

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1863.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.
Monday in January, 3d Monday in June.
2d in March, 4th in Sept'm'r.
Of each year, and continue two weeks if necessary.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT OFFICERS.

Judge—Hon. Samuel Linn, Bellefonte.
Asst. Judge—Hon. D. Thompson, Clearfield.
Hon. James Bloom, Clearfield.
Hon. Edward Perks, Clearfield.
Prothonotary, D. P. Stewart, Clearfield.
Reg. & Rec.—Isaiah G. Barger, Clearfield.
District Atty.—Israel Test, Clearfield.
Treasurer—Joseph Shaw, Clearfield.
Co. Surveyor, H. B. Wright, Glen Hope.
Commissioners, S. C. Thompson, Morrisdale.
Jacob Kania, Luthersburg.
Thos. Dougherty, Clearfield.
Auditors—E. C. Bower, Clearfield.
Chas. Worrell, N. Washington.
H. Woodward, Pennfield.
J. W. Potter, Leconte's Mill.
Superintendent—Jesse Brownell, Clearfield.

LIST OF POST-OFFICES.

Townships. Names of P. O. Names of P. M.
Becaria, Glen Hope, Wm S. Wright.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Theodore Weld.
Hegarty, Clearfield, Samuel Hegarty.
Bell, Clearfield, W. McCracken.
Chest, Clearfield, Thos. A. M'Hee.
Clearfield, Clearfield, J. W. Campbell.
Clearfield, Clearfield, H. L. Henderson.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Jas. Forrester.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Jas. E. Watson.
Clearfield, Clearfield, R. H. Moore.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Charles Sloppy.
Clearfield, Clearfield, John Roberts.
Clearfield, Clearfield, James Gallagher.
Clearfield, Clearfield, W. C. Irvin.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Jack Patchin.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Jacob Hoise.
Clearfield, Clearfield, G. Tozer, Jr.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Wm. McFarvey.
Clearfield, Clearfield, S. A. Fisher.
Clearfield, Clearfield, M. A. Frank.
Clearfield, Clearfield, P. A. Gaultin.
Clearfield, Clearfield, F. W. Schuler.
Clearfield, Clearfield, T. W. Fleming.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Centre county, Pa.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Sophie Radebach.
Clearfield, Clearfield, T. F. Bealish.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Edm. Williams.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Hellen Post Office, Elk county, Pa.
Clearfield, Clearfield, C. Mignot.
Clearfield, Clearfield, William Carr.
Clearfield, Clearfield, A. B. Shaw.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Thos. H. Forrester.
Clearfield, Clearfield, A. B. Fox.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Chas. J. Pusey.
Clearfield, Clearfield, David Tyler.
Clearfield, Clearfield, H. Woodward.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Eliza Chase.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Geo. Heckel.
Clearfield, Clearfield, M. O. Strick.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Jas. Thompson.
Clearfield, Clearfield, J. C. Brenner.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Geo. Spencer.
Clearfield, Clearfield, A. C. Moore.
Clearfield, Clearfield, T. W. Fleming.
Clearfield, Clearfield, Benj. F. Dale.
Clearfield, Clearfield, D. E. Brubaker.
Clearfield, Clearfield, James Lockett.
This Post Office will do for Chest township.
Will answer for Perry township.

STATE & U. STATES DIRECTORY.

OFFICES OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Governor—A. G. Curtin, Centre county.
Secy. of Com.—Eli Shifer, Union county.
Leg. Secretary—S. B. Thomas, Union county.
Auditor Gen.—A. G. Fox, Union county.
Surveyor Gen.—Jas. P. Barr, Pittsburg.
Attorney Gen.—W. M. Meredith, Philadelphia.
Adjutant Gen.—A. L. Russell, Philadelphia.
State Treasurer—W. B. M'Grath, Lancaster.
Com. Secy.—T. H. Burrows, Lancaster.
Deputy Sup't.—S. P. Bates, Crawford.
State Librarian—Rev. W. DeWitt, Harrisburg.
SIX-MONTH COURTS—Chief Justice, W. H. Lewis.
Justices, Geo. W. Woodward, Jas. Thompson, Wm. Strong, J. M. Reed, Sessions, Philadelphia.
1st Monday of January, Harrisburg; 2d Monday of April, Sunbury; 3d Monday of October, and in Pittsburgh on the 1st Monday of October.

