

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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## Select Poetry.

### TO MY CHILDREN.

In the Boston Transcript, not long since, there was a very exquisite poem, which was written in camp after battle, and sent by a soldier father to his children at home. It will stir good thoughts in any freesoil to read it aloud:

Darlings, I am weary pining;  
Shadows fall across my way;  
I can hardly see the lining  
Of the road—the silver lining—  
Turning darkness into day—  
I am weary with the sighing  
Mourning, waiting through the air;  
Breaking hearts in anguish crying  
For the lost ones—for the dying;  
Sobbing anguish of despair.  
I am weary of the fighting—  
Brothers, red with brothers' gore,  
Only that the wrong we're fighting—  
Truth and Honor's battle fighting—  
I would draw my sword no more.  
I am pining dearest, pining,  
For your kisses on my cheek;  
For your dear arms round me twining;  
For your soft eyes on me shining;  
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me in your earnest prattle,  
Of the olive-branch and dove;  
Call me from the cannon's rattle;  
Take my thoughts away from battle,  
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;  
Shadows fall across my way;  
I can hardly see the lining  
Of the road—the silver lining—  
Turning darkness into day.

### WEARY OF LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessels lying in the stream were beginning to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions towards the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the strand, and was preparing to make the leap, the design of which was not to be mistaken; but at that instant the younger seized him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself."

"You have guessed right. But what is that to you?"

"This was the answer spoken in the most angry tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes, when if you like, we will take the journey together. Am in arm is the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, who hesitated was not without. The former continued, in a tone of solemn enthusiasm:

"So be it! Arm in arm! Truly I did not dream that a human heart beat with some in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are—an honest man or a villain. Come, let us begin the journey together!"

The elder held the younger man back, and fixing the dim, half-extinguished eyes upon the countenance of his companion, exclaimed:

"Hold! You seem too young to die. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp."

"Brilliant!" answered the younger man scornfully. "What have I to hope for in the world full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness? Come!"

"You are still young. You must have had very sorrowful experience to make life thus insupportable to you."

"I do not know."

"Without exception?"

"Well, then, perhaps you have found a man whose you will not necessarily despise. I have, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really! That is highly interesting! It is a pity I did not make your acquaintance earlier."

"Leave me to die alone, young man, you live on. Believe me, time heals all wounds and there are men of honor yet to be found in the world."

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast to give your farewell to the world?"

"Oh! I am an old, sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will no longer see his only child, his daughter, fighting her youth, and laboring day and night to support him. No, I would be an unfeeling father, I would be barbarous, if I lived on thus!"

"How sir, have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man, surprised.

"And with what endurance, without a murmur, she does her sacrifice herself for me. She works for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love, a sweet smile for me always!"

"And you want to commit suicide? Are you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading is her certain death," answered the poor old man in despair.

"Good sir, come go with me to the nearest inn that is still open, and let us drink a bottle of wine together. You will relate to me your history, and if you like I will let you know mine. So much, however, will I say to you beforehand. Chase all thoughts of self murder out of your head. I am rich, and it things be as you say, from henceforth you and your loving daughter shall lead a pleasant life."

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later, over full glasses, the elder began—

"My history is soon told. I was a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing for inheritance, and the young girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and so remained to old age in a dependent, subordinate position. Finally, I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for subsistence. My wife died

of trouble, and now my poor child wearies to gain my support. I cannot bear to see her working herself thus way for me; therefore, it is better I go. Now, you know all."

"Friends," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nothing is easier than to help you. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance—my heir. The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter out of pure curiosity. I would for once see how one looks who really deserves the name of woman."

"But, young man, what can it be that so early has made you so unhappy?" questioned the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker in the city. My father died five years since, leaving more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one without exception, with whom I had any connection. Some have pretended friendship to me on account of my money; others have pretended to love me on account of my money; and so it went on. I often mingle, dressed in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with a charming being—a young girl, to whom my whole heart went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I was going to be happy at last. The young girl and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the Marousplatz, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours. One day, my girl appeared with red eyes, she had been weeping—and did not say what part, confessing that her life belonged to another! With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd. Her faithless deed decided my destiny. Vainly did I rush into pleasures, which, so-called good society has to offer, but found my lost peace of soul never, never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to an end."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder wiping his eyes, "from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you; for I, at least, was by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

"Will you give me your address, good sir, that I may convey some of the fruit of your story? It is not exactly distrust, but I must see to believe. To-morrow I will arrange my affairs as I have told you. You will remain in this city to-night, and early in the morning I will return. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not in the meantime, speak to any one of what has just taken place between us."

