out of patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Tompkins at last. "I don't believe there ever was a poor mortal half so badgered as I am with poor relations! Why couldn't Harry have married a rich wife, while he was about it, instead of Mary Glen, who wasn't worth a red cent—only a governess at that? And now the poor dear boy is dead and gone, and left his doll-baby of a wife on my hands. I declare, its enough to make a woman crazy. Don't see why I should be obliged to support her just because she happened to be my son's wife! Why can't she go to work and do something? Too much of a fine lady, I s'pose, with her white hands and long curls, and pink and white cheeks. Never brought up to do any chores about the house—can't wash dishes, nor make biscuit, nor do anything useful. I am tired of this sort of business."

And just as Mrs. Tompkins made this emphatic assertion, the door sottly swung open, and a delicate girl of scarcely more than eighteen summers, glided in. Her deep mourning dress gave additional fairness to a complexion that was like snowy wax, shadowed with the softest rose-tint on cheek and lips, and the timid, fluttering glance of her dark eyes indicated her position dependant.

"Can I assist you about arranging the parlors, Mrs. Tompkins?" she faltered, as if uncertain how her offer might chance to be received.

"No Mrs. Tompkins, Junior, you can't!" said the old lady, with a toss of her cap-border. "I couldn't think of allowing such a fine lady soil her white fingers about my work. Then—you needn't go to crying—I don't believe in people that have such very tender feelings!"

"I did not intend to cry," murmured poor Mary, "but indeed I could not help it!"

"I tell you what, Mrs. Tompkins, Junior," said the old lady wrathfully, "we may as well come to an understanding first as last. Zephanish and me aint rich—and we've a big family of our own, and now that poor deer Harry, our elder boy has been dead and gone a year," here Mrs. Tompkins, Sr., mechanically pulled out a red bordered pocket-handkerchief, and made a random dab at her eyes, "I don't see that you have any particular claim on us! So you'd better look out for a situation as governess or to do some plain sewing, or something, as soon as you can, for to speak my mind, on it, you've been spongin' on us about long enough!"

Mrs. Tompkins stopped with her mouth shut together like a steel trap. Her daughter-in-law had grown very pale.

"And while I am about it," continued the old lady, "I may as well say that Hetty don't like it because you insist on stayin' in the parlor every time Colonel Redcliffe calls. He's worth a cool half million, Zephainah says, and if our Hetty makes a catch of him, why the family fortune's as good as made. Of course, when Hetty is Mrs. Col. Redcliffe, you won't expect her to notice you much—she may give you some sewin' to do once in a while, but—— My gracious! there's his carriage at the door this minute! And he was here only yesterday. Biddy! run up and tell Miss Hetty to put on her pink dress, and take her curls out of the papers—Col. Redcliffe's at the door! You can sit in the kitchen while he's here, Mary and peel the potatoes for dinner, if it isn't too common work for them lily fingers! Hetty don't want you pryin' round when her beau's here! Run—quick!"

And as Mrs. Tompkins, Jr., disappeared, Mrs. Tompkins, Sr., opened the door with a simpering smile.

"Dear me, Colonel Redcliffe, who'd have thought of seeing *you?* Do walk in—we're highly honored. I'm sure!"

Colonel Redcliffe was a tall, elegant-looking man, whose wealth and station in society fully warranted the calm dignity with which he bowed to Mrs. Tomkins' adulation.

"Take a seat on the sofa, Colonel!" chattered Mrs. Tomkins. "Won't you sit a little nearer the fire? Not cold, eh? Well it ain't so freezing-like as it was yesterday, to sure! I hope you won't get impatient," she giggled, "Hetty'll be down in a minute!"

"*Who* will be down?" inquired Colonel Redcliffe, looking up from the book he was carelessly turning over, with some astonishment expressed in his fine features.

"Hetty—my daughter!"

"I beg your pardon," said the Colonel quietly, "there is some mistake here. I called to see your daughter-in-law Mrs. Mary Tompkins."

"Harry's wife!" gasped out the mamma-in-law.

"And," added Col. Redcliffe, "as you are the nearest relative and guardian at present, it may be well for me to mention to you that I intend making her an offer of marriage. Her beauty and grace render her a fit wife for any man, and I am proud to think that I have won her affections. Of course I may reckon upon your sanction and approval?"

