

Ruffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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TIME OF HOLDING COURT.

24 Monday in January, 3d Monday in June,
2d in March, 4th in September.
Of each year, and continue two weeks if necessary.

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TOWNSHIPS. Names of P. O. Names of P. M.
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— — — — — New Mills, — — — — — Wm. M. Mignall.
— — — — — Bald Hills, — — — — — William Carr.
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— — — — — Grubau, — — — — — Thos. H. Force.
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— — — — — Tyler, — — — — — David Tyler.
— — — — — Pennfield, — — — — — H. Woodward.
— — — — — Ansonville, — — — — — Eliza Chase.
— — — — — Karlhaus, — — — — — Geo. Heckard.
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— — — — — Kylverton, — — — — — Jas. Thompson.
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— — — — — Grampan Hills, — — — — — A. C. Moore.
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— — — — — Union, — — — — — J. E. Brubaker.
— — — — — Woodward, — — — — — James Lockett.
This Post Office will do for Chest township.
Will answer for Ferns township.

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Chief Justice—A. J. Russell, — " "
Supt. Com.—S. P. dates, — Crawford co.
State Librarian.—Wm. DeWitt, — Harrisburg.
SERVICES COURT.—Chief Justice, Roger B. Taney.
Associate Justices—Samuel Nelson of New York, Robert C. Grier of 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.

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SERVICES COURT.—Chief Justice, Roger B. Taney.
Associate Justices—Samuel Nelson of New York, Robert C. Grier of 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.

While walking through the streets of Curwensville, my attention was drawn to a vast crowd of people passing and repassing, each and all with an immense load of merchandise; and there meeting an acquaintance, I made the inquiry, "What does this mean?" The answer was, "Have you not been at the cheap store of J. Thompson," who has just come from the East with the largest stock of goods offered to the community at lower figures than any other house in the country. "My advice to you is to call and see for yourself," and then exclaim, "The half was not told me."

WANTED.—A man to dig and put out 3 to 4,000 bushels of coal. Highest cash price will be paid by IRVIN BROTHERS, Sept. 24, 1863, 3tp. Burnside Pa.

JOURNALS.—A good sober, industrious journeyman, Cabinet maker, can find constant employment, at good wages, by applying to JOHN GUELICH, Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 18, 1863.

ATTENTION FARMERS!—The Excelsior Windmill.—One of the best Windmills ever invented is now being offered to the citizens of Clearfield county. The undersigned Agent is now in this place for the purpose of offering a first class mill to the public. He only asks a fair trial, to insure its successful introduction. Farmers are especially invited to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere. W. HANCOCK, Agent. June 15th, 1863.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Geo. H. Muller, late of Lawrence township, Clearfield county, Penna. dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are directed to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement. GEORGE A. MULLIN, Administrator. Lewis C. Cardon, Adm'r. Sep. 23, 1863.

THE MASONIC LEVEL AND SQUARE.

We meet upon the level and we part upon the square—
What words of precious meaning those Masonic are!
Come let us contemplate them—they are worthy of a thought—
With the highest and the lowest and the rarest they are fraught.
We meet upon the level, tho' from every station come
The king from out his palace, and the poor man from his home.
For the one must leave his diadem outside the Mason's door,
And the other finds his true respect upon the checker'd floor.
We part upon the square,—for the whole world must have its due,
We mingle with its multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is true,
And we long upon the level to renew the happy scene.
There's a world where all are equal; we are hurrying toward it fast,
We shall meet upon the level there when the gates of death are past.
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring square.
We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence depart;
There's a Mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;
There's a Mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there,
Who have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.
Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,
Let us meet and let us labor, tho' the labor be severe;
Already in the Western sky the signs bid us prepare,
To gather up our working tools and be tried upon the square.
Hands round, ye faithful Masons all, the bright fraternal chain;
Ye part upon the square below to meet in heaven again;
Oh! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,
We meet upon the level and part upon the square!

AN HOUR IN A BALL ROOM.