"You have my word. Go to my dwelling to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm Siebert. Here take my address."

With these words he handed the young man a paper giving the locality of his residence. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer class at some distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl Thomas," said the young man. "Take this bank note, it will last until my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the proprietor called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms, and took leave of the house.

Hardly had the morning broke, when he found himself on his way to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circumstances. It was not without some trouble that he found the house. It was in a poor situation. The young man knocked, opened the door, and stepped back.

"What did he see?"

The same young girl whose inconsistency had made his life unbearable stood before him.

She had grown very pale—very pale, but he knew her at the first glance. It was Bertha, whom he once hoped to call his own.

At his appearance the young girl sprang towards him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back, exclaiming—

"You did not expect to see me?"

"The young girl sank into a seat, and covered her pale, beautiful countenance with her hands."

"Are you Wilhelm Siebert's daughter?" asked the young man, quite coldly, after a pause.

"I am," answered the young maiden, faintly.

"And who and where is that other, to whom as you told me at parting your life belonged?"

"That other is my father," answered the young girl, looking up to the young man's face with a glance of the tenderest love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawned upon him; the scales fell from his eyes and all was clear.

Speechless he rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom.

"Come to your father!" he faltered to the girl.

"My father? Oh! I forgot, where is he? He has been out all the night. I have in vain watched for him in tears the long night through."

"Your father is safe—he is with me," was Carl's answer, as he hurried the girl onward through the streets to the arms of her father.

A fortnight later, in the midst of the greatest splendor, the marriage of the rich young banker Carl Thomas to Bertha Siebert took place.

The Hon. Israel Washburn, one of the famous Washburn brothers, has presented the town which bears the name of his family, in Aroostook county, Maine, with a large and valuable public library.

## TREASONABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

Judge Advocate General Holt's report upon the testimony gathered by him concerning the treasonable secret organizations formed in the loyal States as adjuncts to the rebellion, is published in the papers. According to this report the treasonable order embraces societies bearing various titles, such as the Mutual Protection Society, Circle of Honor, Knights of the Mighty Host, Knights of the Golden Circle, Corps de Belgique, Southern League, Order of American Knights, Order of the Sons of Liberty, Peace Organization, Star Organization, American Organization, Democratic Invincible Club, Democratic Reading Room, and Minutemen. The latter title is the one borne by a secret political organization in the State of New York and other parts of the North. Of it Judge Holt says, it would seem to be a branch of the Order of American Knights, having substantially the same object to accomplish by means expressly suited to the localities in which it is established; for as the chief Secretary of this Dr. R. F. Stevens, stated in June last, to a reliable witness whose testimony had been furnished, that those who represent the McLean interests are compelled to preach a vigorous prosecution of the war in order to secure them the popular sentiment.

The McLean minute guard, as appears in a circular issued by the chief Secretary at New York, is organized upon a military basis similar to that of the order proper. It is composed of companies, one for each election district, ten of whom constitute a Brigade, with a Brigadier General at its head.

The whole placed under a commander-in-Chief. The first supreme commander of the order was E. C. Wright, editor of the New York Aves, who was last May sent to Fort Lafayette. Vallandigham was his successor.

Robert Holloway, of Illinois, acted in Vallandigham's stead during the absence of the latter from the country.

Col. Sanderson, in his report on the progress of the Order, expresses the opinion that the Order was founded by Vallandigham during his banishment and upon consultation with Jeff Davis and other prominent traitors at Richmond.

The Order in Indiana boasts that the ritual case direct from Davis, and one of the witnesses states positively that Davis is a member.

The members belonging to the Order have been variously estimated at from 300,000 to 1,000,000, but Vallandigham in his Dayton speech, put it at 600,000, which is probably nearest the total. These are scattered through Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri and New York.

