

# Raffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1862.

VOL. 9.—NO. 9.

**SALT**—A good article, and very cheap at the store of WM. F. IRWIN, Clearfield.

**WANTED**.—All kinds of grain will be taken in payment of debts due me, for which the highest market prices will be given. Dec. 11, 1861. JAMES B. GRAHAM.

**SALT!** **SALT!** **SALT!**—A prime article of ground alum salt, put up in patent sacks, at \$3.25 per sack, at the cheap cash store of November 27. R. MOSSOP.

**DR. LITCH'S MEDICINES**.—A fresh supply of the valuable 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.

**TO THE PUBLIC**.—The undersigned having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Moore & Eitzweiler, and having made large additions thereto, is now prepared to wait upon customers. Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to the firm, he hopes by a strict personal attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. March 26, '62. D. F. EITZWEILER.

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

**BOGGS TP. FARMS FOR SALE**.—One containing 124 acres—82 cleared and 42 good fence. A log house 22 by 26, plank house 16 by 18, log barn, smithy and all necessary out-buildings thereon. Large spring and spring-house convenient to house. The land is well watered and has sufficient wood and fencing timber. There is an orchard of large grafted trees, and a young orchard on place, all choice fruit. It is convenient for pasturing droves. Also, one containing 90 acres—10 cleared and under fence—balance well timbered. This tract has a log house and stable thereon. For terms apply to October 13. L. J. CRANS, Clearfield.

**CLEARFIELD MUSIC SCHOOL**.—For instruction upon the Piano, Melodion and Guitar, and in Harmony and Singing. Terms—For pupils under six years old, \$5.00 for seventy lessons of one half hour each; for all pupils over six years old, \$10.00 for seventy lessons of one hour each; upon Piano, Melodion, Guitar or in Harmony. Payable one-fourth at the beginning and the balance at the end of the quarter. Vocal music free to all instrumental pupils. Studies alone, \$3.00 per term. Rooms at Mr. Alexander Irwin's. Oct. 1, 1860. K. A. P. RYNDER, Teacher.

**VALUABLE TIMBER LANDS FOR SALE**.—The attention of persons desirous of purchasing valuable Timber Lands is invited to the following tracts of land situated in Keating township, Clinton county, Pa. Known as the Loran lands, viz: A certain tract being No. 3469 warranted in the name of Thomas Willing, containing about 1100 acres, situated on Birch Run, at the distance of 24 miles from the river, being well timbered with Pine and Oak. Also, another smaller tract of land, situated at the mouth of Birch Run, on the west side of the river, containing 72 acres and all wood, and a very good rafting beach thereon. For terms apply to G. L. REED, J. B. GRAHAM, Executors. July 30, 1862.

**THE CLEARFIELD ACADEMY** will be opened for the reception of pupils (male and female) on Monday, Aug. 18, 1862. Terms, per session of eleven weeks: Orthography, Reading, Writing, Primary Arithmetic and Geography, \$2.00; Higher Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography and History, \$3.00; Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, and Book Keeping, \$4.00; Latin and Greek languages, \$6.00. To students desirous of acquiring a thorough English Education, and who wish to qualify themselves for teachers, this institution offers desirable advantages. No pupil received for less than half a session and no deduction except for protracted sickness. Tuition to be paid at the end of the term. (may 30) C. B. SANDFORD, Principal.

**AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS**.—The science of Chemistry and Medicine have been brought to such a point that it is now possible to produce a purgative which is not only perfectly safe, but also so effective as to produce a permanent cure. The following are the most valuable and reliable of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow disease, stimulate sluggish and disordered organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Care has been made to ensure that the pills were not substituted by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedy, and while others have sent the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:—Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from indigestion, Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, All Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many of the complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions. Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for Ayer's Pills, and take nothing else. No other can give you comparative with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents per box. Five boxes for \$1. C. W. Watson, Clearfield, Wm. Irvin, Carversville, S. Arnold, Luthersburg, Eliza Chase, Ansonville, J. C. Bennett, Morrisdale, C. R. Foster, Phillipsburg, and Dealers everywhere. May 7, 1862.

