

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1863.

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"WILL YOU MEET ME THERE."

Father, when life's journey's ended,
When life's weary career is o'er,
Will you hand be first extended
To receive me on that shore,
Where no shade of care can hover,
Where no storm of death can rave,
Where the "sting of strife" is over,
And the "society of the grave" is
Shall I see thee, father, standing
Down beside Death's wooden side,
When my slender bark is landing
Over on the "other side?"
Shall I feel your arms around me,
When I reach the Heavenly realm,
And the angel guards have crowned me
With the holy diadem?

From the Chicago Post.

AMONG THE MILLINERS.

BEAN HACKETT as a Fashion Reporter.

I was fowling in the marshes of Calumet when I received your note. I was praying remorselessly upon the feathers of a tribe generally, with a double-barrel shot gun. My ammunition was about exhausted. I had started with a quart bottle full of powder in my breast pocket, but that was all gone except a snit. My shot pouch was almost empty, too, but I did not care for that. A man can hunt well enough without shot if he only has plenty of powder—the kind that flies to the head.

Your message arrived in good time to be heeded. I had just got a splendid duck—by falling off a log into a beam of muddy water. I felt so much elated by my success that I was ready to quit. Only a few hours previous to that I had slain a dozen of the plump ducks I ever saw. Before I had time to collect them together the owner appeared upon the field of carnage, and informed me that they were his ducks, and were not wild, and never had been. The owner's name was Drake. You can see my ducks were all Drake's. I gave them up, like a reasonable man, and charged him nothing for killing them. I can be generous whenever I want to.

After so many repeated successes it is not strange that I felt ready to leave the field. I read the cabalistic line of your message, "come up and do the openings." I wanted to come bad enough, but I had no idea what the "missive" meant. There are so many openings in the world, so many things that can be opened. There are letters, for instance; letters that belong to you and letters that don't; and there is champagne that can be opened; so can ink bottles, so can a bank, so can oysters (can oysters). When I arrived at oysters I stopped awhile, and it occurred to me that I had caught your idea. Somebody was going to open a can of oysters (the first of the season, maybe), and you wanted me to report the affairs of the world, and I came to the point in great haste, my speed being accelerated by a knowledge of the fact that my powder was all gone, and there is no good powder outside of Chicago. I was disappointed, not disagreeably, however, when I was informed that the grand season of opening millinery and straw goods had arrived, and that I was wanted to make a tour of Lake street, and make an article on the fall fashions.

I felt complimented when I was told that I was the man for the position, because I had more intimate acquaintance with milliners, and could get information from the fair sex better than anybody else. I am susceptible of flattery, a little, and I felt complimented, but I mistrusted my ability. I have not had much experience in reporting. I wrote local items for three days on a country newspaper six years ago, and some of them are going the rounds of the press yet. I ought to have had them copyrighted for they are never credited to me. I will give you one of them—the first I ever wrote—and which is reproduced in the papers every month or two. It is pretty good, and will give you an inkling of my style:

"Accident.—Yesterday a team attached to a wagon rushed madly down one of our principal streets a distance of a mile or two, and were only prevented from running away by a gentleman who, at the hazard of his life, seized them by the reins and stopped them. We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

If you hear of anybody that wants to engage a man to write that sort of items all the time, I wish you would let me know it. I commenced at the foot of Lake street to do the fashions. I went through the great Union depot from one end to the other, and up stairs and down, but I could find no millinery store there. I then struck out boldly up Lake street, and came to a large house nearly opposite to the one I had been on the opposite side of the street. I am this precise in giving localities that the public may know where the best millinery store is to be found. A reliable gentleman, to whom truth is a greater stranger than fiction, told me that the second-story of the large house on the opposite side of the street was a bonnet and straw goods establishment. That was the information I was looking for, and I bounded up stairs.

"Like a wild gazelle." I felt complimented when I was told that I was the man for the position, because I had more intimate acquaintance with milliners, and could get information from the fair sex better than anybody else. I am susceptible of flattery, a little, and I felt complimented, but I mistrusted my ability. I have not had much experience in reporting. I wrote local items for three days on a country newspaper six years ago, and some of them are going the rounds of the press yet. I ought to have had them copyrighted for they are never credited to me. I will give you one of them—the first I ever wrote—and which is reproduced in the papers every month or two. It is pretty good, and will give you an inkling of my style:

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hall into a large room occupied by about twenty bonnets and sixty milliners, saleswomen, etc. I did not look at the bonnets for the first half hour but devoted myself exclusively to taking an inventory of the young ladies.