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

President—A. Lincoln, Illinois.
Vice President—Annibal Hamlin, Maine.
Sec. of State—Wm. H. Seward, New York.
Sec. of Treas.—S. P. Chase, Ohio.
Sec. of War—E. M. Stanton, Pennsylvania.
Sec. of Navy—Gideon Welles, Connecticut.
Sec. of Interior—Lease P. Usher, Indiana.
P. M. Gen.—Montg. Blair, Maryland.
Attorney Gen.—Edward Bates, Missouri.
SIX-MONTH COURTS—Chief Justice, Roger B. Taney, Maryland.
Associate Justices—Samuel Nelson, New York; Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania; John M. Wayne, Georgia; John Catron, Tennessee; Nathan Clifford, Maine; Caleb B. Smith, Indiana. Meets in Washington city on the 1st Monday of December.

CABINET EMPORIUM!

B. K. SHOPE,
CABINET MAKER,
I would respectfully announce to the public that I have opened up a shop on Cherry street, near the Episcopal church, and near Kratzer's store, where he intends to carry on the cabinet-making business in its different branches. Having served a regular apprenticeship to the business, and working as a journeyman over six years, besides carrying on a shop for three years, he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom. Having located in the borough of Clearfield, he solicits a share of patronage, and it shall ever be his object to make order, neat and substantial furniture, such as French Bedsteads, He will always be prepared to furnish the order. He will also furnish to order Hair, Husk, and hair and cotton top Mattresses. The above named and many other articles will be made to order for customers, on short notice, cheap for cash or exchanged for approved Extension-tables. Don't forget the place, as I am prepared to furnish all articles at the most reasonable rates. Maple, Cherry, Poplar, Pine, Elm wood, and every other suitable lumber, will be taken in exchange for furniture. Cash will also be paid for good lumber.
N. B.—Office of the latest style made to order on short notice. Funerals attended whenever desired.
Clearfield, Pa., Jan. 21, 1862.

WHAT THEN!

After the joys of earth,
After its songs and mirth,
After its hours of night,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?
Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.
After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?
Only a sad farewell,
Only a world we loved too well,
Only a silent bed,
With the forgotten dead.
After this sad farewell,
After this world we loved too well,
After this silent bed,
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

MY BACHELOR UNCLE'S STORY.

"Harry, my boy, you are not going to that atrocious piece of felt!"
I clasped my hands rather nervously to my hat.
"Why not, uncle Simon? Isn't it respectable enough?"
"Harry, you are my favorite nephew. Sit down, and you shall hear how I lost my wife—that should have been—through a bad hat."
I passively obeyed.
"Weston Thorn and I were room mates in our young days, and as perverse fate would have it, we both fell desperately in love with the same girl—Fanny Trevor. Talk of your modern beauties—I never saw a prettier creature than Fanny was: cheeks like an apple blossom, sir, and even that fairly made you wild with their coquetish sparkle. She wore her auburn hair in bright plaids within a net, and I've liked her ever since.
"Simon," said Weston Thorn, one night, "I'm in love."
"So am I, Thorn," I answered.
"And I'm in love with Fanny Trevor."
"Are you?" said I. "So am I."
"Weston and I looked at each other steadily for about five minutes.
"So," said he, "will you give her up?"
"No!"
"Nor will I. So here's to the health of him who wins the brightest jewel that ever shone on human breast!"
"He tossed off a glass of champagne as he spoke. I pledged him; and although forty years and more have passed, yet I taste the sparkle of that bright wine whenever I remember the hour.
"Well, our twin suits progressed with varying success for weeks. Sometimes Fanny made Thorn desperate by dancing with me—sometimes she woke the spirit of Cain the murderer in my heart by wearing Weston Thorn's white roses in her belt. At length, one day, we went arm in arm to ask Mr. Trevor's permission formally to address his daughter. Papa Trevor was a jolly old soul, and laughed quite heartily at our amicable rivalry.
"Go in, boys, and win," he exclaimed.
"Fanny may take her choice. Whichever it is, she'll be pretty sure of a good husband!"
"Weston," said I, on our way home, "I shall invite Fanny to that picnic up the river to-morrow. No place more favorable to the declarations of love than unbragging shadows and green river shores!"
"Just my opinion," said Thorn, "I shall also write a note of invitation."
"I took special pains to keep a sharp look out on the next morning. Hurry as I would, however, Thorn walked out of the house, kid-gloved and Panamahatted, just two minutes and a half before I could succeed in tying my confounded cravat to suit myself. I gave my hair one parting rake with the unyielding bristles of the brush, dived into the wardrobe for my hat, and started full run for the street.
I could always walk faster than Thorn, so I felt little apprehension on the score of not overtaking him.
"I had a dim idea that the young ladies in the hotel corridor looked rather comically at me as I sprang down stairs, and the little boys in the streets grinned and commented as I passed, but I was in too great a hurry to pause for reflection, until a full length mirror, standing by way of advertisement at the door of a looking glass and picture-frame store, suddenly showed me to my-self—a young gentleman got up in the extreme of fashion, all but the head, which might have belonged to a Bowery loafer!
"Good lates! what a villainous hat! It would have made a rowdy of Lord Palmerston himself—rusty, battered, seedy! I thought I had committed that hat to the flames weeks ago! Weston Thorn must have fished it out from its obscurity, and put it in provoking convenience to my hand. All my own fault—of course it was; why hadn't I the common sense to know what I was putting on my head!
"I felt hurriedly in my pockets. There was only just change enough to meet the exigencies of the day. There was no help for it—back I must trot.
"The sun had mounted high enough to make the homeward walk no pleasant thing to take in a hurry. Of course, my trembling fingers selected the wrong key at first, and it was some time before I could turn the wards so as to admit myself. However, in I walked at last, and opened the wardrobe with nervous

