

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.

2d Monday in January, 3d Monday in June, 3d in March, 14th in Sept'm'r. of each year, and continue two weeks if necessary.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT OFFICERS.

Pres. Judge, Hon. Samuel Linn, Bedford.
Asst. Judges—Hon. J. D. Thompson, Curwensville.
Sheriff, Edward Parks, Clearfield.
Prothonotary, D. F. Atwater, "
Reg. & Rec., Joseph W. Burger, "
District Atty., Israel Teas, "
Treasurer, Joseph Shaw, "
Co. Surveyor, H. B. Wright, Glen Hope.
Commissioners, S. C. Thompson, Morrisdale.
School Directors, Luthsburg.
Auditors, B. C. Bowman, Clearfield.
Chas. Worrell, N. Washington.
H. Woodward, Pennfield.
Coroner, J. W. Potter, Leontes Mill.
Co. Superintendent, Jesse Broomall, Curwensville.

LIST OF POST-OFFICES.

Townships, Names of P. O., Names of P. M.
Becerra, Glen Hope, Wm S. Wright.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Theodore Weld.
Hegarty's Roads, Samuel Hegarty.
Beverly, Wm. Cracker.
Chest, Thos. A. McGhee.
Cush, J. W. Campbell.
Ostend, H. L. Henderson.
Broom, Forrest, James Dixon.
Clearfield Bridge, J. W. Fleming.
Bradford, Williams Grove, Jas. E. Watson.
Brady, Luthsburg, R. H. Moore.
Troutville, Charles Snopy.
Jefferson Line, John Heberlin.
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Karthaus, J. F. W. Scharr.
Curwensville Curwensville, T. W. Fleming.
Dunbar, Philadelphia, Centre County, Pa.
West Depot, Sophie Radsbach.
Oseola Mills, T. F. Boalich.
Ferguson, Marton, Edm. Williams.
Fox, Helen Post Office, Elk county, Pa.
Gardner, Leontes Mill, T. W. Fleming.
Bald Hills, Wm. Carr.
Goshen, Shawsville, A. B. Shaw.
Graham, Shawsville, Thos. H. Forree.
Guelish, Smith's Mills, A. G. Fox.
Huston, Madera, Chas. J. Pusey.
Taylor, David Tyler.
Penny, H. Woodward.
Jordan, Ansonville, Eliza Chaso.
Karthaus, Salt Lick, Geo. Heckendor.
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Lawrence, Breckenridge, J. W. Thompson.
Morris, Kylertown, Jas. Thompson.
Morrisdale, J. C. Brenner.
Penn, Lumber City, H. W. Spencer.
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This Post Office will do for Chest township. Will answer for Ferguson township.

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OFFICERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
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Dep. Secretary, S. B. Thomas, "
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Supreme Court—Chief Justice, W. H. Lovrie.
Associate, Geo. Woodward, J. Thompson.
Wm. Strong, J. M. Reed, Sessions, Philadelphia.
1st Monday of January, Harrisburg 14th Monday of April, Sunbury 1st Monday of October, and in Pittsburgh on the 3d Monday of October.

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES.
President, Abraham Lincoln, OF Illinois.
Vice President, Andrew Johnson, Tennessee.
Sec. of State, Wm. H. Seward, New York.
Sec. of Treasury, S. P. Chase, Ohio.
Sec. of War, E. M. Stanton, Pennsylvania.
Sec. of Navy, Gideon Welles, Connecticut.
Sec. of Interior, James P. Fisher, Philadelphia.
P. M. Gen., Montg. Blair, Maryland.
Attorney Gen., Edward Bates, Missouri.

Supreme Court—Chief Justice, Roger B. Taney, Maryland. Associate Justices—Samuel Nelson, New York, Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania, John M. Wayne of Georgia, John Catron of Tennessee, Nathan Clifford of Maine, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana. Meets in Washington City on the 1st Monday of December.

Rates of Domestic Postage.

