

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1863.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$1.00 per annum in advance. If not paid at the beginning of the year, \$2.00 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at \$1.00 per square for three or less insertions—Twelve lines or less counting a square. For every additional insertion 25 cents will be charged. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. No subscription taken for a shorter time than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. S. J. ROW.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.
3d Monday in January, 3d Monday in June.
4th " in March, 4th " in Sept'mr.
of each year, and continue two weeks if necessary.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT OFFICERS.
Pres. Judge—Hon. Samuel Linn. Bellefonte.
Asst. Judges—Hon. J. P. Thompson, Curwensville.
Hon. James Bloom, Forrest.
Sheriff—Edward Perks. Clearfield.
Prothonotary—D. F. Atwater.
Reg. & Rec.—Isiah G. Burger.
District Att'y—Isiah Test.
Treasurer—Joseph Shaver.
Comptroller—H. C. Wright. Glen Hope.
Commissioners—S. C. Thompson, Morrisdale.
Jacob Kuntz, Luthersburg.
Theos. Dougherty, Gr. Hills.
Auditors—E. C. Bowman, W. M. Crickton.
Chas. Woodruff, N. Wash. gton.
H. Woodward, Pennfield.
Coroner—J. W. Potter. Leontes Mill.
Co. Superint'd—Jesse Bromall. Curwensville.

LIST OF POST-OFFICES.

Townships—Names of P. O. Names of P. M.
Becrafts—Glen Hope, Wm. S. Wight.
Urberville, Theodore Weld.
Hegarty's Roads, Samuel Hegarty.
Bowers, W. M. Crickton.
Chas. A. M. Shaver, N. Wash. gton.
Cush, J. W. Campbell.
Ostend, H. L. Henderson.
Bloom, Forrest, James Bloom.
Rogers, Clearfield Bridge, Jas. E. Watson.
Safford, Williams Grove, Jas. E. Watson.
Brady, Luthersburg, B. H. Moore.
Trotterville, Charles Snippy.
Jefferson Line, John Heberlein.
Bernside, New Washington, James Dialler.
Sturmdale, W. C. Lewis.
Patchinville, Jack Patchin.
East Ridge, Jacob Boice.
Chest, Hard, G. Toner, Jr.
Westover, S. A. Farber.
Clearfield, Clearfield, M. A. Frank.
Covington, Frenshville, P. A. Gaultin.
Kearthaus, J. F. W. Schnarr.
Curwensville, Curwensville, T. W. Fleming.
Decatur, Phillipsburg, Centre county, Pa.
West Decatur, Sophie Radebach.
Oscola Mills, T. F. Bealich.
Ferguson, Maroon, Edm. Williams.
Helen Post Office, Helen county, Pa.
Gard, Leontes Mills, C. Mignot.
Shald Hills, William Carr.
Goshen, Shawville, A. B. Shaw.
Grubbs, Grubbs, Thos. H. Force.
Grubbs, Smith's Mills, A. G. Fox.
Masters, Chas. J. Pursey.
Hutton, Tyler, David Tyler.
Jordan, Pennfield, H. Woodward.
Earhart, Annonville, Eliza Chase.
Knox, New Millport, M. O. Strik.
Lawrence, Breckenridge, J. W. Thompson.
Morris, Kylesville, Jas. Thompson.
Penn, Morrisdale, C. Brenner.
Pike, Grampian Hills, A. C. Moore.
Bloomington, T. W. Fleming.
Linton, Lockton, D. B. Brubaker.
Woodward, Jeffries, W. Lockett.

This Post Office will do for Chest township. Will answer for Ferguson township.

STATE & U. S. STATES DIRECTORY.

OFFICERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
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Secy of Com. Bill Thurman. Union county.
Dep. Secretary—Isaac Slenker. Union county.
Auditor Gen.—Isaac Slenker. Union county.
Surveyor Gen.—J. M. Barr. Pittsburg.
Attorney Gen.—W. M. Meredith. Philadelphia.
District Gen.—J. M. Barr. Philadelphia.
State Treasurer—W. B. M'Graw. York.
Sup. Com. Sch's T. H. Burrows. Lancaster co.
Deputy Sup't.—S. P. Bates. Crawford co.
State Librarian—Rev. W. DeWitt. Harrisburg.

SUPREME COURT—Chief Justice, W. H. Lewis.
Associate, Geo. W. Woodward, Jas. Thompson.
Just. of Com. J. M. Keed. Sessions, Philadelphia 1st Monday of January, Harrisburg 4th Monday of April, Sunbury 1st Monday of October, and in Pittsburgh on the 3d Monday of October.

