

# Rafferty's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1864.

VOL. 11--NO. 14.

**1,000,000 LBS. WOOL WANTED,** for which the highest price will be paid in cash by R. MOSSOP, Clearfield, Pa. July 6, 1864.

**NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.**—Collectors of Taxes for 1864, are hereby notified that all balances due on duplicates must be paid on or before the 1st day of January, 1865, to the Treasurer of the county, or interest will be charged on the same from September 1st. By order of the County Commissioners, W. M. S. BRADLEY, Clerk. Comm'r's Office, Nov. 23, 1864.

**FRUIT TREES.**—The undersigned having been appointed an agent of the "Marriott Nursery" in Lancaster county, would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he is prepared of all kinds of fruit trees, such as Apples, Peaches, Plums, Cherries, &c. and sell at the lowest prices. S. R. TAYLOR, Agent. Clearfield, Pa., Nov. 23, 1864.

**STRAY COW.**—Came trespassing to the premises of the subscriber in Chest township, on the 1st of last August, a red cow, with white stripe along the back, supposed to be about 7 years old. The owner is requested to call for the same, and pay the charges and take her away, or she will be sold as the law directs. LOUIS J. HURD, No. 24, 1864.

**TEMPERANCE HOUSE.**—The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county, that he has rented the "Tipton Hotel" and will use every endeavor to accommodate those who may favor him with their company. He will try to furnish the table with the best country produce, and will keep hay and feed to accommodate teamsters. Gentlemen don't forget the "Tipton Hotel." SAMUEL SMITH, Tipton, Pa., May 25, 1864.

**CLEARFIELD ACADEMY.**—D. W. McCarly, A. B. Principal.—The next quarter will open on Monday, the 5th of December, 1864. Common English, comprising the branches not higher than Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar and History, per quarter, \$ 5 00. Higher English branches, 7 00. Languages, 10 00.

**TO THE ASSESSORS OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY.**—By direction of Inspector General, you are requested to return to this office, your lists of enrollments and classifications of the militia men of the county in accordance with the receipts in your several duplicates. It is desired that the same be completed on the 1st of December. W. M. S. BRADLEY, Clerk. Comm'r's Office, Nov. 23, 1864.

**CARPETINGS.**—Now in store, a large stock of Velvet, Brussels, Three-Ply and Ingrain Carpetings, Oil cloths, Window Shades, &c., &c., all of the latest patterns and best fabrics, which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash. W. E. Some patterns of our old stock still on hand, will be sold at a bargain. J. T. DELACROIX, No. 37 South Second Street, above Chestnut. Philadelphia, March 2, 1864.

**THE TRIBUNE FOR 1865, PROSPECTUS.**

The Tribune and Spectator of 1864, with its splendid illustrations, has been selected as the best of our country. It is now more than ever before, a daily paper of interest to every citizen of the Union. Its columns are filled with the news of the day, and its reports are as timely as they are accurate. It is a paper that every citizen should have.

The Tribune was founded in 1841, and has since that time been a daily paper, published in Clearfield, Pa. It is a paper that is read by every citizen of the county, and its reports are as timely as they are accurate. It is a paper that every citizen should have.

**DAILY TRIBUNE.** Single copy, 4 cents. Mail subscribers, 1 copy, 1 year—\$10 00.  
**SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.** Single copy, 10 cents. Mail subscribers, 1 copy, 1 year—\$5 00.  
**WEEKLY TRIBUNE.** Single copy, 2 cents. Mail subscribers, 1 copy, 1 year—\$2 50.  
Persons remitting for 20 copies, to one address, will receive one copy extra, gratis.  
Persons remitting \$50 for 20 copies, to one address, will receive one copy Semi-Weekly gratis.  
Persons remitting \$100 for 20 copies, to one address, will receive one copy Daily, gratis.  
Drafts on New York payable to the order of the Tribune, are preferred. But where drafts can be conveniently procured, United States or National Bank bills are the next best, and may be sent by mail. In case of loss, the Tribune will not be responsible unless furnished with a full description of the bills, including the name and place of the issuing bank, and the signatures of the directors.