**UNFADING BEAUTY**.—He that loves a rosy cheek, Or a coral lip admires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek Fuel to maintain his fires, As old Time makes these decay, So his flames must waste away. But a smooth and steadfast mind, Gentle thoughts and calm desires, Hearts with equal love combin'd, Kindle never dying fires: Where these are not, I dispise Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

From the Springfield Republican.  
**MAJOR ZAGONI'S GUIDE**: Or, A Heroine of the War for the Union.

On the morning of the 24th day of October, 1861, a somewhat novel scene unfolded itself before the door of a quiet farm house, about two miles from Springfield, Missouri. Two women and three young lads had just raised a very modest little flag; and as the wind floated it gracefully in the air, they gave three cheers for the Stars and Stripes—cheers which if not loud were certainly hearty. The younger of the women, Lucy Dudley, mother of the boys, stood gazing, her face put on a look of stern determination, and she murmured low, between her almost shut teeth: "It shant come down again while I live."

"Yes 'twill, mother," broke in one of the boys, "for the seceshers are in town again, and they'll make you."

His mother did not notice him, but turning to the other woman, said: "For William's sake, mother, we'll keep it up."

Even before she had done speaking the sound of horses' feet were heard, and the youngest boy clinging to her dress, tried to drag her into the house, crying out: "There they come; O mother, run!" while the old grandmother, retreating behind to door, trembled visibly; but the mother stood firm, a waiting the men she knew only too well. Only one little moment before they shot down her husband like a dog, because he said his house was his own, and should hoist what flag seemed to him best over it.

They shot him before her eyes, and his heart's blood had sprinkled the very ground where she stood, and I wonder not that the look in her eyes was scarcely womanly. Down the road they come, a dozen Confederate ruffians, called soldiers by courtesy, and "chivalry," by Mr. William Russell. They were well armed and mounted and as they thundered up to the door, the leader shouted: "Down with that damned Yankee rag; if you don't I'll blow your brains out."

No notice was taken; the women might as well have been stone.

"Lucy Dudley, don't you hear me?" and he pointed his revolver at her.

"I hear, Bill Armstrong,"

"Blast ye, then why don't ye maid?"

"Because, I won't."

"You won't, won't you?" and he fired, but missed. He swore madly at his horse for shying, and as he did so, she said:

"This is my house and this is my flag; I want it here and shall have it here. You can shoot me down and then pull it down; you certainly won't before."

One man shouted "we ain't cut-throats; we don't kill women and children."

"You have killed women and children more than once," was the taunting answer. Several old neighbors of hers felt the thrust, and quailed before her eyes, while the others drew their pistols; but the leader throwing up the weapon nearest him went on—

"Wal, Lucy, victuals and drink we've got to have, and won't go under that cussed flag."

"Victuals and drink I can't help you having, but if I am going to get them for you, you must come in through this door."

Evidently her look daunted them; for bold as they were, they were bad and they knew it: so with a rude laugh the captain dismounted, shouting, "Come on, boys," and leaving their horses in the care of the children they, one after another, went, into the kitchen, and drank eagerly of the whisky set before them. As they thus drank they became wonderfully communicative; and listening eagerly, Lucy heard that they had been sent from Springfield, with some fifty others, to see if anything could be seen of the advance guard of Fremont's army, who were supposed to be in that vicinity. She found that this party had been stopping at one house and another, drinking and devastating, and very naturally had divided, and that Armstrong meant to wait till the rest came up, and start for the town from her house. She likewise learned that they had not seen anything of the Lincoln soldiers. She gave them their fill of liquor, she let them eat the best her house afforded, and as she was taking a pitcher to get more liquor her ears caught the sound of a distant fire.

Armstrong heard it too, and with an oath, said them lazy lubbers of his were at last coming and the old woman must bring some more dodgers along. Lucy had taken the pitcher, and closing the door behind her, almost blew out into the yard, and taking the oldest boy by the shoulder, said in a terribly hoarse voice, "Tom, run for your life over the mowing, through the lane, and tell those men you meet to take down their flag, stop playing Yankee Doodle, and come up through the lane with you and they can get every one of these men. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, my boy."