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Vice President—Franklin Hamilton, Of Maine.
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Sec. of War—E. M. Stanton, Pennsylvania.
Sec. of Navy—Gideon Welles, Connecticut.
Sec. of Interior—Levi P. Taylor, Indiana.
P. M. Gen.—Montg. Blair, Maryland.
Attorney Gen.—Edward Bates, Missouri.

Rates of Domestic Postage.

LETTERS, for each half ounce, prepaid, 3 cents; exceeding those passing from any State or Territory east of the Rocky Mountains to any State or Territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and those passing from any State or Territory west of the Rocky Mountains to any State or Territory east of said mountains, which are 10 cents the half ounce. All letters must be prepared by stamps, or enclosed in stamp envelopes, or they will not be forwarded.

Transient Newspapers, Periodicals, Circulars, etc., to any part of the United States not weighing over 3 ounces, 1 cent each, and 1 ct. for each additional cent of prepaid weight.

Maps, Engravings, Lithographs, or Photographic prints, on rollers or in paper covers; books, bound or unbound; photographic paper, and letter-press envelopes, not exceeding four pounds, 1 cent an ounce under 1,500 miles, and two cents an ounce over 1,500 miles.

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Newspapers and Periodicals, not exceeding 12 ounces in weight, when paid quarterly in advance and circulated in the State where published—daily, per quarter, 25 cents; a week, 10 cents; semi-weekly, 5 cents; weekly, 3 cents; semi-monthly, 10 cents; monthly, 10 cents. Newspapers and periodicals, when weighing over 12 ounces and not exceeding 3 or 4, double the above rates to any part of the U. S. States.

Small newspapers, published monthly, or oftener, and pamphlets not containing more than 16 octavo pages, in packages of eight ounces or over, 1 cent per ounce.

Weekly newspapers, within the county where published, FREE.

Quarterly payments, in advance, may be made either where published or received.

HIDDEN LOVE.

There is many a tender love unseen,
That close to the bosom dwells,
And the bud conceals the flowers within
The leaves of its folding cells.

There is many a treasured love unknown,
That deep in the heart is laid,
Like a vein of gold on a precious stone,
Concealed from the miner's spade.

There is many a struggling love untold,
By feeling itself oppressed,
As the trembling lily cannot unfold
The thoughts that we love the best.

There is many a thrilling love unsung,
Unheard as the spirit's wing,
As the song of the harp, tho' sweetly strung,
May sleep on the silent string.

There is many a cherished love unbreathed,
That dies with the faithful breast,
Or, perchance, in dying words bequeathed,
As the bosom sinks to rest.

There is many a love we have not name,
Though purer of earthly loves,
There is many a love the world may praise,
That Heaven itself approves.

THE STOLEN SILK DRESS.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was ignorant of the dangers of the city as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle-beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed upon her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded with that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless recollected by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game for temporary excitement; she with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the 4th of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted his invitations with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank—whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts involved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it without being seen, pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded a discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful 4th of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her on her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked into his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," cried she with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents to readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared among the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her to him would soon be as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air castles. And that dress which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should

be discovered! Would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her—she was arrested on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but he could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would do for a daughter, and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate endearments, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead—what will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?" "Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and, alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story.

"This is her first offence," said he, "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman—I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise with the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly and I revere you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac, "thou art much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life; and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her

voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she made her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, drooping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh! where should I now be, if it had not been for you?"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city without seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest intimation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

"My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel of Love."

THE EARTH IS SAFE.—The London Times says mankind are using up the world too fast. Incessant cultivation, it is alleged, is stripping the earth of its coat of mold, which cannot be replaced, except by a return to the primeval forest. There are facts in existence a little inconsistent with that alarming statement. The plain around Benares has certainly been cultivated for three thousand years, and is as rich as ever. The country around Damascus was a garden in the beginning of history and is a garden now. No forest ever renewed the soil of Northern Italy, nor is the glorious fertility of Asia Minor artificial. Districts here, it is true, perished, but it has always been from human folly, the cutting down of the trees till the rain ceased and the wells sank, as is now occurring in some parts of Upper India. When we conquered the Punjab that vast province did not contain one tree, and in thirty years would have become like the Babylonian desert, a sterile plain, and from the same cause.—London Spectator.

A FRIGHTENED VIRGINIAN.—An army correspondent of the West Chester Republican tells the following good one:—"Rabbits being numerous, and shooting prohibited, the boys became effected with a snare-setting mania, and many of them brought in numerous prizes. But Capt. Worthington caught the largest, if not the most digestible. Finding a stout hickory sapling in a good place, he attached to it a strong cord. On going to it the next morning he heard a noise and saw it fly. Rushing up to get his rabbit, he found he had caught a man by the leg, who, scared nearly to death, entreated him to let him go, and said he always heard the Yankees had many infernal machines, but never expected to be caught in one of them. He had never heard of a snare, could not be convinced of its use, and when released, made a bee line home."

