

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

LYRICS FOR THE TIMES.

Learn to think and learn to labor,
Better to wear out than rust;
Help yourself and aid your neighbor,
On your own exertions trust;
Though your progress may be slow,
Toiling on from year to year,
Though you may be poor and lowly,
Be a man and persevere.
Now's the time he up and doing,
Time once past none can recall,
Stoic and ignorance lead to ruin,
Think and labor, one and all;
Monuments of stone will crumble,
Fall like leaves before the blast;
But simple truths, however humble,
Will, through countless ages last.
Knowledge is a crystal fountain,
All who choose may freely drink;
Grains of sand to form a mountain,
Learn to labor and to think,
Learning dwells not in a college,
Use your hands and use your brain,
Were mankind possessed with knowledge,
How long would a tyrant reign?

Artemus Ward on the Presidency.

Emmy Chapnot possesses the most obtuse intellect cannot fail to perceive that a multi-farious porch of the rebels' Nuthern frens air in favor of George B. Little Macklellan fur the nex Cheef Magistrat. I nuke no doud his frens think he wood make a sweet doud to the long handed shilyer, afore they latched with the nuzleiz on the North Praps I in rether heavy on Geo. W. Wood— a tip-top Pres. As President Geo. woodent caritate his Nuthern brethren nuch. Skaredey. But I dont belev for eny length y nomenace that Mack wood make the best Pres. the world ever saw. On the contrary, I think he wood make the wust— thoit wood be pretty difficult to make a waster than J. Bukannon. Geo. B. woodent du fur a Union Pres. He hath his faule. Ef he was nomenacated for a gray digger, ur a boss in a our quarries, I woodent say he's innocence. As Cheef Magistrat of the U. S. he'd be shakly. Rether, afore he'd occupide the cheer long he'd hev Worshington sitty dug up anlockated at Hoken, N. Jersey. May he he'd send nuzleiz to the long handed shilyer, afore they latched with the nuzleiz on the North Praps I in rether heavy on Geo. W. Wood— I indored him. I kauded him Penchlyer's son. I dident stop to enquier wether he was Abolishionist, Copperheadist, Greenishionist, or J. G. Benneditionist, Gooist or Jenitlist, so he wood crush the Rebs as the primest to du— push 'em to the wad as he sed he'd du. When George had kummand ur the Petomick ur the army, he used to make strategick mouverence toard Richmond, and immedijly fude hisself in Worshington. Now ef he makes strategick mouverence toard Worshington he will find hisself— aunter phuse— praps hode retreat to Saut River!

I dont think Klement Vallandigham wood make a sutable Pres. for the North. Klem has his force 2. Howe samphun—I woodent say waight but the fast lather sounds like Peter. An that's wot alketh him. Klem wood sot the Nuthern and Nuthern Rebs 2 a T. Praps Mr. Tort Boorygard wood fill the Post-at-my-price party. I air free 2 konfes Tort wood fill the Presidential cheer with as much advantage to the North as eny other Copperhead, but he's not the pippin or squinch of the undersintz eye. Hardly. He 2, hath his faule. Likethen fast named, he sympathizes with the South. Their iz uther candydants named by the nicee party. Shoodent wonder of tha had a hanker in arser J. Bekannon thing. Wen J. B. was Presyduent, he myxt things up sooperly. Ef it hadent a bin for Jeems an his festy party, we woodent now los e ov a war; we woodent hoste ov payen 75 senace a pound fur butter, an uther things in r poups-lan; we woodent hoste—we woodent— we— we woodent hode! wot we! Jenims woodent be lected. I larn he was run fur smother an vuz defected.

Perchans the N. Y. Piece man will bring out Mr. Emma Wash for the perish. She might nuke a lively Pres. in 1 cents but not in another. She lurs the shilyer not two wisely, but 2 well. She has uther faule. She dont wear the write kind ur cloze. E. Wel is out of huz spear— huz spear is in the Senny South. Fer the bennyit yv those which bassent, kend ur Emma, I will Sait that she air a femal which nukes stump speeche occasionally fur J. Davice. I bet ef she ever gits a huzbid heel half tu by around!

John Charles Fremont air bin nomenacated fur Pres. Jenmy is a hunky boy but he has a kuple of faule. The 1st is his time has naught kum. The 2nd is, he woodent be lected. He's got in the rong bote. That Cleveland bote air a leaky kunsarn, and smelt a littel coppersy. I think your humble sarvint wood run fur Pres. without gitten locked, as eye as the next man, or enny uther man. Them hottheaded chappys oil over the country who air usin Jonz naim be better refrane. They shood taim be Frank Skott's advice, an put "munny in their pusses."