The winds had brought to her ears, what it never whispered to those drunken men, that instead of their comrades their sternest foes would be around them. And all her energies were directed to keep them still in the ignorance so fatal to them.

Meanwhile Tommy's tow head shot over the wall, through the narrow lane, reaching the main road just as a mounted band of men came in sight. He mounted a stump, waved his jacket and the foremost among them stopped.

"What is it my boy?"

"Marn want's your sflag man to stop playing that thing, and have down that 'ere flag, and to come up to our house through the lane. Come on!"

He was starting, but Zagoni stopped him.

"I don't understand, boy; what does she want?"

Tom was indignant.

"Want's you to nap a party of seceshers up to our house; but you needn't come if you don't want."

"Who is your marn, boy?"

"Lucy Dudley."

"Go ahead, Major," shouted the fellow.

"She is true blood; they shot her husband a month ago."

Zagoni, followed by a portion of his men, wheeled into the lane, trying to keep Tommy in sight; and soon they came in view of the low house, the noisy mirth of the Confederates was distinctly heard. Armstrong never suspected, even ordered Mrs. Dudley to "show 'em in." She went to the door, and they needed not that she should speak: her piercing, eager look told everything. They surrounded the room—Zagoni's clear voice ordered those inside to surrender, while at the same moment, the fiercer gave an exultant—

"Yankee Doodle came to town, Yankee Doodle dandy."

Armstrong saw the trap; he fired his revolver, hitting the gray-haired old grandmother, leveling her with the ground. Nobody noticed the shot except Tommy, and as he held her bleeding head on his knee, he never shed a tear; but he is one of Commodore Foote's gunboats as a powder-monkey to-day, and he never hands a charge but he thinks of that terrible hour. One or two on both sides were wounded, but the struggle was soon over, and the rebels marched out bound together with old chains, which the boys very gladly found. Zagoni must take the prisoners with him, for men couldn't be spared to guard them.

As they were standing in front of the door before starting Mrs. Dudley, who knew every inch of the ground in the vicinity, undertook to tell them a nearer road to town. They did not understand her hurried, nervous directions, and she started as if to go with them; then she remembered her dying mother's name, called Tommy from the sufferer's side, to take the place in her stead.

But the dying woman's faint voice stopped her.

"You go, Lucy; he might make a mistake: he will take care of me, and we will keep the old flag flying."

The reserve in the lane, by Zagoni's order, had already come up, and Lucy only stayed to kiss the pale lips and precious face, then she mounted her own stout mare and led the way. She guided them safely in the intricate path up to the very edge of the ravine, where according to Armstrong's talk, she knew the wily foe was hidden. It was the very spot Zagoni wished to be in, and she had saved him a long stretch of dangerous road. Then she fell back to the rear, just as Zagoni's eager eyes took in the whole of his position. Desperate! What will he say? what will these men do who have been taunted with being holiday soldiers on the pavements of St. Louis?

"Soldiers, your war-cry is 'Fremont and the Union.' Draw sabre, by the right flank, quick trot, march."

His voice, shrill and intense, pierced every heart, and as those bright swords glittered in the sunshine, and the little band sped to their deadly work, I wondered that Lucy Dudley's brown mare kept her place, as eager as her mistress to do gallant work.

That battle will always burn on the pages of history, and I need write none of its details here; only this much, that everywhere, helping off the wounded, handling weapons, doing anything, everything that a cool head and a trusty hand could do, was Lucy Dudley.

