

# Raffin's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1862.

VOL. 8--NO. 36.

## PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

**H. B. WOODS,** Attorney at Law, Indiana, Pa. Professional business promptly attended to.

**D. C. CROUCH,** Physician, Curwensville, Clearfield county, Penn'a. May 14.

**J. CHANS,** Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office adjoining his residence, on Second street. May 16.

**W. M. McCULLOUGH,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, with L. J. Crans, Esq., on Second Street. July 2, 1861.

**WILLIAM A. WALLACE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, adjoining his residence on Second street. Sept. 1.

**ROBERT J. WALLACE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.

**H. F. NAUGLE,** Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

**H. BUCHER SPOEPE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boy's store. Nov. 10.

**J. P. KRATZER,** Merchant, and dealer in Boards and Shingles, Grain and Produce Front St. above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. [12]

**J. PATTERSON,** Attorney at Law, Curwensville, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office opposite the New Methodist Church. Jan. 15, 1862.

**WILLIAM F. IRWIN,** Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

**D. R. WM. CAMPBELL,** offers his professional services to the citizens of Morris and adjoining townships. Residence with J. D. Denning in Kyles town, Clearfield county. May 11, 1859.

**J. B. MENALLY,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick addition, adjoining the residence of James B. Graham. Nov. 10.

**JOHN GUTLICH,** Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-wares, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19, '59.

**RICHARD MOSSOP,** Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

**L. RIMMER & T. S. T.** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1856.

**JAS. R. LARIMER,** ISRAEL TEST.

**D. R. M. WOODS,** tenders his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite the office of L. J. Crans, Esq. Office, the same that was recently occupied by Hon. G. R. Barrett, where he can be found unless absent on professional business.

**THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, over the Clearfield Co. Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

**BUSH & McCULLOUGH,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, Clearfield, Penn'a. COLLECTION OFFICE, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

**SALT! SALT! SALT!!!** A prime article of ground alum salt, put up in patent sacks, at \$2.25 per sack, at the cheap cash store of November 27. R. MOSSOP.

**TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND AT PRIVATE SALE,**—extending to the mouth of the Moshannon. An eligible property, on reasonable terms. Inquire of H. BUCHER SPOEPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Dec 19th.

**PROPOSALS,**—Proposals for the building of a Privy at the new Court House in the borough of Clearfield, will be received at the commissioners' office, until the 27th day of May next. Plans and specifications can be seen at the commissioners' office. By order of the board of Commissioners. WM. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.

**BRIDGE STOCK FOR SALE,**—The Commissioners of Clearfield county, will offer a Public Sale, at the court house, on Tuesday the 27th day of May next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., one hundred and thirty (130) shares of stock in the bridge across the Susquehanna at Clearfield. By order of the board. WM. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.

**DR. LITCH'S MEDICINES,**—A fresh supply of these invaluable Family Medicines, are for sale by M. A. Frank, Clearfield, consisting of Pain-Curer; Restorative, a great cure for colds and cough; and Anti-Bilious Physic. They have been thoroughly tested in this community, and are highly approved. TRY THEM.

**NOTICE,**—Daniel Faust of Curwensville has in charge of my business in my absence. He is authorized to receive and receipt for money due me and is the only person authorized to do so. Persons having business with me will please call on him. JOHN PATTON. Curwensville, April 2, 1862.

**MORRISDALE HOUSE,**—The undersigned having taken the Morrisdale House, situated in the town of Morrisdale, Clearfield county, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No pains or expense will be spared to render guests comfortable. Charges moderate. April 2, '62. GEORGE RICHARDS.

**PLASTERING,**—The subscriber having located himself in the Borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to do all work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description, in a workmanlike style. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner, and on reasonable terms. EDWIN COOPER. April 7, 1858.

**PROVISION AND GROCERY STORE.**—The undersigned keeps constantly on hand at his store room in Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, a full stock of Flour, Hams, Shoulders, Sides, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, &c. Also, Liquors of all kinds, Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c.; all of which he offers to purchasers on the most advantageous terms. Give him a call, and try his articles. (mar 21) ROBERT LLOYD.

**VULCANITE BASE FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**—Attention is especially called to this article, as a substitute for gold in inserting teeth. Many persons who have tried all kinds of metallic bases prefer this, and in those cases where it is applicable, it is in a great measure a substitute for gold, silver or platinum. Its chief advantages are, cheapness, lightness and perfect adhesion to the mouth; it having a soft fleshy feel to the parts of the mouth with which it comes in contact. A. M. Hills is prepared to put up teeth on the Vulcanite Base, with Goodyear's Patent Gum, which is the only reliable preparation, and can only be had through their regular agents. Dr. Hills will always be found in his office on Friday and Saturday, unless notice appears to the contrary, in the town papers, the previous week.

