Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1865. VOL. 11.—NO. 18.

Select Poetry.

GOD BLESS THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless the little children,
We meet them everywhere;
We hear their voices round our hearth
Their footsteps on the stair;
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er
With mirthfulness and glee;
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath the gipsy tent,
With visage swarth and dun,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance
With roguery and fun:
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows, with a pin,
Or creeping through the hazel-bush
The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,
Their stately father's pride;
We meet them in the poor man's cot—
He hath no wealth besides;
Along the city's crowded steet
They hurl the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—
The saddest sight of all.

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's tender care,
Their only friend the God above,
Who hears the orphan's prayer;
But dressed in silks, or draped in rags,
In childish grief or glee,
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be.

JOHNNY COLE'S DEAL BOAT.

A Story for Children.

Little John Cole's father was about to die, and, as he had no property to leave his wife and children, he felt very anxious and unhappy. Johnny had been told that his father would die, but he did not know what death meant; and therefore, with all the innocence of a good little boy, he asked his father what he could do to help him. "You cannot help me Johnny," said the sick father; "but when I am gone, you can help your mother."

"Where are you going to?" said Johnny. "Can't you let me go with you?"

"No, nobody can go with me; I must go alone."

"Well when will you come back?" said the little fellow; "you know we depend upon you for money to buy bread."

"I shall never come back, my dear boy. When people die, they never come back."

"Well, then you intend to send for us, father, for we can't live without you."

"You will break my heart, Johnny, if you talk so. I shall not send for you, but God will, and then we shall meet again. Now, my dear boy, you must stay with your mother and try to make her happy."

"So I will," said Johnny, "but I don't know how. I can't work you know. Yes, I can make deal boats, and sell them."

"You can do better than that," said his father: "you can be a good boy, and behave well, and love mother, and this will help her more than any work you can do."

"Well, I'd do all that," said Johnny; "but people won't love mother because I love her, and then where is the bread to come from?"

"God will send it, if you are good," said the poor man, who could hardly speak, he was so choked by the innocent talk of his little child.

It is not necessary to say how the father died, and how the poor widow had to go into a single room, and work out almost every day to support Johnny and his little sister. Johnny did all he could to help his mother; and he did a great deal, for when his mother was absent, he took care of little Sis, and when she was asleep one day, he took the jack knife that belonged to his father, and made what he called a boat, out of a lump of wood, and then stood at the door and asked every one that came along to buy it.

"Do you want to buy a boat?" said he to a big boy that was passing.

"You get out!" said the boy, as he knocked the boat into Johnny's face, and broke the mast. The poor boy's heart was almost broken, too, but he made another mast, and stood at the door again. Two little girls came along, and Johnny asked them if they wished to buy a boat.

"What do you call it? a boat!" said one of the girls. "It is a funny-looking boat."

"We dont sail boats," said the other girl.

"Well, you don't know what fun it is," said the little boat-builder.

"We have no wish to know," said they as they went off, laughing at poor Johnny.

Presently an officer of the frigate that was lying in the harbor passed.

"Please buy my ship," said Johnny, very imploringly.

"Did you make it?" said the officer.

"Yes, I did all myself," said Johnny.

"What put it into your head to make a ship?" said the good-natured man.

"Why you see," said the little fellow, "Sis hasn't any bread to eat, and I thought I'd work and earn some money and buy some."

"Who is Sis?" said the captain.

"Why don't you know Sis?" said Johnny. "Just look in here."

So the officer entered, and saw Sis asleep on the bed.

"Whom do you belong to?" said the captain.

"To mother now," said Johnny, "for father is dead and gone away."

Just then little Sis opened her eyes, and, seeing the uniform of the officer, she began to laugh.

"What do you ask for your ship?" said the captain.

"One penny, if you can't give any more."

The captain gave him a pat on the cheek, and said, "Wait a few minutes, and I'll come back and buy your ship."

He went and bought two large loaves o bread and carried them back and gave them to Johnny.

"Are you God?" said the little fellow, with eyes as large as saucers.

"No," said the officer, "I am only one of his servants." He then patted Johnny's head, and told him to be a good boy, and he would come and see his mother. He did call again, and after learning all about the family, he promised to take care of them; and when Johnny was a great boy he took him on board his ship, and, in time, made an officer of him, and adopted him; and after a battle when he was dying of a wound he had received, he asked Johnny, who was now Lieutenant Cole, to hand him that casket on the desk. "Open it," said the captain, giving him a key. "What do you find there?" said the captain.

"Nothing but my deal boat," said Johnny.

"When you made that boat, you made your fortune," said the captain. "Under that boat is my will, and all the property I have is yours." John became a rich man, and he deserved it.

