Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1862. VOL. 8.—NO. 31.

DEAD LOVE.

We are face to face, and between us here
Is the love we thought would never die;
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who—the deed was done,
By one or both, and there it lies;
The smile from the lip is forever gone,
And darkness is over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
So what does it profit to talk and rave,
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or through you it found a grave.

A SECESH QUARTER-MASTER OUTWITTED,

OR HOW JACK PHILLIPS RECOVERED A MULE.

If the stories of incidents and adventures current in any of the numerous camps, in the neighborhood of Seceshdom could be collected in book form, they would make a very readable work. I may send you a string of such as are afloat in our region, at some future time; at the present, I will relate one which came to my knowledge a few days since.

Squire Bailey had the biggest, and best, and most docile mule in Marlin's Bottom, and Marlin's Bottom is about the biggest and best neighborhood on Greenbrier river. Squire Bailey was inclined to be a Union man and did not entirely conceal his sentiments, notwithstanding the presence of Floyd's army in the vicinity. About the time of Floyd's "tumultuous flight" from that region, he was very much in need of transportation, and according to established usages among secesh, he proceeded to levy on the teams of the neighboring farmers. Of course, a Union man like Squire Bailey was not to escape; but Squire Bailey, taking time by the forelock, very quietly, one night, removed to a safe locality all his live stock except his favorite mule, which he kept for hauling wood and going to mill. This mule being apparently the only support of a large and increasing family, Squire Bailey fondly believed that Secesh would not be heartless enough to rob him of it.

But Squire Bailey did not understand Secesh. One fine morning along came Quartermaster Bliffe, accompanied by half a dozen armed men, from Floyd's army. Squire Bailey was standing at his gate when Quartermaster Bliffe approached him and commenced a conversation with him.

"Good-morning, Mr.—a—Mr.—"

"Bailey," suggested the Squire.

"Yes, Bailey; good-morning, Mr. Bailey."

"Morning," said the Squire.

"I understand, Mr. Bailey, that you have a number of horses and mules which you wish to dispose of to our glorious Confederacy."

"Mistake, sir," said Bailey; "I have none to sell to anybody."

"But, Mr. Bailey, some gentlemen informed me yesterday that you had quite a number of horses and mules."

"If you'll believe your eyes instead of some gentleman,' Mr. Quarter-master, you can see for yourself that I have nothin' but that mule in the dog pen there, and that I can't possibly keep house without him."

"Ah! I see the mule," said Bliffe looking through the cracks. "You'd be asking fifty dollars for that mule, I s'pose. Well it's a big price, but if you won't take less I'll have to give it. Corporal, just write a note for fifty dollars, payable in Florida swamp lands at twenty-five dollars an acre, two years after our glorious Confederacy achieves undisputed independence.

"But, Mr. Bliffe," remonstrated the Squire, "if you take my mule, my family will freeze to death; and starve to death afore spring. And if I had twenty mules I could not sell you one sich as that for less nor three hundred in gold, but this one I can't spare at no price."

"We must all make sacrifices, Mr. Bailey, for our glorious Confederacy. If you only knew the sacrifices I have made, Mr. Bailey. The starving and freezing of your wife and children are nothing compared to them; but our glorious Confederacy called, and my patriotism responded to the call. Future generations will remember and bless us, Mr. Bailey, and we will receive the everlasting gratitude of our glorious Confederacy. Think of that, Mr. Bailey—think of that."

Mr. Bliffe before his appointment, had been utterly penniless and ten times as mean as he was poor. These qualifications got him the appointment of quartermaster; out of this office he was stealing a fortune.

"Mr. Bliffe," said the Squire, with much feeling, "for the Lord's sake don't take my last arthly support. Don't you see my children are all a cryin' and a carryin' on, because that they'll all be in their graves afore spring if you rob me of—"

"Rob!" exclaimed Mr. Bliffe fiercely. "Don't say 'rob' again, or I'll massacre your whole nest of traitors. It's because you're an enemy to our glorious Confederacy that you're unwilling to sell the mule at a fair price. I oughtn't to pay such as you a cent, but I'm a generous man, and you ought to be thankful to me. Corporal, fill up the note as I directed."

