

Raftsmen's Journal.



BY SAMUEL J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., NOV. 4, 1863.

THE WAR NEWS.

OCTOBER 29.—The unusual quiet of the past three weeks was broken yesterday by Gillmore's new batteries, which opened on Fort Sumter and on Fort Moultrie and Johnson and the batteries about those works. The rebels replied to our fire, but with little accuracy. Our fire, has been quite sharp and tolerably effective. The bricks on Fort Sumter flew in clouds, and it was the opinion of one of our general officers that it was quite as safe to be outside of that work as inside. It must have been very hot for the inmates of the fort, if fragments of shot and shell, bricks, mortar and splinters can bring about such a state of affairs. The fire upon Moultrie and Johnson had the desired effect. The rebels fired feebly and inaccurately. Not a casualty occurred on our side during the day.

Our Parrots are talking as loudly as ever, but with what results have not been learned. One thing is certain, the rebels have been checked in any efforts they may have made to erect a battery within the work, and the chances are that such a work is already destroyed by the shot and shell now raining in to the fort. The scene daily witnessed is in no ways different from the one described. Perhaps heavier masses of masonry are detached, and more brick dust is thrown in the air by our heavy projectiles, than in the first bombardment, because the range is nearly two-thirds shorter than before, and the force of impact is correspondingly increased. Sumter has not replied, nor is it likely that the enemy can much longer maintain possession of the work. But we shall see in due time what is to be accomplished. The weather is now cool and bracing. We are looking for the first frost with a good deal of anxiety, as by it alone shall we get rid of malarial diseases, which prevail among the command. One of our guns was firing upon the city of Charleston when the Arago sailed, with what result cannot yet be stated. St. Michael's spire is the target for our fire.

A gallant and successful movement has taken place at Chattanooga. A detachment of the 11th Ohio, under Col. Stansby, succeeded in floating fifty pontoons down the river in face of the enemy, when Gen. Hazen, with 2,000 of Gen. Palmer's division, attacked the Rebels on Lookout Mountain, and drove them from their position. Our loss was only five killed and fifteen wounded. Communication was thus secured with Bridgeport, along the Chattanooga River. Gen. Palmer has been assigned to the command of the Fourteenth Army Corps.

Lookout Mountain is ours. The enemy has fallen back without resistance. The river and railroad is unobscured. Our troops hold the south side of the river from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. Gen. Hooker on the 25th, at midnight, was attacked by the enemy. He repulsed them at every point and fought till 4 o'clock a. m. This movement relieves the army of the Cumberland from obstruction to communications by the opening of the river to Chattanooga.

WE SEE by our exchanges, that that stern soldier and sterling patriot, Brig. General STEADMAN, of Ohio, has been indulging in a characteristic speech in Toledo, in which he paid particular attention to the Copperheads, reiterating at the same time the praiseworthy principles of the war Democrats. Gen. STEADMAN has long been known to the Ohioans, as a man of "irrepressible temperment"—what he says he means, exactly, and his hand is swift to clinch his word in hearty honest practice. The General talks as well as he fights—with an earnestness not to be gaisnaded, or misunderstood, even for a moment.—Pittsb Commercial.

CONVICTED.—John R. Forrest, whose arrest, with that of his wife, for robbing the mails at Ferris, Mercer county, Pa., we noticed a few weeks ago, was tried at the October term of the United States District Court at Pittsburg, was found guilty, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. His wife was acquitted on the ground of acting under the presumed coercion of her husband.

The contract for disinterring the bodies of our soldiers on the Gettysburg battlefield, and at the hospitals there, and again interring them in the Soldier's National Cemetery, has been awarded to John Hoke and Franklin Biessecker, of Gettysburg, at \$1 50 per body. The work is to be commenced immediately.

Gov. CURTIN.—A report gained circulation a few days ago that Gov. Curtin had died. There is no truth in the report. On the contrary, he must be in good health, judging from the fact he addressed a large Union meeting at Elmira, N. Y., on Friday evening, and on Saturday addressed another at Buffalo.

The 5-20 Bonds.—On Saturday last the sale of 5-20 Bonds amounted to \$16,500,000, making total sales of the week \$36,000,000. But \$150,000,000 of the bonds remain unsold.

West Virginia follows Pennsylvania and Ohio, and elects by large majorities Blair, Brown and Whaley, unconditional Union men, to the next Congress.

COPPERHEAD PROSCRIPTION.