"This is a charming bonnet—golden dan—Maria Stuart front," said the lady in chief. "Yes, she is," I replied; "but her hair is a little too red."

I discovered my mistake when it was too late to correct it. That's my luck. As soon as the divine little milliners learned who I was, they gathered around me in a circle, and all were anxious to see who could say the most and best things. One was discussing upon the beauties of a chip bonnet, and another handed me a bunch of grapes to examine. I bit one of the grapes, and got my mouth full of broken glass. Then I thought I would rather report a camp meeting than a millinery store; then I thought I wouldn't, and I mustered my courage and made another note. My tongue bleated fearfully, and I spoiled my best embroidered handkerchief wiping away the blood. The circle diminished, and the crowd (perhaps I should say bevy) came closer. I began to want fresh air severely. Too many females in a close room render the atmosphere oppressive.

"This is beautiful," said a charming creature with peary eyes and black teeth, "this is a dear duck of a bonnet." "I've had enough of wild ducks, especially if they belong to a man by the name of Drake." "Price, seventy-five dollars," she continued, paying about as little attention to me as a man of my qualifications could expect. I asked her if she would sell it in small lots, and how much one of the straws would come to, but before I had finished the question she was showing me something else.

The ladies looked less timid as they became more acquainted, and approached so near me when they wanted to give me a bonnet to look at, that my ruffles were in danger of being crushed. They piled bonnets upon me till I had both arms full and the top ones began to fall off, and every time I stooped to pick up one I dropped two. It required some skillful engineering to keep from being engulfed in the ocean of crinoline that surrounded me; and in making a desperate effort to escape from one particular billow that came fearfully near me, I plunged both feet into a magnificent French chip bonnet (that was the name of it), with a Marie Stuart or Louisa Jane Susan Smith front, I forget which. There was another crash of glass artificials, a bunch of wheat was crushed to flour, and a fine blush rose blushed for the last time.

The milliners all screamed—the circle was broken; some rushed one way and some another, and some rushed in an opposite direction. I rushed to a window and measured the distance to the ground with my mathematical eye. I had not made up my mind exactly when a ten year old whom I had not seen before (I think she was an apprentice) sung out in a shrill voice, "Ma says if you don't pay her for the last shirt she made for you she'll prosecute you in the court house."

I should have been proud to know that I had an acquaintance there if I had not been in a hurry. I threw myself out upon the sidewalk without breaking a bone, and I still live. When next I go to report a millinery affair I shall go in a full suit of armor.

I am feelingly,
BEAN HACKETT.

A STIRRING SPEECH.

At the great Union meeting in the Cooper Institute, New York, on Thursday evening, Governor Yates, of Illinois, said he had been born in a slave State, (Kentucky,) and now declared that slavery stood in the path of the republic. He had found fault with Mr. Lincoln because he was too slow for him. He was himself thankful for the compliment of being called a radical; there is no compromise between falsehood and truth. He added:

"When free schools and the true aristocracy of this land—free labor—is established, we shall again have a true Union and a glorious country. But there will be no peace until slavery is destroyed, and the glorious flag of our country is carried by our brave boys through the fields of Georgia, and floats over Charleston and Richmond. [Loud cheers.] And, after all, he had found that Mr. Lincoln could not move faster than God and Providence permitted. When he telegraphed to President Lincoln his fiery dispatch for confiscation and emancipation, Old Abe telegraphed back: "Stick, hold still, and see the salvation of God." [Tremendous cheering.] There has been great complaint that we have interfered with men's rights, but when a traitor is convicted and hung, he is only getting his rights. They only have the right to be hung on this earth, and the divine right to be d—d forever after. [Cheers.] We will not give up this land to traitors; they in the West were ready to swear that the Mississippi river shall run blood before the great outlet shall be given to traitors. We cannot get rid of this war by compromise—compromise is played out. [Laughter and cheers.] He wanted peace, but a solid and lasting peace, and the only way is to carry this war through, and to crush treason both North and South. [Cries of "Bravo."] The only way is to fight the war out. The rebels say they will not submit—they will have three-fourths of the country; he would swear by Almighty God that they shall not have an inch."