haste. There hung the real hat in provoking neatness—and it was no small aggravation to my state of mind to think that I could not blame Thorn for my own carelessness. As I turned to go out, the dressing glass displayed to me such an enflamed and perspiring visage that a moment's delay in cologne sprinkling was indispensable. This completed, off I started for the second time on a run.
"What a jerk I gave Mr. Trevor's bell-pull—I wonder it had not come off in my hand. The scared servant answered the jingling summons as if she had expected no milder news than that the house was on fire.
"Miss Trevor, is she in?"
"No, sir; she has gone to the boat with Mr. Thorn."
"I could have stamped with rage. The boat left at eight precisely. I then glanced at my watch, and saw that it wanted just three minutes and a half of that hour. Perhaps I might yet be in time. I recollect little of that chase to the pier, save that it was a series of diving under horses' heads, skiff dartsings around fat old ladies, and abridging my ankles against boxes and barrels.
"Has the boat gone? I gasped, too breathless for distinct speech, as I approached the pier.
"Don't know," said a heartless stevedore; "do you suppose there ain't but one boat in the world!"
"If I could but have been a magistrate, with power to put that wretch into handcuffs! But there was the boat at last. Surely, she was not moving? Yes, she was! The plank had just been drawn on board, and the boat was swinging away from the pier, amid ringing bells, groaning ropes and gushing steam. Too late! Yet I would not despair. I could surely spring over those few feet of heaving, turbid water, and I leaped forward—only, however, to find myself drawn back by strong arms!
"Don't be crazy, mister!" said my friend the stevedore. Do you want to be drowned?"
"I didn't much care whether I was or not at that moment, for I had just caught sight of Weston Thorn on the upper deck, waving his handkerchief to me, and the blue ribbons of Fanny's gypsy hat were fluttering at his side.
"When they came back they were engaged young people. To this day I cannot meet Mrs. Judge Thorn without a curious stirring at my heart, although she, like myself, is old and grey. But she was pretty then. And now, Master Harry," concluded my uncle Simon, "go and put on a respectable beard, and remember that your uncle's whole destiny turned on the pivot of an old hat!"
I followed my uncle Simon's advice, secretly remembering Rochefoucauld's maxim, that "in the sorrows of our best friends there is something agreeable to us;" for, if my uncle had worn the right hat and married Miss Trevor, I should not have inherited his fortune. It is a selfish world!

TAKE LIFE LIKE A MAN.

Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, wary, it may be a heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half so much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, realizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but says he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

The Ohio Register nominates Geo. B. McClellan as the candidate of the Peace Democracy for next President, with C. L. Vallandigham for Vice. We consider that a fit and proper ticket for the party. And since it was argued in 1860 that it was unconstitutional in the Republicans to take both their candidates from the Free States, Val. was probably taken up in his residence in Dixie to remove this objection.—Tribune.