"Ye-yes!" stuttered Mrs. Tompkins, who was completely taken aback by this sudden overthrow of all her Aladdin visions concerning her red-haired daughter, Hetty. However, even if Colonel Redcliffe's palatial establishment wasn't for "daughter Hetty," still it was something to keep so much wealth in the family.

"I'll call her," she said, humidly slipping out of the room, just in time to arrest the triumphant entry of Miss Hetty, with her curls all in a quiver of oil and cologne.

"Go back, Hetty!" she exclaimed in a stage whisper, "you're not the one that's wanted! it's Harry's wife!"

And she shot down stairs as fast as possible.

"Mary dear!" she said in the softest of tones, "you're not peelin' potatoes! Well, you always were so obliging! Give me a kiss love—I always did say Harry's wife was just like my own daughter! Now run up stairs into the parlor and see what Col. Redcliffe has to say to you!"

Mrs. Harry Tompkins was uncertain at first whether her respectable mother-in-law was not a little demented. Never before had she listened to such softly affectionate syllables from the old lady, and she went up stairs like one in a dream.

"And when may I call you mine, dearest!" was the parting question of Col. Redcliffe, as he held that fair young widow to his heart.

Poor Mary! it was so long since she had heard the accents of love and kindness, and now to be the chosen bride of one to whom the world looked in admiration—ah, it seemed too much happiness!

"Remember, I shall not wait long!" he added, caressingly smoothing down the jetty tresses. "The sooner I take you away from this vulgar and uncongenial atmosphere, the better!"

"Vulgar and uncongnnial!" gasped Mrs. Tompkins, who was listning at the keyhole. "Well, I never!"

"Mary, dear," she said that evening, "I shall be very sorry to lose you. You've always been just like my own child, hav'nt you? Come and kiss me, there's a love—and be sure you don't forget your poor dear ma-in-law, when you're married to Col. Redcliffe! Hetty, come here congratulate your dear sister! I wouldn't have given you up to anybody else, but Colonel Redcliffe is a man that deserves you!"

Mary smiled quietly—she was of too gentle and forgiving a nature to resent even the hypocracy of her mother-in-law—and in the bright future, opening before her, she had forgiveness for all.

"Harry's wife is going to be married," said Mrs. Tompkins, to one of her gossips soon after.

"What! that lazy, indolent, good-for-nothing——"

"Hush-sh-sh!" cried the old lady, clapping her hand over Mrs. Sykes' mouth, "that was all a mistake. She's a dear, sweet love!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Sykes, "then I conclude she's going to marry rich!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tompkins complacently. "It will be *such* a trial to part with her."

And such is the weakness of poor human nature that the good old lady had actually believed what she said.

BEN. WADE.—If there is a man in the loyal states who really represents the true sentiment of American independence, enterprise, industry and progress, it is Ben Wade the U. S. Senator from Ohio. He is a true specimen of an American Democrat, none of your dough-face, sycophantic, slavery adulating locofocos, who have successfully appropriated the title of Democracy, until by its use and abuse the whole nation has been brought to the verge of political, social, financial and commercial ruin—but a Democrat of the true Republican stamp, who only suffers his country to be made obedient to right, and who has labored against wrong until his zeal has become a virtue worthy of the emulation of every honest man in the land. Because Senator Wade has dared to oppose the slave power when its majority in the Senate walked the floors of that chamber, as a pirate-chief treads the deck of his vessel, he is to be sacrificed. To ensure this, the united controliers of the old organs of that same majority in the north, are howling in his path, while the lesser lights lend their feeble whine to swell the clamor of those who hate Senator Wade because he hates slavery as the source of all our evil and the origin of the present rebellion. With the preference of the Legislature of Ohio, of course we have no right to interfere—but in the reputation of an honest, an upright puplic servant and a stern patriot, we have an equal interest as we have an interest in every good influence that can be weilded for the peace and prosperity of the country. Therefore, we regard the re-election of Ben. Wade to the U. S. Senate as a great national necessity. His defeat is sought as a tribute to the slave power. Let his triumph, therefore, be made essential to the rebuke of that power.