**MINUTES.** We are but minutes—little things; Each one finished with sixty wings. With which we fly on our unseen track, And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—each one bears Its little burden of joys and cares; Patiently take the minutes of pain, The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring Down of the wings from your clinging, You see their sweetness while yet we stay, It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes; use us well. For how we are used we must one day tell; Who uses minutes has hours to use; Who loses minutes has years to lose.

**SPEECH OF HON. EDW. EVERETT, AT THE Grand Banquet Given by the Merchants of Boston, in Honor of the Officers of the Kearyearge on November 15th, 1864.**

The first toast was—"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES." Mr. Everett being called upon, responded to the sentiment in the following language:

MR. CHAIRMAN.—I am highly complimented by being called upon to respond to the toast in honor of the President of the United States. Having already had an opportunity in Faneuil Hall of paying a grateful tribute of respect to Captain Winthrop and his gallant associates, I shall leave this noble topic to the gentleman who will follow me, and who are so well able to do it justice, and confine myself to the specific duty which you have assigned me. The toast is certainly one which I am sure will be welcomed by every gentleman at the table.

What a privilege it is, to be called upon to respond to the toast in honor of the President of the United States. It is a mark of respect to the man, and it is a mark of respect to the office. It is a mark of respect to the man, and it is a mark of respect to the office. It is a mark of respect to the man, and it is a mark of respect to the office.

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no quality, either as a man or a President, superior to Mr. Lincoln. The President gave ample proof of his intellectual capacity, when he conceded a seat in the Senate of the United States with Judge Douglas.

When I sat in the Senate with Judge Douglas, I thought him, for business and debate, the equal of the ablest of that body, but his speeches in the senatorial congress, were in no respect superior to Mr. Lincoln's. I believe the President to be entirely conscientious in the discharge of his high trust, and that, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, he has administered the Government, with the deepest sense of responsibility to his country and his God.

He is entirely kind-hearted. I am sure he spoke the truth, the other day, when he said that he had "never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom." He is one of the most laborious and indefatigable men in the country, and that he has been able to sustain himself under so great a load of cares as he has ever had upon the head or the heart of a living man, is in no small degree owing to the fact that the vindictive and angry passions form a part of his nature, and that a kindly and playful spirit, nurtured in sweetness with the austere work of public duty.

It may seem hardly worth while to notice the descriptions which represent the President as a person of uncounted appearance and manners. But as Mr. Burke did not think it out of place, in the most magnificent discourse in the English language, to comment on the appearance, manners, of the exiled French princess, I will take the liberty to say, that on the only social occasion I ever had the honor to be in company of the President, viz. the commemoration at Gettysburg, he sat at table at the house of my friend David Wells, Esq., by the side of several distinguished persons, ladies and gentlemen, foreigners and Americans, among them the French Minister at Washington, since appointed French Ambassador at Madrid, and the Admiral of the French fleet, and that in gentlemanly appearance, manners and conversation, he was the peer of any man at the table.

The most important objection urged against Mr. Lincoln is that, personally he lacks diversity of purpose, and that his cabinet and administration have wanted unity and counsel. I think I shall offend no candid opponent if I certainly am no partisan myself, if I remind you that precisely the same charge on the same grounds might be brought against Washington and his administration. Under circumstances vastly less embarrassing, he placed in his cabinet and kept there as long as they could be induced to stay, the two political leaders (Jefferson and Hamilton) not merely of different wings of the same political connection, but the heads of two radically opposite parties. Mr. Monroe, though elected himself by an almost unanimous vote, allowed his cabinet to contain three rival candidates for the succession who differed radically on almost every political question. It rarely happens in popular governments, that any other course is practicable in difficult times. In England, where the theory and practice of parliamentary government have been maturing for ages, there has seldom been a cabinet, in which the same dissidence has not existed. It does at the present time in the cabinet of Lord Palmarston.

At any rate, our friends of the party opposed to Mr. Lincoln, at the late election, must exercise some charity towards him in this respect. It was made up of two wings, containing diametrically opposite views of the policy which ought to be pursued in the present difficult crisis of affairs, and no strategic skill was required to produce even a shadow of unity sufficient for the purposes of the election.