Letters, for each half ounce, prepaid, 3 cents, excepting 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 ounce, or prepayment required.
Maps, Engravings, Lithographs, or Photographic prints, on rollers or in paper covers; books, bound or unbound; photographic paper, and letter envelopes, not exceeding four pounds, 1 cent an ounce under 1,500 miles, and two cents an ounce over 1,500 miles.
Cards, blank, or printed blanks, in packages weighing at least eight ounces, and seeds or cuttings, in packages not exceeding eight ounces, 1 cent an ounce under 1,500 miles, and 2 cents an ounce over 1,500 miles.
Newspapers and Periodicals, not exceeding 13 ounces in weight, when paid quarterly in advance and circulated in the State where published—daily, per quarter, 22 1/2; six times a week, 19 1/2; semi-weekly, 16 1/2; weekly, 13 1/2; semi-monthly, 11 1/2; monthly, 8 1/2. Newspapers and periodicals, when weighing over 13 ounces and not exceeding 3 oz's, double the above rates to any part of the U. 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.

O, WE'RE NOT TIRED OF FIGHTING YET!

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.
O we're not tired of fighting yet!
We're not the boys to frighten yet!
While drums are drumming we'll be coming,
With the ball and bayonet!
For we can hit while they can pound,
And so let's have another round!
Secesh is bound to lick the ground,
And we'll be in their pantry yet!
O we're not tired of trapping yet—
Of soldier life or camping yet,
And rough or level, man or devil,
We are game for stamping yet!
We'll live through weather wet and dry,
Through had and fire without a cry,
We wouldn't freeze and couldn't fry,
And haven't got through rumping yet!
We haven't broke up the party yet,
We're rough and tough and hearty yet;
Who talks of going pays what's owing,
And there's a bill will smart ye yet!
So bang the doors, and lock 'em tight!
Secesh, you've got to make it right!
We'll have a little dance to-night;
You can't begin to travel yet!
O we're not tired of fighting yet,
Nor ripe for disuniting yet,
Before they do it, or get through it,
There'll be some savage biting yet!
Then rip hurrah for Uncle Sam!
And down with all Secesh and sham!
From HAYS to YALANNOGAM,
They all shall see their treason yet!

THE COPPERHEADS AND THE SOLDIERS.

"The idea of officers and men, sent to the battle-field to fight against an enemy in arms, turning their backs upon their enemy, and their faces upon the men who feed them, clothe them, and who have given them all the liberties they ever had, and who, instead of being, mean to maintain those liberties! [cheers.] They cannot frighten any man who is fit to be a freeman."
Thus, Vallandigham scoffed at the Union soldiers, in his speech delivered recently in New York City. The patriotic appeals and remonstrances, which have come up from the camps, are answered with this venom. We have learned to expect almost anything in the way of malignity from this accomplice of treason, but we were hardly prepared for this. It is the very quintessence of insolence. "Officers and men sent!"—that is to say they are hiredlings. "Turning their backs upon their enemy!"—that is to say they are cowards. "Their faces upon the men who feed them!"—that is to say they are ingrates. "Instead of them, we mean to maintain those liberties!"—that is to say they are renegades and traitors. Such is the meaning of the language, if it means anything, addressed by the Copperhead chief to the patriots who rallied to the old flag when traitors were smiting it to the dust—who, in devotion to that same "standard-sheet," for well-nigh two long years, have been encountering privation, disease, and the rage of battle, till the graves of their comrades are crowding hillside and plain. Their offence is that they have rebuked sympathy with the enemy, and have besought their fathers and brothers, whom they left behind, to stand firm. For this alone are they thus reviled.