THE CULTIVATION OF TOW FLAX.—Cotton is becoming so scarce that necessity will soon find a substitute for it. Many of our farmers and others have given some attention to the cultivation of tow flax. An acre of good land it is said, will yield about ten bushels of seed, and a ton and a half to two tons of straw. The former is now selling at \$3.25 per bushel, and we understand that it is in contemplation to erect machinery in our State that will make a market for the straw. The land intended for flaxseed should be prepared the same as oats, and the seed should be sown about the first of April. Our fathers and mothers formerly slept between linen sheets, and used linen towels and table-cloths, and why can't we do the same?

A gentleman recently arrived from Canada, states that a fee of fifteen hundred dollars was paid to him the other day in Quebec, wholly in American silver. He didn't want the stuff, but was compelled to take it. How horrid!

The old maxim says: "Hire one boy and you get considerable work; two boys and you get little; three boys and you get less; four boys and you get none at all done."

Considerable preparations are making by farmers and others in the vicinity of Wheeling, Va., to test the cotton experiment this coming season.

Six million four hundred and thirty-nine thousand feet of lumber is turned out annually by the saw mills in Nevada county, Cal.

Jeff Davis has issued another proclamation appointing a day of fasting and prayer. The 27th inst. is the day fixed upon.

Don't borrow your neighbor's paper.—Take one yourself, and pay for it like a man.

GREAT UNION RALLY IN NEW YORK.

Democrats and Republicans Participate.

On Friday evening, March 6th, Cooper Institute was filled to its utmost capacity by men of all parties, who assembled to take counsel together and form themselves into a loyal Union League. Another large meeting was organized in the street out of the overflow. But the most notable feature of the meeting was the fact that JAMES T. BRADY, JOHN VAN BUREN, CHARLES P. DALY, and other leading men of the Democratic party, were found shoulder to shoulder with the leading Republicans of that city. The three gentlemen just named made strong and telling speeches. Mr. BRADY, who is an Irishman, (although he said that for the sake of the Union he would agree to be called a Yankee,) after a brilliant opening, in which he made allusion to his posthumous fame, said:

"I want to be distinguished by some lingering affection in some heart that cleaves to the recollection of him who once was, as the grave of one whose country was the United States of America [loud cheers]. That is my country. I can admit to no other. There is no name to be substituted for that. There is no flag except ours that I can ever accept [cheers], no star to be taken out of it [cheers], no stripes to be stolen from it [cheers], stars to be added to it without number [cheers], stripes to be accumulated till the eyes tires of looking at them; so that, with all the gallant history of the past and glorious associations of its present, however gloomy the prospect may appear to many, there shall be for us now and hereafter, one country, one constitution, one destiny [loud cheers]. I was dining with a friend to-day who read to me an extract from a newspaper—the Express, [Laughter and expression of disfavor.]—saying that this was a meeting of Abolitionists and that Brady would not be present. I am not certain that I am, for there is so much of individuality and spiritual power and tendency to great results in this chamber, charged with patriotism, that I am like nothing in this majestic presence. [Applause.] But so far as I am capable of knowing myself I am here—here with delight—here with pride. [Applause.] Although from the first time that I ever made a speech in public till now most of you have been opposed to me, as I well understand, in political sentiment, I thank God that it has been permitted me to be present on an occasion when any one human being would attach importance to my voice in saying that I stand up now, as I always have done, for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution of the country. [Loud cheers.] . . . When this war, broke out, I knew that it was urged on by the South, I hoped that it might terminate early; I hoped that my Southern countrymen—for such they are—would develop among them some desire to remain with us. I detected with regret that they had prepared means to make an assault upon a Union that they ought to love. I maintained silence in regard to it. You will excuse my egotism, but I now justify myself in my own presence. I found that they proposed to take to themselves Fort Sumter, the forts at Key West and Pensacola, Tortugas and Portress Monroe. I thought it was quite essential to the dignity and prosperity of the country that we should retain these fortresses. I think so now. I did hope, however, that the Southern people would put their feet upon the necks of their leaders, and insist upon the maintenance of the Union." But they have informed us that they would consent to no such condition. They have told us that if we gave them a blank paper and pencil to write the terms of a new compact, they would not agree to it. Therefore it is a war declared for all ultimate results that can come, and I spit upon the Northern man who takes any position except for the maintenance of the Government. [Here almost the entire audience rose to their feet, waved their hats, and cheered for some moments.] . . . Now I tell my Southern brethren that their only chance is to let the Constitution be their guide, for if these Yankees once get down into that Southern territory, who have a theory about this war, and put arms into the hands of the negroes [loud cheering] and put up their long feet on the tables of the estates of which they take possession, I don't want to be the lawyer in an action of ejectment. [Great laughter and applause.] I sincerely believe that unless the gentlemen of the South will manifest some lingering remnant of attachment to the Union, and agree that the Constitution of the United States shall preserve us as one people in the territory that we occupy, the end of this war will be occupation; and Mr. Eli Thayer, whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing, in advance of me has illustrated the fact that whenever you show any place to the Yankee to go to, he goes there, and when he goes there he stays there, and when they propose to remove him they find it exceedingly difficult. [Cheers.] You will pardon me for relating an anecdote. A man in a hotel in New Orleans heard his friend in the next room, who was subject to night-mare, making a dreadful noise. He went in and said, "Why you are in a dreadful state!" "Why, I am frightened," answered his friend, "I have had a dreadful dream!" "Did you dream of death?" "Worse than