IRON-CLAD GUNBOATS.—The Navy Department invites proposals for the construction and equipage of a number of iron-clad steamers for river, harbor and coast defence. Those needed for the Mississippi and its tributaries are to draw but six feet of water, and have a speed of nine knots an hour; those for harbor defense are to draw not more than twelve feet, and be able to maintain a speed of ten knots, those for coast defense are to draw not more than twenty feet, and have a speed of fifteen knots. The propositions will be received until the 24th of March.

From the census recently taken in Canada, nearly one-half of the population are Roman Catholics.

THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

THE REJOICING IN KENTUCKY.

The following description of the scene in Frankfort the capital of Kentucky, on the receipt of the news of the occupation of Bowling Green and Fort Donelson by the Union troops, is from a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. He says: The first intimation the Senate had of the good news came from Mr. Speaker Fisk. The despatch had been handed to him. With that shy manner and imperturbable face which so eminently belongs to that gentleman, he informed the Senate that he had received a despatch, which, though not exactly germaine to the subject under discussion, with the permission of the Senate he would read. The profoundest silence pervaded the Senate chamber and lobby while the speaker read the despatch. Then, in a moment, a tumultuous cheer broke out in the lobby, and was continued throughout the Senate chamber. The Speaker, in the meantime, preserved the most stolid gravity. Not a smile nor a frown ruffled the surface of his marble features. He did not call the Senate to order, but that body immediately recollected what it was, and where it was, and business was resumed with the usual decorum. The joyful news soon found its way into the House of Representatives. One member moved an adjournment. "Oh, no! no!" was the response from all sides, when the mover said he had just heard that General Mitchell had possession of Bowling Green, whereupon the House adjourned instanter, and a prolonged and heart-felt cheer resounded through the hall. After the adjournment of the Legislature the town was, to say the least, lively. Bumper upon bumper of "pure old Bourbon" was swallowed to the toast, "Eres to Sheneral Mishel an 'is bray and gallant army." In the midst of these festivities a despatch was received announcing that Fort Donelson had surrendered. The scene that took place then beggars description. The voices of the Union citizens of the town and those of the Legislature intermingled in one continuous cheer. Even the Union ladies assembled at the Capitol Hotel, the headquarters, and with beaming countenances and waving handkerchiefs, expressed their joy. "Here's to Abraham Link horn," "God bless him," came from scores of stentorian lungs, owned by the most ultra proslavery men. Another toast: "Jeff Davis and hell, inseparable in life, in death may they not be divided." "Up, my honest ole Dabe, God bless your rail-splitting soul," came from another quarter. "Boolee for Edwil M. Stantle," could occasionally be heard through the general din. One hundred and fifty guns were fired in front of the State Arsenal. Music paraded the streets and patriotic speeches were made *suitable for the occasion*. In the meantime night came on apace, and the sulky and sullen Secesh began to emerge from their holes, looking as mean as Secession really is. One by one they dropped into Powell's saloon, "their headquarters," and, after imbibing sundry times, commenced feeling better. They did not believe the news; it was "a d—d Lincoln," &c. After a little they commenced shouting for Jeff Davis. While engaged in this pastime two Union members of the Legislature, both disciples of Hippocrates, happened to drop into Powell's. They could not stand these Jeff Davis shouts. One of them, assuming command, formed his comrade in line of battle, drew a fifteen-inch bowie, and thus addressed the crowd: "Attention, rebels! Jeff Davis is played out, and must not be cheered or toasted in these United States. Hell is the proper place for him to be toasted in. About face, file right (pointing to the door), double quick, forward march." A few pistols were heard to click, but not a shot was fired. The Secesh embraced the better part of valor—discretion—and evacuated, leaving our M. D.'s master of the field.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A released prisoner who gives his experience in Secessia to the Rochester *Express*, relates this incident: Of the six or seven cars which started from Manassas, there were but two remaining when we reached the rebel capital, Richmond. We arrived there about nine o'clock in the evening. After the cars had halted, I heard a low voice at my window, which was partly raised. It was quite dark, and I could not distinguish the speaker, who was an Irish woman.

"Whist," said she, "are you hungry?"

I replied that I was not, but that some of the boys probably were.