A dentist in Maine has inserted an artificial tooth in the mouth of a fine horse; to supply the place of a broken one.

Breathe pure air, exercise much in it, watch for sunshine instead of shadows, and you will never have the dyspepsia.

Any labor well done is many times more honorable than genteel idleness.

Lawyers' mouths are like turnpike gates—never opened except for pay.

PROPOSITION TO HANG "THE DUTCH"

The following article from the organ of Jeff Davis, published at Knoxville, Tennessee, is commended to the consideration of those Germans here and elsewhere, who have been led, against their better judgment and the traditions of their Fatherland, by copperhead demagogues, to sympathize with the rebels, or at least to place themselves in an attitude of opposition to the administration of the United States Government. We think that with this knowledge of what the rebels think of the Germans and how they purpose to treat them, any German who still blindly follows their copperhead leaders, is utterly destitute of self respect and of brotherly feeling for the gallant Germans in our army:

[From the Knoxville Register, June 17.]

"Of late, in all battles and in all recent incursions made by Federal cavalry, we have found the great mass of Northern soldiers to consist of Dutchmen. The plundering thieves captured by Forrest, who stole half the jewelry and watches in a dozen counties of Alabama, were immaculate Dutchmen. The national odor of Dutchmen, as distinctive of the race as that which, constantly ascending to heaven, has distinguished the nostrils of the negro, is as unmistakable as that peculiar to a pole cat, an old pipe, or a lager beer saloon. Crimes, thefts and insults to the women of the South, invariably mark the course of these stinking bodies of animated *soot kraut*. Rascals himself is an unmixed Dutchman, an accursed race which has overrun the vast districts of the country of the Northwest. . . . It happens that we entertain a greater degree of respect for an Ethiopian in the ranks of the Northern armies than for an odoriferous Dutchman, who can have no possible interest in this revolution. . . . Why not hang every Dutchman captured? We will hereafter hang, or shoot, or imprison for life all white men taken in command of negroes, and enslave the negroes themselves. This is not too harsh. No human being will assert the contrary. Why, then, should we not hang a Dutchman, who deserves infinitely less of our sympathy than Sambo. The live masses of beer, kront, tobacco and rotten cheese, which, on two legs and four, on foot and mounted, go prowling through the South, should be used to manure the sandy plains and barren hill sides of Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia. . . . Whenever a Dutch regiment adorns the limbs of a Southern forest, daring cavalry raids into the South shall cease. . . . President Davis need not be specially consulted, and if an accident of this sort should occur to a plundering band like that captured by Forrest, we are not inclined to believe that our President would be greatly disgruntled."

The Democratic Party Committed to Nullification by its Leaders.

In the course of a speech before a jury in Pottsville, last week, and while he was engaged in attempting to prosecute certain U. S. officers for enforcing the law, Frank Hughes openly advocated the States' right of nullification. He contended that the President could not authorize the Provost Marshal to make arbitrary arrests; that the act of Congress did not extend to arrests made by the Provost Marshals and Deputy Provost Marshals, and that if the Provost Marshal or his deputies committed any offence against the law of Pennsylvania, Congress could not pass any law that would exempt them from the jurisdiction of the State tribunals; that all such laws, and attempts to put them in force, was an infringement on State rights. The whole tenor of the speech was a tissue of such kind of ultra-wholesale assertions about State sovereignty as was made by Jeff Davis before he left the Senate of the United States. He also contended that the State tribunals were to define the jurisdiction of the United States Courts under the Constitution, and could nullify any act of Congress which the judges of the State court should think contrary to it, and therefore, he called upon the court to refuse the prayer of the petition.

The Democratic leaders are now fast placing that organization not only at the feet of the conspirators, but they are putting it in the position of the anti-war party, the peace party, the nullification party. The monstrous doctrine that Congress could not pass any law exempting U. S. officers from prosecution in State courts, is in keeping with the claim that State Legislatures have a right to pass laws nullifying the acts of Congress. We give the traitor Democratic leaders joy in their position thus defined by the jory Hughes.—Telegraph, June 23d.