## MY REQUIREMENT.

I long for one congenial heart,  
My thoughts to always cheer;  
A faithful breast to lean upon,  
When overcome with care.

A heart that I can call my own  
Amid earth's busy throng;  
One that will never fail to chide  
Me when I'm in the wrong

O, with a fond and faithful heart,  
One full of sympathy,  
A paradise below I ween,  
This earth to me would be.

And when I tire of worldly joys,  
And seek a purer rest,  
I'd love to lay my weary head  
Upon that faithful breast.

O, is there not a heart to speak  
To me in love's own tone?  
Or am I doomed to tread this life  
Cheerless, unloved, alone?

## THE RAGGED SOLDIER.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Just at the close of the Revolutionary war, there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns of central Massachusetts, a ragged and forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the corn-fields tasseling for the harvest, on the rich, bright patches of wheat for the sickle, and on the green potato field, with curious eyes,—so at last thought Mr. Towne, who was walking leisurely behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The latter was a stout farmer, dressed in his usual brown Hotten trousers, without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged soldier stopped under the shade of a great sugar maple, and Mr. Towne overtaking him, stopped also.

"Home from the wars?" he asked.

"Just out of the British clutches?" replied the man. "I have been a prisoner for years."

He rejoined suddenly, "Can you tell me who lives in the next house?" Is it yours?"

"No," replied Towne, "Tompkins lives there. That house and farm used to belong to a comrade of yours, I suppose; his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again."

The soldier leaned against the tree. "What kind of a man is he? I mean what kind of people are they there? Would they be likely to let a poor soldier have something to eat?"

"If Tompkins is out, you'd be treated first-rate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman, but he is the smartest cur that ever gnawed a bone. He is a terrible surly neighbor, and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it hard during the fellow, but you see she had a hard time of it with the farm. Jones went off soldiering, and when my son came back and said he was dead—she saw him bleeding to death on the battle-field—she broke right down, and the Tompkins came along and got into work for her, and he led himself out to do first-rate. He somehow got on the blind side of all of us, and when he offered himself to her, I advised her to have him, and I am sorry I did it. You had better come home with me. I always have a bed for any poor fellow that's fought for his country."

"Thank you," kindly returned the soldier, "but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant sort of old acquaintance. The fact is, I used to know her husband, and I guess I will call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went up to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins.

"Some old sweetheart of hers, may be," said Mr. Towne, nodding to himself. "He comes too late; poor woman, she has a hard row to hoe now." Then Mr. Towne went home to supper and we will go in with the soldier.

"Could you give a poor soldier a mouthful to eat?" he asked of the pale, nervous woman who opened the door.

"My husband does not allow me to give anything to travelers," she said, "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper if you won't be long eating it, and she wiped her eyes with her white and blue checked apron, and set with alacrity about providing refreshments for the poor man, who had thrown himself in the nearest chair, and with his head leaning on his breast, seemed too tired even to remove his hat from his face.

"I am glad to have you eat, and I would not hurry you up for anything," she said in a frightened way, "but you will eat quick, won't you? for I expect every moment he will be in."

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head as though he belonged to the society of Friends, but that could not be, for the "Friend" do not go to the wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat, and how long he was about it!

Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come in and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily; but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to an end. "Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. Oh dear, how slow he is! hasn't the man any teeth?" At last she said mildly, "I am very sorry to hurry you, sir, but could you not let me spread some bread and butter, and cut you some slices of meat to take away with you. My husband will use abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard on the door-steps at the back door and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out in a tone between a growl and a roar.

"Hey-day, Molly, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master. And you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me see you clear out of my house and off of my land a good deal quicker than you came on the premises!"

"Your house! and your land!" exclaimed the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, and dashing off his hat with a quick, fiery gesture. His eyes flashed like lightning, and his lips quivered with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was afraid of him, and his wife had given a sudden, nervous shriek when the soldier first started to his feet and flung off his hat, and had sunk trembling and half-fainting in a chair for she recognized him.

"You hadn't any business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tompkins, sulkily, cowed by the attitude of the soldier.

"Your wife!" exclaimed the soldier, with

the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing at him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tompkins, with an air of effrontery.