"Wait till I go to the house," she continued—and a moment afterwards I heard her again at the window. She handed me a loaf of bread, some meat and jabont a dozen baker's cakes, saying, "that was all I had in the house, but I had a shillin' and I bought the cakes wid it; and if I had more you should have it and welcome! Take it and God bless ye."

I thanked her and said, "you are very kind to enemies."

"Whist," said she, "and ain't I from New York meself?"

This was the first Union demonstration that I witnessed in Old Virginia. I thanked God for the consolation which the reflection afforded me, as for the third night I lay sleeplessly in the cars, my clothing still saturated, and my body thoroughly chilled from the effects of the deluge at Manassas, I could have desired no sweeter morsel than the good woman's homely loaf, and proud of the loyal giver, I rejoiced that "I was from New York meself."

FROM RICHMOND.—An interesting interview was had with one of the prisoners who has been confined at Richmond for seven months. He gives unmistakable evidences of the fact that a strong Union organization of Richmond Union men who claim to be three thousand strong and are eagerly waiting and longing for opportunity to fling out the Stars and Stripes. Out of seventeen fortifications erected around Richmond, only one was armed. The city could be easily taken. Desperate efforts are making to get recruits for the army. The secessionists admit that, unless they can secure the services of every male in Virginia between 18 and 60, they must yield Virginia in thirty days. The Union men have leagues, regularly organized, with signs and pass words. Many acts of kindness were shown, on every possible opportunity, to the prisoners. Our informant has a handsome golp guard chain, presented to him by the ladies, accompanied by an anonymous note, expressing the links on the chain of Union would soon be more firmly united than ever. Union men informed him that the army at Manassas was falling back. That from three to five regiments were daily arriving at Richmond. Tennesseans going to Tennessee, and Carolinians and others to their several States. It is understood that only some thirty thousand men would remain at Manassas. News of the Fort Donelson surrender had a most disheartening effect in Richmond, but it cheered the hopes of the Unionists who say they want it to be known by the federal government that they are ready to welcome the old flag and fight for it.

RATS DESERTING THE SINKING SHIP.—A complimentary dinner was tendered to Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, ex-Minister to France, last week at Martinsburg. That gentleman (who, it will be remembered, was exchanged for Mr. Ely,) in a speech on that occasion said, in effect, that the policy of secession, as it had been carried out, had been a failure. It had been accompanied with an unnecessary waste of life. The best blood of the South and an immense amount of property had been sacrificed. If this course was continued, it would pile ruin on ruin. The public sentiment of Western Virginia was opposed to it. He also intimated that he had no affilation with those who wished the present war to continue. His remarks were acquiesced in by the large audience present, and there is no doubt but he reflected the true sentiment of nine tenths of the people in the upper counties of the Potomac. Reports from unusually reliable sources say that between three hundred and four hundred of the Berkley county militia have deserted in a body, and intend to cross the Potomac and join our ranks.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The brigantine Fanny Lewis, which ran the Charleston blockade, arrived at Liverpool with six hundred bales of cotton and three hundred barrels of rosin. At the annual meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, the blockading of the Charleston Harbor was strongly denounced and the efficiency of the blockade questioned, but continued non-intervention was generally approved. A letter was read from Mr. Cobden showing the permanent importance of settling beligerant rights, and the necessity for England agreeing to the American doctrine relative to private property at sea. Mr. Bright, in a speech at Birmingham, denied that the American blockade was ineffectual. He ridiculed the idea that America was in a position to be trampled upon. He pointed out the dangers of interference, and strongly urged a strict neutrality. It is stated that Mr. Adams, the American Minister, does not conceal his indignation at Earl Russell's late letter to the admiralty, relative to the use of the British ports. There is also considerable differences in political circles as to the policy and propriety of the act.

FROM MISSOURI.—Gen. Halleck has issued an order that in consideration of the recent victories won by the federal forces, and of the rapidly increasing loyalty of the citizens of Missouri, the sentences of the eight bridge burners, heretofore condemed to death, are provisionally mitigated to close confinement in the military prison at Alton. If, however, rebel spies again destroy the railroads and telegraph lines, and thus render it necessary to make severe examples, the original sentence against these men will be carried into execution. No further assessment will be levied or collected from any one who will now take the prescribed oath of allegiance. Boards of commissioners will be appointed to examine the cases of prisoners of war who apply to take the oath of allegiance, and, on their recommendation, orders will be issued for their release.