Jack Fremont an the Cops air mutchly in the same bote with Gart Smith and W. Phillips. Jack lize greantax, but the Cops says thairz aint wuth nuthen. Them's the difference atwickst em. Ef the Cops dont think they's livly, let em imygrait to the Suthrin Contheverney, an lokait a nungy thair frens whar shimplasters air as plenty as Bishop Polkburries, an about as wuthless. In the South the Union men wants in cum North, an the Rebs woodent let em. In the North the Union men want the Cop, Rebs, to go South an tha want the wuz Presidency.

Lasly, there is another man named for the wuz Presidency.

Praps youve heard ov him. His 1st naim is Mister Honest Old Abe Lincoln. That's his last naim, 2. A. L. is the Cheef a-

mong 43 thousand an the 1 altogether livly. As a Pres. I air free to admit that he's Gorgous. Others thinks so, too. He's bin runnin the meshene 3 yearz, with traters, copperheads, and uther filthy varnens putting on the breaks. But tha faled to stall him. He's a bringin her thru all O. K., skruskin slavery, seceshin, an a goodly portion of Confedray under its wheel, in troo Juggernot stile.

Give us Linken or give us Old Abe. We air not petickuler, as either will due. The Dutchemen will vot fer Aib, becaws Liberty, Linken, Logger bere, and Limberger cheese begin with a L. The Irish will vot fer him becaws Praties an Irish Whiskey dont begin with a L.

The cops woodent vot fer him becaws Liberty, Liv-ry-country, Lick-the-rebels, and Linken begin with a L. Tha will vote fer Geo. B. becaws Mirry, Murder, Misseygenation, and Macklellan begin with a M.

Thine onley, A. WARD, JR.

General Grant in Camp. Gen. Grant in camp! Who would not like to see him? A pastor of New York city went out for the Christian Commission. He had, of course, a great desire for a personal interview with the Lieut. General. But he was told he could not gain access to him at all—would not see him even. He resolved to try. With three friends of the Commission, he set out, found the tent of the General and made for it. Advancing towards the front he at once saw that the tent was occupied. A person sat near the entrance. He was careless, sitting in his shirt sleeves; his vest was unbuttoned; his feet were in slippers and raised upon a stool; he was alone, reading a newspaper and had a cigar in his mouth. As the three gentlemen approached, he looked up. One of them asked, "Is this General Grant's tent?" He somewhat modestly replied, "That's my name." "Will you allow three New York clergymen, soon to go home, to take you by the hand?" "With the greatest of pleasure," was the response; "I am glad to see you gentlemen; take seats." "How do you endure the campaign?" was asked. With great tenderness he replied: "Finely, I only wish my men endured it as well." One of them said: "I was in hopes to have attended you to Richmond, General, before I went home." To which Gen. Grant responded in emphatic tones looking the clergyman earnestly in the eye, "I expect to go there." While the conversation was going on, the incessant rattle of muskets rang along the air like millions of crackers under millions of barrels on a Fourth of July. Bang, bang, in the distance sounded the booming guns. Shot and shell whizzed in the air, but calm and unmoved and confident sat the Lieut. General, as if in the summer-house of his own home at Galena. With this immense responsibility on him, let every true American say, "God bless the brave."

Eloquence of Andy Johnson. The following is one of the most truly eloquent passages ever spoken. It is from a speech delivered by Andrew Johnson in April last to a mass meeting of the people of Knoxville and vicinity: "My countrymen! my heart yearns toward you; I love you; I am one of you. I have climbed yonder mountains that you have climbed, yonder mountains rock-ribbed and glowing in sunshine, in whose gorges, in whose caverns, your sons, hunted like wild beasts, have fallen to rise no more. I do not speak of these things to draw your tears. It is not the time for tears, but for blows. I speak of them that I may fire your heart with holy indignation, and nerve your arms for unconquerable fight. And I speak of them because the mountains seem to talk to me. My home is among the mountains, and though it is not far away, I cannot go to it. It is the place where I met her and loved her, and married her who is the mother of my children. Do I not love the mountains, then? And if liberty is to expire, if freedom is to be destroyed, if my country, in all its length and breadth, is to tremble beneath the oppressor's tread, let the flag, the dear old flag, the last flag be planted on your rocky heights, and upon it let there be this inscription: 'Here is the end of all that is dear to the heart and sacred to the memory of man.'"