The cry of "proscription" has always been a favorite one with the organs of the so-called Democratic party, and yet the fact is that they are themselves guilty of that which they affect to denounce and deprecate. Nor is there any one more virulent in this respect than the Clearfield Republican, the Copperhead organ in this place. In its issue of June 10th will be found a leading editorial, grossly abusive of, and advising the patrons of that delectable sheet to withdraw material support from a respectable clergyman, for preaching a sermon in which he urged upon his hearers "obedience to the powers that be." The editors of the Republican, in that article say:

The only way to reach this class of creatures is to stop their pay, and stay away from these gatherings, and allow the Abolitionists to make up their quarters. Short pay is the sorest affliction you can visit upon an abolition clergyman. It robs him of his conscience and his commission to commit evil under guise of a Godly garb and renders him a fit subject for an army Chaplain, or a reviler of the Christian religion, in both of which capacities he can be properly avoided and thus rendered incompetent to commit wrong under the cloak of religion."

Base as is the slur that a man devoid of conscience and a "reviler of the Christian religion" is "a fit subject for an army chaplain," it accords well with the character of editors who advise their friends to "stop the pay" of clergymen because the latter do not contend, like themselves, that slavery is "divinely sanctioned, if not divinely ordained," and extend the aid of their sympathy at least to the Rebels of the South.

Again—in the Republican of September 16th, is an editorial item setting forth that Mr. A. H. Francis, of Philadelphia, discontinued his advertisement in the Johnstown Democrat, because he did not consider it a loyal sheet, and advising the "Democratic merchants of Clearfield county" to stop dealing with him.

"Of course," say the editors of the Republican, "Mr. Francis wants none but Abolition customers, none but Abolition money—and this is fair notice to the many Democratic merchants of Clearfield county—who have dealt with him—that their custom is no longer desired by him."

And yet, in the very next sentence, after advising their political friends to proscribe Mr. Francis in his business, they pharisaically turn round and prate about "proscription." Every honest man in our country—Democrat as well as Republican—will, we have no doubt, readily penetrate, and treat accordingly, such transparent political hypocrisy.

The effort of the editors of the Copperhead organ to explain away their attack upon Mr. Galer, of Phillipsburg, does not help the matter a tittle. In their pitiful defence they do not pretend to say that they would not proscribe any Mr. Galer in his business if he had taken any part in putting up the flag which gave them such mortal offence; for they simply transfer their enmity to Mr. E. W. Hale, who voluntarily assumes the responsibility of the act. Here is what they say about the matter:

"A Mr. Hale, it seems by the following card, assumes the whole responsibility, totally exonerating Mr. Galer from all blame. For this he deserves credit. But for the act itself he deserves the contempt of all fair-minded men—and should be permitted to sell his store-goods to Abolitionists alone."

This language is plain and cannot be misunderstood. Our Copperhead neighbors here advise the withdrawal of "Democratic" custom from Mr. Hale, just as they did from Mr. Francis, and as they had previously done in regard to Mr. Galer.

Nor are they content with endeavoring to injure men in their business because they see fit to entertain political and religious views differing with their own. They also attempt to carry their proscriptive ideas into the social circle, and hence we find in the Republican of the 19th of October, what purports to be a communication, written at "Crooked Run," (a rather significant name,) which is as follows:

"Messrs. Editors.—Sirs: It is reported in this vicinity that the Republican Ladies of your town hold a meeting the other evening and passed a resolution that they would not associate with Democrats, or 'Copperheads,' any more. Now, if that report is true, we would like to know it, so as not to insult the dignity (!) of any person in that place by trying to associate with them. Yours, &c., R." Crooked Run, Oct. 16, 1863.

The editors of the Copperhead organ knew that no such meeting had been held—that, if such a report was in circulation, it was a mere fabrication. And yet, they unblushingly give countenance to, if they are not themselves the authors of this low, dirty effort to stir up strife and ill-feeling amongst our citizens, by alleging that they had "heard similar reports; and farther, that such display of 'dignity' was not confined to the weaker sex." Far as they have gone to injure men in their business, we were not prepared to find them so utterly and hopelessly devoid of all sense of shame and manhood as they have shown themselves in this last pitiful, disgraceful attempt to disturb the kindly social relations which have heretofore prevailed among the citizens of our own town to an eminent degree.