WILL THEY COME BACK?—The Richmond papers say that every train from Manassas is crowded with soldiers who are on their return home to visit their friends—but who have promised to come back and re-enlist. Wonder how much, under the circumstances, this promise is worth? The succession of defeats which the rebel cause is encountering at every point must be a lively inducement to return. Once at home, they will, we fancy, come to the conclusion that patriotism imperatively requires them to stay where they are, so as to help drive away the "Hessian invaders" when they go down that way. Besides, if they spend a few weeks at their firesides, it will probably prove so difficult for them to find their old comrades and commanders, unless they seek them among the prisoners in the Union camps, that they will scarcely attempt so desperate an undertaking.

MRS. LINCOLN'S "BALL."—"It was got up regardless of expenses, and proved altogether a magnificent affair. Why should it not be splendid when the *People Pay the Piper*."

The person who penned the above must be a knave and a fool, if he thinks he can gull his readers with such stuff. Mr. Lincoln like all former Presidents, receives his salary; and has he not a right to spend that money, like other people, in any manner he pleases? The cry that the "People Pay the Piper," is too bare-faced a falsehood to need elucidation. All honest thinking men will see at a glance, that it is only a miserable attempt of some of Breckinridge papers to make a little party capital.

Again, many of this same class of papers say, that "the ball was opened by the President leading off with the accomplished daughter of Senator Browning of Illinois, followed by that Senator and Mrs. Lincoln." On this point a correspondent of the New York *Herald* says: "When the *dining room* was thrown open, the President led off with the accomplished daughter of Senator Browning, followed by that Senator and Mrs. Lincoln. There was no dancing up to one o'clock." From this it would appear that the parties named, led the way to the supper table instead of "leading off in the dance," and that the papers which are publishing this statement, are guilty of a willful preversion of the truth for the purpose of misleading their readers. But suppose the latter were the case; whose business is it? Certainly his own. Then, why this prying into Mr. Lincoln's affairs? Is it for his good, or is it intended to create a dissatisfaction that will accrue to the benefit of the rebels? The last proposition evidently is the case; for his decryers and defamers are those who have from the beginning been the appologists of the rebellion, and who, even up to the present time, sympathise with its leaders. Beware, then, of all such "clap-trap" trash as that the "People Pay the Piper," for it is only intended for mischief and for the benefit of the rebels.

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a limpid consonant. He should have added that it usually follows a-vowal, however consonant it may be to the feelings.

HOW I BECAME A FARMER.

EXPERIENCE OF A MECHANIC TURNED FARMER.

Will you allow me a little space to record my experience?—not because it contains any thing very remarkable, nor that I think it valuable because it is mine, but that others who are situated as I was, perhaps, see the way to realize what they have long been waiting to secure, a home in the country. I was born and reared in New York city, and save an occasional visit to friends living in the country, I knew nothing of farm life, until within the past few years. I learned the cabinet maker's trade, and worked at it steadily for twelve years. During that time I found a use for articles of my own make, to the extent of six chairs with other things in proportion—four children having fallen to our lot.

Having no capital, I was obliged to remain a journeyman, or do piece work, and any one knowing the active competition that has prevailed in this business, can readily believe that after making both ends meet, at the year's end there was but little left to lap over with. As my little ones grew up around me, regard for their health and morals, and anxiety to meet increasing expenses, incited me to try and secure a home in the country.

In the Spring of 1854 I received an offer to work in a village in this county, which I gladly accepted, as it brought me one step nearer what I desired. I looked about for a place a little out of the village where I could have a piece of land to cultivate, believing that if I could but make a beginning, I could work out to the end. I found a comfortable house with two acres of ground attached, at a moderate rent, and it would have done you good to see the delight of the little ones when we took possession. They had never conceived of such extensive playgrounds, having always been confined to a narrow back yard, and an occasional walk in the crowded city street.