A KIND WORD FOR "MOTHER."—Deduce not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty; strength, limbs, sense, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutcheman that he would swallow him. The Dutcheman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me!" roared the Dutcheman. "Why you old fool!" replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked, that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone. "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "O," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

A private, belonging to the army of Northern Virginia, had a furlough granted him by order Gen. Lee, for 840 days. He was entitled to this long leave under the army order granting a certain number of days for each recruit furnished.

A Measure of iniquity—A quart bottle holding little more than a pint.

DEMOCRACY THE REBELS' HOPE.

Rebel View of our Nominations—a Rail-Splitter and a Tailor—Jeff Davis Relies on the Democrats—the Interest of the Democracy is to Weaken our Armies and Destroy our Finances, etc.

The following article from the *Richmond Examiner* of June 13th, plainly shows that the Rebels' hope of success is in the triumph of the Democracy in the coming Presidential election. The *Examiner* says that "it is the interest of the Democrats to do their utmost to weaken the Federal army and discredit Federal Finance," (just the very thing they have been doing all along.) as a means to insure the failure of the Union army, elect a Democratic President, divide the country and establish the Southern Confederacy. Much as this announcement may surprise the unwary, nevertheless it is but in unison with the course pursued by the Copperhead leaders during the past three years. They have persistently endeavored, by word and action, during these years, to weaken our armies and depreciate the credit of the Government. However, thus far they have accomplished but little. True, they have prevented enlistments in innumerable instances, and to that extent did weaken our armies, yet the Government, by the aid of the patriotic masses in furnishing men and money, has steadily and determinedly pursued its appointed mission, the crushing out of the rebellion, and to-day we find it pressing back the traitor horde just as surely as it has at any former period during the war. But we ask the reader to carefully peruse the article from the *Examiner*, and then deny the fact that the object of the Southern Traitors and Northern Copperheads is not identical—the defeat of the Union Army and the recognition of the Southern bogus Confederacy.

The convention of Black Republicans in Baltimore have renominated for President their country Abraham Lincoln, the Illinois rail-splitter, and for Vice President Andrew Johnson, known in the West as the Tennessee tailor, one of the meanest of that craft; whether they shall ever be elected or not depends upon the Confederate army altogether. The people of the enemy's country have now two Black Republican "tickets" before them; and the Democrats are to come yet.

All these several movements we are obliged to watch, and, if possible, understand—by reason of their possible effects upon the war, otherwise we have no earthly interest in the matter; and if we were now at peace with the nation it would be altogether indifferent to us what ape, or hyena, or jackass they set up to govern them.

The great army of contractors, then, and office-holders—in short, those who live by the war, and on the country—have succeeded, at last, in starting Lincoln for another year. It amounts to a declaration that the conventionists desire to see four years more in all respects like unto the last four years. They want no change at all; to the present incumbents of power and profit, all works well enough as it is. They care little, perhaps, about the "Emancipation Proclamation," or the exact definition which may be applied to Lincoln, as an immediate, or essential, or contingent Abolitionist; care little indeed about politics at all, or principles, or the destiny of their nation, or other "abstract notions" of that sort; they are practical men, and what they know and feel in their inmost souls is, that four more years of reveling at will in treasure and plunder will make them all rich enough, and their descendants to the third and fourth generation.

It appears, also, that Lincoln and his friends have been lucky, so far, in the ill success of Grant and Butler, and in their precise measure of ill success. If either of these two had taken Richmond before the Convention, then Butler or Grant would have been nominated for President. If they had been already utterly and decisively defeated, and their armies cut to pieces, then neither Lincoln nor any other Black Republican would have had the slightest chance of election. So essential was it for the right guidance of the convention in this matter that Grant should not take Richmond, nor be advancing in triumphant march towards it, that the New York Times, Lincoln's "organ," took care to publish at length, a dismal account of the bloody defeat inflicted on the Federals on the 3d of June, and to express the opinion that it was a most disastrous affair. This was true; but the *Times* did not state it because it was true. The *Times* stated it, notwithstanding that it was true, in order to lower Grant's stock in the Convention, just in the nick of time—and succeeded. Our soldiers who on the 3d strewn the earth in front of their intrenchments with 12,000 dead and wounded Yankees, then and there secured the nomination of Lincoln over Grant.