But I forbear. The election, in all but its essentials, is decided. It is due to both parties to say that they accept the result, and that they will meet in the future with civility and good faith. It is in this spirit alone that our common country can be carried through this great trial. The best hope of the hostile leaders is in our division. With sure indications of a cordial union on our part, "down their like weapons will drop," or be wrested from their hands by the indignant and weary masses, whom they have betrayed into this desolate war.

Let us, then, Mr. Chairman, study the things that make for peace, in the first instance with each other as the surest means of an honorable and a lasting peace with our divided countrymen. It relieved my heart the other evening at the opening of the Fair, to be followed by Winthrop, who filled the same place on the unsuccessful electoral ticket, that I do in that which has prevailed, and whose admirable speech commanded the entire sympathy of the audience. A fair appeal has been made to the People, to which they have responded in terms not to be mistaken. Let the successful party continue to abstain from all intemperance, and the defeated from all bitter partisan warfare. Gen Grant has declared that the late election is worth a pitched battle, not surely because it is a party triumph, but because it is the trumpet tone of the People's voice, affirming the immortal maxim of Gen. Jackson, that the Union must and shall be preserved. Let our brave officers, seamen and soldiers, on the land and on the sea, feel that they are striking, not for this or that man, for this or that party, but for the whole country, and when our gallant guests, go forth again to other conflicts and other triumphs, let them go with the assurance that they carry with them the hearts of a United people.

Mr. Everett was frequently interrupted during the delivery of his address with demonstrations of approval, and at the mention of President Lincoln's name the audience several times rose and gave cheer upon cheer.

**REBEL OPINION OF THE CHICAGO DEMOCRACY.**

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Nov. 12.] Once more the country is agitated by the cry of patriots calling for the employment of moral influence by the side of the energetic agencies of war. Patriots we call them, for whatever we may think of the Vice-President, Governor Brown and Mr. Boyce, we do not doubt their ardent desire to see the South independent, and their sincere conviction that the means they propose are the best for attaining that end.

We could have wished that Mr. Stephens would either in his modest duty as presiding officer of the Senate, or in his private health permits him or, if in his eyes the antagonism existing between him and the administration is too violent to permit of co-operation, even in that humble sphere, return to his own native country. It is hardly fair to the country to plead that the duties assigned to him can be best done without injury to the confederacy. In times like ours even the slightest service is of some value, especially when it is rendered by men of such signal abilities.

It is unfair to himself to content himself with the duty of being on hand if the Executive chair should be emptied by Providence.

We could have wished, likewise, that Governor Brown would consider himself a representative of the Confederate Nation only, but appreciate the lofty position which his powerful and influential State gives him by its own resources and by its momentous influence over the Gulf States at the South, and the border States at the North.

Even Mr. Boyce has, we fear, impaired his proven usefulness and curtailed his power to do good by recent steps, which could hardly be fully appreciated by a people heated with passion, and were necessarily liable to give misapprehension. But whilst we should wish all this were sincerely done, we should wish all this were sincerely done, we should wish all this were sincerely done.

It is impossible to believe that the purety of their convictions. Only, in days like these we cannot afford to have opinions propagated in our midst which are thus ambiguous, or, at least, so far behind the sentiments of the people as to be intelligible to some and unpalatable to others. What we want is a simple, straightforward course; no diplomacy, where the interests of a few are decided on the welfare of millions; no underhand negotiations between section and section; no political intrigues between party and party.

We must act as a whole, as a nation, or we shall surely be overwhelmed. It is important, therefore, to inquire into the true designs and the ultimate ends of those friends of our cause whose fate it seems, is to be much suspected in their public candor as they are honored and esteemed in their private character.

Taking Mr. Boyce's recent letter as a clue to their intentions, we presume they desire most of all to establish some kind of communication with the party which adopted the Chicago platform, and to take such measures as are most likely to all in leading it up and in leading it to power.

This party is virtually the democratic party—the party whose banners we have followed from time immemorial and whose leading principles we still look upon as more extensive to greatness and happiness. In speaking of it as we shall do, we shall, therefore, most assuredly, not be suspected of any bias or feeling of hostility. Only this we must presume: that we look upon the extinction of strict party lines as one of the blessings of this war, and that until we are fully established as a nation and the Confederate States has assumed its place among the leading powers of the earth, the necessity of strict union is so overwhelmingly pressing that all good patriots must sacrifice with candor and integrity all party opinions and prejudices.