At last the day was ours, and as Zagoni gathered the remnant of his force about him he shrank back, for he could not count the dead and it took not long to count the living? Where was Lucy Dudley? Hardly one of these bloody blackened faces, but could tell of some good deed she did for them during those long, dreadful hours. Even while they were speaking of her she came in sight, and not now mounted on her brown mare, but instead, the mare was harnessed to a market wagon, and its bottom was covered with wounded soldiers. She was walking beside it holding the reins, looking fearfully pale and tired; for now the excitement was past her womanhood was uppermost, and her only care was to help the wounded and comfort the dying. They knew she was taking their suffering comrades to the shelter of her own home; and not a man from the Major downwards, but would have been eager to escort her, but she refused them all, and when the Major pressed

the matter, she told him that she knew the way better than they did, and was safe enough alone. They gathered around her; called her all noble heroic names, such as men use in moments of elevation of soul; but she only looked surprised and answered almost coldly: "Why shouldn't I do what I could? My grandmother did more at Bunker Hill, and her husband died at Concord."

They bent low before her as she turned away and not one of those strong-minded Germans will ever forget the woman who fought side by side with them at Springfield. Home she went to find the old mother dead and the children hiding from retreating rebels; but the flag still waved; and as the poor pale fellows in the cart caught sight of its blessed folds, they gave a feeble shout touching in it, weakness.

All through the winter she nursed and fed that house full of sufferers, and as one after another grew strong and left her, all she asked them was that they would strike manly blows for their country and keep always the noble cry of Zagoni—"The Union and Freedom!" close to their hearts. No Dudley that ever wore spurs in the olden days had a braver or more loving heart than hers.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE CONFEDERATE WOUNDED AT SHARPSBURG.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who was with President Lincoln in his late visit to the army on the Upper Potomac, relates the following as strictly true:—

"After leaving Gen. Richardson, the party passed a house in which was a large number of Confederate wounded. By request of the President, the party alighted and entered the building. Mr. Lincoln, after looking, remarked to the wounded Confederates that if they had no objection he would be pleased to take them by the hand. He said the solemn obligations which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of this war, and it followed that many were our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances, and he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with sympathy and good feeling. After a short silence the Confederates came forward, and each silently but fervently shook the hand of the President. Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan then walked forward by the side of those who were wounded too severely to be able to arise, and bid them be of good cheer, assuring them that every possible care should be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their condition. It was a moving scene and there was not a dry eye in the building, either among the Nationals or Confederates. Both the President and Gen. McClellan were kind in their remarks and treatment of the rebel sufferers during this remarkable interview."

ROMPING.—Don't be afraid of a little romping on the part of your girls, and never punish them for indulging in it, but thank heaven, who has endowed them so largely with animal spirits. These must have vent in some way, and better the glow which a little romping imparts to the cheeks, than a distorted mind or a pallid brow. Health is one of the greatest blessings; and only a good share of physical exercise can secure this to children. Let them romp, then, even, if they do make some noise, and tear their dresses occasionally, and lead you to cry out, "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" Yes, let them romp. Soberer times will come by-and-by. Life brings its cares soon enough to all; and let the children be happy while they are young. God made them to be happy, and why should parents thwart his plan? We do not believe in a dull childhood, but in cheerfulness in youth and cheerfulness in age.

THE SOLDIER'S MAIL.—The soldier's mail in Washington is an institution. Upon the arrival of each mail, the packages of soldier's letters are assorted into boxes by States, and the cavalry and artillery into separate boxes. These letters are taken by another party, and assorted into regimental and company boxes, the company boxes being only for cavalry and artillery. These regimental boxes are arranged in separate State cases, the Pennsylvania case already having nearly one hundred and fifty boxes. When the whole of each mail has been thus assorted, the letters in each box are put into bags and labelled. It is now either called for at the office, by regimental or division mail carriers or forwarded to them.

SOUTHERN BUNKUM.—"My dearly beloved hearers," said a very popular preacher down South, when haranguing his hearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude during the present war, "you must do what General Washington done at the battle of Waterloo. In the heat of the skirmish his horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his horse to the enemy? Not he. He swung out at the top of his voice, 'A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' A horse was instantly brought him by Frank Marion, and he drove the British from the field, and secured the liberty of South Carolina."

What a happy thought it was to put Ben Franklin's head on the postage stamps. Though in later life, like the stamps, he was devoted to finance, during his earlier years he certainly stuck to his letters.