"Hold a minit," said the Squire. "If that paper is what you are goin' to give me, don't spile it by writin' on it. The blank paper might be of a little use to me, but the writin' on it never could."

"You're a cursed traitor to our glorious Confederacy," said Bliffe, and he started to take the mule out of the pen. It was hitched with a halter, and had a broad cirsingle around it. He unfastened it and without deigning another word to the "enemy of his glorious Confederacy," he was off with it to seek another farmer's stable.

Squire Bailey looked sad as he turned to go in the house and in the bitterness of his feelings, so far forgot himself as to "d—n the glorious Confederacy."

Snugly concealed in Squire Bailey's closet was Jack Phillips, the up-to-everything Ohio scout. As the Squire entered the room he called out, "Come out Jack; they've gone, and the infernal scoundrels have stolen my mule."

"I told you they would," said Jack making his appearance, "and if I hadn't informed you last night they'd a got all the rest of 'em that you sent off."

"That's so Jack; but I'd give a hundred dollars to have that mule back."

Jack looked steadily at the fire for five minutes.

"What did you say, Squire."

"I said I'd give a hundred dollars to get that mule back, but I 'spose three hundred wouldn't get him."

"I don't know," said Jack abstractedly and he looked in the fire for five minutes more.

Suddenly Jack brightened up, and said, "Give me the hundred dollars, Squire, and I'll bring you your mule to-morrow night, or your money shall be returned."

The Squire looked amazed at Jack for a moment, but seeing that he was in earnest, put five double eagles in his hand. In a few minutes Jack left the house dressed in linsey pants, a red wamus, and a coonskin cap.

Next day, as Jack was walking leasurely up the road, by a coincident, probably brought about by himself, he met the quarter-master and his men returning with the proceeds of the expedition. Jack smiled a happy smile when he saw Bliffe behind the rest, leading the Squire's mule. He walked quietly along until he came almost opposite the quartermaster, when he darted suddenly on the side of the road, looking at the mule as if frightened.

"Blasted scoundrel!" exclaimed Jack.

"Who! who is a blasted scoundrel?" asked the quarter-master.

"Ain't that the mule old Bailey had?" asked Jack, moving still further out of his reach.

"Yes; but who dd you say was a blasted scoundrel?" inquired the quarter-master very naturally taking all such compliments to himself.

"Why, old Bailey and the mule, too, for that matter," said Jack.

"What's the matter with the mule?" asked Bliffe, whose former occupation had not made him much of a judge of live stock.

"The matter! Why he'll kill you afore you get him home. You didn't pay the old sinner anything for him, did you?" inquired Jack.

"Certainly; I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for him." This is what the sacrificing patriot intended to return him at to his glorious Confederacy.

"Lord a mercy!" exclaimed Jack.

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Bliffe, looking at the animal half frightened.

"That ere mule," replied Jack, "has kicked down in his time, every panel of fence on old Bailey's place! You found him in a pen of big logs didn't you?"

"Yes, why?" inquired Bliffe.

"And them ere logs are fastened by big iron bolts. It's the only thing that would ever hold him. He has killed all the rest of old Bailey's stock, and the old rascal has kept him on purpose to swindle some fellow with."

"I heard," said Bliffe, that he used to have more stock."

"That's what become of it," said Jack. "Didn't the children cry and didn't old Bailey whine and carry on about losing his three hundred dollar mule?"

"Yes, they did at a great rate."

"I know'd it," said Jack. "The old woman spanked them children and sent them out at the nick of time to help the old rascal in his swindle. And to cheat our glorious Confederacy in that manner! He ought to be hung!" and Jack winked his off eye.

"But if he's so vicious," said Bliffe, hopefully, "how did he get the halter and cirsingle on him?"