"I am Harry Jones, since you ask," replied the soldier, "the owner of this house, and this land, which you will leave this very hour! As for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to the woman, now sobbing hysterically, "she shall choose between us."

"O Harry!" sobbed she, while Tompkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me, save me!"

With one step he was at her side, holding her in his arms. "What did you mean, by treating this poor child so? Did you think because she had no earthly protector that there was not a God in heaven against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before everybody in the town knew that Harry Jones had come home alive and well to rescue his much-enduring, patient wife from a worse constraint than that of a British prison—but what they all said, and what Harry said, and what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, for here the legend ends.

**MIGNONETTE AS A TREE.**—Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants, produced from seeds. Pull up all but one; and, as the mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot you must attach to a slender stick of white osier. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of lower buds, which must be cut off entirely, leaving not a single bud. The stalk, in consequence of this treatment, will put on a multitude of young shoots, that must be allowed to develop freely until they are about three inches and a half long. Then select out of these, four, six, or eight, according to the strength of the plant, with equal space between them. Now, with a slender rod of white osier, or better, with a piece of whalebone, make a hoop, and attach your shoot to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom, support them by a second hoop like the first. Let them bloom; but take off the seed pods before they have time to form, or the plant may perish. It will not be long before new shoots will appear just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots, choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little, the principal stalk, and also the branches will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be an herbaceous plant, except at its upper extremities, which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, living for an indefinite period, for, with proper treatment a tree mignonette will live from twelve to fifteen years. I have seen them in Holland double this age.—*Parlor Gardener.*

**DEPTH OF PLANTING CORN.**—A communication which we find in the Germantown Telegraph gives the following suggestions and facts respecting the proper depth for planting corn: "Cover the corn carefully, and never more than from one and a half to two inches deep. If planted deeper than this, it will grow very well until it is three or four inches high, when it will remain stationary for 10 days or two weeks. By examining we will find the first joint is below the surface of the soil, also that the roots are decaying, while new ones are being thrown out from the joint; these new roots require some ten or fifteen days for their complete formation, and during this time the plant is stationary as far as growth is concerned. As soon as the new roots are fully formed the old ones will entirely disappear, and the growth will proceed as usual. From the actual experiments with grains taken from the same soil and same part of the ear, I have arrived at the following result: Corn planted one inch deep came up in eight days; that planted one and a half inches deep required nine and a half days; that two inches deep required ten and a half days; three inches deep, eleven and a quarter days; three inches deep, twelve days; three and a half inches deep, thirteen days; five and a half inches deep, eighteen days; six inches deep, twenty-one days. The last lot came up and grew up until about three inches high, when it remained stationary for a long time and finally died."

**HOW SHE LIKED IT.**—A very worthy and pious old dame, who could not read, had several books loaned to her, which she got a little girl to read to her. The deacon of her church loaned her a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," and a nephew a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Hearing them read alternatively, the dame got the text a little mixed up; and when the deacon called upon her and asked her how she liked the allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," it was a marvelous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday underwent.

Now let me tell you a secret worth hearing. This looking always forward for enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them every day of their lives; it is the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice when he is learning his trade; the merchant when he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

**LIFE.**—The longer we live, the nearer New Year days appear together. When we were boys, the period between one New Year's day and another appeared to be a century. At the present time they appear to be separated not by years, but months. The fewer years we have to live, the shorter those years appear to be. When we recollect the quantity of rheumatism and slight that old people have to put up with, the apparent shortness of the years to them seems like a special providence.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I'm for this country, I've bid for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

