

# THE BAPTIST JOURNAL.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 14.

## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The BAPTIST JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$1.50 per annum in advance. Advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square for three or less insertions—twelve lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 25 cents. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

## PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

**IRVIN BROTHERS.** Dealers in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa., Sept. 23, 1863.

**FREDERICK LETZINGER,** Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone, Clearfield, Pa. Or dissolved—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.

**CRANES & BARRETT,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.  
W. J. CRANE. WALTER BARRETT.

**ROBERT J. WALLACE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.

**H. F. NAUGLE,** Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

**H. BUCHER SWOPE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

**J. P. KRATZER** Merchant and dealer in Boards and Shingles, Grain and Produce. Front St. above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. [12

**WALLACE & HALL,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. December 17, 1862.  
WILLIAM A. WALLACE. JOHN G. HALL.

**F. A. FLEMING,** Currier, Clearfield, Pa. Nurseryman and Dealer in all kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants and Shrubs. All orders by mail promptly attended to. May 13.

**WILLIAM F. IRWIN,** Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

**JOHN GUELICH,** Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 29.

**D. R. M. WOODS,** Practising Physician, and Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry streets, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1863.

**W. W. SHAW, M.D.,** has resumed the practice of Medicine and Surgery in Shawsville, Penna. where he still respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage. May 27, 1863.

**J. B. MENALLY,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in brick building of J. Boynton, 24 street, one door south of Lantich's Hotel.

**RICHARD MOSSOP,** Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

**THOMPSON & WATSON,** Dealers in Timber, Saw Boards and Shingles, Marysville, Clearfield county, Penna. August 11, 1863.  
J. W. THOMPSON. JAS. E. WATSON.

**L. ARMITAGE & TEST,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1863.  
L. ARMITAGE. E. TEST.

**D. W. M. CAMPBELL,** offers his professional services to the citizens of Moshannon and vicinity. He can be consulted at his residence at all times, unless absent on professional business. Moshannon, Centre co., Pa. May 13, 1863.

**W. M. ALBERT & BROS.,** Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Penna. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1863.

**THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Co. Bank. Deals and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

**BUSH & McCULLOUGH,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court house.  
BUSH & McCULLOUGH, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court house.

**\$10 REWARD.**—The above reward will be paid for information that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the persons or persons who set fire to and burned down a portion of the fences on the premises of the subscriber, residing in Brady township, on Saturday night, November 14th, 1863.  
ANDREW PENTZ, Sr.  
Brady township Nov. 18, 1863.

**A CHANGE.**—The electors of the several townships of this County will take notice that an Act of Assembly was passed last winter changing the time of holding the Spring elections in several townships of this County from the third day of February to the last Friday of December annually, being Christmas day for this year. Constables and other township officers will please take notice. The Commissioners of the county will be in session on the Tuesday following the election for the purpose of paying off the return judges. By order of the Board.  
Nov. 18, 1863. W. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.

**THE ESTATE OF FREDERICK FISHER, DECEASED.**  
Clearfield County, ss: In the matter of the appraisal of the Real Estate of Frederick Fisher deceased, setting out to the widow \$300, her claim was on the 30th of September 1863 read and confirmed in said County by the Court that publication be made in one newspaper published in said County notifying all persons interested that unless exceptions are filed on or before the 1st day of next term will be confirmed absolutely. By the Court.  
Nov. 18, 1863. I. G. BARGER, Clerk of O. C.

**THE ESTATE OF JOHN BURGUNDER, DECEASED.**  
Clearfield County, ss: In the matter of the appraisal of the Real Estate of John Burgunder, deceased, setting out to the widow \$300, her claim was on the 30th of September 1863 read and confirmed in said County by the Court that publication be made in one newspaper published in said County notifying all persons interested that unless exceptions are filed on or before the 1st day of next term will be confirmed absolutely. By the Court.  
Nov. 18, 1863. I. G. BARGER, Clerk of O. C.