It will thus be seen that they have carried their politics into religion, into business, and into the social circle—broadly advocating the proscription of all who see proper conscientiously to differ from them. Preachers, business men, and ladies, who are not of their ilk, are alike unworthy of the countenance, patronage, and association of "Democrats," according to Copperhead ethics. It is time that people who have regard for the prosperity, peace and quiet of the community, should open their eyes to the fact of this persistent effort upon the part of these Copperhead editors, to carry politics into every department of social, religious, and business life, and to stir up strife, opposition and trouble among every class of our citizens. They may possibly persist in their effort until retaliation upon the part of those proscribed will become a

necessity, in which event they may find that their practice had better have corresponded with their theory.

RUSSELL M'MURRAY.

Well, it seems that we have "gone and done it." We have again offended the amiable editors of the Copperhead organ in this place, and caused them to wriggle and contort in a style that does honor to the snake tribe generally. We confess, however, that we did it accidentally, and hence claim no particular credit for this performance. The cause of offence was an article, in our issue of Oct. 21st, in which we exposed the conduct of the New Washington Election Board, who refused to allow certain persons to vote who had been regularly assessed and paid taxes, incidentally using the name of the Assessor, Mr. Russell M'Murray. This is construed by these astute Copperhead editors to be a "very mean" and "villainous assault" upon the Assessor. Here is what they say:—

"The last issue [of the Journal] contained a very mean assault upon Mr. Russell M'Murray, Assessor of New Washington, charging him, at least by implication, with purposely refusing to make timely return of the names of two persons on the 'stan days' assessment of that borough. This assault is villainous, simply because the writer knew Mr. M'Murray to be one of our most respectable, upright, honest and conscientious citizens, and no political or mercenary influence could sway him from the path of rectitude. Mr. M'Murray did not refuse to make the proper return. This we assert on our knowledge of the man. If, however, through negligence, or any cause, he failed to do what the law required of him, he is amenable to the law—but not to a fault-finding blackguard newspaper scribbler."

That, we should think, was expressing ideas in the vernacular, and we would consider ourselves precious bad fellows if the charges here preferred were true. But it so happens that the allegations of the editors of the copperhead organ are basely false. We did not, even "by implication," charge Mr. M'Murray with "purposely refusing to make timely returns" of the names of certain persons. What we did say was in these exact words:—

"Ten days before the election a number of Union men applied to Russell M'Murray, the Assessor, and were regularly assessed, and paid their taxes to the Collector. When they came to the polls to vote, they were refused, because M'Murray had not returned the list to the Commissioners eight days before the election; two Woodwards, who were on the same list, assessed in the same way, were permitted to vote."

Any man, with a grain of common sense, can thus see that we found no fault with Mr. M'Murray. We said, in so many words, that a number of persons were "regularly assessed" by Mr. M'Murray, and that when they came to the polls to vote, they were refused; by whom? By Thomas Mahaffey, Reuben Neimeu and Joseph Breth, a copperhead Election Board; For what reason? "Because Mr. M'Murray has not returned the list to the Commissioners eight days before the election!" It was the action of the Election Board, in refusing to allow persons to vote who were "regularly assessed," that we complained of, and not of anything Mr. M'Murray did or failed to do. The charge, by "implication," of "purposely refusing" to make return of the ten-day's assessment, was made by the Election Board, for the purpose of preventing men, justly and legally entitled to vote, from exercising that right, and the individual who is guilty of distorting our language, as it has been distorted by the writer of the article in the last Copperhead organ, and expects his version to be believed, must place a very low estimate upon the intelligence of the people of this county.

"A BIG THING ON SNYDER."

The last Copperhead organ tells a story about the Election Board in Burnside township, which it is almost a pity to spoil by correcting its misstatements. It sets forth that a Mr. "Clear," who expressed his belief that he had no lawful right to vote, was challenged, and that whilst the Election Board were consulting on the subject, "a leading Abolitionist" ordered the "Abolition Inspector to put the tickets into the box" and that this he did, before the Board had come to a conclusion. This is, substantially, the story of the Copperhead organ. The facts are simply this—Mr. John Cleary, son of Rev. Jas. Cleary, was the soldier who offered to vote. When he was challenged, a copy of the Patriot and Union, containing Judge Woodward's decision, relative to the right of soldier's to vote, was handed the Board, and whilst they were endeavoring to gain such light from this precious document as might guide them in the case before them, the tickets, which were lying on the box, were pushed in by Othello Smead, the Copperhead Inspector, he supposing it to be a Woodward ticket. These are the facts as stated to us by a responsible gentleman, who was present and saw the whole transaction. When the "snakes" over the way hereafter attempt to make capital out of an affair of this kind, they had better take care to see that none of their own friends are as deeply implicated as they are in this instance.