I stipulated with my employer for time enough to work my garden, and made a commencement. It was awkward business I assure you. My neighbors must have laughed at my simple questions; but they were very kind and aiding to me; I had the satisfaction of seeing my own vines and eating their fruit, and the probability of some day sitting under my own fig tree became quite inspiring. Being entirely ignorant, I was not afraid to try what I saw recommended, and though I was sometimes laughed at for following the book, as they called it, I learned, in time, that *printed experience* was often as valuable as that learned by word of mouth—in fact, some of my vegetables raised in what they called "new fashioned ways," were far superior to any that my neighbors could show.

To be sure, I had many failures at first. The bugs would destroy the vines, the hens scratched out some of my finest seeds, and some of my plantings turned out nothing because of my ignorance, but at the end of the first Summer, I found that by working morning and evening, with an occasional day when the weeds threatened to get the start of me, and with only a little paid out for manuring, plowing and preparing the ground, I had a full supply of choice vegetables for the family, had sold enough to help pay the store bills, and had learned sufficient to try gardening on a larger scale the next season.

I then ventured to hire two acres additional, in which, besides giving better pasture for my cow, I could plant a patch of potatoes and another of corn. It was a good year with me. A large strawberry plot which I had set out the previous Spring, yielded finely. The fruit sold at good prices, and brought me nearly $40. Other products of my garden were even beyond my expectations, and the corn and potatoes would have done honor to any farmer. This was not all. The family was never so healthy, and my two boys were becoming quite expert in the garden, to their advantage and mine also. We worked hard, but we saw the fruits of our labor and we were content.

I now felt safe to invest my little capital of a few hundred dollars in buying a place which I could call my own; and the next Spring received a deed for ten acres of land, a little more distant from the village, but yet near enough to enable me to continue my regular business. I did not feel quite ready to give up my trade, at which I could make a comfortable living, though it was becoming more and more irksome, and I longed for the time when I could lay down the saw and the plane, and take hold of the plow and the hoe. This year I hired a young man to assist in working my new land.

It is not necessary to give further details. I am now a farmer, and have arrived at my dignity one step at a time. My place is not large, only twenty-five acres, but six of those are in fruit, and I count their produce equal to all the rest. The great point I want to make for the benefit of others, is, that a change to farming, to be successful, must be made *gradually*. There are thousands of discouraged mechanics that can do as I have done, if they will but work patiently, and be content to become farmers by inches. If I had bought twenty-five acres of land the first season, and depended upon cultivating it for a living, I am convinced I should have failed, with the loss of my capital and my courage, and gone grumbling back to the shop. Now, my wife and I feel as happy as mortals can ordinarily, and I am prepared to say to my brother mechanics, "go and do likewise."

Putnam Co., N. Y. GEO. TERRET.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—At the opening of the English Parliament, on the 6th of February, the Queens speech was read; in which occurs the following sentence in relation to American affairs: "A question of great importance, which might have led to very serious consequences, arose between her majesty and the government of the United States of North America, being the seizure and forcible removal of four passengers from on board a British mail packet by the commander of a ship of war of the United States. That question has been satisfactory settled by the restoration of the passengers to British protection and by the disavowal by the United States Government of the act of violence committed by their naval officer. The friendly relations between her majesty and the President of the United States are therefore unimpaired. Her Majesty feelingly appreciated the loyalty and patriotism which have been manifested on this occasion by her Majesty's North American subjects."

Beware how you have dealings with a man taller than yourself; he can always over-reach you.

AT THEIR OLD TRICKS.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

The Democratic (?) Press of Pennsylvania are engaged in a most delectable work. They seem to act in concert, and are undoubtedly controlled by a full understanding of the objects they have in view. For instance, the old Breckinridge organ in this locality, prints some stale slander on Republicanism, or concocts a wholesale falsehood in regard to the results of the present struggle, and immediately the cry is reiterated at Erie, taken up at Pittsburg, echoed along the shores of the Allegheny, until it is borne over the hills and mountains to the waters of the Susquehanna, and thence it is circulated through all the country around. It is sent flying through York, Lancaster, Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh, Cumberland, Bradford, Susquehanna, the north and the south, the east and the west, until the people are unconscisusly deluded by such bold fabrications. They change these falsehoods to influence localities. As prophets are not respected in their own countries, so are liars despised at home. Knowing this, these Democratic organs copy each other's fabrications, in order to give them force and effect. Thus, for instance, the *Patriot* copies the concoctions of the *Journal of Commerce*, while some lesser lights in locofocoism borrow the scintillations of our neighbor, in the vain hope that they will assist in misleading the people, and thus promote the aim of the Democratic party of the north to get possession of the power of the government. If this scheme succeeds, the escape of those who are now engaged as the leaders of rebellion will be ensured. This is the main object of the Democratic leaders of the north. *Save the organization of the Democratic party first, after which, save the Union.* When this is accomplished, a re-organization of the influences which are now at work to destroy the government, will be effected, so that in ten or twenty years hence rebellion can be precipitated again, with more prospect of success.