Lincoln, then, and his gang have been lucky, as we said, so far. But to win his election in November, this indecisive work of the Federal armies, neither triumphantly nor victoriously nor hopelessly cut to pieces—neither taking Richmond nor taken by Richmond—will not do at all. Grant and Butler are now at Liberty to achieve the most brilliant success they can, and *The New York Times* will not tell the truth any more when it is unfavorable to them.—In fact, the Lincoln party has been reconciled to the delay in capturing Richmond by this consideration, among others—that the Fourth of July approaches; and they are aware of the theory entertained by their old acquaintance,

Pemberton, now in high favor at Richmond, and commanding the fortifications of the city, namely; that the Fourth of July is the very best day to surrender a place to the Yankee army, because, in the warmth of their gratification at celebrating their anniversary with a triumph, they give good terms. It is like approaching a *bon vivant* after dinner to ask him for a favor. And, accordingly, the Yankee nation is now holding itself prepared to put on its most gracious smiles and accord to us the same tender consideration which has been shown to the citizens of Vicksburg. Let them only haul down our flag on that auspicious morning, and read their Declaration of Independence on our Capitol Square, and Lincoln is already elected President. In this stage of the business, so, however, our army has a voice and if it shall continue to baffle, repulse, and cut up the Federal forces, and finally drive them from the soil of Virginia, as we fervently trust, then this Baltimore nomination will not gain Lincoln a single vote in November.

In that case who will be the next President in the enemy's country? Not Fremont with his "radical abolition." The era for that school of politics will be past. But there remains another party—the Democrats; they being also divided at present into War Democrats and Peace Democrats, but who would all be Peace Democrats in the event supposed—that is, in the event of a total failure of the Federal campaign of 1864. Now the very latest intelligence brought us from that country by a special channel informs us of these two further facts that the popular mind became at once wildly agitated on the announcement of this Baltimore nomination; and that in Maryland, especially, disturbance was apprehended. In fact, the Democrats of the North, who have waited four years, not too patiently, trusting to regain the power and profit which they but lately held to be a Democratic inheritance, must naturally be provoked beyond endurance at this audacious attempt of Lincoln and Seward to ride roughshod over them four years more.

We learn that the Democrats are now universally turning their thoughts to Franklin Pierce and the Connecticut Seymour as their nominees for President and Vice President. To give them the least chance of electing those two advocates of peace, Grant must be defeated, the invasion must collapse and die out, and the very name of War must become a word of horror, uttered with loathing and execration. The reform, it is the interest of the Democrats to do their very utmost to weaken the Federal army, discredit Federal Finance, in short, to extinguish the war altogether, in order to extinguish the party which invented the war and governs it and lives by it.

The last significant fact, which came to us by special advice is, that immediately on the Baltimore nomination, gold rose to one hundred and ninety-seven. Gold is a sensitive substance, and it feels another shiver, and sinks back yet a little more into its crypts, at the idea of another four years of Lincoln and Chase, and those dreadful paper-mills and steam-presses, the smoke of whose fatal machinery ascendeth up for ever and ever.

Here, then, are the elements of trouble and storm which happily threatened to interfere, not with Lincoln's election, but with the peace of Yankee society. Before November the whole North may be writhing in intestine convulsions; her brute mass now pressing so so heavily may be flung off, and this Confederacy may be standing erect, redeemed, radiant, triumphant, shaking her invincible locks in the sun.

For all this, we look to the Confederate Army. Lee, Beauregard and Johnson can both give the Yankees a President and make us well rid of them and their Presidents for ever."

A good one is told of General Grant. As he was in the cars on his way to the front, a newsboy came in crying out "Life of General Grant!" One of the General's Aids pointing to the newsboy, told the boy he guessed that man would buy a copy. The boy approached the General, who asked him carelessly, "who is Gen. Grant?" The boy replied, "you must be a d-d greeny not to know Gen. Grant!" The General, after that of course bought his life!

Men often, often say "no trust," and perhaps they are often right. But Nature demands the fullest trust of all who seek her gifts. The words "no trust" are never written upon her door posts. It is all trust, when the seed is sown, that she will surrender it again; all trust when the blades are green, that the harvest will not fail; all trust that the sweet influence of the Pleiades will be shed, and the singing birds return.

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farm house, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing. "Sir, I'm a phrenologist. Would you like me to examine the heads of your children. I will do it cheap." "Wall," said the farmer, pausing between the strokes, "I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman combs them with the fine tooth comb once a week."