"Chloroform, sir, chloroform. I've actually seen that mule kick his collar off."

"And did they give him chloroform to get the collar on him?" asked Bliffe.

"No!" replied Jack. "They put some oats in the bottom of a barrel, and laid the collar across the top; the mule run his head through the collar to get at the oats."

"The Devil!" ejaculated the quarter-master.

"Yes," continued Jack, "and I seed him kick that collar off. Ever since that he kicks every barrel to staves he gets eyes on."

"But he has seemed quiet enough since I've been leading him," interposed Bliffe.

"Hev you any liquor about you?" asked Jack.

"Yes, a little in my pocket; why do you ask?"

"That's what he follows you for, and 'tis a wonder he hasn't eat you up body and breeches afore this, to get the liquor. I know'd that mule to kick the lock off of old Bailey's cellar door and go down thar and get as drunk as a beast. Fact sir. That mule can kick your hat off, and you on his back."

"That can't be so," said the quarter-master incredulously.

"Try him," said Jack. "I've jist got a cool hundred dollars to give you if you'll ride him a rod."

By this time the quarter-master's attendants had got out of sight, and his avaricious soul prompted him to make an effort to get Jack's gold, thinking he couldn't be more than thrown off anyhow.

The night before this meeting Jack had quietly stolen into the mule's stable and carefully placed a leather dog collar, driven full of pointed sparrow-bills under the mules cirsingle, putting a piece of light leather between the points of the nails and the mules back, so that a moderate pressure would force them through into the animal's hide.

Ignorant of this the greedy quarter master moved the mule to the bank and sprang on him just where the dog collar was placed. Just as he lit on the mule, his head lit on a boulder and he lay sprawling in the mud.

The mule still frantic with the pain of the nails still sticking in his back, sprang off the side of the road, knocked down a dozen panels of fence, and run furiously across the field rearing, kicking, lying down and rolling over, jumping up, and plunging about at a terrible rate.

"I told you so," said Jack cooly, as the quarter-master scrambled up, rubbing his bruised head, and brushing at the mud on his besmeared clothes.

"He's worse than seven devils, aint he?" said the discomfited quarter-master.

"In course he is," replied Jack.

"What'll you give me for a chance of him," asked the quarter-master as he saw another string of fence go down before the maddened mule.

"Don't know," said Jack "the halter might be worth a dollar or so, if I could get close enough to shoot him before he tears it all to shoe strings."

"But where's my horse?" asked the quarter-master looking around in astonishment.

"Don't know," replied Jack; "the mule gave him a byste with his heels jist as he started and havn't seed the hoss since."

"I wish the devil had old——"

"Hello quarter-master!" shouted a man in secesh uniform, who was coming up the road at the top of his speed; "hello Mr. Quartermaster, the enemy is coming right down on our camp, and the general wants you immediately. Our army is running like all possest, and general wants you to help save the plunder. Hurry back as hard as you can run or the enemy will be betwixt you and our fellers."

Bliffe waited to hear no more, but broke for his camp like a quarter-horse. When he arrived, and found that the story was all false, terrible was the vengeance he vowed; but before he had time to execute his threat, Floyd's army was in a remote part of the State.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the messenger who sent the quarter-master off so precipitately was an associate of Jack's, and that Jack had turned the quarter-master's horse with his head up the road, and by a sharp cut with a whip sent him out of sight before Bliffe recovered from his confusion.

Squire Bailey got his mule again, little the worse for Jack's tricks, and he is as quiet and useful an animal as there is in all the country. The double eagles Jack returned with the mule, taking the quarter-master's horse as compensation for his services.

