

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "JOURNAL."

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., FEB. 25th, 1863.

DEAR ROW:—Having to-day some leisure time, the thought arose, that I might beguile the passing hour by endeavoring to renew once more, our former acquaintance, which has become somewhat estranged, by the non-arrival of the Journal, for the past six or seven weeks. [Not our fault; it was regularly mailed.—Ed.]

The Journal is ever a welcome visitor in camp, not only to myself but to many others who have had the pleasure of its acquaintance. The partiality shown to it (at this eventful time) in the army, is due, perhaps, not from any particular attraction it may have from outward appearances above its cotemporaries, but mainly from its devoted attachment to the cause of Liberty and Humanity, and its uncompromising hostility to traitors. Not only to those arrayed in arms in an unholy crusade against the Government and the laws, but also to traitors at home—those who have not the moral courage to stake their fortunes with Davis & Co., but who content themselves with a meaner warfare, by clandestinely seeking to render abortive all the efforts of the lawfully constituted authorities for the suppression of the rebellion. Let me say that, here in the army, with only here and there an exception, everything in the shape of a newspaper is tried altogether by its tone on the subject of the present crisis of our country. If its sentiments square with the great issue at stake, and in favor of sustaining the Union of these States by any and all the legitimate means at the command of the powers that be, and which in the past have been so cheerfully accorded by the loyal North, then is it a welcome visitor around the campfire of the soldier; radiating his confidence with a glow of confidence as he reflects that, while he has left kindred and fireside to fight the battles of his country, he is sustained, and his efforts are appreciated by those whom he has left at home—the evidence of which is borne to him in every line he peruses in defence of truth and justice, and in the hearty cooperation which strictly loyal journals everywhere, are lending to stay the fearful tide of treason and fanaticism which has been seeking, with hellish ingenuity, to wipe out every vestige of popular Government, and rear upon its ruins, division, anarchy, and despotism.

While I would thus, in my humble way, endeavor to add a feeble expression of praise to the integrity of the Raftsmen's Journal, based entirely upon the testimony of others, I wish I could say the same, in truth, for its neighbor, which I am sorry to add, as gnawed by the bulk of the army in this particular locality, is sadly, if not criminally, deficient in all those sterling qualities which ought to abound in a newspaper that makes such frequent and loud professions of loyalty: in times like this, when the nation is bleeding at every pore, and the noble structure of enlightened institutions is rocking to its foundation. But I have been wandering from the subject which I intended to pursue when I commenced.

You are doubtless aware that the Reserve corps has been ordered to Arlington Heights to rest, reorganize, and if possible recruit its tattered and decimated ranks. We, a fragment of that corps, most certainly expected to share its respite; but, in which, I am constrained to say we have been disappointed. Contrary to those expectations, we have been detached therefrom and attached to the 1st Division, 9th Army Corps,—which had orders to ship to Newport News about the same time the Reserves received orders to report at Alexandria. We embarked at Belle Plain on the 9th instant, on board of some old canal boats, which being lashed together by two's formed a platform thirty by fifty feet. These frail transports are very convenient for loading and unloading, but are entirely out of the question in a storm; and hence, by the time we reached the bay the wind was too high to proceed, and we were compelled to run into the mouth of St. Mary's river on the Maryland side of the Potomac for harbor—ten miles above Point Lookout. We were detained here till the evening of the 13th, when, the wind subsiding, we resumed our voyage, and by running all night, the dawn of the 14th found us under guns of Fortress Monroe. Here we remained a short time and were then towed up the Roads to Hampton, the scene of Magruder's exploits in the programme of treason. At 10 o'clock on the evening of the 14th we were once more safely landed on terre firma without loss of life or limb, but not without disgrace attaching to some of our members,—who, with shame be it said, deserted from the boats while anchored at the mouth of St. Mary's river. Whether they all went on shore with the determination of deserting the service of their country, is not definitely known. It is thought the pursuit of whiskey had something to do with some of them.

The intention was to march to this place as soon as we disembarked, and our horses had rested a little; but when ready to leave a violent storm broke upon us, lasting three days, and we were detained at Hampton till the 21st. On the morning of that day, the weather being fine and clear, we started, with other bat-

teries of the corps, and reached our destination about the middle of the day—on the bank of the river, one mile above Newport News. We were just in the nick of time to get ourselves arranged in our new camp, to protect us against another storm. About midnight the clouds let loose their fury upon us in the shape of wind and snow, and the ground soon had the appearance of mid-winter in Clearfield. During Sunday forenoon the snow turned into rain, which continued till evening. To-day, the 25th, is quite pleasant. This morning a salute was fired in commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of the "Father of his country." It was the intention to celebrate the occasion, but the weather was so extremely cold as to prevent it.