I went to the ball. My hair was dressed with moss-roses. The effect was very beautiful. That conceited Mrs. Marsh was there—all rouge—all false—entirely made up.
I met pretty Mrs. Lussing there. She is a fresh, beautiful creature, but she flirted desperately. Her husband, poor fellow! he is jealous—I fear not without cause.
An old major complimented me on my appearance. It is so laughable to see an aged fop! His frilled shirt and grey hairs—his finger rings and wrinkles—his perfumed handkerchief and shrunken form—his white waistcoat and pumps, ha! ha! And there's his sister! a love of juvenility runs in the family. She can't be far from fifty—yet, shade of delicacy! she wears her dresses loose in the neck, and her sleeves the breadth of a new cent piece. She rouses and pads. Every tress on her head is paid for. Once or twice my curls got caught in her artificial flowers.
Changing my slippers in the drawing-room I overheard the following.
"It's abominable George! You have danced with her three times, and followed her like a shadow, while I've been alone most all evening. Little flirting wretch! I hate her."
"Now, my dear, don't make a fool of yourself."
"A fool of myself! (spitefully,) you would have been glad to keep me at home this evening, hugging the hearth-stone! But I'd have come if my head had split open just to thwart you, cruel that you are. Oh! go, by all means—go, by all means; see, she is looking for you."
Another case of jealousy, thought I.
"I'm so tired!" and little Cordelia Hartly smiled languidly as she spoke to me, aside, while her brother was leading her from the drawing-room. "And, to crown all, Harry keeps scolding me for conching. I'm sure I can't help it—I wish I could," she added drowsily, sinking back on the luxurious cushions.
"What made you come, Delia? You look sick," I said gently.
"Oh! I can't tell"—smothering a yawn, unless I get tired of the house. I've only been there half a day, too!" she continued, with a smile and a spasmodic cough, "for I was at Ellen Gray's party last night till three this morning, and stayed with Ellen till two this afternoon. Let me see; I've been to one, two, three,—why I've been to a ball or party positively every night this week!" and she sank back more languidly and closed her eyes.
"Delia, Delia! Oh! here's the child—Come, darling," said her mother, panting as she hurried towards her, "that splendid fortune, Augustus Boynton, wants to be introduced to you. I overheard him say to Harry you were the most beautiful girl in the room. Come, come do exert yourself a little. Somebody else will secure him; everybody is crazy after him—oh! come, darling—he said you were so beautiful!"
Delia's eyes lighted up, sparkled for a moment, then she grew suddenly languid again, and coughed out, "Oh! mamma, I can't, indeed I can't, I'm so tired of dancing—and maybe I shall cough in his face; it comes so suddenly."
"Pooh, pooh! that cough is only a whim of yours, child. Oh! Delia, you are ruining

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

There have been three periods when the National debt of the United States ran up to high figures. The first of these was in 1791, when it amounted to about \$71,000,000, and bore the proportion of about 14 per cent. to the aggregate taxable property of the country. Between that period and the war of 1812-15 this revolutionary debt was reduced to less than one-half.
In 1816, when the debt of the last mentioned war was funded, the aggregate amount was upwards of \$127,000,000, which bore a proportion to the then aggregate taxable valuation of the country of about 10½ per cent. Both these debts were held principally by foreigners, and consequently the payment of interest was a perpetual drain upon the coin of the country. At those periods we had no mines of gold from which to replenish the exhausted channels of circulation, and but little export trade to maintain a financial equilibrium with Europe. We had then hardly any manufactures, but were dependent upon Europe and India, and upon the good old family spinning wheel, for all our clothing, and upon foreigners for almost every article of comfort, luxury and convenience. Under such circumstances, and in such conditions of national industry and commerce, a national debt due, mainly to foreigners, was a crushing burden, and public sentiment sternly demanded its liquidation, which work was begun by Mr. Monroe, and was completed during the second term of General Jackson's administration.
The war with Mexico created another small national debt; but the amount was so trifling compared with the national resources, that it is not worth mentioning in this connection. Then, again, under the rascally financiering that prevailed during Mr. Buchanan's administration, money was borrowed to replenish the national coffers at the enormous rate of 12 per cent., and another little debt created. But as it was the policy of the democrats he had about him to bankrupt the treasury and ruin the nation, it is hardly worth while to mention his national debt in this connection.
We now come to the great debt, created by the present war, and which is still increasing. Its aggregate is over twelve hundred millions; and before we are through it may swell up even to two thousand millions. But let us speak of it as it is, not as it may be. At present it bears a proportion of about 9 per cent. to the aggregate valuation of the property of the loyal States, and consequently is about 17 per cent. less, relatively, than was the debt of 1816, and not much more than half as onerous as was the revolutionary debt of 1791.
But our present debt is altogether unlike the former great debts of the nation. The national bonds were then, as already intimated, principally in the hands of foreign bankers, while those of the present are held by our own people; and thus the semi-annual interest, instead of being carried in large masses of coin to Europe, never to return, flows through thousands of channels among our own people, causing, instead of a depleting and exhausting drain, a wholesome and vivifying current of sound circulation, stimulating every kind of business, and affording a basis for a safe and abundant currency. Its weight, like that of the all-surrounding atmosphere, is great, yet unfeel—imparting buoyancy, not causing depression.
There are many advantages arising from this domestic debt. It binds thousands and thousands of influential citizens to the Government, and insures their fidelity to it, by the strong bonds of private, individual interest, and secures all their influence and activity in the maintenance of its integrity, power and credit.
Another is, that it secures a perpetual protection to the manufacturer; and rescues his interest and capital from the vicissitudes to which they have long been exposed from party changes and the whims, caprices and ill-digested theories of politicians. If it would maintain itself, the government is bound to sustain the great industrial interests of the country.
Another benefit will be that men will be more careful in the selection of the agents into whose hands they commit the interests of the nation; for they will feel that they have more at stake than they ever had before.
Whatever else we may fear in these troublesome times, we may dismiss all apprehensions on account of the national debt, so long as that debt is held by our own people—not by our bankers and huge capitalists, but by our own PEOPLE, our workers, our voters. It is our great anchor, and already we are feeling its beneficent power, as the vessel of State tosses on the surging billows.—Pitts. Gazette.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares:
"There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a greasy nosebag, three little trout, and one shoe; the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenview dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making when the sensation is new to him."
Man goes forth like the day, and straight way arises the roar of busy toil, the sound of human voices, and the rush and tumult of active life—the ministrations of woman are like those of the quiet night, when the dews fall upon the drooping leaves and flowers, and in holy stillness the stars come out to watch the tired, slumbering earth.—Chapman.
It has been ascertained that the man who holds on to the last, was a shoe-maker.