The Richmond papers are ravenous for the possession of East Tennessee. The Examiner says the value of Vicksburg was nothing compared with that of East Tennessee. Vicksburg afforded nothing to the rebels in the way of supplies, while from East Tennessee and the adjacent counties of North Carolina and Virginia they are to draw the meat upon which the armies are to be fed during the current and the coming years.

AFFAIRS IN SAN DOMINGO.—The last accounts from San Domingo state that the revolution against the Spaniards has extended to the whole country. The story is repeated that the town of Puerto Plata has been destroyed by the insurgents. Spain, it is said, will be obliged to send an army of 50,000 men and spend millions of dollars to conquer San Domingo.

The French iron-clads are impregnable to water. They can never cross the ocean.

WHAT NEXT?

Now that the election in Pennsylvania is over, it behooves us to look about and see what new work there is for us to do. The discussion produced by the contest for Governor of Pennsylvania has brought to light many important facts, and has given an index to the future of the contest parties.

The Union party, under the lead of Gov. Curtin, has for three years steadily adhered to the national policy to maintain the government and restore peace to the country. The earnest with which the support of Pennsylvania to the national cause has been rendered by our State Executive only promises what will be the future course and policy of the Union party—to maintain the national integrity, preserve our institutions and privileges, and by crushing out treason restore the country to permanent peace. This is a broad platform, sustaining the very principles of our government, and the only one which promises perpetuity to our nationality.

But it is the opposition policy that we desire to direct public attention. That party which has sought, in the late contest in this State, and in the contest in Ohio, the election of Woodward and Vallandigham to the Chief Executive offices of these two great States, are wedded to a policy in direct antagonism to that of the Union party. The Democratic State Central Committee's Address to the people of Pennsylvania, last year, of which Committee Frank W. Hughes was Chairman, arraigned the North-West party in rebellion against the Constitution of the United States, and said that the war could only be terminated by making war upon Abolition. Col. Bidle's Address, this year, reiterates the same thing. These Addresses regard the Southern people in arms fighting against Abolition and for the National Constitution. They endorse all their views against the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, and join in their hue and cry that it is an Abolition war; that the secession of the rebel States was caused by the anti-slavery agitation at the North, and indeed all over the country. They do not, however, recognize the fact that this agitation did not contemplate in interference with the institutions of the States, but only sought to educate the public mind against giving sanction to the spread of slavery. Judge Woodward, the representative man of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, has pronounced his opposition to slavery aggression, the "malignant fanaticism of the seceding States." This is the application he desires to be made of this idea, though taken by itself it is somewhat ambiguous, is evident from the following extracts from his Independence Square speech, at the commencement of the war:

"Everywhere in the south the people are beginning to look out for the means of self-defence. Could it be expected that they would be content to see such scenes as have occurred—that they would stand idle and see measures concerted and carried forward for the annihilation, sooner or later, of their property in slaves? Such expectations, if indulged, are not reasonable."

"When you combine all in one glowing picture of national prosperity, remember that cotton, the produce of slave labor, has been one of the indispensable elements of all this prosperity—it must be an indispensable element in all our future prosperity. I say it must be."

"The law of self-defence includes rights of property as well as person, and it appears to me there must be a time in the progress of this conflict, if it indeed is irrepressible, when slaveholders may lawfully fall back on their natural rights, and employ in defence of their property whatever means of protection they possess or can command. They who push on this conflict have convinced one or more southern States that it has already come."

"The presence of that good Being who has watched over us from the beginning and saved us from external foes, has so ordered our internal relations as to make negro slavery an incalculable blessing to us. Whoever will study the Patriarchal and Levitical institutions will see the principle of human bondage divinely sanctioned if not divinely ordained."

"These extracts dispel the sophism of the charge of 'malignant fanaticism' made by Mr. Justice Woodward against the opposition to slavery. But, to make the matter still more clear, let us again quote from the same speech:

"We must arouse ourselves and assert the rights of the slaveholder, and add such guarantees to our Constitution as will protect his property from the spoliation of religious bigotry and persecution, or else we must give up our Constitution and Union. Events are placing the alternative plainly before us. Constitution, Union and liberty, according to American law, or else extinction of slave property, negro freedom, dissolution of the Union, and anarchy and confusion."