Two peddlers in Centre County, Pa., have been pushing their trade after a new fashion. One of them traveled a day in advance of the other and refused to receive Lock Haven Bank notes as worthless, and the people gladly traded with the other, who said he would take the notes, as he was in debt to the bank.

Our devil says that getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a fellow does it the more he wants to.

"Man was created a little lower than the angels, and he has been getting a little lower ever since."

He preaches well who lives well.

Fretfulness.

Fretfulness is a great lender of misery. It begins its loans to very young borrowers; and there is great danger that if its debtors draw on it early they will become sad spendthrifts of misery, and scarcely ever be able to free themselves from the clutches of their hard task and creditor. There is nothing more successful in making people unnecessarily miserable than a fretful, discontented spirit. It works ill in two ways: it causes its victims to think badly of themselves, and (what is worse) to think badly of other people, too. Fretfulness and peevishness are very much under our own control. Men can choose to what extent they will permit circumstances to have influence over them, and the character of that influence. An eccentric person, of the Johnsonian school, has made a sort of a fable on this subject. He maintains that all kinds of weather may be made charming to a man if he so will; that if he will go out in the rain, without any defence, and pretend to know nothing about the showers, the rain will cease for him, each drop exclaiming: "It is no use raining upon that man, he does not mind it." There is a moral to that fable; and we may be sure that if, instead of allowing every slight incident in personal, social or family life to ruffle our tempers and make us wretched, we were determined to regard fewer of them, the wear and tear of life would be much less, and days and hours would pass more pleasantly. In every house every day there are trivial circumstances which, if dwelt upon, will cause trouble for a long time, but which are so trifling that they should never be noticed. Said Corvantes, "Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife? Bid her bring water to thee in the sunshine; a very fair quarrel may about notes in the clear water." Yes; great misery—all borrowed, none of it necessary—is brought to families by the fretful, caustic, querulous scoldings that occur every day; by the ridiculous, persecuting, vexing, vixenish notice taken of paltry things at home. Fathers and mothers! brothers and sisters! if our homes are to be happy, joyous places, hunt out mere fretfulness, and make the love borne by one to the other as considerate to mutual happiness as is the courtesy that is paid by and to strangers.

A Parrot Called as a Witness.

A man lost a favorite parrot, which was found in the possession of another person, who refused to give it up. He was accordingly summoned to produce the bird in a court of law. The real owner, on being asked how he could prove that it belonged to him, replied that the parrot should be his only witness. It was then brought to court in a cage covered with cloth, and began to whistle the tune "Take your time, Miss Lucy," while some subject was discussed by the court. Its owner then put his face to the cage, and desired the parrot to kiss him, which the bird did most affectionately. "He will do the same to any one," said the defendant; and on putting his mouth to the cage, the parrot seized his lip and bit it severely, to the great amusement of the court. Its owner then took it out of the cage and kept it on his hand, when the bird answered several questions put to it in a ready and extraordinary manner, and also showed so much affection for its master that the Judge immediately ordered the parrot to be restored to him, and the defendant had to pay all expenses.

Mr. Lincoln's Last Anecdote.

A gentleman just returned from Washington relates the following incident that transpired at the White House the other day. Some gentlemen were present from the west, excited and troubled about the commissions and omissions of the administration. The President heard them patiently and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry it across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him—'Blondin stand up a little straighter—Blondin stoop a little more—or a little faster—lean a little more to the North—lean a little more to the South? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government officers carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence and we'll get you safe across."

Vice President Hamlin.

At a republican ratification meeting in Bangor, Maine, Vice President Hamlin made an address of some length, wherein he took occasion heartily to commend the nominations made at Baltimore, eulogizing the President as a man of eminent ability, and of unsurpassed integrity—one who has administered the government well, and who will bring the nation out of its difficulties and plant it on the eternal principles of liberty. He also spoke of Mr. Johnson from personal knowledge, as an incorruptible patriot, and eminently fitted and qualified for the position to which he had been nominated, and said that the ticket will have the honest and hearty support of all true and loyal men.

The Democrats of Chicago are erecting a large building on the shore of Lake Michigan for the accommodation of the Democratic Convention. It will be 628 feet in circumference, and will seat about 15,000 people. The Convention will occupy a raised platform in the centre of an amphitheatre, from which all but delegates, reporters, &c., will be excluded. The building will cost \$5,000.