In March last, the entire armed force of the Order, capable of being mobilized for service, was represented to be 340,000.

The testimony shows that arms have been furnished the members. In the Hon. D. W. Voorhees' office were found letters to Ex-Senator Wall, of New Jersey in regard to the purchase of 20,000 Garibaldi rifles, to be forwarded to the West.

Arms were to be furnished the Order by way of Canada, and to be paid for by assessment upon the lodges.

Much testimony was taken upon the point and the report is full of evidence of extensive operations in this particular.

The report contains broad declarations of State rights and against the authority of the Federal Government to coerce by arms a sovereign State, and argues that the executive officers of the Government be expelled by force of arms when they refuse to administer the Government in accordance with the letter of the accepted Constitution. The oath declares that a member will defend with arms the principles of the order whenever directed by competent authority of the Order. I was admitted by one of the Order in Missouri that on joining, he understood the object to be aid and assistance to the Confederate Government. He adds, the Order is hostile, in every respect, to the General Government. It is exclusively made up by disloyal persons, desirous of securing the independence of the Confederate States, with the view of restoring the Union as it was. The other purposes of the Order are shown to be aiding soldiers to desert; destruction to Government property; destruction to private property and persecuting Union men, assassination and murder, and the establishment of a Northern Confederacy.

CLANNSHIP PRIDE.—A dispute arose between Campbell and McLean upon the subject of genealogy. McLean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of McLean was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" said McLean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flocks!" said McLean, "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark!" retorted the other, in contempt, "who ever heard of a McLean that had not a boat of his own."

The wife of Governor Harvey of Wisconsin who has actively administered to the wants of the Wisconsin soldiers during the war, was complimented at Vicksburg a few days ago with the gift of a handsome gold watch, purchased by the Second Wisconsin cavalry. Her little speech in reply to the presentation address contained this pretty passage: "Soldiers! May your every heart-throb be as strong, steady and true as the tick of your treasured gift; your every wish pure as its polished gold; every loyal aspiration full and free, as my gratitude is to you!"

## GIRLS MUST LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

No young lady can be too well instructed in any thing which will effect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought that it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with your own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor, and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist their parents every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of house-keeping; but to one who has suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake, and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is a great advantage to them.

I knew a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast and salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is supposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies, she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her, her little housekeeper, and often permits her to see what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical the jingling is to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of house-keeping, each week by turns. It seems to be a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education.

Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known, have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing.

"Pete, what am I up to?" asked a sly youth of his companion, a perfect African Plato. "And you don't know nuffin' 'bout him?"

"No, uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bussum, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waist-coat. "No, I don't uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong pashum which tends to send so severely dat even time itself can't head it."

"Pen, uncle Pete, I know who be in lub."

"Who am I?"

"Dis ole foot of mine. Its soul am pent so severely, dat Johnning, de color, utterly refused to lend him; and he say dat he is so bad dat de debble himself could n't head in."

A countryman passing along one of the streets of Baltimore with his wagon a few days since, when one of his wheels came off, and he discovered that a linch pin was gone. After searching for it some time, he offered to the boys who congregated a shilling to find it. They then joined in the search, and in a few minutes one of them brought him what he supposed to be the pin. Having adjusted the wheel, he started off but had not gone more than half a square before a wheel on the other side came off, when he discovered that the young rascals had stolen the pin from one of the other wheels to obtain the reward.

SMOKING SOLDIERS.—The Prussian soldiers who occupy Kiel are excessively addicted to smoking, and an anecdote is told of two riflemen who, in the recent campaign, popped at each other from behind two trees situated a short distance apart. Suddenly, one of them, a German held out a cigar, with a polite bow. The other, understanding at once, advanced half way, and was met by the German. In courteous silence the German lighted his cigar at that of the Dane. Bowing again politely, they withdrew to their respective places; and ten minutes afterwards, by some fatality shot each other through the heart.

A singular rumor got about among the Chinese at Peking, which shows how prompt they still are to believe ill of foreigners. It was said that the student interpreters were in the habit of kidnapping boys and girls, and digging out their eyes, to use them for photographic purposes. The Chinese Government took the matter up, bambooed severely several persons who were found propagating the scandal, and succeeded in arresting four or five of the real kidnappers, so the tale is now beginning to die out.