The Copperhead leaders have done their best to alienate the soldiers from the National cause. They have sent to them seditious speeches and papers, without price and without stint; they have sought to fasten upon them officers of their own sort; they have been quick to seize every opportunity to make it appear that the Government was treating them with neglect or injustice; they have magnified difficulties, and darkened every prospect; they have tried to discourage, by holding out that there was no chance of future reinforcement, that enlistments were at an end and conscription impossible; they have sought to play upon every private feeling touching Slavery and the black man, and to stir up every old political prejudice; they have, so far as they were able, presented every temptation, and afforded every facility to desertion. Never was there a more systematic or persistent effort to demoralize an army than has been made upon the National forces for the last six months. It has all been futile. The army, as a whole, has, in the sublimest manner, kept true to the cause. Nay, it has more than kept true. It has acquired a depth of earnestness, an intensity of determination, of far more real force and worth than their first buoyant enthusiasm. Hard experience has sobered it, but only to make it all the sterner. The blood it has poured out for the old flag has only made that flag all the more sacred. What was before a public sentiment has now acquired something of the force of a personal passion. Private spirit is combined with public spirit. Infinitely less than ever will our soldiers willingly submit to see that flag, after the sacrifices they have made for it, lowered to the feet of traitors. This feeling pervades the entire army. It is its dominant emotion, its master impulse. All political influences are as nothing against this; and so, in fact, is every extraneous consideration. Come what may, that flag shall float to triumph, is now, as never before, the universal inspiration. The appeals and remonstrances which have been coming from so many regiments, have been no less remarkable for their unanimity than their emphasis.
Baffled and foiled, the Copperheads vent upon the faithful army their most rancorous spite. They have very bitterly denounced loyal men of all classes; but we can recall no such utterly malignant and contemptuous contumely as this. It cannot be considered merely as the wild escapade of a single individual. The fact that it was loudly cheered,

and that it continued to receive applause as it was repeated in various forms, evinced that it was in complete harmony with the feelings of the whole Copperhead gatherings. The species everywhere has become infected with this hatred of the soldiers. At the West their virulence is even less decent than here. "Rosecrans has written himself down an ass," was the ejaculation of the Chicago Times—which is the leading Copperhead organ of the Northwest—upon the letter which thrilled every patriotic pulse in the land. It is with these rebel sympathizers as with the rebels themselves—treason to the flag develops special rage against its special defenders.
Were any new proof needed of the infatuation which has seized these peace factionists, we should have it to the full, in this unmeasured heaping of insult and abuse upon our heroic soldiers. It not only intensifies the righteous wrath of the army, but it kindles a fierce animosity against them in every one of the hundreds of thousands of Northern households to which those gallant men are bound. It is, in fact, just the indignity of all others most calculated to inflame the popular heart at large. They might better float at and defile the glorious old flag itself, than thus vilify the men who are standing by it and for it in the deadly breach. These recruits are as insensate as they are base, and are leaving nothing undone to make their swift destruction sure.

REBEL INHUMANITY IN LOUISIANA.
The New Orleans Era, of the 13th instant, publishes a narrative of rebel barbarity in the parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, which more than confirms all previous statements of the suffering among the people of the south and the tyranny of the confederate rule. The Era derives its information from a refugee, who, with his wife and two children, one of whom he carried in his arms, by long and weary marches, succeeded in reaching Pearl river, and hence escaped by a canoe to the sea-coast, and so reached New Orleans. We quote: "The people of St. Tammany have been living from hand to mouth for about a year. The Conscription law has driven all the males to seek refuge in the woods, while their poor women and children are left at home, on the very verge of starvation. Rebel officers scour the country continually with bloodhounds, enter houses without ceremony, search every nook and corner, and if the terrified women protest against their rudeness they are kicked out of their own houses and coarsely assailed and cursed by these brutal minions of Jeff. Davis.
"The people subsist entirely on cracked corn, which is parched and eaten dry for bread, and soaked in hot water for coffee. Occasionally they get hold of a little fresh meat; but as there is not a particle of salt to be had short of a dollar a spoonful, this meat cannot be kept, and is very unpalatable without salt.
"In this stronghold of the Confederacy the notes issued by that so-called Government are not current, except as a medium for the rich men to pay their debts to the poor. The latter cannot use this money for anything. One dealer in all sorts of little notions refused to give five cents' worth of tobacco for a ten dollar bill, saying the whole bill was not worth five cents. The whole country is bare of salt, sugar, molasses, flour, butter, vegetables—in fact everything except cracked corn.
"The families of volunteers and conscripts are represented as being entirely destitute. They go wandering about from one plantation to another, begging from the lordly exempt a little corn meal to keep soul and body together. They are frequently rudely driven away without assistance, being told that it is wrong to encourage begging. For a few months a sort of bounty was paid these unfortunate people, but that has been discontinued, and now they are left entirely destitute.
"The women and children are almost without clothes. Cotton cards cannot be had at any price. While the women had these they made cotton yarn, which they spun into coarse cloth, which answered very well. That source of supply, like almost everything else, has been cut off. These poor, hungry, half-clothed women and children, having been deprived of their natural protectors by the execrable conscription law, now wander about from place to place, subject to all the jeers and insults of the rich, who are known to entertain great contempt for 'poor white trash.'"