Jack Phillips says he would like to have an opportunity of inquiring of the self-sacrificing patriot of the glorious Confederacy whether it hurt much when the mule kicked his hat off.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

Joshua R. Giddings communicates to the New York *Independent* a very interesting historical fact, showing how and when the discussion of the property in man arose. And those of our readers who have been wont to look upon the venerable Elisha Whittlesey as *fogyish* in his principles involving the anti-slavery issues, will be surprised to learn that he, in Congress, in 1828, was the leader of those who denied that slaves are property. Mr. Whittlesey held the same views upon that question as have been advocated by Mr. Ewing. Those extreme anti-slavery men who have fancied the idea that a person cannot be property is an original idea with them, can see how easy it is to be mistaken:

Mr. Giddings, in his article, says that in 1828 a discussion upon that question was brought on in the House; and but once before had it been presented, when, with great unanimity, the principle that slaves are property was rejected. The case in '28 arose thus: In the war in 1814 a horse, cart and slave of Martigny D'Anterive were impressed at New Orleans, the cart destroyed, the horse killed, and the slave wounded. A claim was presented to Congress; the committee reported in favor of paying for the horse and cart, but as to the slave said "the Government has not regarded slaves as property, nor paid for them when lost in the public service." When the bill came up an amendment was offered granting compensation for the slave.

Mr. Whittlesey, of Ohio, a member of the committee on claims, had reported the bill, and he was now expected to defend it and vindicate the action of the committee. He was a lawyer of reputation, a man of facts and figures, rather than a rhetorician. His indomitable industry gave him no small influence particularly in the department of private claims. Possessing great integrity of character, he was at all times unassuming, and had never aspired to the position of "speaking member." But with him duty was imperative, and he did not hesitate to meet the distinguished gentleman who moved the amendment. He spoke like a lawyer who had prepared his case for the hearing. Avoiding all reference to fundamental principles, he applied himself to the *law* of the case. He gave a succinct history of every claim for the loss of slaves that had come before the committee of claims since the adoption of the Constitution. He cited every report that had been made either in print or in manuscript, and showed that one undeviating rule had governed them all, and that was a constant rejection of every similar claim. He went further back, and showed that during the Revolution, although many slaves were lost in the public service, none had been paid for. The question had only once been presented to the House of Representatives. In 1816 when passing a bill to idemnify persons for property lost in the public service, a gentleman from South Carolina moved an amendment authorizing payment for slaves, but the proposition was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

It was now clearly seen that serious work was before the House. But Mr. Whittlesey was sustained by Mr. McCoy, a slaveholder of Virginia, also a member of the committee, the only man who spoke against the amendment attempted in 1816. It was also known that Mr. Williams, of North Carolina, a man of great experience, and chairman of the committee, concurred in the report. These circumstances added much weight to the argument of Mr. Whittlesey.

The slaveholders, with above exceptions argued that slaves were property, and the debate continued with great warmth for two weeks. The ablest men of the nation engaged in it. The most breathless attention was bestowed on every speaker. A profound interest and even deep solemnity rested on every countenance, when suddenly John Randolph of Virginia sprang to the floor. His effeminate voice, now raised to its utmost volume, rang shrilly through the hall, and pointing his long finger toward the speaker he exclaimed, "*Lex ita scripta est*, the point of law is settled, and you may cant on to the end of the chapter. We do not depend on your views of humanity or religion; and when you deny that slaves are our *property*, we shall not be found in this hall, we shall be found at home, *with arms in our hands*." He proceeded to lecture Southern members for consenting to argue the question, and declared it to be their true policy to hold no controversy on the subject. This policy was supported by other members, who proclaimed the solemn determination of the entire South not to permit this question to be discussed. Perhaps no incident better illustrates the "madness of the hour" than the solemn assurance by Mr. Drayton of South Carolina, that when this question should be agitated, the slave States would "consider *the voine of the Union*." The vote was on the amendment and it carried by three votes, and the bill went to its engrossment, coming up the next day for final passage. The debate was renewed, and a Northern member moved the recommitment of the bill to the committee, in order to strike out the amendment. That motion carried, and the claim for that slave was no more heard.

The United States will soon have forty-nine iron vessels of war, if those contracted for and proposed are built. The Monitor is the only one now in service.

THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

BATTLE AT WINCHESTER, VA.

On Saturday, the 22d, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy showed themselves a mile and half from Winchester. The enemy consisted of 500 of Ashley's cavalry, and two guns. They drove in the pickets, and then skirmished with the Michigan cavalry, and a portion of the Maryland first. Gen. Shields brought up his forces, and fired rounds of shell. He drove them back, and took several prisoners. Gen. Shields was wounded in the left arm at the first fire, when the enemy appeared. Jackson had been informed by the inhabitants that the town was deserted, and he advanced to retake it. Shields' force slept on their arms on Saturday night.

On Sunday morning, the 23d, at sunrise, Jackson being re-inforced attacked Shields near Kearnestown, about three miles distant. The enemy's force consisted of 1,500 of Ashby's cavalry, twelve regiments of infantry and nine pieces of artillery, with a reserve of eighteen pieces of artilery. The fight was kept up till noon, when a charge was made by the Ohio infantry. The 1st Michigan and 1st Virginia cavalry on their right drove them back half a mile, when the enemy got their guns in position in dense woods, flanked by infantry, and drove us back. An artillery engagement ensued, when Gen. Shields, through Colonel Kimball, order Colonel Tyler to turn their left flank, which was executed by our troops but with terrible loss, the enemy being protected by the stone ledge. The 84th Pennsylvania and 13th Indiana then charged their centre and the fight became general. There was terrible slaughter on both sides. Colonel Murray, of the 84th Pa., was killed. The enemy retired slowly, bringing their guns to bear on every opportunity. Our men rushed on with yells, when the panic ensued. Our troops followed and drove them till dark, capturing three guns, three caissons, muskets equipments, &c., innumerable. The dead and wounded were sent to Winchester, at noon on the 24th. Gen. Williams, of the 1st brigade, Colonel Donnelly, of the 29th New York, commanding, reinforced Shields's forces. Gen. Banks, who was on the way to Washington on Sunday, returned and assumed command. In the meantime, Shields' division, commanded by Col. Kimball, pursued the enemy beyond Newton, shelling them the whole way. Jackson's men are perfectly demoralized, and beyond control. They threw overboard their wounded to lighten the wagons. It is noticeable that nearly all the confederates were woundedin the head and breast, proving the superiorities of our marksmen.

The details of the fight on Sunday, record more deeds of personal bravery and daring than any battle fought since the commencement of the rebellion. Captain Shriver, Aid and Inspector of Gen. Shields' division, while riding to the crest of the hill to the left of the stone ledge, in company with two orderlies, was confronted by five rebel cavalry, who emptied their revolvers, killing the two orderlies; Capt. Shriver charged on them, running one through to the hilt of the sword, and receiving a ball through his cap, but he escaped unhurt. Capt. Perkins, the chief of General Banks' staff, was mainly instrumental in planning the attack, and performed deeds of skill and valor. The twelve rebel regiments engaged were all Virginians, and one provisional and one Irish regiment. They had the assistance of Ashby's cavalry, and two eight gun batteries, one six gun battery, making twenty-six guns, among which were some of the captured Bull Run pieces. The four color bearers of the 5th Ohio were successively killed, when Capt. Whitcomb seized the colors, and prepared, sword in hand, to defend them. He fell with a shot through the head.

A youthful rebel fell, receiving two wounds in the breast. When he was approached by one of our officers he inquired if the officer knew Gen. Banks. He received an affirmative reply. Tell him I want to take the oath of allegiance, said the boy, for I have three brothers in the Federal service and I want them to know that I die true to the Union.

Gen. Shields' arm was badly shattered, and owing to the imperfect setting it first received he must undergo the painful operation of having it reset.