**THE ESTATE OF BENJAMIN YINGLING, DECEASED.**  
Clearfield County, ss: In the matter of the appraisal of the Real Estate of Benjamin Yingling, deceased, setting out to the widow \$300, her claim was on the 28th day of September 1863 read and confirmed in said County by the Court that publication be made in one newspaper published in said County notifying all persons interested that unless exceptions are filed on or before the 1st day of next term will be confirmed absolutely. By the Court.  
Nov. 18, 1863. I. G. BARGER, Clerk of O. C.

## SOULS NOT DRESSES.

Who shall judge a man from manner?—Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for prisons, Princes fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May bespeak the golden ore; Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone; There are purple beds and golden, Hidden, crushed, and overgrown. God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me; While he values thrones the highest But as pebbles in the sea.

## A SOUTHERN APPEAL FOR PEACE.

ADDRESS BY THE  
**HON. E. W. GANTT,**  
TO THE PEOPLE OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. Gantt has long been a resident of Arkansas, and lately a member of the Rebel Congress and a general in the Rebel Army. His address is dated at Little Rock, Arkansas, Oct. 7, 1863.

Fellow-Citizens: Since the third day of June I have been a prisoner in the Federal lines.

Having just recently been through the entire South, having studied its resources, and wept over its ruin; and having become fully acquainted with its condition, and the character of its rulers, I have chosen, after long hesitation, to remain here and address you, in preference to being sent home and exchanged. I am now out of the service, and can therefore speak with unreserved freedom.

My course in this struggle as known to the country. In the army and in prison, with a life in front and in rear I have been with you as long as long as hope remained. And to-day, I know no devotion so strong as that I bear to my Southern home, and to the masses of our people, whose terrible sufferings bind me closer to them now than ever.

I shall give you my views and counsel for what they are worth, frankly and fully in this address, and care not for the consequence to myself. It is the path of duty, and I shall follow it fearlessly.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This gentleman has proved himself totally unfitness to the emergency. With the whole cotton crop and wealth of the South at his disposal, he has accomplished nothing abroad. His foreign policy has been a stupid failure. He has permitted himself to be over-reached and outmaneuvered in everything. His policy at home, while proving him to be strong in some respects, has showed him to be weak, mean, and malignant to others. He is cold, selfish, and supremely ambitious, and, under the cover of ostentatious sanctity and patriotism, flows concealed the strongest vein of hypocrisy and demagoguism.

He has never been up to the magnitude of the undertaking. He refused troops for the war in May, A. D. 1863, because he did not "know that would be needed." His idea, at first, seems to have been that hostilities would soon cease, and he bent his energies for a cheap war. His preparations and outfit were, accordingly, contracted and parsimonious. Awakened to a sense of his error, his next aim seems to have been to conquer his foes, and put down every man that had crossed his pathway in his life.

I admit that in some things he looms up above other men; but he has so many defects and weaknesses beneath others, that it reduces him to a very poor second rate character. And you can never change him. His life has been warped by political intrigue. His prejudices have been narrowed and his hates embittered by years of partisan strife. And you had as well take the oak which has been bent while a twig and beat upon by the storms of centuries, when its boughs are falling off and its trunk decaying, and attempt to straighten it up toward heaven, as to attempt the straightening of a character so warped and bent by years of political storm and intrigue.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO?

The question naturally comes up after all that has preceded. If Mr. Davis, when he held the lives and fortunes of many millions in his hands, so blundered as to lose his opportunity, what can we hope from him now that a scene of blackness, of anguish and desolation reigns, where wealth, happiness and plenty smelt? If he would not protect Arkansas when he could, but, instead, gave it over to oppression by his petty men, we see to hope now that he trembles in Richmond for his own safety, and wakes up at last to the terrible reality of his own weakness, folly and indiscretion? If we were not protected when we could have been, and if we cannot now be protected, what must we do? Some say continue the struggle. Let the last man die, &c., &c.

I think differently. We ought to end the struggle and submit. But you say it is humiliating. No more than to remain when whipped. We have done that often. Always when we could do no better. I have tried the experiment twice and found it by no means foolish. Submission is but surrender. We are fairly beaten in the whole result, and should at once surrender the point.