The question now arises, what is to be the next move? Some think we are to have another Peninsula campaign, or to advance in two columns upon Richmond—one on each side of the James river, with the iron clads between; but the truth of this remains to be seen. Another class entertain the idea that we are to remain here until the whole corps is refitted; and when that is done, reembarb for Newbern to reinforce our troops in that direction, but as these are only rumors no great importance attaches to them. Whatever may turn up in this quarter, this corps is ready to give a good account of itself, as it has done in the past. Our battery is not as efficient now as it should be, but a short time will only be required to render it as serviceably as any in the corps.

I remain as ever, yours, W. R. B.

CAMP OF 149TH REG. PENN'A VOLUNTEERS, Near Belle Plain, Va., Feb. 22, 1863. MR. S. J. ROW:—SIR: As I wrote to you on the 12th, we received orders to report to Gen. Joe Hooker; and here we are, in the 1st Brigade in the 3d Division, 1st Army corps, Army of the Potomac.

On Friday evening the 13th, our company was relieved from Provost duty at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, and ordered to report at Barracks at 23d Street and Penn's Avenue—where the regiment was assembled on Saturday. On Saturday morning the regiment was formed and marched to 6th Street wharf, to embark for Belle Plain, Va. It rained from the time we left our quarters until we had embarked with all our equipment and baggage on board the Louisiana, a splendid steamer, which carried two regiments, the 149th and 150th Penn'a Volunteers. We were crowded, but all made themselves comfortable. We had rather a pleasant trip down the Potomac, as the rain ceased about the time we left the wharf. As most of us had never been down the river, the decks were crowded until dark with officers and men, enjoying the scenery. Others amused themselves by shooting at wild ducks with revolvers and guns. Sometime before we reached Aquia creek it became dark, and we went below to our bunks to sleep. On reaching the creek the boat cast anchor and lay too all night.

On Monday morning about daylight the anchor was raised, and we started, gaily for Potomac creek, on which, about two miles from its mouth, is Belle Plain. In trying to run in the boat stuck on the bar, where we lay several hours, when we were relieved by some smaller boats coming along side and taking us off and landing us at Belle Plain. Here we formed in line and marched back from the landing about two miles, where we halted, and soon our camp fires were lit along side of a piece of Pine woods. The boys were soon engaged in putting up their shelter-tents, gathering cedar boughs for beds, and preparing their rations. The day was very fine and warm until night, when it began to get cool—and all went to bed pretty well tired out with their day's labor.

On Tuesday morning we were not a little surprised, on waking up, to find 4 or 5 inches of snow on the ground, and still snowing. About 10 a. m. it turned to rain, and all had to turn out to build huts for their protection against the storm. By the time night came on they had put up brush shelters, and had large fires burning before them. Toward night it commenced snowing again, and we gathered around the fires to dry ourselves—all feeling pretty uncomfortable, I can assure you.—Some time after dark an order came for a detail from our regiment for picket duty the next day, on the line in front of our division. The detail from company E was ten men four corporals, two sergeants, and one commissioned officer—to report immediately at Commissary's department for two days rations and forty rounds of ball cartridge, which we did.

The next morning (Wednesday) at seven o'clock, we were formed into line in front of Regimental Headquarters—then marched to the camp of the 150th Penn'a through snow about six inches deep, and still coming down, with plenty of mud underneath. Here we were joined by a detachment from the 150th, and also from the 151st—making in all over 600 men. The arms of the whole detail were then inspected, when we took up our line of march to the out-post to which we were assigned. The route was much farther than we could have made it in, had we gone direct from our camp. We travelled about 7 miles in going out, and coming back we made it in about 3 1/2 miles. However, it could not be avoided, as we had to report to Gen. Doubleday, our Division commander. On the route we passed the old

camp of the Penn'a Reserves. Some of these huts had rather a comfortable appearance after passing a night, as we did the one just previous—and no doubt they were when occupied by troops. We also passed through the camp of the 135th Penn'a who arrived the day before and had taken possession of one of the camps vacated by the Reserves, and were pretty well fixed up. Before we reached our destination (about 11 a. m.) it commenced raining. After relieving the pickets on duty we were ordered to make ourselves as comfortable as we possibly could by going into shelter some two or three hundred yards in the rear of the picket line. We soon reached the shelters of the former pickets, and found the rain coming through them about as fast as it fell outside. Our detachment was stationed on the extreme left of the line in an open field, and the shelters were too close to the picket lines to have a fire, so we had to go farther back into a hollow and build new ones. Some of the boys took possession of a couple of shanties occupied by negroes, and a small shed where they were sheltered from the rain during the night.