that." "Did you dream of the devil?" "Worse than that." "Well, then, what did you dream of?" "I thought I was back in the State of Maine!" [Great Laughter.] That class of people can never be defeated. I am sorry to say, I am an unwilling witness, and I hope my Teutonic friends, to whom the first speaker alluded, will excuse me when I say that neither whiskey, punch or lager beer will overcome those iconoclasts."

We are obliged to let Mr. Daly, a prominent Democrat, give his confession of faith in a very few words, but they are sufficiently emphatic. He said:

"There are a number of men in the North at present who talk of peace, who talk of an armistice, who talk of concession, who hope for compromise, and who have no hope of the war. If persons of that temper of mind have made up their minds that the war is hopeless, and that the separation of the States is now inevitable, then their conduct and their declarations are consistent with their convictions; but for men who profess entertaining such convictions to be desirous for the restoration of the Union, for the preservation of the land in the territorial unity with which it was committed to us by our fathers—I say, if such men entertain that conviction, I have little belief in their wisdom, and if they have wisdom, I have doubt in their nationality." [Cheers.]

Hon. John Van Buren received a warm welcome, and held the attention of the audience for over an hour. He fully endorsed the object of the meeting and approved of the resolutions; went into a statement of his own position in reference to the questions which have been agitated, to show that, during the late election campaign for Governor, he had expressed his determination to sustain the President in a vigorous prosecution of the war; he adhered to that resolve, and saw nothing in the proclamation of the President, or in the acts passed by the last Congress, to alter that determination. He approved of the act giving the President full control of the purse and the sword, and cited a precedent in the act passed in 1839, on the occasion of the occupation of Maine by the British, when similar power was conferred, with full approval of the Democracy and of the nation at large. There was no outcry then against "extraordinary powers," nor should there be now, except by those who wanted to see the rebellion prosper, and the Federal Government weakened. In regard to the Proclamation he did not question its constitutionality, but doubted its utility. I am (said Mr. Van Buren) for a vigorous prosecution of the war. I am for a prosecution of the war until this rebellion is wholly overthrown. I am for destroying this usurped government that has been set over several States of this Union, known as the Confederate Government; and until that is done, I hold all propositions for peace to be entirely preposterous and absurd. [Applause, and cries of good!] Now, being for the war, I am necessarily with everybody that is for the war; and being opposed to peace, I am necessarily opposed to everybody that is for a peace." He reviewed the course of the leaders of the rebellion, and pronounced their conduct to be without the shadow of excuse. Every fair-minded man in the United States would bear in mind that, up to the moment of their withdrawal from the Union, not a hair of their heads had been injured; no right of any Southern man had been invaded. History would record that the world never heard of a rebellion against governmental authority before this, where the people who rebelled could not lay their finger upon a thing which showed that either their property, their liberty, or their laws had been in the slightest particular impaired."

What have our copperhead apologists for traitors to say to that?

The Chicago Times having proposed to enter upon the discussion of the question whether it would not be best to have a Union leaving New England out, the Louisville Journal asks: "Wouldn't that question have been an interesting one in the Revolutionary War? How would the proposition have sounded to ex-Grand New England privateers, and New England sailors, and New England soldiers, from the last war with Great Britain?"

THE LYONSBERG (Va.) Republican says:—"We hear that a military critic says that General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the army of the Potomac, is a fool, else he never would have let the Federals cross the Rappahannock. It was the easiest thing in the world to have stopped them by throwing red hot rocks in the river, thus heating the water and scalding the enemy to death."

A Douglas Democrat writes to the Troy Times: "If you have any copperheads among your readers, tell them that we soldiers think the secess are a little cleaner and a good deal more manly than they."

Prentice says, we are not hating men, but we will lay Louis Napoleon a trifling wager that we conquer the rebel Confederacy before he conquers Mexico. And Victoria may hold the stakes.

We hear a great deal about suspending the writ of habeas corpus, but when the government catches a traitor why doesn't it suspend the corpus and let the habeas go?