Our Republican cotemporaries throughout Pennsylvania should narrowly watch and promptly expose all these plans of the Democracy to procure power. They should warn the people to be on their guard in the future as to any support they may contemplate bestowing on those who were the first to encourage the spirit of rebellion in the south, and the last to render any aid for its suppression. While we are engaged in fighting the rebels of the south, there must be no hesitation in accepting the issues which these sympathizers in the north desire to create; because there is no difference in crushing out those who are armed for the overthrow of the government, and those who desire to aid that armed rebellion through the force and influence of the ballot box. Let the Republican press warn the people in time; and let there be no hesitation in denouncing and exposing these plans, as we have described them, through the medium of independent Republican journals of the country.

THE INVADERS INVADED.—One year ago, the traitors were busily engaged in arranging their plans for the invasion of the north. The taking of Washington city was considered as the work only of a march across the Long Bridge which spans the Potomac, while the victorious hosts of the exulting chivalry, would march through Maryland amid the plaudits of their friends in that State, until they reached the border of Pennsylvania, where their real triumphs and rich conquests would commence. Pizzaro, in his dreams, as he slumbered after his intoxicating Peruvian revels, never had pictured to his bloated and distempered vision more gorgeous scenes of vuluptuous splender and ill concealed lasciviousness, than those which fluttered through the day-dreams of the southern traitor, as he contemplated the certainty of his invasion of the north. The gold which Pizzaro treacherously received from the imprisoned Inca, dwindled into insignificance when compared to that which the wild mobs led on by the slave drivers, were to wrest from the people of the north." Philadelphia was first to fall into the hands of these ruthless invaders. Its temples, its treasures, its palaces and dwellings were all to afford the richest booty. Harrisburg was also to feel the presence and the tread of the same invader, and then from this point and from Philadelphia, the southern invaders were to reach on to the rich cities of the east, their presence hailed and welcomed by the dough faced Democracy, and their progress but little impeded by any force which the craven and cowardly north could bring in armies against them. But these anticipations and dreams have been sadly frustrated and deceitful. *It is the invaders who have been invaded.* Instead of southern armies marching across the Susquehanna, the Hudson, and pursuing their conquering steps until they reached the Merrimac, they are falling down, down, down, where their flying numbers have almost reached the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. They are leaving their intrenchments and their camps without firing guns or striking tents. They are begging for quarters where escape is impossible and battle unavoidable. They are begging for terms of easy surrender when a manly contest might give them a victory. And what is far more gratifying, is the fact, that the people claimed as being zealously devoted to the confederate traitor cause, hail the invading federal troops as the real deliverers of the south, and fall prostrate beneath the stars and stripes, as the banner of their love and the panoply of their protection. Surely a people who have thus failed to make good their boasting—who have failed in their braggart claim as superior in arms—who shrink from battle and fly from the foes they haughtily invited to the contest—surely such a people must become hereafter the mere dependents on the leniency and liberality of those who conquer them without a blow and make them prisoners by the mere crooking of a finger. Old Virginia and Old Kentucky may hereafter live in negro minstrelsy and rude negro wit, but in the annals of true chivalry and the recital of manly feasts of daring and indurance, they will find no mention, except it is by such comparison as will perpetuate their odium. The history of the invasion of the invaders will afford prolific themes for more than one fertile pen.

HEAVY FRAUDS.—It is reported that frauds upon the Government in the articles of clothing and military horse trappings, have been discovered, amounting to over one million of dollars. The names of the parties have not yet been made public but it is indicated that they are from New York and Pennsylvania.