On Thursday morning at about 8 o'clock it ceased raining, and the Lieut-Colonel commanding the pickets had a new line cut thro' the woods for them, for about two-thirds of the way, which gave the pickets a better protection than they had before—the old line having run along a road with a thicket in front. The right and left were not moved however, as they were in open fields and nearly in a direct line with the new road cut thro' the woods.

Everything passed off quietly until about half past two o'clock on Friday morning, when one of the men on the right of the line discharged his gun, whereupon nearly the whole line followed suit—which was a signal for a general alarm. The officers promptly called out their men and advanced to our second line, which was composed of a corporal and two men, directly in the rear of our pickets, and about two hundred yards from them. We had an admirable position. Our second line was on the edge of a wood with a road in front, upon the other side of which was an embankment with brush on it, and had served the former occupant as a farm fence. Small pines have grown up along this embankment—forming a complete breastwork. Lieut. Row, who had command of our detachment, composed of men from our company (E), some from company F, and a relief from 151st, bro't the men up in fine style and deployed them behind the breastwork. After remaining in this position for about an hour, (anxiously hoping and waiting to see the enemy come in sight) and on the return of our officers from the picket line without finding out the cause of the alarm, we were ordered back to our shelters, where we took a good snooze until morning. We were relieved about 9 o'clock on Friday morning, and 12 m. found us again in camp. But, what a change had come over our camp in the two and a half days we were absent. Instead of a thick grove and underbrush, we beheld a piece of land pretty well cleared out—and rows of tents composed of logs and covered with bushes and mud occupying their place. Under the superintendance of our excellent captain, Z. C. McCullough, the boys had put up fine quarters, where we soon made ourselves at home.

Saturday morning was clear and pleasant and all felt refreshed by a good night's rest. At 8 o'clock we marched outside of the camp, where our Captain drilled us until 10, when we were dismissed and went to improving our quarters. At 5 we had dress parade, when we found our overcoats quite comfortable. A detail was made on Saturday evening for to-day, and a bad time they will have, as the morning broke in with almost the worst snowstorm I have ever seen, and has continued all day without abating. This (Sunday) evening the snow is about 12 inches deep.

At 12 o'clock a national salute of 34 guns was fired, in memory of Gen. Washington. We have been cooped up in our tents all day. I must close this hasty scrawl, as "taps" have been given for "lights out." Yours, X.

A correspondent of the Rural Register writes to that journal that Mr. John Barner, of Baltimore, removed a troublesome stump from near his house in the following manner:—"Last fall with an inch augur, he bored a hole in the centre of the stump ten inches deep, and into it put about half a pound of oil of vitriol, and corked the hole up tight. This spring, the whole stump and roots, extending through all their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated."

One of the Boston dailies has been getting fame to itself by being printed on wood paper. This is stealing a patent: The New York World has been nothing but a Wood Paper for several months.

A sale of property was made in Williamsport, last week, says the Gazette, which required two hundred and sixty-two dollars and a few cents' worth of revenue stamps to make the transfer legal.

What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Letter A, of course.

Those who walk fastest in going to dinner often walk slowest in going to work.

A VOICE FROM THE ARMY.

At a meeting of the officers and members of the 57th Regiment Penn'a Volunteers, held in their camp near Falmouth, Virginia, on the 26th day of February, the following patriotic resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The war, which has caused us voluntarily to relinquish the endearments of home, and the comforts and peaceful pursuits of civil life, and to submit to the privations and hardships incident to active military service, is one which involves interests of the most momentous and enduring character; and whereas, On the result of this contest the existence of our Government, the perpetuation of the blessings of civil and religious liberty to the unborn millions of future ages, and the solution of the question: Is the existence of a Republican form of Government possible? all depend; and whereas, We have a determined, witty and powerful foe in front to meet on the field of deadly combat, and also the machinations of a mean, cowardly, cunning and insidious crew in the rear to scorn and resist; therefore,

Resolved, That we spurn with contempt and indignation the suggestion of the Northern copperheads, that we must approach armed traitors with propositions of compromise—which they would scornfully reject—as alike incompatible with every attribute of true manhood, and with the dignity and honor of a great and powerful Government.