MAJOR MCCOOK, the venerable sire of the six fighting brothers McCook, was a remarkable feature of the Union Convention of Ohio, on the 17th. He is the father of Brigadier General Robt. McCook, murdered by the rebels, and Major General Alex. M. McCook, commanding under Rosecrans. The Major and his sons have been ultra Democrats, two or three of whom have fallen in defence of the country. In view of these facts, the appeal of this brave old patriarch before the Convention, in behalf of the soldiers in the field, and in denunciation of Vallandigham and disloyalty, was impressively eloquent.

The man who attempts to measure everybody else by himself, had better trim the pattern very carefully.

PARSON BROWNLOW ONCE MORE.

A rebel prisoner at Johnson's Island, Sandusky, Ohio, wrote a letter to Parson Brownlow a few days ago, soliciting money on the score of old business relations. The Parson replied, declining the aid and giving instead some wholesome advice. In the course of his letter the Parson takes occasion to say:—
All I had accumulated in thirty years was taken from me, because I refused to turn traitor, war upon my government, and act with a band of the most infamous scoundrels, South, that ever God permitted to breathe the vital year. This is not all: my wife and seven children were driven out of the country after me, and refused the privilege of bringing anything with them but their wearing apparel. My two sons are in the Federal service, fighting the corrupt government, and the still more infamous authorities that forced them from their native soil. My wife, and her helpless girl-children, are boarding at a private house in Covington, opposite to Cincinnati.

The Secretary of the Treasury was kind and considerate enough, without any solicitation on my part, to appoint me one of the special agents of the Treasury Department, on the 18th of December last, and my pay meets the board of myself and family, at Covington, and no more. This is my condition in life, at the age of 57. I repeat, no Southern rebel, or rebel sympathizer, has any claims upon me. I want no fellowship with such men, and I shall be found opposing them to the end of my career. When they loose their negroes, their lands, houses and homes, and even their lives, I can but thank God, and take courage!

I am for the vigorous prosecution of this war until the old flag, the banner of beauty and glory, shall wave in triumph over every foot of soil between the cod-fisheries of Maine and the Gulf of Mexico. In other words, I am for using every means that God has placed in the power of the Federal government to crush out this rebellion, if, in doing so, every rebel in the Southern Confederacy has to be exterminated, and every Northern traitor hung! Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the Union—the Union one and indivisible.

A NEW PLAN OF RECRUITING.

A Washington letter has the following important information.

I understand that the Government has determined to adopt a plan for recruiting the army, which has been long under consideration, and that measures will be immediately taken to carry it into effect. By this plan it is hoped that a very large proportion of the two-years' and nine-months' men, just discharged, may be induced to re-enlist for the war. These veterans are to be offered, in addition to the \$100 bounty and pay which all the national soldiers receive, a bounty of \$300, and are to form a special corps, distinguished both from conscripts and from other three-year men. The Government is to be reimbursed, man for man, for this \$300, from the substitute fund to be raised under the draft, and which by the terms of the act must be devoted to this purpose. These advantages are to be forfeited in case the men to whom they appeal do not avail themselves of them within a fixed time, which will probably be sixty days. The large bounty offered is to be paid in instalments, to suit the convenience of the Government and the wishes of the soldier.

NEW MODE OF PAROLING PRISONERS.—On the arrival of the rebels at Hagerstown, a Lieutenant and five men, wearing the Federal uniform, crept out of the house where they had been hiding, and gave themselves up to be paroled. They told General Jenkins that they did not wish to fight any longer against their Southern brethren. The reply of the General must have greatly astonished the cowardly traitors. He indignantly rejected their claim of brotherhood; told them that if he had a twenty-fifth cousin as white-livered as they were he would kill him and set him up in his barnyard to make sheep own their lambs, and concluded by detailing six "good lusty fellows, with thick boots," to "parole" the recent Federals by vigorously kicking them out of the camp to the west border of the town. It is said that the rebel soldiers were highly tickled with the scene, and loudly expressed their approval of "Jenkin's mode of paroling cowards." The six miserable poltroons who were so energetically booted must have felt very differently. What an encouraging prospect for Federal deserters!