This morning many of the bodies of both the rebel and Union soldiers remained on the field, but they have since been interred. Many of the wounded have died since they have been brought to this city. The ladies are busy furnishing the wounded with comforts. The ladies connected with the theatre, which is now occupied as a hospital, are also assiduous in their attendance to the sufferers. It is reported that two sons of the late John A. Washington were in Sunday's fight, and both were wounded, while one was taken a prisoner. It was evidently known that Jackson was approaching, from the holiday attire and buoyancy of spirits among the men and women of Secession families. Shields' command being screened from observation on each side of the town, lead our informants to believe that all our troops were evacuating, and that Jackson would be unmolested. This evidence is from prisoners.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A St Louis correspondent relates the following incident which occurred in the prison hospital at St. Louis: A little drummer-boy was evidently dying. A lady spoke to him, asking if he wanted anything. "No," was the feeble answer, but with a wishful look at the kind face over him, he said his mother had sent him from Mississippi to fight and defend her home. He did not regret it, but wanted to see his mother. He gave his name and his mother's address, still looking wishfully, as if there was something on his mind. At length he said; "My mother is a good woman, too. She would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son, she would kiss him." "I will kiss you, my dear boy, for your mother," she said. She kissed him, and in a few minutes he died. God bless the women for the good work they are doing. It makes one think better of our human nature to hear of the work they are doing throughout the East, in furnishing supplies, and in the West by their presence and aid.

KANSAS CITY, March 24.—A skirmish occurred between a detachment of the 5th Kansas regiment and Quantrell's band, near Independence, on the 22d. The latter were routed with a loss of seven killed. The Federal loss is one killed. They captured eleven prisoners and twenty horses. The rebels had killed two men, and burned the bridge across the Little Blue on the same day. Passengers by the Santa Fe stage furnish the following: Col. Slough, of Colorado, had arrived at Fort Union with 550 men, marching 160 miles in four days. They intend forming a junction with Col. Canby. Col. Canby was still at Fort Craig on the 7th.

NEW YORK, March 25.—The brig Yankee Blade has arrived from Fort Pickens, with dates to the 11th. The impression was that Gen. Bragg had left Pensacola, and parties viewing the rebel batteries with glasses say that the guns are turned inland, probably in expectation of a visit from General Butler. Four contrabands, who escaped from there, say that there are but 3,000 troops at Pensacola, and they are poorly armed.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.—We hear a great deal said at the present time about Democratic principles but we have as yet seen no statement of what those principles are supposed to embody, and what application is proposed to be made of them in the existing crisis. Democratic principles are praised and be-praised by the opposition, but we have yet seen no line of policy marked out by those who are so much in love with these principles. It is true that they generally are engaged in a factious opposition to the Government, but still they claim to be loyal, and only ask for a return to Democratic principles. We know of a Jeffersonian Democracy which was patriotic, and embodied principles of great value, and we know of a Democracy which was sustained and upheld by Buchanan, Floyd, Breckenridge, Jeff. Davis, Mason, and others of that class, whose practices and principles have culminated in the present rebellion, but which set of principles these individuals claim who are harping so long and loudly about Democracy, we do not know, but judging from the tone of their editorials and the character of their speeches, we should imagine that the latter would suit them best. We take it that at the present time all truly loyal men are primarily interested in putting down the rebellion and preserving the Union. But these strenuous advocates of "Democratic principles" seem to take but little interest in these matters—with them the paramount consideration is to bring us under the reign of Democracy again, for they scarcely ever mention the rebellion. The course of such men may be eminently conservative and patriotic, but we think the people will wait till a full exposition is given of what these principles are claimed to embody before they give their adhesion to them, as they will be desirous of knowing whether they were of the class advocated by old hickory Jackson and the sterling patriots of his school, or those promulgated and sustained by Davis and Floyd.

A LARGE PAIR OF BOOTS.—A countryman recently arrived at one of our thirdrate hotels, late in the evening, and inquired for a bootjack. Boots soon appeared with one of the cast iron pattern. "How the duce do you suppose I'm going to get off my boots with that thing?" ejaculated the countryman.