Is not all this plain? The "malignant fanaticism" of the North in opposing, by the power of reason, the spread of that "incalculable blessing," human slavery, is a violation of the Constitution; and the southern rebels who first sought to spread this "divinely sanctioned, if not divinely ordained," institution over free territory, and then rebelled against the government because they could not achieve their ends by peaceful means, are acting strictly upon Constitutional grounds. This is the argument. Now for the means of giving to these Rebels their rights, which Judge Woodward tells us we must assert. Less than a year ago, he said to Judge Cunningham, of Beaver county:

"I am in favor of, and if I had the power, I would raise the blockade of the Southern ports, and withdraw the armies of the United States from every portion of the soil of the South—bring them this side of Mason & Dixon's line, and then offer terms of compromise or peace to the Southern men."

are acting in self-defence, and are justifiable in their course; and it is upon this principle that Woodward was selected as the party standard bearer, and it is in behalf of this principle that J. Glancy Jones tells us "there is nothing left us but rebellion" in case of defeat.

Now, it is gratifying to know that the party which has promulgated these monstrous sentiments has been defeated in the contest on the second Tuesday of October—not that we court the horrors of rebellion in our midst—but that our State presents to the world the noble spectacle of patriotism rising above fear, above avarice, above pootroony, in defense of the glorious cause of the nation and her own free institutions.

But we have wandered far enough on this point. Let us now call special attention to the threat of J. Glancy Jones, that "nothing is left us but rebellion." This may or it may not, be an idle boast. It may be the foreshadowing of what has been determined on by these back-sliding men. Rebellion, in case of defeat, is the logical sequence of the doctrines taught by the leaders of the Democratic party in the North. The effort may be made here in Pennsylvania to give physical aid to the Southern Rebellion. This is the point to be watched. Let the Union men remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and as they have at the late election declared in favor of Curtin and the Union, let them now relax their endeavors to uphold the Government in the North or State action. We must guard the temple of our liberties against assaults from whatever source and should rebellion be attempted in this State, let every loyal man be ready to aid in its suppression.

—Indiana Register.

THE HONEST MORAVIAN

In one of the wars in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging expedition. He put himself at the head of his troops and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door. An ancient Hermit, (which denotes a Moravian,) with a beard silvered with age, came out.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a foraging."

"Presently," replied the Hermit, "The good man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. The troops immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor—

"Have patience for a few minutes," said the guide, "you shall be satisfied."

They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league further, they arrived at another field of barley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

"This is the very thing we want," said the captain.

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DEMOCRATIC FRAUDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

[From the North American.] There are some facts connected with the recent astonishing vote in Pennsylvania which are deserving of rather more than a passing notice. The figures we have already given respecting the extraordinary increase of the vote in Berks county are sufficient to arouse investigation. But the facts show that what is true of Berks county applies to the whole vote of the State, as the subjoined comparison will illustrate:

	Curtin.	Foster.	Total.
1860.	263,307	230,269	493,576
	Curtin.	Woodward.	Total.
1863.	263,496	254,171	517,667
Gain.	6,000	23,902	29,911

Here it is shown that, with an aggregate gain of 29,911 votes over the great total of 1860, the Union gain is only 6,000, while that of the Democrats is 23,902. Since that general rally of 1860 was made, the State sent into the field 163,000 soldiers recruited for the three years' service. Of the 200,000 men discharged by General Fry as having been discharged for physical disability, probably one-tenth were from these 163,000, so that by that cause some 16,300 have been returned home. Of the 88,000 deserters, perhaps the same proportion were from these 163,000 men, so that here are 88,000 men returned home. The number of men sent home in consequence of disabling wounds we cannot estimate, but it would be safe to suppose them about 10,000 from this same force. Allowing for the diminution of the force by other causes, perhaps 30,000 would altogether cover its returned men who were permanently at home to vote, and 9000 still in the service were furloughed and voted at the late election, making altogether less than 49,000. Now of these men not one in ten voted the Democratic ticket at the late election this fall, and yet the Democratic vote is increased 23,902. It did not come from the Union ranks, for the lines have been very strongly drawn all over the State, and the changes are just the other way.