If we did not get the happiness we enjoyed in the old Government, we can get no more misery than we have felt under Jefferson Davis! But I look for peace there. We had it many years. Even while we were arrayed against it, I find that hostile forces in our midst give more protection to citizens than they had when Holmes and Hindman were here. It is true, the Johnsons tell you that General Steele has imprisoned and oppressed people here. Not a word of truth in it. And they know it is all false. In a few months, when no more Confederate money can be invested, and nothing more made out of the people, they will sneek back and claim his protection.

"But we are fairly whipped—fairly beaten. Our armies are melting and ruin approaches us." Will continuing this struggle help us? Every battle we gain might ought to bring tears from the hearts of Southern men! We are just that much weaker—that much nearer to our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the struggle the more of it.

"Don't let yourselves be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle." They can never do it. They have toiled and spent so much to see the solution of the problem, and not foot up the figures

They scarcely feel the war at home. Their cities are more populous and thrifty to-day than ever. For every man that dies or gets killed in battle, two emigrate to the country. Their villages and towns, their fields and country flourish as fresh as ever. They could sink their armies to day, and raise new levies to crush us and not feel it.

How is it with us? The last man is in the field. Half our territory overrun. Our cities gone and wreck—peopled alone by the aged, the lame and the halt, and women and children! While deserted towns, and smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned and laid waste, meet us on all sides. And anarchy and ruin, disappointment and discontent, lower over all the land.

## FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

You rely upon foreign intervention! Alas and alas! How many lives, hopes and fortunes have been buried under this fatal delusion. It has held us on to a hopeless struggle, while the belt of desolation has girdled its closer, and the sea of anguish and sorrow risen higher, flushed with the tears of ruined and bereaved ones! France will not interfere, Louis Napoleon has at heart the building of the transit route connecting the two oceans. If he can keep up this struggle until that is accomplished, the star of England's dependency on the ocean goes out before him, and the whole commercial world becomes subsidiary to him. To keep up this false hope, he deludes us continually with Davis at any moment, so far as he can do it. The thought ought to make the blood of every American citizen mount to his cheeks.

Whenever this is attempted, I shall be one to meet the legions of France under the old flag, to battle for the sacredness and safety of republican institutions. But suppose he offers recognition alone? It is a barren offering. Suppose he offers it coupled with assistance? It comes too late! *Times Danos morsa ferentes*. No more dangerous and deceptive alliance in our prostrate condition, could be found, however sagacious we might first have grasped it. For, even if we should succeed with his aid, and the struggle would be as doubtful as terrible (and he would abandon us at any moment), the French empire of Mexico, right at our doors, would swallow up Cuba and all the contiguous islands, and absorb that part of Mexico that we as a nation deliberately set a monarchy on this side of the ocean, we prepare crowns for kings, and letters for the people, on every foot of ground upon the American continent. But, as I said, there will be no interference.

## DISENSIONS IN THE NORTH.

Have no hope from a divided North. It is on the surface. Scarcely goes to the bottom of their politics, much less shaking the great masses of their determined people. Remember, too, that much of the South is with them. There is no division as far as fighting us is concerned. That rejected, they are to press us with redoubled energy. Let us not, after all our misfortunes and blunders, construe the struggle between politicians for place into sympathy for ourselves. But how could they propose peace? Who would bring the message? To whom would it be delivered? And should the proposition be made and rejected, we are much worse off for it. "We must propose peace, for we ought to know when we have got enough of the thing."

## NEGRO SLAVERY.

I am asked if Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation will stand. If you continue the struggle, certainly. He has the physical force at his disposal to carry it out. If you cease now, you may save all in your hands, or compromise on gradual emancipation. But let I beseech you, the negro no longer stand in the way of the happiness and safety of friends and kindred.

The changes of sentiment upon this question in the South have been curious. Not many years since it was by no means unusual for the press and public men, as well as for the people generally in the South, to concede that slavery was an evil, and regret that it should ever have existed, expressing, however, no disposition or desire to be rid of it. Yet, a few years more, the demand for cotton has increased, the price of negroes having advanced, and the agitation of the slavery question having increased in violence, finds us defending slavery as a divine institution, *Dei Vox Recte*, and other Southern papers and periodicals, with Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, were prominent in this defense.