THE TIME TO FRET.—There were two gardeners whose crops of peas had been killed by the frost. One of them fretted and grumbled, and said nobody was so unfortunate as he was. Visiting his neighbor some time after, he cried in astonishment, "What are these? A fine crop of peas! Where did they come from?" "These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said the neighbor. "Why, don't you ever fret?" "Yes, but I generally put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

It is said that the first copperhead ever known on earth was found coiled about a fruit tree in the Garden of Eden, telling lies and preaching rebellion.

A Western editor has married a girl named Church—and he says he has felt happier since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER ON THE WAR.

I have always lived a Democrat according to the strictest faith. I know of no better democracy than mine.

But at the present time new principals, new measures, and new thoughts of the future must occupy our minds, rather than the barbed issues of the past. The two years just gone by have taught us great truths as a nation. We have learned more in this than nations of old acquired in a century. To-day, with the enemy thundering at the gate of the capital, the question arises, what can be done to preserve the integrity of the Union? To rescue the nation is the great duty of all patriots. To do this we must unite with loyal men everywhere. The negro question must not trouble us; it is a dead issue of the past. No one need trouble themselves about that. And now about the *habeas corpus*. According to the Constitution it could be suspended only when the safety of the country demanded it. That is and ever shall be my motto.

My Democratic friends! my peculiarly excellent Democratic friends! A man high in office once thought of suspending the *habeas corpus*. Would you like to know the circumstances? It was the occasion of the conspiracy of Aaron Burr, and the actor was Thomas Jefferson. Once it was really suspended at New Orleans and by whom? Gen. Andrew Jackson. We have a rebellion on one side, and an invasion by Lee on the other, and if the Constitution ever justifies the suspension of this writ, it would do so under our present circumstances. When the war is over, I will go as far to protect these privileges as any Democrat who now stay at home and mock me. My Democratic friends, I repeat it—put down this rebellion, and you won't hear anything about the suspension of the *habeas corpus*.

We bear a great deal from the Democrats about settling up this matter. I ask the question, shall we compromise to-day? Shall Breckenridge, with hands imbued with the blood of your brothers, come back and take his seat in the Senate of the United States? Shall Wigfall come back and take his place in the Halls of National Legislation? I agree with my friends, they shall not; and in closing I can only say that there is one duty for us all in this hour of national peril; it is to sustain the Government of the United States. When peace and a reunited nation comes again, then we can settle all our minor differences.—Speech at Concord.

A SLAVE EMPIRE.

The Richmond *Examiner* is far more frank than many a Northern man who can be found, even at this late day, striving to make others believe that slavery is not the cause of this rebellion. Read the following bold and shameless avowals of the *Examiner*:

"The establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age, for 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination and Government. Those social and political problems which rank and torture modern society we have undertaken to solve for ourselves, in our own way and upon our own principles. That among equals equality is right; among those who are naturally unequal equality is chaos; that there are slave races born to serve, master races born to govern. Such are the fundamental principles which we inherit from the ancient world which we lifted up in the face of a perverse generation that has forgotten the wisdom of its fathers; by these principles we live and in their defense we have shown ourselves ready to die. Reverently we feel that our Confederacy is a God sent missionary to the nations, with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly; and hewho hath ears to hear let him hear!"

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

At the great Union meeting held in Chicago on Thursday evening, a most thrilling and impressive scene occurred. The Hon. Wm. Kellogg, of Peoria, was addressing the vast crowd with his accustomed eloquence, in behalf of supporting the Government and the laws. Suddenly pausing, he exclaimed: "Would that I could lift to Heaven the hands of these thousands which I see before me, and have an oath registered there, that never again while a rebel lives, or a foot of treasonable soil is to be found, shall this war cease; and that it shall be prosecuted with all the vigor and with all the terrible means at our disposal, until the entire Union shall be restored."

"Administer it!" "Administer it!"—shouted scores of voices. "Administer it!" swelled upon the air, as thousands took up the cry. "Then lift up your hands," said Judge Kellogg, and, bending down, he ran his eye over the vast crowd. "I can see no copperheads," he shouted; "these uplifted hands are those of loyal freemen—patriots all." And amidst the most impressive silence he administered the oath, the substance of which is given above, and thousands of voices mingled in one mighty response—"We swear it!"

"Dawker," said an exquisite the other day, "I want you to tell me what I can put into my head to make it right." "It wants nothing but brains," said the physician.

The man who will quarrel with his wife, is well qualified for the penitentiary.