Indeed the statistics of the election show that the Union party, so far from having lost any since 1860, has gained in the aggregate. We polled 257,397 votes in 1860, and we polled 259,496 in 1863. Where, then, did the Democratic increase of 23,902 come from? Of the 163,000 troops raised in the State, for three years the Democrats must have contributed at least one-fourth, or some 40,700, which, taken from their vote of 1860, would leave about 189,300 remaining voters of that party. Let us suppose that of the returned soldiers who had what we have allowed them above—one in ten still voting with them—that would be 4000 men, increasing their vote to 193,300. Now the natural increase of population would hardly keep up the strength of the party beyond this figure, when we consider the steady drain of the male population for soldiers and sailors, and the far greater drain of the Democratic ranks caused by the changes to the Union side. These conversions are numbered by thousands, and no one ever hears of any the other way.

Above we have the real strength of the Democratic party, estimated at about 193,300. Yet Woodward polled in 1863 no less than 254,171 votes. How is this difference of about 55,700 to be accounted for? Unless we believe that no Democrats enlisted in the army or navy, that no conversions to the Union side have taken place, and that the party strength of 1860 was all at home intact, and that the increase of population among Democrats did not consist of a man to either army or navy, there is no other way of explaining this immense aggregate than by attributing it to the most outrageous and systematic frauds. To render the matter clear we append a comparative table showing the increased Democratic vote in certain counties:

	1860.	1863.	Increase.
Berks.	10,381	12,027	2309
Luzerne.	6316	6938	2822
Northampton.	5249	6538	1289
Schuylkill.	7067	8547	1480
York.	6665	8069	1404

Aggregate increase 7853

Here is an increase of 9,374 in only five counties, and the rest of the increase was not distributed throughout the State, as might be supposed, but in the Democratic strongholds, as will be seen below:

	1860.	1863.	Increase.
Cambria.	2588	3000	417
Clarion.	2297	2898	601
Clearfield.	2040	2483	443
Clinton.	1708	1911	208
Columbia.	2586	3342	756
Cumberland.	3716	4075	359
Fayette.	2469	3794	1322
Greene.	2089	2960	871
Juniata.	1465	1787	322
Lehigh.	5526	6770	1244
Lycoming.	3034	3865	831
Monroe.	2163	2712	549
Northumb'd.	2955	3356	401
Pike.	843	1184	341
Wayne.	2537	3152	615
Westmoreland.	5276	5581	305

In these two calculations we find that of the 25,000 Democratic increase, over 16,000 is in these Democratic counties in places where the election officers being Democratic, frauds may be perpetrated with impunity. If we had the space we might carry the calculation still further, and show that this heavy increase is in the precincts and townships where the Democrats have usually polled their strongest votes and where they control the assessments and election officers. But without occupying time to do so, we will merely call the attention of our readers to the fact that the increase of the Democratic vote in Philadelphia is in the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh and Seventeenth wards chiefly, where the heavy majorities of the Copperheads came from.

The Mobile Register says: "The negro is no longer an object of small talk in the South. The people of the South have a place for them, and that is in the army. There should be no distinction in color when a man is willing to fight for his home and master."

THE OLD BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

A Correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following description of a visit to the late Bull Run battle-field:

On Monday night I rested with a party of the army that pitched their tents on the section of the old Bull Run battle-field adjacent to the Warrenton Pike. A poet might find here the suggestive relics of the deadly strife the theme of an epic; or a painter might illustrate on canvass the horrors of war from the mementoes here left of its ruthless work.

Bullets are picked up and exhibited by the handful, and soldiers who participated in the fray, are comparing at the same time their gathered mementoes and their personal recollections of the bloody field. In the long, luxuriant grass, one strikes his foot against skulls and bones, mingled with the deadly missiles that brought them to the earth. Hollow skulls lie contiguous to hemispheres of exploded shells. The shallow graves rise here and there above the grass, sometimes in rows, sometimes alone, or scattered at irregular intervals.