Their object was to educate the Southern mind to this belief. Such a course had become vital to the sustenance of slavery, because to concede that negro slavery was morally wrong was virtually to concede the whole argument to the Abolitionists. As the controversy warmed we became sensitive, and so morbidly so that the North might have threatened with impunity to deprive us of horses or other property, yet the whole South would be amazed if some fanatic took one negro. Such was the public sentiment South at the commencement of this most unfortunate and bloody struggle. But revolutions snake up men's thoughts, and put them in different channels. I have recently talked with Southern slave-holders, from every State. They are tired of negro slavery, and believe they could make more clear money and live more peacefully without than with it. As for the non-slaveholders of the South, I honestly thought the struggle was for him more than for his wealthy neighbor. That to free the negro would reduce to comparative slavery the poor white man. I now regret that, instead of a war to sustain slavery, it had not been a struggle to clear the box to colonize it. This will clearly be our next struggle.

I am of the opinion, that, whether it is a divine institution or not, negro slavery has accomplished its mission here. A great mission it had. A new and fertile country has been discovered, and must be made useful. The necessities of mankind pressed for its speedy development. Negro slavery was the instrument to effect this. It alone could open up the fertile and miasmatic regions of the South, solving the problem of their utility, which no theorist could have reached. It was the magician which suddenly revolutionized the commerce of the world by the solution of this problem. It people and made fertile the barren hills of New England, and threw its powerful influence across the great Northwest.

Standing as a wall between the two sections, it caught and rolled northward the wealth and population of the Old World; and held in their places the restless adventurers of New England, or turned them along the great arteries and valleys of the West. Thus New England reached its climax, and the Northwest was overgrown of its age, while the South with its negro laborers, was sparsely settled and comparatively poor. Thus slavery had done its utmost for New England and the Northwest, and was a weight upon the South. If, at this point, its disappearance could have clearly commenced, what untold suffering and sorrow might have been avoided.

Its existence had become incompatible with the existence of the Government. For, while it had stood as a wall, damming up the current and leading back the people and laborers of the North, it had, by thus precluding free intercourse between the sections, produced a marked change in their manners, customs and sentiment. And the sections were growing more divergent every day. This wall or the Government must give way. The shock came which was to settle the question. I thought that the Government was divided, and negro slavery established forever. I erred. The Government was stronger than that slavery. Union is certain, but not more certain than the downfall of slavery.

As I have said, the mission of the latter is accomplished. And as his happiness must always be subordinate to that of the white man, he must, ere long, depart on the foot prints of the red man, whose mission being accomplished, is fast fading from our midst.

While I think the mission of the negro is accomplished here, I am clearly of the opinion that the time will come when civilization will not permit the dark abodes of four hundred millions of people in India, when their wants and necessities will put the patient and hardy negro to toiling and opening up the great valley of the fertile but miasmatic Amazon. But such speculations are out of place here.

Let us, fellow citizens, endeavor to be calm. Let us look these new ideas and our novel positions squarely in the face. We fought for negro slavery. We have lost it, and must do without it. The inconvenience will be great for a while. The loss heavy. This, however, is well nigh accomplished. Yet, behind this dark cloud is a silver lining. If not for us, at least for our children. In the place of these bondsmen will come an immense influx of people from all parts of the world, bringing with them their wealth, arts and improvements. Lending their talents and sinews to increase our aggregate wealth. Thrift and trade and a common destiny will bind us together. Machinery in the hills of Arkansas will reverberate to the music of machinery in New England, and the whirr of Georgia spindles will meet responsive echoes upon the slope of the far off Pacific.

Protective tariffs, if needed, will stretch in their influence from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, bearing alike, at least, equally upon Arkansas and Vermont, and upon Georgia and California. Differences of section and sentiment will wear away and be forgotten, and the next generation be more homogeneous and united than any since the days of the Revolution. And the descendants of these booby times will read, with as much pride and as little jealousy, of these battles of their fathers, as the English and Scotch descendants of the heroes of Ploddan Field read of their ancestral achievements in the glowing lines of Scott, or as the descendants of highland and lowland chiefs, allusions to their fathers' conflicts in the simple strains of the rustic Burns.