FREAKS OF A LUNATIC.

At three o'clock Sunday morning, Oct. 11th, a lunatic named Robertson, a resident of Brush Valley, Indiana county, escaped from his room in Dixmont Hospital, by biting through a portion of the window casing, by which means he was enabled to remove the sash. He had been in the habit of tearing his clothing from his person, and had to be kept almost nude. When he got the window sash removed, it became necessary for him to clothe himself in some way before he would start home—as that was his intention. A large blanket was obtained, and with this single article he dressed himself from top to toe. With his teeth and hands he tore a hole in the blanket, at one end, large enough to admit his head. Two holes were then made at proper distances, through which he thrust his arms. He then tore the blanket up the centre, and with each half covered his legs by binding the blanket around them with strips torn off for that purpose. His whole body was covered in this way—even to his feet, over which a portion of the blanket had been turned and tied. He had taken off his shirt, of red flannel, of which he made a most comical looking cap, or turban. It was kept in shape by weeds, which he had inserted for that purpose. In this wild and fantastic costume he left the hospital, before daylight, and took over the hills towards Allegheny. On the way up, and after wandering about for several hours, he got very hungry, and stopped at a little log house for breakfast. He frightened the people almost to death, and they barred their doors against him. He then went to one of the windows, and in order to get rid of him they handed out a large hunk of bread, with which he made off. Towards the middle of the day he reached Allegheny, and the sensation which he created may be better imagined than described. He was soon after taken in custody by officer McKain, and detained in the Mayor's office until the afternoon, when he was conveyed to his old quarters at Dixmont. While in the office he related his adventures in a very rational and connected manner, and was very much amused at the trepidation exhibited by the people to whom he applied for breakfast. He showed no viciousness whatever, and although willing to go back he declared he would not remain there, as there was nothing at all the matter with him.—Pittsburg Gazette.