The total receipts of coffee in the U. States for the year ending December 31, 1862, were 98,568,680 pounds; and the total consumption was 88,989,911, against a consumption in 1861 of 187,045,786 pounds, being a decrease of 98,055,875 pounds, or over 52 per cent.
The New Bedford (Mass.) Cordage Company have made a manilla-bump hawser, 14 inches in-girth, 990 feet in length and weighing 5,600 pounds, to be used for hauling off the steamer Caledonia which is ashore on Cape Cod.
In 1862 no less than 55,720,160 bushels of grain were exported from Chicago, against 49,363,381 the previous year.
One thousand years ago the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.
No less than 800,000 hogs were packed in Chicago, and 600,000 in Cincinnati, in 1862.

UNION LEAGUES.

It was well said by Edmund Burke, in a time of raging faction: "When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

The chief fault of the great loyal majority of our people has been that they have neglected organization. They have left this tremendous instrumentality almost entirely in the hands of their adversaries. The true explanation of the alarming growth of the Copperhead policy throughout the Northwest lies in the secret operations of the Knights of the Golden Circle and affiliated societies. By their clandestine and thoroughly concerted management, they were able to get the control of the Democratic organization, and fill up the legislature with men willing to lend themselves to any scheme, however disloyal. They completely circumvented and over-sleighted the real sentiment of the people. These societies have their kindred association in the East somewhat inferior, perhaps, in completeness of system and secrecy of operation, but still laboring steadily toward the same traitorous ends. The Jacobinical club of New York City, which styles itself the "Democratic Union Association" does one part of their work, and the conclaves for raising the wind to scatter peace speeches and papers do another part. Their associated efforts are daily becoming more extended and effective. They have already wrought prodigious mischief; yet, considering what they aim at, their work has just begun. They are fast going on from audacity to audacity, and even now they do not shrink from the word Revolution.

Loyal men have too long given a clear field to these miscreants. They have taken it for granted that their cause was too sacred to be seriously injured by faction. They have looked passively on and made no sign, or have indulged in croakings and grumbings directly calculated to strengthen the hands of the factionists, though not so designed. Considering the untiring activity of the enemies of the Government on the one hand, and the general remissness of loyal men on the other, the wonder is, not that the popular heart is so greatly relaxed, but that it has not become completely demoralized. It is not in human nature to be constantly subject to the free play of such adverse influence without a bad effect. No cause has strength or sanctity enough to secure steady fidelity without some organized effort. Even the Christian religion itself has to organize to provide for a constant stirring up of its adherents by way of remembrance and successful makeway against its enemies.

One advantage, perhaps, has resulted from the inaction of loyal men. The rebel sympathizers have been emboldened to reveal their spirit and purposes with a fullness they otherwise would have avoided. The wayfaring man, though a fool, needs no longer have a glimmering doubt as to their essential disloyalty. The delay has relieved true Unionism of no small amount of trouble in smoking out its adversaries from their old covert. Of their own accord they have come out into broad daylight, and with defiant front. We know now just where to find them, and how to meet them. No blows need be wasted. It can very soon be settled which side is to go to the wall.

But no more time must be lost. Union men must at once organize. The Union Leagues which have been started must be multiplied, until they reach every city, village and hamlet between Maine and California. Latent loyalty must be fired with new devotion. Public spirit must acquire an earnestness at once profounder and more vehement. The vital principles, and the infinite interests at stake, which have been overshadowed and thrust into the background by mere party questions, must again be recognized, and set forth, in all their imperative authority. The terrible character of the emergency must be brought closer home to all. It should be understood, as never before that the Republic expects every one of her sons to do his whole duty in this her day of peril. The same esprit de corps the same generous ardor, the same intolerance of complicity with the rebels, which prevade and rule the army, ought also to dominate outside of the army. Loyal men must put themselves in a position to act in concert, wherever and whenever the occasion may demand—yea, to march shoulder to shoulder to the bloody field, if need be. Vallandigham, in his speech at Newark before the adjournment of Congress declared that the Conscription bill, if passed, should be resisted, and the creatures at his back cheered the menace. It has passed. These wretches talk revolution just when it pleases them. It is high time they should understand there is no terror in their threats—that if they lift a finger in opposition to the constituted authorities of this Republic, swiftest retribution shall overtake them.