Who is He!—On the field of Gettysburg, after the battles, the dead body of a Union soldier was found, holding in his clasped hands an amputee of three children, a girl and two boys, aged apparently about nine, seven and five years. In the picture, the youngest child, a boy, is seated in a high chair, between his elder brother and his sister, while the dresses of the two latter are made of the same material. The soldier was buried on the field where he fell, and his grave is marked, but his name could not be ascertained. It is hoped, however, that he may yet be identified by means of the amputee of the children found in his hands when his body was discovered. The picture is now in possession of Dr. Bourns, 1104 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, who can be called upon or addressed in reference to it.

It is estimated that the mineral wealth of Nevada territory will be sufficient to pay a national debt of \$20,000,000,000 to give every returning soldier a musket of silver and to furnish all our iron clads with a plating of silver thicker than their present covering of iron. At that rate, bankruptcy doesn't seem to be imminent.

SERENADE TO GEN. STEADMAN.

Brig. Gen. Steadman, of the Army of the Cumberland, arrived in Clearfield on Wednesday last, on a visit to his wife and son, who have been spending the summer in our town. The General looks well, notwithstanding the hardships through which he has so recently passed. As all our readers know, he has behaved with distinguished gallantry from the commencement of the present war, and especially in the late battle of Chickamauga, and has won for himself a proud name in the galaxy of our country's heroes.

On Thursday evening, a number of our most respectable citizens, having improvised a band for the occasion, proceeded to serenade the General. After the band had played several tunes, in response to repeated calls General Steadman made his appearance, and was received with three hearty cheers. He spoke, substantially, as follows:—

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I thank you for this compliment. To receive such a compliment from any portion of the citizens of my country is gratifying, but it is especially so, coming from citizens of Pennsylvania,—the State in which I was born, and of which I have so just reason to feel proud. For, in the great contest in which we are engaged, the Keystone State has not disgraced herself. She has borne a noble, loyal front, and her sons have shed lustre upon the National arms on every battle field.

I cannot be expected to make you a speech. I am but a humble soldier, whose highest aspiration is to discharge the duty devolving upon him from his connection with the army of the country. I am absent from that army but for a brief season—my furlough being only for twenty days—to seek repose with my family and friends. I shall soon return to the tented field—whither duty calls me, and it is, therefore, not my province to discuss any of the political questions that divide the community at home. We, in the army, do not discuss those questions. We hear of your divisions, which we deprecate and deeply regret. We are anxious that this war should be brought to a speedy and successful termination, and hence we desire the people to be united and harmonious in assisting us to accomplish this great object. We know that our friends at home, who are watching, with anxiety and solicitude our fate, belong to different parties and divisions,—but we would have them, like us in the army, though made up of representatives from every political party, united in the one great work of crushing out the rebellion.

I think we in the army, have more confidence in the accomplishment of this great object, than you have at home. We believe ourselves competent to perform the task we have undertaken, and have no doubts whatever, as to the ultimate result. If the people at home, were equally united and confident, that result would not be so far distant.

I think I see now above the horizon a little cloud,—not a black one, but a white cloud,—that will do more to purify our atmosphere, and produce such a healthy condition of things as will bring our internal strife to a speedy termination than any other circumstance that has occurred during the history of our struggle. I think I see Louis Napoleon preparing to stick his long nose into our affairs, and if he does so, he will most assuredly get it broken. From this cloud of threatened foreign intervention, I anticipate the happiest results. You know when a family gets to quarrelling, and the neighbors begin to interfere, the family universally drops its own quarrel to punish the neighbors. Just so we have reason to believe, it will be with Foreign Intervention. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. 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With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end. Party will be forgotten in a common effort against the common enemy. With our country on a war footing unparalleled in the history of the world—able to wailen every sea with our extensive navies and send thousands of privateers to prey upon their commerce—"foreign intervention" and domestic war will be of but short duration. Our country will come out of the contest triumphant. The mighty oak whose which the storm has passed, and whose branches and boughs, but the trunk is still alive, and very soon its growth, freshness, and beauty will be more luxuriant than ever. And thus though this storm which is now passing over our land, will leave its scars and traces—though many of the nation's gallant heroes will have fallen,—but a short time will elapse, until stronger, mightier, grander than ever, she will leap forward in the career of glory and prosperity that will be the result of this great contest. The dissensions and divisions among us will speedily end