Through the thin layer of soil that hides the nameless hero who gave his life for his country, one sees the protruding ribs, when the rain has washed their covering, a foot or an arm reached out beyond its earthen bed; and once I saw one of these long sleepers covered snugly up to the chin, but with the entire face exposed and turned up to the passer-by; one could imagine him a soldier lying on the field wrapped up in his blanket, but that the blanket was of clay and the face was fleshless and eyesless.

In one case a foot protruded with the flesh still partially preserved; in another case an entire skeleton lay exposed upon the surface without any covering whatever. The tatters of what had been his uniform showed that he had been a cavalryman. The flesh was, of course, decomposed; but the tanned and shriveled skin still incased the bony framework of the body, and even the finger-nails, were in their places. The ligaments that fasten the joints must have been preserved, for he was lifted by the belt which was still around the waist, and not a bone fell out of its place. When found he lay in the attitude of calm repose, like one who had fallen asleep in his uniform. This was in the camp of the Massachusetts regiment. He was buried, as were many more that night who had waited a long fourteen months for their funeral rites.

In fact the different pioneer corps were engaged for some time in paying this last tribute to the gallant dead, whose fragmentary remains were scattered round our camp.

The Pennsylvania Reserves bivouacked for the night on the ground where they themselves were engaged in deadly strife in the battle of fourteen months ago, and the skulls and bones of some of their former companions in arms lay around within the light of their camp-fire. It may even have happened that men pitched their tents over the grave of a lost comrade, and again unwittingly rested under the same shelter with one who had often before shared their couch on the tented field. A soldier of the 1st regiment struck his foot against a cartridge-box near his tent, and picking it up read on it the name of an old associate, who had been among the missing, and whose death was only known from his prolonged absence. His resting place had at length been found, for near the box was a small mound of earth that doubtless contained his mouldering bones.

An officer of my acquaintance recognized the spot where his tent was located as one near which he was severely wounded, and where he lay through a long, weary night by the side of a dead captain. The painful reminiscences which the place called up rendered it anything but an agreeable camping-ground to him.

The ravages caused by the war in Tennessee are thus graphically described: "There is a portion of this State so devastated by the civil war as to be practically abandoned by the foot of man. The men are slumbering at Shiloh, Corinth and Stone River; the servants have gained their freedom; the women and children have fled to more remote and quiet precincts. Fasting in behind the retiring footsteps of humanity come the four-toothed beasts and creeping things. The fox makes his burrow under the ruined dwellings where a happy people once dwelt. The serpent crawls under the floor of the church and school-house. The squirrel chatters and builds his nest upon the locust tree in the old yard, once noisy with the mirth of children. The gum is rotting in the cool spring—the partridge whistles from the ridge-pole of the cabin. The wild bee seeks a store-house for his honey, fearless of detection by the human eye. All is returning to a state of nature. What a monument of the ravages of war!"

A REBEL OF THE LAST CENTURY.—In May last, while workmen were engaged in digging a cellar on a spot formerly occupied by an old house, situated on a farm in Montgomery county, near Phoenixville, and within three hundred yards of the banks of the river Schuylkill, they discovered, at the depth of two feet, what proved to be a heavy plated silver ink stand, about two and a half inches square, having on the bottom, an apartment screwen thereto, containing a beautifully executed likeness of a gentleman, set in a fine gold medalion frame. Of whom the picture is a portrait, or how the same came to the locality where it was found, is not known. Judges who have seen the ink-stand state that the same must have been in the ground over seventy years. The relic is in possession of Judge JOSEPH HUNSICKER.

A Handsome young lady, named Pauline Cushman, said to be a member of the secret army police, stopped a few days at New Haven last week. She has had adventures of the most varied and exciting description. She has crossed the army lines on several occasions, has been in Richmond two or three times, once as a prisoner; has visited Nashville, Chattanooga, and Huntsville, Alabama; was once taken prisoner by John Morgan, and advertised to be hung in Nashville as a Federal spy, from all which perils she escaped by singular cunning, daring, and courage. She is an adept at drawing, and has frequently obtained sketches of the enemy's works.

Chattanooga is the Cherokee for hawk's nest. The town was formerly the headquarters of John Ross, the Cherokee chief.

Russia has in its regular and irregular armies 36,614 officers, and 1,161,358 privates.