We say again, organize Union Leagues. Bad men have combined, and thereby added a thousand fold to their power. Good men must also combine, or be worsted. Party lines are now nothing. The only difference recognized should be the difference between loyal and disloyal men—between those who are for carrying the war on to the submission

of the rebels, and those who are for dropping the war and yielding to the rebels. That is the supreme issue; and it determines the position of every man, whatever his estimate of Administration measures or policies. Let the men on the side of war and an undivided Republic lay aside all minor differences, and work together with a will for the one great object. Let them labor to aid up and strengthen the hands of the Government, to cheer and stimulate our brave soldiers in the field, to compact public opinion and arm it with a moral force that faction will never dare either to confront or affront. If this work be seasonably and faithfully done, the war will end in a magnificent triumph.

The Copperheads and Foreign Intervention.
The New York Times, of March 6th says: "The Copperheads, small in number, in both branches of Congress, refused to vote for the resolutions against foreign interference. They all went either plumply against them or dodged. This thing should be noted. It is another illustration of the lack of national feeling, which marks all this creeping, cold-blooded breed."

Nobody pretends that the resolutions contained either sentiment or language calculated needlessly to offend foreign sensibilities. Though earnest and decided, they were still temperate and courteous. They ascribed the offers to mediate to a misunderstanding, impugning no motives; they set forth the inherent impossibility of submitting the national authority to arbitration; they expressed an unqualified determination to maintain that authority inviolate; they declared that the only practical effect of any foreign proposition, however designed, was to encourage and stay up the rebellion; and they publicly announced that "Congress will be obliged to look upon any further attempts in the same direction as an unfriendly act." Certainly the dignity and the interests of the Republic required nothing less than this plain statement. It is precisely because the Copperheads care nothing for the dignity or the interests of the Republic that they refused to sustain it.

Mr. Powell and Mr. Saulsbury, the leaders of this faction in the Senate, both freely avowed that they would hail with joy any foreign mediation calculated to produce peace. They would not only permit foreign potentates to step in and regulate our domestic affairs, but would thank them for it. It is almost incredible that the same Chamber which, in other times, rang with such indignation if a European power did but presume to put its foot on one square yard of sand or bog between Cape Horn and the Great Lakes, should now give out these piteous whinings that some good nation would be kind enough to come over and make disposition of our very altars and firesides. It would absolutely stagger belief, were it not that the factious spirit, whence this emanates, had already showed its self capable of any extent of villainy. He who has once made up his mind to accept this rebellion as his master, is prepared to crouch before anything. There is not a power on the earth, nor in the regions under the earth, before which it does not feel like crawling.

UNION SENTIMENT IN MISSOURI.—A recent letter from Palmyra, Mo., to the Boston Journal says that the prospects of that State are most promising: "The rebel sympathizers are fast selling out and leaving their places to be filled by good and loyal men. The Union sentiment in Missouri is intensely loyal; it recognizes but two parties, the one for the Union, the other against it. So we think and act. We are getting more loyal every day. We understand the awful responsibility resting on the President, and we will stand by him through this fiery ordeal, and with him conquer and perish. Such are the sentiments expressed in the current thought, and in the public meetings which gather to consider the posture of affairs and the present crisis. We fear nothing for Missouri."

If a man during fifty years chews every day two inches of solid plug tobacco (and millions do it) it will amount at the end of that time to nine thousand three hundred and sixty-six feet, or a mile and a quarter of tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, and will cost \$1,500.

About sixty women in Madison, Wisconsin, have taken the preliminary steps to form a Union League, to encourage loyalty and bring the weight of their influence against treason.

The Ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

"Welcome little stranger!" as the man said when he found a three-cent piece among a lot of shinpasters.

A widow, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass widow.

The herb doctors think that to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unfurled gun? Because he is a smooth bore.