"Boots" eyed the countryman's pedal extremities for a few moments, and then scratching his head said; "Dat am a fac! he, he, yah! yah!" he shouted.

"What the mischief are you laughing at, you thunder cloud?" demanded the countryman. "Nuffin—Nuffin—only I advise you to go to de crotch ob de street, and dar you can pull off 'dem' boots!" Yah! yah! yah! whew!" and the darkey vanished.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.—Paymaster McKean Buchanan, who was on board the United States frigate Congress at the time of the disaster in Hampton Roads, in making a report to the department says: "Just before the sanguinary engagement, I volunteered my services to Lieutenant Commanding Joseph R. Smith, for duty on either of the upper decks, although the rebel steamer Merrimac was commanded by my own brother, (Franklin Buchanan, late of the Washington Navy Yard,) when I received an order to take charge of the berth-deck division, which order I promptly obeyed, and, thank God, I did some service to my beloved country."

Brown was speaking of Joe H— to a friend one day, and said to him: "Joe is a first-rate fellow, but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry it is so, but I cannot tell a lie for any man. I love Joe, but I love the truth more." "My dear Brown," said Joe, who overheard the remark, "I never thought you would prefer a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

The body of a middle-sized man, says scientific authority, contains a pound of phosphorus, which, if in a free state, and inflamed, would burn him up and everything around him. "Can't be!" says a hard-shell, "for we know lots of old bachelors and antiquated maidens who haven't even phosphorus enough in 'em to make a *match*."

The Rebels call our iron-clad Monitor a "Yankee cheese box" on a raft. A correspondent wonders if they did not find that same "cheese box" a little more mite-y than they anticipated?

Mrs. Partington says, "It is triumvirate and confederate shame for the Cabinet people at Washington to permit our men-of-war on the Potermic to hug that Mary Land Shore so much."

Uncle Sam's affection for his degenerate children of the South is unbounded. He even now stands ready, with open arms, to receive them back, without money and without Price.

Why is Jeff. Davis' Message like the entrance to Charleston harbor? Because it abounds in shallow passages.

Beauty can never compensate for the want of amiability, but amiability can compensate for the want of beauty.

The village of Boonton, Morris Co., N. J., has sent 260 men to the war—one sixth of its whole population.

Soft soap, in some shape pleases all; and generally speaking, the more *lie* you put into it the better.

A good many men are in the best health when they are out of *spirits*.

Wanted—a life-boat that will float on the "sea of troubles."

Wise—Getting sick before a battle.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "JOURNAL."

PHILIPSBURG, Pa., March 25, 1862.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Since my last letter to you the 'Ides of March' have come and gone, the season of Spring is upon us, the logging time is past, the flood has come and the 'drive' is moving, the rebellion is not yet ended but the skies are brightening, and I hope that before 'the harvest is past' the Union will be saved.

This period of the year brings to my memory some of the sayings and doings that transpired about a year ago. Then, the present rebellion was but a small affair in comparison to what it is to-day. A year since, there broke out a malady, disease, or disorder, among a certain class here, who have always been considered the flower of our town, in health, valor, and all the requisites that go to make up a first class 'A No. 1' American. But all of a sudden these young men were seized with 'all the ills that the human family is heir to,' such as pains in the head, breast, back and limbs; but the most prevalent, and which most of them were "taken down" with, was a *faintness at the heart*, which lasted all summer. The 'M. D's' could not arrest the progress of the malady for the 'books' gave them no information in relation to it,—therefore, was a fit nut for some University to crack. The 'fatality' raged until the hollidays, when it abated, and most 'cases' were able to go to balls and dances and hold 'high carnival' generally. As victory after victory was gained by the Union forces, they got better, so much so, that some of them are on the "drive," "rafting in," or doing some of the affairs of the season, which is all right, as it has a tendency to make them roimst and restore them to health. They will soon be themselves again, unless a call is made for more troops—that may create a relapse.