Before we can open our hand, however, to any party of men in the United States whose hearts, we know not too well, are filled with more or less unguessed animosity against the Confederate States, and whose hands are stained with the blood of our countrymen, we ought to inquire what assurances we have that they will not make use of us only for their own purposes and betray us at the last moment.

Have the duplicate shown us sympathy or done us simple justice at any time during the war? Did they ever bravely and boldly stand up against the heated passion and heroic bravery of the black republicans to protect the Confederate States, or when they arose, was it not only to further their own plans and protest their own rights? When Virginia, vindictive her noble title as the Mother of States once more, stepped into the unimpaired deadly leech, and although under the enemy's guns on all sides, took counsel only of God and the right, and bared her own fair bosom to receive the deadly strokes of the sword lifted against her sisters, were were the friendly democrats then? They had fallen helpless before the fanatics of the North, because they were no longer the pure and noble democracy of Bay's sons, but had been changed and degraded into the radicalism which deluged Europe with blood at the end of the last century, and which shook its thrones again in the convulsions of 1848.

They have been swallowed up by that agrarianism which acknowledges no laws and no morals, but the lust of the mob, which happens to be the largest number. They had adopted, for party purposes, all the radicalism, the discontent, the poverty and the crime of Europe; all the thousand who, living in misery and vice at home, mistook license for liberty, and were, by training and by impulse, alike incapable of comprehending, much more of loving the enlightened structure of republican freedom.

And with this choleric gentian we should associate the chivalrous sons of the South; should fraternize across the corpses of their slain brothers with this sordid stream of the *clouca populorum*.

At a later period the Northern democracy excused themselves on the plea that the South ought not to have sought defence in leaving the Union, but should have remained

in it and trusted to their great conservative party for the protection of their rights.

And a glorious protection we would have found it; we should commit our precious liberties to the guardianship of a party, which since has surrendered every right of their own, from the simplest privilege of freedom in the invaluable right of free election, and that without one blow in their defense, but with a cowardice and baseness unexampled in history.

And when we spurned these offers, what did the democrats do then? On the plea that by leaving the Union we compelled them to become our enemies, they have betrayed every principle of their own, abandoned their old and faithful associates, and joined the black republicans in their bloody crusade against the South.

With reckless hands they have laid waste our fields, slain our brethren and broken our hearts. And to them we should now offer our hand and pledge our faith! Such an act of pollution and moral suicide may suit politicians—nations cannot thus betray their religion. The day of negotiations is past, the sword is the only arbiter between us. To the sword alone, under God's guidance, every best man among this people is determined to lay the question. It is no time now to fly selfish maneuvers and political tergiversations. The crisis is upon us, and cherishing no idle hopes, but with the stern resolve to conquer or to die, every pure and noble man in our midst, every brave soldier, every generous Southern woman, every upright and cultivated citizen, has committed life and fortune and sacred honor to the defense of the South.

**BODILY CARETAGE.**

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or productive of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort, which produce a willing omission, all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, leaving the head and shoulders take care of themselves.

Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eye directed to things a little higher than your own head. In this way you walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness. If any of you wish to be aided in securing this carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the other wrist.

Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests, broad shoulders, sturdy frames and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them—in simple promenade, in the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, in standing on the street or in public worship.

Many persons spend a large part of their waking existence in the sitting position. A single rule well attended to in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes. Use chairs with the old-fashioned straight backs, a little inclining backward and set with the lower part of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat. Any one who tries it will observe in a moment a grateful support to the whole spine, and we see no reason children should not be taught from the beginning to write, and sew, and knit in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and shoulders to touch the back of the chair at the same time.