## THE NEGROES AND NORTHERN STATES.

Many persons entertain the opinion that if a considerable number of the Southern negroes emigrate to the Northern States, and that this a large proportion of our white laborers will be thrown out of employment, and heavy taxes or other expenditures caused by the necessity of providing for indigent refugees. It requires, however but a slight examination of the subject to see that this conjecture is not well founded. There has been, in all our past history, but very little voluntary emigration northward of colored men. The Africans, like all other races, prefer congenial climates, and they will not venture from them unless they are compelled to do so by very powerful motives. It has been a rare occurrence for any of the large body of free negroes who reside in the States south of Mason and Dixon's line to journey northward. As a general rule, only flying fugitive slaves, or those whose freedom was imperilled by the system of hostile State legislation that has of late years been commenced in the South, have ventured on this experiment. A striking proof of this fact is furnished by the census of 1850. Of the 53,000 free blacks of Pennsylvania, only 15,000 were not born on our soil. Of the 54,335 free blacks of Virginia only 533 were immigrants; of the 74,723 in Maryland only 1,367; of the 18,073 in Delaware only 1,141. It is thus clearly shown that they are not a migratory race, and that there was very little disposition to emigrate even to Pennsylvania, notwithstanding their contiguity to the homes of a large body of free blacks. The causes for this are numerous. The Southern States comprise one of the largest agricultural districts in the world, and nearly all the labor that has heretofore been performed there has been done by the Africans. Their labor will be as much needed hereafter as heretofore, and no change that may be made in the conditions upon which it is to be performed will dispense with the power and present necessity of its employment. Practically, in the Southern States the negroes find a congenial climate and health, and a demand for their labor,—in the Northern States an uncongenial climate, and little, if any, demand for their services. No large body of men have ever emigrated for the sake of emigration,—and particularly when they could derive no absolute benefit from the change, and when they had no strong love for novelty nor spirit of enterprise to impel them.

These are other considerations, also connected with this subject which lead to the same general conclusion. Even if it were a demonstrated fact that the negroes could not, in consequence of any political changes that have been or may be made, remain in or near their old places of residence, and that an absolute necessity for their emigration to some point existed, there are fields open to them much more inviting than the present free States. Liberia has been a refuge for a portion of their race for many years, they now cordially invite them. Central America is also proposed as a suitable spot for African colonization. An increasing demand exists for the tropical productions, which negro labor alone has successfully produced, and there is an abundance of tropical land now unproductive and useless. All the great requisites for negro prosperity exist—capacity for labor in tropical climates; land capable of yielding cotton, sugar, and rice; and a willingness to pay liberal prices for those great staples. If but a small modicum of the intelligence, energy, and industry that characterize the Anglo-Saxons were infused into the Africans, they would soon become one of the most wealthy and prosperous races on the globe.

Those who charge upon the administration a disinclination to Africanize the free States grossly misrepresent it. The policy pursued neither proposes nor tends to produce that result. The President alluded, in his late message to Congress in relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, to his strong desire to secure the adoption of an appropriate system of colonization. Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, in a speech he delivered in the House of Representatives some weeks ago, answered some of the prevalent misrepresentations in the following eloquent language:

"Sir, brief time is left me, and I hasten to the point of the Africanization of American society and American labor. I have said that the members of the dominant party on this floor are not advocates of the reopening of the slave trade; that we do not advocate the extension of the colored institution through the whole free Territories of the country; and that we are in favor of opening means by which colored men can leave our country and find a happier home. Sir, Nature works by invariable laws. It is by no freak of hers that the color of day paints the likeness of our loved ones. It is by no such freak that the wind bears the message of joy or woe over land and under water. He who traverses our continent finds on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains the grandest arboriferous vegetation of the world. On the eastern slope, divided thence by a narrow strip, which produces its effects on the clouds, you lose all arboriferous vegetation. You find only the red sage; you find nothing larger growing there. The same skies are over; the same God watches; he works through wise and inflexible laws, and thus teaches men to look to Him through Nature for guidance. On the Pacific slope the earth is refreshed by ninety inches of rain each year, while on the eastern slope but five fall. The negro is the creature of the tropics. Submit him to the guidance of his own intellect, his will, and he will find his way to the tropics, or lands lying near them. Nature's unerring law will lead him there. The cruellest monument of man's inhumanity to man that I can point to to-day is that colony of fifty thousand American negroes living in the cold wilds of Canada. As well might you expect the tree of the Pacific slope to thrive in the region of the sage, or the sage to thrive under its broad shadow, and with ninety inches of rain falling in the year. The negroes will wilt and dwindle and prematurely die there."

"We all know that the President and his real friends on this floor are in favor of the recognition of the republic of Liberia, of extending to Hayti commercial relations, of procuring within the American tropic lands where the negro, made free by the crimes of his master, may go and dwell as Nature intended him to. This the President recommends, and all this the majority on this floor intend to consummate. We are for retaining for the Saxon, the Celt and the Caucasian family—that portion of this

continent which was intended for them. They who misrepresent us are infusing black blood into the veins of the country."

