

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1863.

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BETTER TIMES.

My mother's voice! how oft it creeps
In silence on my lonely hours!
Like melodies sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
One book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Gives still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is ever wet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at even-tilde,
Beneath a moon lit sky of spring,
When earth was garlanded like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting buds and growing grass
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness through the night;
When all was beauty, then was I
With friends on whom my love is flung.
Like mirth on wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the benignant spirit there,
Flung over its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain,
And resting on some silver star.
The spirit of a bonied knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

Plain Talk to the Copperheads. SPEECH OF A BRAVE OLD PATRIOT In the Illinois State Senate.

The Springfield correspondence of the Missouri Democrat contains the following account of an exciting scene in the late Illinois Legislature:

A great sensation was created by a speech by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers in the State, a man who pays over three thousand dollars per annum taxes toward the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions which were being introduced by the Democrats to kill time and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:

Mr. Speaker: I can sit in my seat no longer and see such by-play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are traitors and Secessionists at heart.

I say there are traitors and Secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up to denounce the war and the Administration, prove it.

I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible, myself, for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause in the galleries.] I am an old man of sixty-five; I came to Illinois a poor boy; I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay three thousand dollars a year in taxes. I am willing to pay six thousand, any twelve thousand. [Great cheering, the old gentleman striking the desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the ink stand to fly in the air.] I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous applause, which the Speaker could not control.]

Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me, I could not sit longer in my seat and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these traitors and villains in this Senate (striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the Senate ring again) are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field. I dare say this to these traitors right here, and I am responsible for what I say to any one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them come on now, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. (Mr. Funk's seat is near the lobby railing, and a crowd collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary.) The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash and many a countenance glow radiant with the light of defiance.)

These men sneered at Col. Mack a few days since. He is a small man. But I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say, (raising his voice and violently striking the desk,) the country would be the better of swinging them up. I go for hanging

them, and I dare to tell them so, right here to their traitorous faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason I must rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.]

Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in this Senate who are not traitors, but true loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here in this Senate. I see them gibe, and smirk, and grin at a true Union man! Must I defy them? I stand here ready for them and dare them to come on. [Great cheering.] What man with the heart of a patriot could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. [Cheers.] I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and Secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men that disgrace this Legislature, this State and this country. For myself I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures; I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath; and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death. [Prolonged cheers and shouts.]

I said I paid three thousand dollars a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty, yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege, to do it. But some of these traitors here who are working night and day to put their miserable little bills and claims through the Legislature to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way who do not pay five dollars to the support of the Government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. [Cheers.]

The reason they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want to embarrass the Government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care nothing about high taxes! They are picannee men, anyhow, and pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope or expect to. This is an excuse of traitors. [Cheers.]

Mr. Speaker: Excuse me. I feel for my country, in this her hour of danger, from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason I speak as I do! I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering. The Speaker rapped upon his desk, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]

Mr. Speaker, I have said my say. I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made, and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their hellish schemes to destroy the Union. They have my sentiments; let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tremendous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down, after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

I never before witnessed so much excitement in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and pathos which wrought up the galleries and even members on the floor to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surround the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the castigation they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy glances.

DEATH OF THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."—The last will and testament of Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, late of Antis township, Blair county, was admitted to probate recently. The deceased was in many respects a remarkable woman. She was born in the year 1754, consequently she was 109 years old when she died. To recall the changes that occurred in her long and eventful life, we have only to reflect that at the time of her birth, Washington was beleaguered by the French at Fort Mifflin; Pittsburgh was then a small fort in possession of the French; that Braddock was defeated next year; that she was 21 years old at the Declaration of Independence, and was 68 at the breaking out of the war of 1812! She lived between steamboats were invented, saw canal boats cross the Mountain, the "iron horse" do the same and the telegraph compete with thought. Last and saddest of all, she lived to see traitors striving to break up the Government, which her husband fought and bled to establish. A relic of the past, she died respected by all.