Let us live in hope, my grief-stricken brothers, that the day is not far distant, when Arkansas will rise from the ashes of her desolation, to start on a path of higher destiny than with negro slavery, she ever could have reached; while the re-united Government, freed from this cankering sore, will be more vigorous and powerful, and more thrifty, open and happy, than though the scourge of war had never desolated her fields, or made sorrowful her heartstones.

The sooner we lay down our arms, and quit this hopeless struggle, the sooner our days of prosperity will return.

## WHY HESITATED—THE SITUATION—THE REMEDY.

I hesitated long, my fellow citizens, before I determined to issue this address. I dislike to be abused and slandered. But, more than all, dislike to live under a cloud with those friends who have not yet reached my standpoint, and, besides, all I possess is in the Confederate lines. Their leaders will deprive my family of slaves, home, property—debits due me—in a word, reduce them from competence and ease to penury. Aside from what I have invested in the Confederate lines, I could not pay for the paper this address is written upon. But it may all go. Did I desire future promotion, and could bring my conscience to it, I would be like the Johnsons, safe from bullets and hardships themselves, they assist in holding you on to this hopeless and ruinous struggle, and at the end of the conflict, will come back and say: "I stand with you to the last." "Honor me and mine!" God deliver me from such traitors to humanity, and to the interests of our bleeding people. To me, the path of duty is plain. It is to lend my feeble aid to stop this useless effusion of blood. And though it beggar my family and leave me no ray of hope for the future, I shall follow it.

I have witnessed the desolation of the Southern States from one end to the other. This hopeless struggle but widens it. Each day makes new graves, new orphans, and new mourners. Each hour flings into this dreadful whirlpool more of wrecked hopes, broken fortunes and anguished hearts. The rich have mostly fallen. The poor have drank deep of the cup of sorrow, while surely, and not surgely, the tide of ruin, in its resistless surge, sweeps towards the middle classes. A few

general campaigns and they will form part of the general wreck. Each grave and each tear, each wasted fortune and broken heart, puts us that much further off from the object of the struggle, and that much further off from peace and happiness.

Viewing it thus, the terrible question was presented to me, as to whether I should continue my lot in an enterprise so fruitless and so full of woe, and help hold the masses of the people on to this terrible despotism of Davis, whose only ruin awaits them; or, whether I should be a quiet observer of it all, or lastly, whether I should assist in saving the remnant of you from the wreck?

I have chosen the latter. I shall send this address to every hill and corner of the State, to the citizen and soldier, at home or in prison, and shall send with it my prayers to Almighty God to arrest them in their pathway of blood and ruin. Why trust Davis any longer? Had he twice our present resources he would still have struck us dead, and would be a despot. But the whole thing is tumbling to pieces. Soldiers are leaving disgusted and disheartened, and whole States have gone back to their homes in the national galaxy. Maryland and Delaware will never again be shaken. Kentucky has entrenched herself in the Union behind a wall of bayonets in the hands of her own sturdy sons. Missouri is as firmly set in the national galaxy as Massachusetts. Tennessee, tempest-tossed and built-riven, under the guidance of her great pilot, steers for her old mooring, and will be safely anchored before the leaves fall; while the rays of light from the old North Star, flashing our fitfully from her darkness across the troubled waves show that she stirs, is not lost, but is struggling to rejoin her sisters.

None of these States will ever join the South again. Then, with crippled armies, with devastated fields, with disheartened cities, with disheartened soldiers, and worse than all with weak and corrupt leaders, what hope is left to the few remaining States, but especially to poor, oppressed and down-trodden Arkansas? None! Better get our brothers home while they are left to us. Open the way for the return of husbands, fathers and sons, and bind up the broken links of the old Union. The people must act as to this. I tell you now in grief and pain, that the leaders don't care for your blood. Your sufferings move them not. The tears and wails of your anguished and bereaved ones fall on hearts of flint. While they can make a dollar or wear an epaulet they are content. Finally, with a grief-stricken and sorrowful heart, I implore mothers, sisters, wives and daughters to assist, by all their arts, in saving their loved ones from this terrible scourge, ere ruin overtakes you and them irremediably. While God gives me strength, daunted by no peril and unworried by no consideration of self, I shall give you my feeble aid.