SELF ENERGY.—Self energy is the true life of a man. To think by other men's thoughts is no true faith. The mind must by its own independent exertions seek and so far as its native powers will enable it, arrive at the motives and causes of the truth of those propositions it receives as truths, or substantially it will think and believe nothing. Substantially, neither will the propositions exist for it, nor for them. They will be nonentities; and it will only dream of understanding them.

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with cloth and saturate it thoroughly with the tincture and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

## BREECH-LOADERS AT LAST.

A portion of our armies is to be supplied with breech-loading rifles at once, or at least as soon as the weapons can be manufactured. The Burnside Rifle Co., of Providence, R. I., have contracted to furnish 35,000 breech-loaders, of the Spencer pattern, and are now making extensive alterations of their works for the purpose of delivering them as soon as possible.

From the well-known efficiency of these weapons, and of good breech-loading small arms in general, we may look for excellent results. Although breech-loading artillery has never proved itself of much value small arms on the same principle have repeatedly given proof of their utility, and their story is well told by the terse telegraphic reports of correspondents, who give regiments armed with breech-loading weapons the credit of repulsing twice their numbers when assaulted, or of putting them to flight when acting on the offensive.

This action on the part of the Government in making this contract is highly commendable, but had it occurred earlier in the war we should have been spared many disasters.

The English Government has taken a contrary course. Recognizing the efficiency of the breech-loading principle it has issued orders, through Lord De Grey, for proposals to alter the Enfield rifle into a breech-loading weapon, at an expense not to exceed \$5 per gun. The Enfield rifle is the Springfield rifle, we use, and the result will probably be to spoil both weapons—to ruin a good rifle and make a poor breech-loader. Our Government has taken the wisest course and are on the safe side, for the record of the Spencer rifle is already made, and not to perpetrate a victimism, will now be repeated.

A Battle that was not Fought.

Many years ago two boys differed about some trifling matter, while at play, and one of them challenged the other to fight. The challenge was accepted and the heroes went into an adjoining field to settle the quarrel. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground and all was in readiness, but each appeared unwilling to strike the first blow.

"Now, then, strike me if you dare," said the younger boy, with a look of defiance. His companion looked at him, but did not like to strike, and at length he said, "Nay, I have nothing to strike you for."

"Well, then," said the other, who had provoked the quarrel at first, "let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for."

They dressed and left the field without striking a blow, and never quarreled after.

One of them now holds a very respectable position as a teacher of youth.

How many battles would be fought, either among young people or old, if in imitation of these boys the disputants would try to find a reason for a quarrel, before they strike a blow.

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it is meddled with."

GOOD.—The following is too good to be lost—of a schoolmaster and pupils:

"Joseph, how do people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No sir, by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, Joseph. Thomas what is the equator?"

"Why sir, it is the horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go take your seat, Thomas. William, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon has gone off on a bust, and runs again the sun—consequently the sun blackens the moon's face."

"Class is dismissed."

"Pray sir," said the late Archbishop Whately to a loquacious presbtery, who had been very active in talking at the archbishop's expense when his back was turned.

"Why are you like the bell of your own church steeple?" "Because," replied the presbtery, "I am always ready to sound the alarm when the church is in danger!"

"By no means," replied the Archbishop, "it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue."

TRUE LOYALTY.—The following is from the last letter ever written by Senator Douglas. "I know of no mode in which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution and the Union, under all circumstances, and under every Administration, regardless of party politics, against all assailants, at home and abroad. We should never forget that a man cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot."

If you wish to be a favorite with the girls, generally, attend to their wants, that is, give them rides, candy and raisins; talk loud laugh about love affairs; and keep on the off side, that is, don't commit yourself to any one in particular, and you will be lionized to your hearts content till you become an old bachelor man is in the company of girls, the better will he succeed. They prefer fools to wise men.

A fellow at a race-course was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap, whom the inebriated individual had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

There are two Irishmen in Bager, Me., who receive annually between twenty and thirty thousand dollars in gold, as dividends of the product of a mine in which they are interested in California, and in which they once wrought with their own hands.