**HOW SOLDIERS' LETTERS ARE LOST**.—Occasionally we hear complaints from parties that letters have been received from friends in the army, assuring them that letters containing money had been forwarded to them, but that these letters had never come to hand. The following extract, taken from the New York Tribune, and contained in a letter dated Bolivar Heights, Oct. 15th, shows that great carelessness is exercised by those who have the letters in charge before they reach the respective postoffices, and that all losses occur before the letters are actually deposited into the postoffice. Read the extract carefully:—

A peculiarly sad case came to light here last evening. Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding the second Division in this corps, has had in his employ for sixteen months a young man named John Tantish, whom he brought from Maine with him when he was Colonel, and whom he has kept with him ever since as Orderly and private body servant. Tantish has been entrusted with all the General's personal effects, has slept in the same tent with him, and has enjoyed his entire confidence. Aside from his regular pay, Gen. Howard has paid his mess bills and given him money from time to time. The fellow, owing to the careless manner in which camp mail matters are conducted, had access to the mails, both those that went out and those that came in.

Letters expected—known to have been sent—have been, for some time past frequently missed, while drafts and checks sent home have never been received. Still, so loose have been general mail arrangements where the army was concerned, no suspicion of robbery was entertained, till yesterday afternoon a man was seen by a private soldier opening and destroying a number of letters in one of the numerous ravines that abound here. The mail agent being told of it, immediately suspected Tantish. The agent had seen him quite busy about the mails, and reported the facts to Gen. Howard. The private who saw the letters destroyed was called in, and recognized Tantish who was searched. Some \$70 or \$80 were found upon him in Treasury notes, bills and postage stamps, and two express receipts, showing that he had recently sent home nearly \$200. He was, of course, at once put under arrest to await his trial.

What greatly adds to the enormity of his crime is that a great proportion of this money was undoubtedly taken from the letters of poor soldiers, who were sending home small sums of money to their families. Only two or three letters were found upon him, but one of these was from a private in Capt. Tompkin's Battery, and had been rifled of five dollars, which the writer inclosed to his sweetheart or sister, (there were only Christian names given in the letter,) and which of course will be quite a loss to both sender and intended recipient. The envelope was gone. This letter was dated only the day before yesterday. The first express receipt for money sent home is dated some four weeks back. It is believed that the soldiers here would kill Tantish if they could get at him.

DEFACED POSTAGE STAMPS.—The use of canceled postage stamps for currency, and for stamping letters, has excited considerable attention. The Department at Washington has determined to use every exertion to detect this mean species of fraud, and in a circular letter to Postmasters throughout the country, the Assistant Postmaster General says: Please cause most careful examination to be made of letters deposited in your office, and send me specially all suspected cases, so that the writers may be discovered; or, if in any case you have means to know the writer, without having the letter opened here, you will proceed at once to a proper investigation. The Postmaster General is anxious to make some public examples under this law, if violations occur as apprehended, strong temptation being offered by the extensive use of ordinary postage stamps as currency.

As the improper use of postage stamps is a felony under the law of the United States, and the punishment of the crime is very heavy, those practising it would do well to hesitate before incurring so serious a responsibility for so small a profit.

A NEW INFERNAL MACHINE, claimed to be adequate for the destruction of iron-clad vessels, is undergoing Government tests in the Royal dockyard of Copenhagen. The apparatus, which is extremely simple, and costs but little, consists of a glass reservoir filled with powder, floating at a certain depth, where, by very simple chemical means, it produces an explosion. In the first experiment, when loaded with a very small charge, the effect was amazing. The framework of the gunboat used was shattered, and some of the planks thrown to a height of eighty or one hundred feet. On a second trial the explosion threw up a column of water one hundred feet high, and the shock was felt at a considerable distance.

Robert Coleman of Lebanon having been drafted, called his hands together and asked who would take his place. One finally stepped forward, when Mr. C. handed him a check for \$3000, told him he would pay his wife his usual earnings weekly, and if he was killed or died in the service, he would give her \$8000 additional. Bully for Bob.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph of October 22d.