'Tis little trouble to brew beer, but beer brews much trouble.

HOGS BY THE MILE.

The Chicago Tribune of February 4th, says: "The gross receipts in round numbers, showing the total number of hogs and cattle received at this market since October 1st, the commencement of the packing season, give but a very faint idea of the porcine and bovine immensity of this trade. To the packer and dealer, the fact that up to last Saturday night 1,056,110 hogs and 52,617 cattle have been received here is clear, and he at once comprehends the extent of the traffic in all its dimensions. Figures lucidly indicate to him the condition and extent of trade. But to the unpracticed person, unacquainted with the mysteries of hog and steer, heifer and pig, in their various phases, from the days of their innocent life, rooting for acorns or champing the succulent prairie grass, up to the melancholy days when they terminate their life in the bloody packing house, figures and sum totals furnish a faint idea of the extent of trade.

Let us put these hogs nose to tail, and stretch them out in this manner, and then we may get an idea of the business. Taking 1,056,110 hogs, and averaging the length of a hog at six feet, the procession of grunts would be a trifle over 1,200 miles in length; averaging the cattle at ten feet, and adding them to the hog procession, there would be just 1,300 miles of the creatures—that is, the living, grunting caravan would extend from Chicago through Michigan, Canada West and New York State to New York city, thence up through Connecticut and Massachusetts to Boston, thence still on through New Hampshire and Maine to Portland. While the first hog was grunting among the beautiful elms of Portland, Maine, the one million fifty-six thousand and one hundred and tenth at the other end of this hog telegraph would respond in the streets of Chicago, Ill., and at the same time the natives of the towns and villages from here half way to Detroit would be deafened with the lowings of cattle. Stretching the procession farther South, ten States would listen to the unceasing grunts, telling unmistakably of the resources of the great-mart of the Northwest.

Again, were it not for the wants of the Rebel Commissary Department, we might head the caravan South, and it would reach through Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and if they were good swimmers, and not like their Scriptural brethren who perished in the sea, they would pass over the Gulf of Mexico, clear to South America. Westward, they would reach to Brigham Young's dominions; northwest, to the frozen regions of the northernmost part of Hudson's Bay.

To carry this army of hogs and bees would require a freight train of 56,134 cars, extending 330 miles, reaching considerably beyond Detroit. Add to this, the numbers that will be received during the remainder of the season, and look ahead at the prospective increase for seasons to come, and how many years will it be before Chicago will be able to surround the whole United States with a living wall of hogs and girdle the continent with the links of the savory sausage, and feed the inhabitants of the world with spare ribs and bacon.

Jerusalem Underground.

An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply beveled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon; the next to that of Zerobabel; the next to that of Herod; the next to that of Justinian; and so on till the times of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from "the dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the temple of the Valley of Jehosaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook of Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting. He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, while he himself, by following the sound, was enabled to follow the exact course they took. About two years ago he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda, and on his opening it, a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it goes. This caused the greatest excitement among the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. The fancied it was one of the signs of Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the Signor's conclusions are disputed but no one has succeeded in so disinterring the relics of the Holy City.

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A FIRST RATE MORNING BATH.

A great deal is said about bathing, and houses are generally preferred for having baths fixed in them, supplied with hot water and cold; but the simplest bath, and one in which all may indulge without trouble or expense, is that of a sponge or towel bath; and if repeated every morning, summer and winter, is such a renovator of the system that you will have little occasion either for salt water bathing or any other kind of bathing, and may fairly promise your doctor a long holiday, so far as you are concerned. Just do as we tell you in this article, and, if you do not feel better, throw the blame upon our advice.