Resolved, That the only compromise that we can consistently make with traitors is that they lay down their arms and return to their allegiance.

Resolved, That the only hope of securing this result is to be found in a vigorous and determined prosecution of the war, whatever may be the required sacrifice of life and treasure, till the military supremacy of the Government is fully vindicated.

Resolved, That we are still willing to toil and fight and die, if necessary, for the attainment of this end.

Resolved, That the wide spread opinion in the Northern States that the army of the Potomac is demoralized and will not fight is false and slanderous, and we doubt not the malicious fabrication of those Northern traitors, who would stab us in the dark, but are too cowardly to arrast themselves under the banner of the insurgents and to meet us in the shock of battle.

Resolved, That loyal men at home should carefully organize themselves to watch the stealthy movements of the venomous "copperheads," and aid the Government in bringing them to condign punishment, not only for their treacherous behavior at home, but also for their endeavors to make their slander of the army true by poisoning the minds of the soldiers through the influence of treasonable letters.

Resolved, That, as the President of the United States is the constitutional representative of our Government, his administration must and will be sustained by all true patriots, and that those who are denouncing his administration, are laboring to the extent of their power to throw hindrances in the way of a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, and deserve the unmitigated scorn of patriots and the hemp that is due to traitors.

Resolved, That slavery is one of the chief pillars of strength to the rebellion; that its essential antagonism to freedom renders its existence incompatible with the restoration of the Union and its continued maintenance, and that the President's emancipation proclamation is not only humane and wise, but an absolute military necessity in order to the speedy suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of enduring peace.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the policy of organizing all able bodied men of African descent into regiments, brigades and divisions for active military operations; for as we have to risk our lives for the maintenance of our liberties, it is but just that they should be required to incur the same hazards in order to secure theirs; and as they have heretofore been used for the promotion of rebellion, it is but right that they should be used hereafter for its suppression.

Resolved, That while we do not fight for any man, or set of men, but will cheerfully follow the leadership of any general whom the President, as Commander-in-chief of the Army may, in his wisdom, see fit to appoint over us, we take pleasure in declaring our confidence in the ability and skill of our present brave and gallant commander, Maj. General Hooker.

Resolved, That Governor A. G. Curtin deserves the thanks of all true patriots for his skill, energy and patriotism which he has displayed in raising, arming and equipping the troops of our State, and especially of all Pennsylvania soldiers, for the prompt restoration of which he has manifested in their welfare generally since they have been brought into the field, and particularly in his efforts to have the sick and wounded of their number removed to hospitals in our own State, and as far as practicable to their own homes, till fit for duty.

The adoption of the resolutions was followed by three cheers for the resolutions, and three more for General Hooker, the Army and Navy.

These are the men whom a Democratic Supreme Court disfranchised by setting aside a law of the State; and thus, by a base and cowardly construction, attempted to make slaves of our brave soldiers.

It souls who were counted instead of bodies we fear the census returns of most cities would be rather beggary.

Duelist—a moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind by affecting a corporal courage.

If a man presents you with a full suit of clothes from head to foot, except a cravat, he cuts your throat.

"Now what are you leaning over the empty cask for?" "I am mourning over departed spirits."

Love isn't a healthy thing for a young man—it causes such tremendous swellings of his bosom.

Marriage must be favorable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

Why is the pupil of the eye like a bad boy at school? Because it is always under the lash.

Say well is good, but do well is better.

On the Death of Little Helen.

BY A. W. B.
A vacant house, an empty chair,
Is all that meets my gaze,
I look around me in despair,
For sorrow crowns my days.
I start and look for Helen dear,
But alas! she's gone from me;
No more I hear her footsteps near,
Her face no more I see.
Sweet little Helen, O, that I
Thy prattling voice might hear,
How soon I would suppress my sigh
And wipe the falling tear.
But my loved one, why should I weep
That God has called thee home;
In safety he thy soul will keep
Till I to thee shall come.
Among bright angels, upon high,
Each little Helen zone,
And shouts with them the joyful cry
Of Christa Redeeming Love.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Willie Irving's Troubles.