THE HOUSE THAT JEFF BUILT.
The Hartford Post perpetrates the following, with an introduction thus:
The following history of the celebrated edifice erected by J. Davis, Esq., is authentic. It was written for the purpose of giving infidel politicians a clear, concise, and truthful description of the habitations and the fortunes and misfortunes and doings of the inmates:
I. The Southern Confederacy.—This is the house that Jeff built.
II. The Ethiopian.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
III. The Underground Railroad.—This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
IV. The Fugitive Slave Law.—This is the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
V. The Personal Liberty Bill.—This is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
VI. Chief Justice Tanny.—This is the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
VII. James Buchanan.—This is the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
VIII. C. Cosh.—This is the man all tattered and torn that married the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
IX. Plunder.—This is the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.
HUMAN TOIL.—The sentence of toil and the promise of glory had issued from the same throne. Even our troubles here may make the material of enjoyments above the circumference of the earth. All are agents in the restorative mercy of Great Disposer; all turn into discipline. The obstacles to knowledge, of the heart, the thousand roughnesses of the common path of man, are converted into muscular force of the mind. We are but sowing in the winter of our nature the seed which shall flourish in immortality.—Dr. Cady.
An Irishman once said to another. "And ye have taken the toetotal pledge, have ye?"
"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, aither."
"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"
"So he did, but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

From the Harrisburg Telegraph, Oct. 15, 1863.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.
If ever any one man had a sincere friend and patron in another, Major General George B. McClellan had such a friend and patron in Andrew G. Curtin. From the hour that McClellan was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, to the moment when his utter incapacity to handle such vast bodies of men with any practical effect became apparent, Andrew G. Curtin stood by George B. McClellan as a brother stood by a brother; as a father supports and defends a child. Gov. Curtin left no opportunity pass, to bolster, uphold and maintain the character of McClellan. He defended him in the face of the protests of his own friends. He sustained him while his reputation was tottering and falling to the ground, and even when McClellan went into retirement, the voice of Andrew G. Curtin followed him there, to cheer and sustain him in his fall.
How has George B. McClellan repaid this generosity? How has the man whom his friends claimed was among the greatest of living soldiers, treated his best friend, the man who is to-day among the most popular of American statesmen? We will answer. While Andrew G. Curtin was grappling with the enemies of the country—while he was meeting the people of Pennsylvania, frankly discussing the great issues involved in the political contest for Governor—while this glorious man was being assailed with slander, traduced and malign'd, George B. McClellan stood aloof, never deigning to come to the rescue of his faithful friend, either with a voice to cheer or a word to defend. But we could have overlooked this silent indifference, and attribute it to the lack of feeling which is peculiar to cold-hearted and over-ambitious men, had McClellan maintained his reticence throughout the campaign and until after the election. This, however, he did not do. In obedience to the dictation of such men as Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, a bitter sympathizer with treason, and Fitz John Porter, a convicted traitor, George B. McClellan allowed his name to be appended to a letter written by Johnson, intended to deceive the honest men of Pennsylvania, and thus defeat and disgrace Andrew G. Curtin. That letter was held back until the eve of the election. Then it was sprung upon the people as the rebellion was precipitated, when the treacherous men engaged in the plot imagined it could not be counteracted, and when it would accomplish the most mischief. This is the ingratitude of George B. McClellan. This is the style in which he repays those who defend him. We have no comments to offer upon the subject. The conduct is too loathsome for the touch of an honest man. And yet we want the record to stand, if only to show how low the influence of modern Democracy can debase a man. Before McClellan gave himself up to the uses of a band of New York politicians, he had some manhood in him. Yet under the manipulations of the bad men of the Democratic party, the quality of manhood has been entirely worked out of McClellan. But, we are willing to let him alone with his friends.

THE CELESTIAL STATE.—Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculation as to the future. He was without, rather uncouth in the use of language. One day, while engaged in stopping up hog holes about his place he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.
"What's this all about?" demanded Ricketts.
"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.
"Celestial State?" said Ricketts, "where the deuce is that?"
"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not."
"Well never mind," interrupted Ricketts, "I don't want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here if I can only keep them darned hogs out."
A GREAT CURIOSITY.—On Saturday last, as one of the masons at the West Harrisburg Market House was dressing one of the stones of which the building was constructed, upon chipping off a block, he found a large petrified rattlesnake in the inside. The snake is in a wonderful state of preservation. The scales are perfect. The backbone is clearly defined, and it is one of the most interesting specimens of petrification probably ever discovered. The gentlemanly superintendent of the work, Mr. Charles Swartz, Esq., has possession of the reptile at present.—Harrisburg Telegraph, Oct. 13th.
A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."
A student, in the course of examination, was asked, "Pray, Mr. C., how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," said Mr. E.
Gen. Logan says that "there were hundreds of rebels who had never seen an American flag until they saw it carried victoriously into Vicksburg."
There is a man who is such a tremendous hater of monarchy, that he will not even wear a crown in his hat.