**A HERO IN THE FIGHT.**—Among the many good things told of Secretary Stanton's off-hand way of doing business, is the following interesting incident:

Judge Kelly came in with a youthful looking officer, whose empty coat sleeve hung from his left shoulder. He was introduced to the Secretary as Brevet Lieut. Harry Rockettaylor, of Philadelphia. "My friend" continued the Judge, "left a situation worth \$800 per year, three days after the President's proclamation for troops, to carry a musket at \$11 dollars a month, with his regiment, the New York 11st. After the term of enlistment had expired, he marched with his regiment to Bull Run. Early in the day he received that ugly rifle ball in his mouth (pointing to a Minnie ball that was hung on his watch guard,) and for two hours and a half he carried it in his jaw-bone, fighting like a true hero, until a cannon ball took off his arm and rendered him powerless. He was captured and for three months lay in a mangled condition in a tobacco warehouse in Richmond, without proper surgical treatment."

"He was breveted a Lieutenant by his Colonel for his bravery and is filling a small clerks' office. I beg of you to appoint him in the regular service."

"But where could I put him if I did?" said Mr. Stanton.

The Judge was about to reply, when he said with an impromptu look:

"See, I have a right arm still, and General Kearny has only his left; send me into the line where there is fighting to be done!"

"I have letters from," he tried to draw a bundle of letters from his pocket. Mr. Stanton stopped him—

"Put up your letters, sir, you have spoken for yourself; your wish shall be granted! The country cannot afford to neglect such men as you!"

Ere the soldier could thank him for the kindness, his case was noted. He turned to leave, and remarked to the Judge:

"I shall be proud of my commission, for I feel that I have earned it! This day is the proudest of my life."

**AMUSING INCIDENT.**—An amusing dialogue lately occurred in one of the American camps between a sentinel, who was acting as sentinel near a hospital and a General. On the approach of the latter, the former neglected to give the accustomed salute. The General then sharply asked:

"Who stands guard here?"

"A chap about my size," answered the private.

General—"What are your duties here?"

"To allow the sick to come out and to keep the well in."

"Call your Corporal."

"You won't catch me doing that. I don't intend to stand here two hours longer than usual to please you." (The sentinel alluded to a rule which gives corporals the power when they are unnecessarily called by sentinels, to punish them two hours extra duty.)

The General, indignant at these replies, hunted up the lieutenant of the guard, and facing the sentinel, said:

"What instructions do you give your men in saluting your superior officers?"

The lieutenant said to the sentinel:

"Have I not told you to salute your superior officers—do you not know that this is your General?"

The sentinel with a look of amazement, replied:

"If the Almighty is not better acquainted with him as a General than I am, he is a lost man, sure."

Anderson the wizard, and a very poor wizard he was, met a Yankee who stole a march on him, after the following fashion: Enter Yankee.

"I say! you, Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Call you a fanatic smart man, and I'm something at a trick, ten, kinder cute ten you know."

"Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Well, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold-piece."

"Oh, that is a mere slight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your hand with a red cent in it."

Yankee stretched out his paw with a red cent upon it.

"This is your cent, is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—Presto! change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist; and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Well, you did it, I declare; much obliged few you," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay, you may leave me my ten dollars," said the Professor.

"Yourn! wasn't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into the ere yaller thing, eh? Good bye to say." And as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

**A MODEL CERTIFICATE.**—Sir: I were afflicted with a very violent pain in my lower stomach by Reason of induring too much Licker in my system. It remained with me for some time until my precious inside was materially lessened in its parts. Driven almost to madness, by one of the company's omnibuses, I alited at your Repository, in dreadful agony, and found your man just helping himself to some Bitters, for to give him an appetite for his Pills after dinner. He advised me to talk sum—which I did, and found belief before I'd finished takin it. It warmed my intestines, and other things, and cored the preperashun to exclude from my skin, and the Kyenne Pepper to rise in my stomach so that I hollered right out no more for the Present, from yours truly."

**"COUNT THE COST."**—It costs something to be a true Christian. Let that never be forgotten. To be a mere nominal Christian, and go to church, is cheap and easy work. But to hear Christ's voice, and follow Christ, and believe in Christ, and confess Christ, requires much self-denial. It will cost us our sins, and our self-righteousness, and our ease, and our worldliness. All—all must be given up. We must fight an enemy, who comes against us with twenty thousand followers.

## THE LATEST YANKEE WAR NOTION.

We find the following paragraph in an exchange paper:

A contract has been made by government with certain parties in Boston, to build an iron gunboat of between 600 and 700 tons, to be furnished with Woodbury's submarine battery. The vessel will be 136 feet long and 80 feet beam, and will be built throughout of iron in the most substantial manner. She will carry one gun on deck and a large gun for submarine firing at the bow. She is to be built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, and is to be ready for service in four to five months."