Life is a lottery; but he who draws many corks won't be likely to draw much else.

"Daily Evening Mail"—a lover calling on his sweetheart.

FROM LAKE PROVIDENCE.

A correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of Negroes flocking to the Army, and of their horrible sufferings in the swamps in their efforts to gain their freedom:

"Every few minutes we met little groups of negroes who had escaped from their masters on the other side of 'Bayou Macon.' We stopped to talk to many of these groups. They usually comprised one or two families—men, women and children—who had escaped together. Many of them told us of frightful hardships that they had endured in their endeavors to escape. Two families told us that they had waded across the swamp, six miles in width, which lies on this side of 'Bayou Macon,' and during the two days and one night which they had passed in the swamp, they had the greater portion of the time been up to their waists in mud and water, and during that time had nothing to eat. They were carrying their children mounted on their shoulders, and in this position had carried them through the whole of those fearful two days and nights. The black faces of the little creatures looked ashy and haggard from long fasting and sleeplessness, and more than one of them looked as though death had set his seal upon its pinched little features. Yet, under all this suffering, the adults were cheerful. They were clad in rags, were half starved, had been half drowned in mud and water, were suffering from the fatigue of carrying their children on their shoulders, and yet their faces looked radiant with joy. They had voluntarily braved the dangers of being detected and shot, willingly encountered the horrors of the swamp for the one great boon of freedom. They had gained it, and were happy. It seemed to me that no man who had the least spark of human kindness in his composition, or whatever his prejudices might have been, could have looked upon their patient, trustful and joyous countenances without compassion. Group after group we met, wending their way to the army at Lake Providence, until in our ride of five miles I estimated that we had met over two hundred. We asked some of the men if they were willing to fight for the government if they were armed, and to die if need be, in the cause. To such a question the most of them answered in that quiet but determined manner which, though but few words were spoken, seems but the cover to a stern and deadly resolution. One answered: 'Does you tink, massa, dat we would be afraid to fight after darin to go into dat swamp?' We thought not. We were told of one negro whom the soldiers call 'Union Jim,' who, on a recent scouting expedition, came across three rebels in the swamp. He called upon them to surrender. They answered by firing upon him, but fortunately without hurting him. He returned the fire killing one of them. He then called upon them a second time to surrender, which they considered it discreet to do. They laid down their guns of which Jim took possession, and marched their owners into camp as his prisoners.

"The negroes tell us that the rebel inhabitants of Lake Providence and vicinity, who have moved back to the other side of 'Bayou Macon,' have built themselves log houses, and made quite a settlement. On this side of 'Bayou Macon' a cypress swamp, six miles in width, extends for fifty miles up and down the Bayou. Behind this swamp, impassable to any one but the negroes incited by their desire for freedom, the rebels feel safe, for the present at least. The negroes say, also, that there are 500 rebel troops there, and three or four times that many negroes. The utmost vigilance on the part of the rebel troops is necessary to keep the negroes from rising in insurrection, or from running away. If two negroes are seen talking to each other, they are immediately ordered to separate. If one is detected in a second offense of the kind, he is immediately shot without mercy. They are as strictly guarded as felons in the hulks, and are really more cause of anxiety to the rebel garrison of 500 than our whole army at Lake Providence. When the idea of arming and organizing them as soldiers was first suggested, I doubted if they possessed sufficient intelligence and pride to make good soldiers, and doubted if they had the moral courage to fight. I have now been with the various armies of the Southwest nearly a year. I have had good opportunities for observation, and have endeavored to form an opinion of the average intelligence of the slave population, unprejudiced by the color of their skin, and I think that no man, whose perception is not obscured by prejudice, could fail to arrive at the conclusion that at least two thirds of the men slaves would make brave and effective soldiers.

The Copperheads of Berks County are secretly organizing under the lead of prominent snakes of that party, for the purpose of resisting the military laws passed by the last Congress. It is said that these organizations prevail in many other counties in this State. We shall soon see of what metal they are composed, as the military law will be enforced in spite of every copperhead traitor in the North.
A report is current in the fashionable circles of London that the Princess Alexandra's arrival is to be the signal for a creeping reduction of the ladies' skirts.