Before going to bed, fill your wash-basin with water, say two-thirds full; just put into it a large soft sponge, or towel—just which is handiest. Provide something to stand on—either a piece of old carpet or a shallow tin—to keep the floor from being wet; and also a couple of coarse, good-sized towels. Then all being ready, immediately upon rising in the morning having thrown off your night-dress, first wet your head, and then take the sponge or towel full of water and squeeze it upon your shoulders, the water running down to your feet. The body having thus got a good wetting, you need not, as some suggest, sponge the body any further, but take the towels and give yourself a good rubbing for about one or two minutes, till the skin begins to react; then dress as quickly as possible, and, if convenient and the weather suitable, take a short walk. Bathing and dressing should not take you more than ten minutes. Practice will render less rubbing sufficient, and the walk in time may be dispensed with. This is a bath that everybody should take, and will be found an infallible source of vigor and good health, if properly done and followed up.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A WOMAN.

Among the American vessels captured by the pirate Retribution was the American brigantine J. P. Ellicott, 233 tons, of Bucksport, Me., A. Devereaux, master, from Boston to Cienfuegos, Cuba. She was captured on the 10th of January, in latitude 28 degrees 12 minutes. North, and longitude 68 degrees 55 minutes west. Her officers and crew were taken on board the pirate and placed in irons. A prize crew was put on board the brig, consisting of Gilbert Hay, a Scotchman, prizemaster, recently from Fort Lafayette, and John Gilbert, mate, and five seamen.

The captain and mate of the J. P. Ellicott were accompanied by their wives. The wife of the mate was left on board the brig. This woman had cause to fear bad usage at the hands of the prize-master and his mate, and she managed to get them intoxicated, when she proposed to the seamen, who were mostly, if not all colored people from St. Thomas, to make them prisoners, and to capture the vessel. She took iron hand-cuffs from her trunk, and, with their assistance, put the prize-master in irons, and took possession of the vessel on the 10th of January. She had studied navigation on the voyage with her husband, and, having assumed command, sailed for St. Thomas, till she spoke a French vessel which gave her the right course. She made Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands to the windward of St. Thomas, whence she was piloted by colored people to St. Thomas, where she arrived on the 17th ult., and placed her in the hands of John Edgar, United States Consul, who put the master, mate and five seamen on board the United States steamer Alabama.

THE RESOURCES OF NEW ENGLAND.—New England has an area of 62,388 square miles—not so large as either the State of Missouri or Virginia. She has a population of 3,135,000—not so many as the single State of New York. But with fewer people, she is far richer than the Empire State, which has a total valuation of \$1,442,000,000, while Massachusetts alone possesses \$588,000,000, or nearly two-thirds of that sum. Of 5,036,000 spindles in the United States, New England owns 8,660,000. Of \$116,137,000 worth of cotton goods produced in 1860, New England produced \$50,800,000. Of \$68,866,000 worth of woolen goods produced in 1860, New England produced \$38,509,000. She also owns about one-half of the shipping of the nation, which in round numbers, now amounts to 5,000,000 tons. And in population, as in all other material interests, she is yet increasing.

BURGULAR SHOT.—A few nights ago a burglarious attempt was made to enter the store of Mrs. Bucher, in Columbia, Pa. The burglar paid dearly for his attempt at robbery, for the proprietor, owing to the numerous attempts at burglary which had been made in that borough of late, had taken the precaution to be prepared for such characters, and received the burglar by discharging a pistol at him, the charge from which inflicted a wound that caused his death in a few hours.

A NEW CURRENCY.—In view of the flimsy character of the postal currency, a proposition has been made to coin the fractional parts of a dollar of zinc as a substitute therefor. It is suggested that the mints might thus be afforded employment, and a more acceptable currency than that now in use be readily furnished.

'Tis a folly to fret; grief's no comfort.

THE OTHER SIDE.