**FREEDOM—WHAT HAS IT LOST!**

The friends of freedom have nothing to deplore when contemplating the result of the late election in this state. Wherever they have been defeated in a Congressional district, it has been the means of calling out the real sentiments of our opponents, who rejoice like demons that they were able to strike down the friends of freedom. The very fact that this disposition has been thus called out, proves all that we have ever asserted on the subject of northern sympathy with treason—because the victory which our opponents sing, is claimed in every instance as a victory against the government, as a triumph over the administration, and thus of course as a blow for the aid and benefit of rebels. If it is not for this, it is a result barren of all other influence and effects; because the issue clearly presented to the people was for or against the government.

Whether the acts of the President, as he represents that government, were entitled to support—whether the laws passed by Congress should be enforced—or whether both Congress and the President must be repudiated. The Mobocracy stand upon the issue of repudiation. They hold to the revolutionary or rebellious doctrines which give force and vitality to the slave-holders' treason, and the party in Pennsylvania which Frank Hughes led into political battle would force Abraham Lincoln from the Presidency, or Andrew G. Curtin from the Governorial chair, if they thought they had the physical force to accomplish such an act. And from this party, the friends of freedom may ever expect the harshest and most unreasoning opposition. Like the guerrillas of Mexico, the Mobocracy of the free states are determined hereafter to array themselves on the side of oppression and slavery, against law and order, that the spirit of discord and faction may prevail here as it now rages among our ill-fated neighbors, Mexico. With the Mobocracy it is a heresy to render labor free; to place it on an equality with capital. Whether that effort is made by the restoration of slavery or the protection of white labor from the competition of the pauper of Europe, it is still a heresy and a wrong; a fanaticism and a crime.

But in the face of all this, the friends of freedom have no reason to despair or despond. In battling for our principles, we have no revenge to gratify or resentments to serve. The case is different with our opponents. When they fail, their aims of personal ambition are prostrated—their prospects of self-aggrandizement fall—their anger and passions are aroused, and of course their phrensy and hate are stimulated to excess. Men of principle gather courage from triumph. This is just the case between the friends and the enemies of freedom. We have no time for resentment or revenge. Our country is still in danger. Let this engage our earnest labors—let this stimulate our exertion, and let this inspire us with courage for the present and hope for the future. Freedom is worth suffering for.

INCREASE OF THE POSTAL SERVICE.—In no one branch of the government, not directly engaged in the operations of the war, has the increase of business been greater than in the Post Office Department. Every office in the land has felt this increase to a greater or less degree. This is admitted by all who are familiar with the postal business of the country. In Harrisburg, for instance, the number of letters that went through the Post Office, during the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1862, amounted to 178,440, being 2,490, in excess of any quarter during the present management of the office, and of course much larger in number than in the same length of time of any other postmaster. This increase of business requires not only additional force, but increased vigilance.

PLUCK.—S. H. Hill, a young man who had just returned from New Orleans, where he was a waiter for an officer in a Vermont regiment, enlisted in Northampton, Mass., a few days ago, but was rejected by the surgeon in consequence of having a stiff finger. He was told that if he would have the finger taken off he would pass. The finger was accordingly removed, and the plucky young man has re-enlisted.

One of the arrows discharged by the Indians in the recent massacre at Madella was taken from the body of one of the victims on the day after the fatal occurrence. The arrow penetrated through the heart to the depth of twelve inches. The Indians discharge these instruments with wonderful accuracy and terrible effect. Instances were seen of their having gone entirely through the body.

AN IMPORTANT ADMISSION.—Mr. Hill, a distinguished member of the rebel Congress, from Georgia declared in the course of a debate, a few days ago, on the subject of a treason bill, that "The people of the South never dissolved the Union on account of complaints against the Federal Government. The Supreme Court was with us to the last. The South had a majority in Congress."

A drunken Scotchman returning from a fair fell asleep by the roadside, when a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared, "What's kissing me now? Ye see what it is to be well-licked among the ladies!"