School was out, and Nettie Irving stood at the window watching for her brother Willie, who was unusually late, and as she caught a glimpse of him on the opposite side of the street, she ran quickly to open the door, just in time to see him shake his fist threateningly at a boy about his own size, and hear him say—
"I'll give it to you to-morrow, mister, see if I don't!"
"What is that, Willie?" asked Nettie, as he came up the steps, his face the very iron-plate for a volume of misfortune.
"Who is speaking to you, I should like to know?" he replied roughly, as he brushed past her and entered the parlor.
Nettie's face colored, and the tears came into her soft, blue eyes, for she loved her brother very dearly. He was sitting moodily in the parlor when she entered, and he looked so cross and unnatural Nettie dare not speak to him, but passed on to the open piano, where she had been practising, and sat down.
"Perhaps if I play him that pretty new song, he will feel better," she thought—"His always likes to have me play or sing to him when he comes home from school; so she ran her nimble fingers along the keys in the soft, sweet prelude, and was just ready to join her voice with the charming accompaniment, when Willie spoke out sharply—
"I wish you would stop that tormented drumming. Nobody asked you to play."
Nettie's fingers dropped instantly; she turned around upon her stool and, in motionless moment, then moved noiselessly across the room, and Willie heard her soft footsteps on the stairs and along the upper passage, and when she opened the door of her own room, a quick sob, as if she had held her feelings in check as long as possible.

"Well, I've done it to-day, I guess; half the boys in school are mad with me, and now I have almost taken Nettie's head off. O dear, that is what all my good resolutions go to."
"Why, has my little boy got mad?" said Mrs. Irving opening the door at that moment.
"I have been down town, and came up by your school house on purpose to walk home with you, but I thought your school was not out, so I made a call on my way home."
"Yes, it was out, but I was kept."
"Why, Willie, how did that happen? Did you not have your lessons perfectly?"
"No, and I was tardy besides."
"You left home in season, did you not?"
Willie did not answer, but kept working his finger under the hearth rug, and looking down at them steadily.
"What is the trouble, Willie? You look as if you had no friends in the world."
"I haven't as I know of."
"Willie!"
"I suppose you are," he said apologetically, "but I guess you are the only one. Everybody is put out with me but you and father."
"What has happened to make you feel so wretched and chagrined?"
"Well, you see mother, it is just this. Last night, before I went to sleep, I went to thinking over the things I had done through the day, and thinks I, now to-morrow I will try very hard not to do one thing I shall be sorry for; but when I got up this morning I forgot all about it, and never once thought till I came in from school. My resolutions don't amount to much any way."
"What have you done today that you regret?"
"From beginning to end I have gone wrong. Some how things did not go right all the time at school. I missed two or three lines; the teacher was cross to me. But the worst came this afternoon. Just after I started for school the fire bells rang, and pretty soon all of the boys came running along, and called—'Come on, Will, we are going to the fire-works of time before school;' and I did not think what you had told me, never to go to a fire, unless some older person was with me, but followed on as fast as I could. It was away down the North End, ever so far, and after all there wasn't anything to be seen but a little black smoke and ever so many people. I knew it was past school time, and I kept coaxing the boys to go, but they wouldn't for a long time; and as soon as they started they began to plague me because I was such a scarecrow about everything. George Lovell said: 'Well, you missed to day, and I'm glad it isn't you, boys?' They all said, 'Yes,' and then George took off his cap and said, 'three cheers for Tod Irving!' When I got to school, I couldn't study a bit, the letters all ran together so; of course I could not say hardly any of my lessons; the teacher punished me all, and we had to stay and recite after school; but the minute we got out, George Lovell set the boys all on again, and they called me names and everything. I wish George Lovell was dead and buried. I'll give him something to-morrow he won't forget, if he bet!"
"What is Willie Irving, or some wicked fellow, come in the shape of my usually gentle boy?"
"Why it is me mother, and not exactly me either; but I want you to promise me that I don't go to school any more. It is a great deal easier to be good when I am at home with you. You can fit me for college, can't you?"
"Perhaps I can, so far as book knowledge is concerned; but till you get here with me, and do not let you get toughened by contact with the world, you will not be fitted to encounter the temptations you will find there."
"I will risk it. When F get big enough to go to college I shall not have any trouble."
"You think you will obey the command—'When you get there, do you?'"