Brigham Young says, in one of his publications, that he tries to live peaceably. Marrying sixty wives is a strange way of adapting means to that end.

Camels are now breeding regularly in Australia, and are expected to be of great use in exploring expeditions.

An Execution in France.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Star* of the 1st inst., writes as follows: "An execution which has just taken place at Versailles is very likely to increase the repugnance manifested here to capital punishment. The criminal was a man who might well take his stand along with De la Pommerais and Steinkampf. The murder he committed was on the person of an old man with whom he lodged at a place called Chene Rond, and whom he determined to kill in order to prevent some scandalous revelations from being made, and to possess himself of his victim's furniture. He executed his purpose with a hammer; and with an art which could only be shown in such a case by one who had been a butcher, cut up the corpse, put it into a sack, and threw it into a marl pit. After having ascribed the murder to the agency of two unknown Belgians—which reminded the Judge d'Instruction of the two bearded men Dumollard used to talk of—he made, under pressure of the magistrates, a partial avowal of his crime. He was found guilty without extenuating circumstances, and his appeal to the Court of Cassation and *recours en grace* was ineffectual, he could not for more than a week have hoped that his sentence would not be executed. Nevertheless he showed a degree of resignation astonishing for such a brutal nature as his. But on the morning fixed for his execution, when the jailer and the prison chaplain entered his cell he awoke with a start, saying, 'good morning, Monsieur l'Abbe.' 'My poor fellow,' returned the priest, 'your last hour approaches. To-day you must appear before God. But be of good courage. On learning this the condemned man fell into a state of utter prostration, and a cold sweat covered his face. He allowed himself to be led into the chapel; but mass was hardly over when, in a fit of delirium, he rushed against the wall as if to force his way through it, and battered it with his head so violently that he was directly bathed in blood. The doctor ordered a lotion of vinegar and water to be applied to the wounded parts, and as this was being done the culprit attempted to commit suicide by swallowing a handkerchief. The executioner and his aids appeared a few moments later, and arranged, without meeting any resistance, the *toilete funebre*. A fit of complete *stupor* succeeded the violence which was shown in the chapel. Brandy was administered to stimulate the patient, who was transported to the prison van which conveyed him to the scaffold. There he appeared in a state of indeliberate excitement, foaming at the mouth and uttering cries of despair like some wild animal. It was found necessary to drag him from the van and up the steps of the guillotine. Several men, when he got there, had to take hold of him to prevent him from evading his sentence, and to hold his hands and feet while his head was severed from his body.

Lincoln and Johnson.

The Ohio State Journal calls attention to the fact that Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson are natives of Slave States. It says: Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809, and Johnson was born in North Carolina in 1808. Is it not a wonderful coincidence in the history of these wonderful times that two men, both born in slave States, both born of poor parents, both subjected in youth to all the depressing influences of the aristocratic system of slavery without any of its privileges, and both against the aggression of slavery? And if now seems in the highest degree probable that these two men the Slave States have themselves given to the country the men who are to be chiefly instrumental in eradicating and utterly wiping out slavery. From slave territory these leaders of the hosts of Freedom have sprung; and are now to be made instrumental in bringing about the abolishment of the accursed system of bondage and oppression under which the parents of these men were classified as among "poor whites!"

A law recently passed provides that if any person or persons, except as now authorized by law, shall hereafter make or cause to be made—shall utter or pass, or attempt to utter a pass, any coins of gold or silver, or other metals, or alloys of metals, intended for the use and purpose of current money, whether in resemblance of coins of the United States or of foreign countries, or of original design, every person so offending shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding three thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years, or both, at the discretion of the court, according to the aggravation of the offence.

Josh Billings says: The best kind of a dog to buy for a purpose, is a wood-eater. The dog's most useful, and ain't liable to get out or repair. The dog's most useful, and you ailers no where to find em. The aint cross to children when you steep on their tails. Bi awl men get a small vuv. I never kum one of this brede to foller enybody oph.

The pearl fishery of Ceylon has been ruined this year by an irruption of the skatefish, which has killed the oysters. The loss of revenue is said to amount to no less than £50,000.

The transportation train of the Army of the Potomac would make a line of wagons sixty-two and a half miles in length, according to Gen. Meade.

Nearly fifty thousand acres of land in Canada have been sown with flax this year—ten times as much as last year.

Camels are now breeding regularly in Australia, and are expected to be of great use in exploring expeditions.