## SEMMEES AGAIN AFLOAT.

The last European steamer brings news that the pirate Semmes is again at sea, in command of a swift and strong steamer named the Ranger. The Liverpool correspondent of the London Daily News says: "Captain Semmes, of whom since the sinking of the Alabama we have heard so little, and that little so erroneous, sailed from the board of the bark Laurel, under the command of Capt. S. F. Ramsey. The destination of the Laurel is rather mysterious at present; but it is as far as the customs bill of entry shows, the vessel has certainly cleared for ports where Confederate proclivities predominate, viz: Nassau, Havana and Matanzas. Her cargo is of such a mixed nature that no belligerent state would have the slightest doubt as to its usefulness. It consists of some large guns, small arms, shoes, leather in bulk, ammunition, clothes, blankets, drugs, &c. But the Laurel must not be supposed to be intended for a cruiser; she is merely a tender, and carries out to a certain latitude guns and ammunition for a new steamship, of which Capt. Semmes is to take command. This vessel is supposed to be a new screw steamer which was lying at Madeira on the 3d instant, and was there known under the name of the Ranger. The Ranger is large and very swift. To show that Capt. Semmes does not go unattended, we may here state that he took with him on board the Laurel eight officers and one hundred men, most of whom served with him on board the Alabama."

RESTIVE HORSES.

"After your horse is harnessed to the carriage, procure a piece of webbing as a broad strap about ten feet long, fasten it securely around the off foot below the fetlock, then pass it through the girths and lay the end over the dashboard; see that every thing is right, then standing on the off-side of the wagon take the strap in the right hand proceed to get in; if the horse attempts to start pull on the strap, at the same time saying 'whoa'—the strap brings his foot up and makes a pretty effectual 'whoa'; slack on the strap as soon as you have stopped him, and if he attempts to start repeat the operation. When you have got good ready to start, give the horse the word, and go along. Repeat the operation until the horse stands perfectly quiet at the word 'whoa,' always remembering not to whip your horse, but always treat him as you would a friend, with perfect kindness, and never say 'whoa' unless you want your horse to stand perfectly still. No man should undertake to break a horse who can not control his own temper."

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston reports that many of the pupils are overworked to such an extent as to constitute an evil of great magnitude. This evil exists in both the upper and lower classes, but it is more fully developed, and more injurious in its effects, in the highest divisions, where the pupils are competing for medals. The average attendance is thirty-two thousand.

"My dear Ellen," said an ardent lover to a young lady whose smile he was seeking. "I have long wished for this opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you more tenderly; your smiles would shed a world of light."

"Never mind the wood shed," said Ellen, "go on with that pretty talk."

At Washington Park, Providence, Rhode Island last Monday, a man weighing one hundred and forty pounds undertook to run around the mile track in sixteen minutes, dragging a sulkey weighing ninety-five pounds, in which was seated a man weighing one hundred and seventy pounds. He accomplished the feat in eleven minutes and thirty-seven seconds.

At a ploughing match, some laborers were standing behind a party of ladies whose bonnets and crinolines hindered them from seeing what was going forward. One of them complained that he could not see the steam plough. "Of course not," retorted one of his companions, and added significantly, "who can see through a woman?"

A BRAVE SOLDIER.—The Crawford county Journal says: Sergeant Franklin Guy, of the 11th, was the first man to plant the Stars and Stripes on Lookout Mountain, and won a similar honor at the capture of Atlanta. He is a Crawford county boy, and has proved himself a brave and gallant soldier.

The population of the British North American Provinces that are uniting is but little short of \$,300,000. The Catholic religion is held by considerably more than two-fifths of the number.

The immigration week before last into this country amounted to six thousand persons. Both Irish and English show an increasing disposition to visit America.

Minnesota boasts the finest corn crop of any State in the Union. A much larger number of acres were planted than usual, and there is a most wonderful yield.

The majority of the railroad companies have agreed to construct new cars for the purpose of putting into effect the new railway postal system.

In England the Bible is now supplied for twelve cents the New Testament for four cents, and the gospels for two cents each.

What is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? One weighs a pound and the other pounds away.

Bona parte said once, "clergymen consider this world only as a diligence in which they can travel to another."