There is some difference of opinion hereabouts in reference to the Constitution of the United States. Some of the Solons hold that it is *merely an article of agreement*—consequently null and void because the Government is trying to suppress the rebellion—or what they fondly term "States rights." Some of these expounders, no doubt, in their own estimation, far exceed the great Webster. It seems to me, that a mind that harbored such opinions was capable of association with that Assembly in session near Harrisburg—known as an Asylum for a certain class of persons.

The late Union victories set very hard on the friends of Jeff. Davis & Co. in this neighborhood. They are terribly chop-fallen. The fight now progressing at Island No. 10, gives them some relief, as they evidently hope the rebels will win—yet, they are doubtful of the result, and seem to fear that Com. Foote will make his point. Their latest consolation is, the hope that an amnesty will be granted, and that Jeff. Davis will be the first United States Senator from Mississippi. Such opinions, lead me to think, that there will soon be a full delegation to the asylum from this community, and that the Solon from Egypt will be chosen Speaker.

Yours. LEROY.

A WORD TO THE POINT.

"Occasional," the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, in a recent letter, in speaking of the "especial idolatry" of the "Breckinridge faction" for Gen. M'Clellan says: "They cover Gen. McClellan with false commendation, and vaunt his high deservings, because they believe a new opportunity is here presented to *divide* the people and to *embarrass* the President and his Cabinet. . . . But he should keep in mind that no man, who has done his part in this mighty struggle for freedom, can ever gain by listening to, or being affected by, *the partisans whose interest lies in a disgraceful compromise or a humiliating peace with traitors*. There are too many brave and self-sacrificing men engaged in that struggle, (who see that the way to the gratification of a noble ambition is by another path), to render this effort of the Breckenridge leaders successful. Gen. McClellan, most fortunate heretofore, is still more fortunate in the opportunity of achieving a great victory over the traitors now presented to him. If he grasps it, he will be worthy of the gratitude of his countrymen. But no man, not even Washington himself, could succeed if he permitted himself to yield to partisans whose object is to turn this war to the base purpose of defeating a just Administration, or of bringing back into power the pro-slavery authors of the present war. We cannot too sedulously keep in view that these partisans look to the recovery of Federal power for one or for the other of these purposes. Their programme is already laid down. It is written in all their resolutions, speeches, and editorials. *Concealed but real sympathy for the traitors, attacks upon Mr. Lincoln and his friends, hostility to the war tax, exaggerations of the war debt, and misrepresentations of all the legislation of the present Congress, constitute their programme.* No successful soldier of this great contest for human freedom and for constitutional supremacy, will ever hearken to the counsels or the praise of such discontents without doing injustice to his country and inflicting eternal disgrace upon himself.

The brave men in our army and navy, leaders and followers, cannot be diverted from the issue involved in the war by the assaults of the sympathizers with Secession upon "Black Republicans" and "Abolitionists." Say what you please against the latter, all their instinct, and interests are indissolubly identified with the triumph of our arms. That they did not precipitate the conflict, is established by ten thousand evidences, the most authoritative being that of the traitors themselves, who thirsted for strife, and rejected compromise because they believed war would result in their own independence. The Republicans (for there are comparatively few Abolitionists among the Republicans) may sometimes go to extremes, equally in their remedies for the rebellion as in their criticisms upon our military leaders. But those who denounce them, and labor to invoke Democratic prejudices against them, because the Republicans demand unforgiving rigor against the traitors, and also because they insist that our military leaders shall not treat these traitors as if they had simply offended against some civil statute or social law, should keep in mind the fact that, wild and vicious as the Republicans may have been or are, *they have not sought the life of this Government, assassinated its ablest defenders, and invoked against it the hideous and nameless auxiliaries of savage warfare.* As partisans, the Republicans may be criticised; but he who attempts to defeat them by concerting with the sympathizers with Secession, and by looking forward to a shameless concession to the destroyer of thousands of valuable lives, will be wofully mistaken.