Willie looked up into his mother's face with a puzzled expression, as much as to say, "Have I broken them?"
"Repeat them to me, Willie, and see if there is any you have broken."
Willie commenced slowly—"God spake these words, and said, I am the Lord thy God, Thou shalt have no other gods but me. Haven't broken that," he said, with emphasis on the last word.
"Go on," said, Mrs. Irving.
Slowly Willie repeated them, pausing inquiringly at the end of each, till he came to the fifth.
"Is that the one?" he asked. "I don't know as I quite honored you when I disobeyed you this afternoon."
"It was hardly the one I meant, but you will do well to remember and heed it. What is the next?"
"Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not—"
"Stop a moment, Willie, till we talk a little about the sixth."
"Why, of course I haven't broken that. I haven't killed anybody."
"Did I not just hear you say, I wish George Lovell was dead and buried?"
"Yes; but that wasn't killing him."
"In your anger, did you not think you wanted to kill him?"
"Yes, I did. I told him I would kill him."
"Well, Willie, God looks upon you as a murderer. You have fallen out with one of your little playmates—"
"He begun it."
"Very well, did not the wicked men who put the Saviour to death begin it, and yet did He not say, amid all their bitter taunts, their cruel threats, 'Father forgive them; and cannot my little boy be enough like the blessed Jesus to say that?'"
The tears began to run down Willie's cheeks but he did not speak.
"Poor little Georgia, you have fine times playing ball and marbles with him. If he was dead you would miss him very much, and his empty seat in the school room would look very lonely, wouldn't it? I dare say he is sorry by this time. You forgive him now, don't you?"
"O yes, indeed I do; I wish it was morning now, so I could tell him. It shall be a better day to-morrow than it has been to-day."
"Don't trust in your own strength too much. I am afraid you did not ask God to help you this morning."
"No, I did not, but I will to-morrow."
The tea bell rang and ended the conversation. Nettie was coming slowly down from her room and the moment Willie caught sight of her, he ran to her, and, clasping both arms about her neck, whispered—
"Do forgive me, Nettie, for being so cross. I must hear that new song just as soon as supper is ended."
There was an exchange of friendly kisses; it was all "made up," and hand in hand they went out to the cheerful supper room.

Willie stood by the window the next morning repeating to himself the sixth commandment, and chanting to him self in a low voice, "Lord have mercy upon me and incline my heart to keep this law," when George Lovell came slowly along the street.
"George, George!" shouted Willie, tapping upon the window, "wait for me, wait till I get my geography."
Mrs. Irving smiled, and went to the window to watch the meeting between the two boys. Willie bounded down the steps and held out his hand.
"We are two big fools to get mad with each other," said Willie bluntly.
"I know it, Willie," responded George, grasping tightly the proffered hand. "I was so sorry last night I used you so, I cried myself to sleep. I'll never do so again, if you will just forgive me this time, and I won't let the boys plague you either."
Happily the two went to the school-room, and the other boys seemed to have forgotten all about it, for they greeted Willie cordially; and the teacher smiled and called him her dear little scholar, and every thing went just right with Willie that day.

THE WINSTED (Conn.) Herald is "sarkastical." It says the time has come when "everybody can't wear calico," and the pampered children of wealth who can afford it, delight to sport it in the face of the poorer classes who can get nothing better than silk.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album; replied, "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

The most tender hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

Each Board of School Directors is directed by law to publish an annual statement of the amount of money received and expended.

The patent democratic organ of Frederick City, Md., suggests that we make peace with the south by assuming all their war debts.

A down east editor says that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman, but ruins a man. A painfully correct conclusion.

Men, in general, are more completely persuaded by the suggestions of their own minds, than by reasons offered them by others.

The fact that green and blue are the most attractive colors is no reason why men should always be green, or be getting blue.

Take away probability, and you can no longer please the world; only let there be probability, and you cannot displease it.

He who fishes in the sea of matrimony need not trouble himself to put any bait upon his hook—It is the hook is gold.

Pride and Oppulence may kiss in the morning as a married couple; but they are likely to be divorced before sunset.

The meanest man we ever knew was the one who stole a sugar whistle from a nigger baby to sweeten his coffee with.

To make hens lay. Writing their necks—they will lay any where then.