My patriotic and sorrowfully made, the Johnsons and certain reptiles who crawl around Little Rock, under Federal protection, together with all other like men, who from their own innate corruption, are not able to appreciate pure motives in others will tell you that a desire to go Congress has influenced my conduct. Do they suppose that I would lose the last dollar I have and subject myself to their slander and abuse for the chance of running for an office when peace is made? Does not my refusing upon principle to take my seat in Congress in 1860, after a triumphant election in which I carried twenty-two out of twenty-eight counties, show them what little value I set upon such a babble? But I will stop their mouths by the solemn assurance that there are not people enough on the continent to induce me to go to Congress. I am sick and tired and disgusted with public life! Peace! peace, and the safety of what is left of our noble and suffering people is my only ambition? We must bear in mind, too, as we go along, that in conceding the chance of a Congress, they acknowledge the failure of the Confederacy, and the restoration of the Union.

Those who differed from me in the commencement of this Rebellion, the extent and bloodiness of which no mortal could foresee, I must say that developments show that you were right and I wrong. But let by gones be forgotten, and let us all unite to bring about peace, and to lure our lost Pleiad from her wanderings, that she may again sparkle in our nation's coronet of stars.

Your fellow citizen, E. W. GANTT.

Little Rock, Oct. 7th, 1863.

REMARKABLE SCENE IN COURT.—James Sutherland, who has been on trial at Indianapolis for four days for killing Roddy A. Small, was acquitted on Thursday. His wife and three children were in the Court at the time. After the announcement of the verdict there followed a scene, says the Indianapolis Journal, not often witnessed in a court room.

The prisoner, who was a prisoner now no longer, fell upon his knees, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, uttered an earnest prayer of thanksgiving and praise to the God whose justice and mercy had been so wonderfully manifested in him. The prayer was irresistibly eloquent, and when Amen was pronounced, Amen came back in response from every part of the room, and there were tears in every eye. All rose to their feet, the acquitted man advanced and took each jurymen by the hand with a fervent "God bless you!" You have saved an innocent man from shame and disgrace, you have taken a foul stain from my name—God bless you!" And to the prosecutor, whose conduct in the case commands admiration for all fairness and honesty, he gave a cordial "God bless you!" The old white-haired father, whose firm trust had supported the son in the darkest hours of trial, now melted in tears of joy that his boy was acquitted of guilt, and his own good name remained unblemished. The Judge, wiping his eyes of the tears that had come unbidden, ordered the Sheriff to adjourn the Court.

A blacksmith who has been for years deprived of the use of his legs by rheumatism, saw a few days ago that he had been robbed. He was so excited by the discovery that he burst into a general and profuse perspiration. He instantly recovered the use of his legs, and has been ever since perfectly well.

The rebels in St. Domingo have possession of the larger portion of the Island, though the Spaniards claim to have recently obtained two victories. A new Spanish Captain General has been appointed.

The North-western Fair at Chicago for wounded soldiers, has already yielded twenty thousand dollars.

## Baptist Journal.

### CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "JOURNAL."

Letter from Philipsburg, Pa.

PHILIPSBURG PENN'A, Nov. 23d, 1863.

DEAR JOURNAL—The past week has opened another bright page in the history of Philipsburg. For a great many years, and I presume, I am safe in saying, ever since this place had an existence, the farmers of Half Moon have brought the produce of their farms to our market, and exchanged it for lumber and coal—the staple products of our town and vicinity. The farmers always had the inside track, for their produce was that which would prolong both man and beast's stay in this "neck of timber," and consequently our lumber and coal dealers had to come to the terms that the "Egyptians" asked. They were dubbed "Egyptians" from the fact of their chief article of trade being corn. Thus matters continued for a long time. The season for delivering was the "first snow," or "sledging." These clauses were always understood in all contracts, verbal or written, whether mentioned or not. The "Clearfielders," for be it known that the "Egyptians" call all west of the mountain, "Clearfielders," here up under the great humiliation that their friends from modern Egypt compelled them to do—often saying, no doubt,

"If we catch them once upon the hip, we'll feed them fat the ancient grudge we bear them."