A very common position in sitting, especially among men, is with the shoulders against the chair back, with a space of several inches between the chair back and the lower portion of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half-moon; it is the instantaneous, instinctive and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on sitting down, unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

**Spotch Steamboats.** The blockade runners are the finest and best boats built on the Clyde. *Middle's Steam Shipping Journal* says: "Many of our fast-sailing river steamers have left the Clyde to make, in some cases, a singular succession of fortunate runs; while others—not a few, indeed—have gone out to become the prey of the blockading squadron, and thereafter to do duty on the waters of the Hudson or Potomac. Nearly all our best river steamers have disappeared in this war, and were the many fine vessels built especially for this trade added to them, the list would be a surprisingly large one. The building of blockade runners is now, indeed, a regular branch of the work of our shipbuilding yards."

The fastest and latest of these boats are daily caught by our ocean steamers. The *Fort Jackson*, a heavy side-wheel steamer, lately caught the *Let Her Rip* in a two hours chase. The *Let Her Rip* was built especially for speed, but in this case did not "rip" quite fast enough.

**A PATROTIC CLERGYMAN.**—Ottob Marcher was famous, as every orthodox clergyman have been, including Bishop South particularly, for the dexterous application of Scripture to current topics. A clergyman at Middletown, Ct., recently won notoriety by a happy use of the same quality. On the occasion of a Union torchlight demonstration he displayed a transparency over his door, emblazoned with this quotation from Genesis 22:15—"The angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven a second time."

"Have you seen my black faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who has a collection of animals, of his friend Borteljack. "No, I haven't. Who did your black faced aunt elope with?" says Borteljack.

If you give two persons a seat in a corn field can this proceeding be called "setting them by the ears?"

**TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.**

One day Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the reign of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to the United States in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked of the landlord of the hotel. "I am going across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

"There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Britain; but whether from America or England, I cannot tell." He pointed the way and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince and minister ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered. In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stating that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman was an American he solicited his kind feeling and offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American. Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner, or to labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will, please, give me a letter to one of your friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow; he spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in America." Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its conclusive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

Talleyrand sank in the chair, gasping the words, "Arnold the Traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain with the wanderer's mark upon his brow, and his sad fate is likely to be shared by others of our own day, who are proving traitors to their native land.

**Cutting up Pork.** Have the hog laid on his back on a stout table. Clean the carcass of the leaf fat. Take off the feet at the ankle joints. Cut the head off close to the shoulders, separate the jaw from the skull, and open the skull lengthwise on the under side, so as to remove the brains fully. Remove the backbone in its whole length, and with a sharp knife cut off the skin—then the fat, leaving only about one-half inch of fat on the spinal column. The middlings or sides are now cut from between the quarters, leaving the shoulders square shaped, and the ham toney, or it may be rounded to suit your fancy. The ribs are next removed, partially or entirely from the sides. The trimming of the fat from the hams and flabby parts of the sides are rendered up with the backbone strip for lard. The sausage meat is cut from the lean pieces and used for the same purpose. The thick part of the backbone that lies between the shoulders is called the chine; it is cut from the tapering body end, and the better part called the backbone by way of distinction. The backbones are used while fresh; the chine is better after being smoked.—Country Gentleman.

**Downfall of Popery.** The intelligent reader is aware of the fact that the Papal throne at Rome is now supported by the Emperor Napoleon, with French troops; and it is announced that in the year 1865 these troops will be all withdrawn, thus leaving the papacy to sustain itself by such strength as it may be possessed of. A London paper calls attention to the significant fact that this very year (1865) is the one which nearly all our most eminent commentators on the New Testament and writers on prophecy from the time of Bishop Newton, downward, have by a wonderful concurrence of opinion, named as the year in which Popery is to receive its death blow.

A man who practiced somewhat at the bar—of a saloon—asked a lady why she was so fond of peeping into a looking-glass? "Sir," said she, "the glasses that I look into, help me to improve my appearance, while those you look into, injure yours."

An Irishman who had been asked to furnish proof of his marriage, took off his hat and exhibited a scar on his forehead. "Here," said he, "is my marriage certificate. That's Judy's mark."

An old widow advises uninitiated youths to pop the question with a laugh, "for, says he, 'if you are accepted well and good; if not, you can say you are only joking.'

Twenty-five square miles of territory have been ceded the United States by treaty with the Indians of Southern and Middle Oregon.