In the U. S. House of Representatives, on consideration of the Senate's substitute for the bill in demitting the President and other persons for the suspension of the habeas corpus, and for acts committed in pursuance thereof, Mr. May (Pro-Slavery Md.) said that the bill was "bold, sweeping, and overwhelming, to prostrate our system of Government," and characterized the arrests in that State as "acts of tyranny" and "cruel imprisonment," and asserted that "no free speech was allowed in Maryland," and referred to the arrest of "a minister of the Gospel"—which act, with others, he pronounced "infernal and tyrannical oppressions." Mr. May was replied to, briefly, by Messrs. Leary and Thomas, two loyal Union men from Maryland; whose remarks will be read with interest, and which show that a strong Union sentiment still prevails in that State, notwithstanding the assertion of Secession sympathisers to the contrary.

Mr. LEARY (Un., Md.) said those people of Baltimore who, up to the present time, had entertained any doubts of his colleague's political position, would now be perfectly satisfied as to where he stood. When he and his colleague were elected, such were his convictions of the loyalty of his colleague that he stated to his neighbors that they needed to have no apprehensions as to his position as a patriot and a friend to the Union. He since, however, had had his doubts, and these were confirmed by his votes here—all going to show that he was opposing the Government now endeavoring to suppress the most outrageous rebellion history ever recorded. [Applause.] He repeated that his colleague's votes showed a persistent effort to oppose the administration and the authorities of the Government in putting down the Rebellion. His colleague's position was now well understood. If he [Mr. Leary] hesitated before, he should now vote to indemnify the President for suspending the writ of habeas corpus. [Applause.] He indignantly denied that Maryland had been subjugated, and was a conquered province. There never was a time when suffrage and the Press were as free and liberty more universal in Maryland than now. [Cries of "Good," and applause.] The people live in more perfect quiet, contentment and peace than ever. There were, however, some persons in Maryland who were in favor of disbanding the troops, and surrendering the State to the archtraitors at Richmond. They were in sympathy with his colleague. The large majority of Marylanders were arrayed in solemn column under the Union, and in due time would prove it. He would vote every man and dollar for the suppression of the Rebellion, and would visit condign punishment on all traitors. [Applause.] As to the minister arrested in Baltimore, he would say that any man who would dare to insult and trample upon that flag under which he had been protected in all his rights, deserved incarceration. [Applause.] If a thousand habeas corpus laws stood in the way, he would remove them to punish traitors. The minister in question was known to be consistently in deadly hostility to the Government.

Mr. THOMAS (Un., Md.) would not charge his colleague with misrepresentation. But he was of the opinion that he was acting under a hallucination, which strangely haunted the imagination of those with whom his colleague acted. A more foul assertion—that Maryland was under the heel of tyranny—had never been uttered. Her heart beat in unison with the generous impulse of that great party arrayed to vindicate the integrity and unity of the Government. He mentioned many facts to defend Maryland against the scandal directed against her. Referring to the arrests of the Police Commissioners of Baltimore and of the members of the Legislature, who did not reflect the popular will, and sought to involve Maryland in all the horrors of civil war, he said thanks ought to be given to the Government instead of abuse for these acts. He insisted that the popular vote was the best test of the opinions of the people; and referred to the fact that the present Union Governor of Maryland was elected by twenty thousand majority, and even his colleague [Mr. May] was at that time known as a Union man, and a denouncer of Secession. He spoke at length to show that Maryland, as a people, had no sympathy whatever with Rebellion. Let the issue be made in Maryland between dissolution of the Government and slave emancipation, and the people would not hesitate one moment to adopt the latter. He had no difficulty in preferring Lincoln to Jeff. Davis and his co-usurpers, and would march with those who carried the banner of the Republic against all traitors and Rebels. He would vote for the pending bill.

AN IRON EGG.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: "A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring cunningly hid in the egg opened, and a silver yolk rolled out; she touched a spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken appeared; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a ruby crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and within it was a diamond marriage ring."

A PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT FOR OLD BACHELORS.—The conscription Bill, which has been reported by the Military Committee of the U. S. Senate, provides that all bachelors between the ages of thirty and forty-five, shall be enrolled in the first class which is liable to do military duty. No old bachelor can hereafter be exempt from performing military duty, unless he avails himself of the terrible alternative of getting married. So choose ye this day whom ye will serve. To the music of which Union will you march?

Raftsmen's Journal.

A SOLDIER ON THE COPPERHEADS.
We copy the following from the Harrisburg Telegraph of February 25th, 1863:

LOTHERSBURG, Feb. 12, 1863.

"I herewith transmit you the copy of a letter which was written by one of our boys in the army, to a young man, a resident of this neighborhood. I think it deserves a place in the columns of the Telegraph. It may be influential in quelling that treasonable spirit which has of late become so bold in its avowals of sympathy for the rebellion. I am ready to vouch for the genuineness of the letter, and now submit it for the perusal of the readers of the Telegraph:

[COPY.]

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Feb. 6, 1863.

"MR. WM. REDAKER.—Dear Sir: Your secession letter reached me this afternoon. I see by it that you are well. You state, if David did not come home until the rebellion was put down, that he would have to remain in the army until a Democratic President was elected, as Old Abe is not able to settle the war, because he only wants to free the slaves. You also write that you do not want the returned volunteers to visit your neighborhood, as they would only steal your turkeys; and that if we come home, you will fight us when we make our appearance; and you wish the war would come to a close by a compromise. All this is your language.

"You block-head—you ass, or child of the devil, to think that this rebellion can't be put down without a compromise! You contemptible secessionist, writing that treason cannot be crushed until a Democratic President is elected, when at the same time such secession Democrats as there are in the North are keeping up this war through their talk against the administration.

"Now, look at the Revolutionary war, and there you can see that there was just such a to-do as you are, who would not go to fight against the British; but stayed at home as you do, to do all against the Union that you can. You are worse than the rebels in the South, for when they are taken prisoners they say they are wrong in their work, and that the Democrats in the North promised them help.

"This rebellion can be put down, and will be put down, notwithstanding all your secession talk in the North. You ought to blush to expose yourself in such terms, a decent young man as you want to be. Now think about the matter, and don't allow yourself to run a machine of the devil for the benefit of hell. This is the kind of respects I send to such a coward as you are. Be careful of what you do if ever the soldiers come home.

A. HEIGES.

"I have a notion that if all such poor miserable butternuts as this Redaker, received just such letters as the above, it would diminish the treason sympathy which now abounds in all parts of the rural districts. But, in the language of the gallant Heiges, let all such be careful of what they do when the soldiers come home.

STRONG IN THE KNEES."

ANOTHER COPPERHEAD FALSEHOOD REFUTED.—The Copperheads have wasted much breath in circulating the falsehood that the freed slaves employed by the Government at Port Royal are worthless and a vast expense to the country—that white men are taxed to support lazy niggers, &c. Official information having been called for by Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury replies that there has been expended for agricultural implements, \$77,081; for the purchase of the schooner Flora, \$31,350; for white labor, \$82,748; for colored labor, \$34,527. Total expenses, \$225,705. From this expenditure has been realized \$726,984. Deducting the above expenses, there remains on hand from this fund \$501,279. The Secretary says that no expenditure whatever has been made from the Treasury on account of the cultivation of the plantations or the collection of cotton, or the educational or benevolent care of the laborers. The rations furnished by the War Department were paid for by the use of the Flora. More than half a million of dollars was saved by these operations, and is in the hands of the Assistant Treasurer at New York.

While every schooner captured by the Confederate pirate offers occasion for a small panic in the newspapers, we are apt to forget that something has been and is being done on the other side. An official report just made reveals the fact that already 118 prize cases have been decided, the amount of sales footing up over \$2,000,000, of which about 80 per cent is to be divided. There have been in all over 860 vessels taken, 35 steamships, 9 ships, 13 brigs, 224 schooners, 22 sloops, 15 barks and small boats.

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