The period stated for the completion of this vessel would put her in commission in September next. The term submarine battery conveys no adequate idea of the extraordinary invention, and hence we copy from the Boston Transcript the subjoined account of the design, and of a successful experiment made with it in Boston harbor a few days since.

"The idea of the inventor is to build an iron-clad bomb-proof vessel of sufficient tonnage to carry a gun at the bow, one at the stern, and as many as desirable amidship. The vessel in question will lie alongside of her adversary, and discharge her guns at as near range as possible to obtain."

"The cannon are to be of the usual shape, but longer than common, and can be cast to discharge any projectile now in use. The gun, when ready for action, has a tin cylindrical case fitted closely at the muzzle, rendering the chamber air-tight, and prevent the entrance of water. When the piece is fired, the charge attains its full velocity before reaching the tin canister previously mentioned, and an effective shot may be made at a distance of two or three hundred feet."

"The cannon is fitted into a stuffing box, similar to that of the piston of a steam engine, and an automatic port-hole opens and shuts as the piece is run out or withdrawn. The recoil on the gun is so strong, and the action of the port so sudden, that it is expected very little water will be shipped as the cannon is drawn in."

"A twelve-pounder was fired under water at a target made of spruce plank, crossed at right angles, and heavily bolted and braced, and placed at a distance of ten or twelve feet. The target was pierced in such a manner as to show that the invention is one of the most important which has been made in naval warfare."

The inventor is Mr. Joseph P. Woodbury. We have not yet heard of any English claimant to this device, but doubtless some such will turn up as soon as the vessel shall go into successful operation. It was so with Captain Ericsson's battery, and with nearly everything else American of great utility. Our readers need not be told that if this invention should do what it promises it will be one of the most formidable engines of naval warfare ever constructed. It is peculiarly adapted to fighting against armor-clad vessels, which, while they are amazingly strong above the water, have no armor below, and are therefore perfectly vulnerable. Hollins' submerged ram was designed to combat such vessels, as well as the ordinary war vessels, and it appears from the partial description of the Merrimack which has just been published by the rebel authorities at Richmond, that she has both ends submerged, though we had not ascertained the fact, besides the visible ram, therefore, she must have formidable battering power under water.

If this new battery of Mr. Woodbury can fire a twenty-inch gun under water, a single shot from it at point blank range would sink any vessel in existence. Nay, a fifteen-inch gun, or even an eleven-inch, would do such awful damage to an antagonist as can only be conceived by referring to the slaughter on the Cumberland and Congress. Captain Coles may build as many of his vessels as he chooses on Ericsson's plan; and their being sunk to the water level, while these perfectly vulnerable against any other antagonist, would be of no avail against this Woodbury battery. Above the surface every shot fired is seen, and the open port affords an aperture into which the enemy pour their destructive missiles. But under water, where this new engine of death is worked, the terrible messenger wings its way unseen, the port-hole presents no mark to fire at, and the devoted vessel is powerless to resist.

The President in signing the bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, sets forth his reasons therefor in the following brief Message to both Houses of Congress:

*Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives.*—The act entitled an act for the release of certain persons held to service for labor in the District of Columbia, has this day been approved and signed. I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District, and I have ever desired to see the National Capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way; hence there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject, except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. If there be matters within and about this act which might have taken a course or shape more satisfactory to my judgment, I do not attempt to specify them. I am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognized and practically applied in the act. In the matter of compensation it is provided that claims may be presented within ninety days from the passage of the act, but not thereafter, and there is no saving for minors, femmes covert, insane, or absent persons. I presume that this is an omission by mere oversight, and I recommend that it be supplied by an amendatory or supplemental act. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**REBELS OUTFITTED BY YANKEES.**—When our troops captured Cockpit and Shipping Point, on the Potomac River, some Massachusetts soldiers noticed that the place of burial there was unusually nice, and that a large number of graves were labled in a very pathetic manner, cautioning the traveler to tread lightly over the ashes, and not to violate the sanctity of the tomb, &c. These peculiar notices raised a suspicion in the minds of the "Yankees." Spades and shovels were accordingly brought into requisition, and speedily were exhumed not the bodies of departed Confederates, but numbers of nice, new furnished packages of cloth-g, moccas chests furnished with all the appliances of modern cookery, trunks of various articles, tools, &c. The grave-diggers were complimented for the success of their first sacrilegious experiment and recommended to try again.