On last Saturday, 21st inst., the "Clearfielders" threw up their hands for joy, having at long last seen the day when the order of things were reversed and the "Egyptians" come to judgment. Ten eight-wheeled box cars, loaded with corn, came riding on the rail, to the once held in bondage corn-fed critters of Clearfield. Glorious era—one that should have a monument erected to its memory. This, the more grand and magnificent since it is that the crops of grain and hay have been a failure with us, the past season. Our log men and lumber-men, generally were hard put to get grain for feed, at any price. Some days ago, one or two "Egyptians" ventured to transcend the time-honored custom of waiting for the "first snow," and hauled out a load of corn with the wagon. It was an unexpected move, for our traders did not think they would venture the experiment. The "Egyptians" tapped the market in the nick of time. Buyers swarmed about them asking for fear he would be "Egyptian" was afraid to say for fear he would be "Egyptian" was afraid to say the remorse that he did not see more something similar to the "Egypians" of Chatham street. Finally, after closely reconnoitering the position, he said \$1.25 per bushel. Snap went the "gun hand," and a volley of "greenbacks" was the result. The "Egyptian" looked on his mathematical prognostic to say \$1.50, per bushel—but it was too late. The next morning ere Hyperion had deeked, in golden rays, the topmost peaks of the Alleghenies, the "Egyptian" was wending his way towards his "native heath," a happier man. Immediate on his arrival, he sounded the "greenback" alarm call and reported the entire success of the expedition—that he had carried the "Clearfielder's" pocket-book by storm and relieved their gun hand of the outside pressure of an attack from the guerrillas. The "Egyptians" at once determined to fit out an armada of wagons, loaded with corn, and reduce the surplus of "greenbacks" that was in the hands of the "Clearfielders," to the augmentation of corn. The beginning of the past week was the day appointed for the assault.

Long ere the God of day had run his round, the well-fed bags of the "Egyptians" were seen in the distance. The "bears" of North Second and Presquevie streets, determined to "bull" the market, and to the utter astonishment of our "Nile" friends, they were only offered \$1.20, and heavy at that. They reserved their sales, but finally had to capitulate, and the "bulls" went in on a flank movement, which turned the closing sales to \$1.15, demanded heavy at that. The "Egyptians" beat a retreat, and have only returned in squads of one or two wagons, at a time since. The "bulls" now, in town, become the "bears," and they run up the price to country customers at \$1.40 a 45; and town consumers who were the unfortunate owners of a swine or two, (thanksgiving, Christmas or New Years prospective roasts) were asked to pay \$1.50. But the ten carloads arriving on Saturday, alike sealed the fate of "Egyptians," "bulls," "bears," and speculators in the staff of life to "scriffers," generally. So much for the Rail Road.

Your compositor made my letter of the 9th inst. say, "that the flocks almost perished with cold and hairy men of a savage and fierce aspect, and a narrow path." I am inclined to think that the flocks had a "hard road to travel," and the soldiers a greasy one, according to the typo's ideas. But the readers will please consider a comma (,) after cold and an (h) for (n) in marrow.

The beautiful weather continues, though we had a full day's rain on Saturday—yet it came down as gentle as a shower in May. I would not doubt, but a few more such showers would produce November flowers. I noticed a couple blooming red a few days since. They were flourishing on the cheeks of a damsel—just "sweet sixteen." I fell in love with them; but a moment afterwards she blushed and I saw the roses rise in flakes. The works of art are splendid, but the works of nature are preferred by LEROI.

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves while it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before the gentlemen without any sleeves.

A blacksmith, who was advised to a suit for slander, said he could go into his shop and hammer out a better character in six months than all the Courts in Christendom could give him.

Rents are enormous, as the poor fellow said when he looked at his coat.

The total debt of Philadelphia is now about twenty-five million dollars.

A sixty acre field of sulphur has just been discovered in Nevada.

A wild flower show was one of the novelties of London this fall.