Now what is the object of this story! Merely to teach you that, if you are good, and want to do all you can to help those about you, God will show you some way to do so. The deal boat was a small affair to the unfeeling boy who broke it, and to the thoughtless girls who laughed at it, but to the officer and to God it was above all price. Go, then, my young friends, and do likewise.

IS RUSSIA PREPARING FOR WAR?

Not long since attention was called to the fact that Russia was at this time moving an army southward, in a manner menacing to Turkey. The inquiry is at once sprung—do the Muscovites mean to carry out their traditional design of driving the Turks from Europe, and thereby gaining a naval outlet from the Black Sea? It is, to use a phrase once in vogue, the "manifest destiny" of events. Russia will hold on to the will of her great Czar Peter. She will tread the road marked by a sign-board just out of the gates of St. Petersburg, "The Route to Constantinople." She will wrest from the effeminate Ottomans, who are merely *encamped* in Europe, the mastery of waters without which she can never have a navy. There is no idea, not even the faith in the Greek Church, which is so tenaciously held by the leading classes of Russia, as the idea of seizing Constantinople, and making their nation a great maratime power. This idea will never be relinquished, nor can England and France defeat its accomplishment. The hardy millions of Russia will yet sweep away the Cresent in spite of the zeal of certain *Christian* Kingdoms to give it perpetuity with its slave markets, seraglios, etc. In favor of this result, it may be claimed that Russia will assimilate gradually with European thought and customs, and will develop the commercial resources of the fairest part of the world. Our own relations with this Autocracy are of the friendliest character, and our trade will be greatly enlarged by the dispersion of the Moslems and the planting of a vigorous and persevering race at the Golden Horn.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Little Lesson for Well Disposed Wives.

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many men are so anxious to get rid of their wives?" "Because," was the reply, "so few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensable to the happiness of their husbands!" When husband and wife become thoroughly accustomed to each other—when all the little battery of charms which both played off so skillfully before the wedding-day has been exhausted—too many seem to think that nothing remains but the clanking of the legal chains which bind them to each other. The wife seeks to develop in her affections no new attraction for her husband; and the latter, perceiving the *lapsus*, begins to brood over an uncongeniality which does not exist, and to magnify the ills that do exist into insurpassable obstacles in the way of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret. The woman who charmed before her marriage can charm afterward, if she will, though not of course by the same means. There are a thousand ways, if she will only study them out, in which she can make home so attractive that her husband will dislike to absent himself from it, and so she can readily make herself the particular deity of the domestic paradise. This done, she may quietly laugh at all attempts to alienate her husband's inclination; and with those inclinations will always go, in such cases, his active judgment.

Remarkable China Ware.

An oil millionaire, out of gratitude to the source whence his wealth was derived, and with a desire to keep it before his mind, has had a complete set of table equipage made in Philadelphia, of china and glass. The embellishments of the plates, dishes and tureen are *fac similes* of the apperatus used in producing petroleum. The dishes bear on the center beautiful vignette views, representing wells in process of boring, with the derrick over the orifice. The tureens are similarly adorned, while each separate piece is blazoned with vignetts descriptive and illustrative of the process of harvesting peroleum. The entire set is of the most costly character. The china is the finest and the best imported. and the decorations are in the highest style of the decorator's art. The manufacturers were instructed to spare no pains in executing them, and they acted accordingly. The decanters, wine goblets and tumblers are alike engraved with the insignia of petroleum. The completed ware is a curiosity. Nothing like it was ever seen in those parts.

The Farmington *Chronicle* speaks of a sermon, the subject of which embraced "the personality, history and character of the invisible leader of the hosts of darkness." This may well be said to be "whipping the devil around the stump."

The United States has more coal and asks more for it, than any other country on the globe.

IN SEARCH OF FUR.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of furs including "beaver and cony." He wanted some "Russia." I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he said.

I could not answer, but assured him that there were one hundred and fifty pounds of young 'Rusha in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

Off he started with the view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door, Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in; she, the elder, made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter 'Rusha.

"What do you want of 'Rusha? asked the old lady.

"To make hats,', was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose, you mean?" responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No; for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"Well, I don't know much about hats, I will call my daughter," said the old lady.

Passing into the other room, where 'Rusha the younger was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"Oh, he means sister Mary, probably. I suppose he wants some ladies' hats," was 'Rusha's reply, as she passed into the parlor.

"I suppose you want to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the younger 'Rusha.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property." Sister Mary was sent for, and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy Russia.

"Buy 'Rusha!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise. "I don't understand you."

"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe?" said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood.

"It is, sir."

"Ah, very well. Is there old and young Russia in the house?"

"I believe there is," said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

"What is the price of old Russia per pound?"

"I believe, sir, that old 'Rusha is not for sale," replied Mary indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for your young Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir!" said 'Rusha the younger, springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? If you do, we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so; but if it can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no further,"

"Mother open the door, and let the gentleman pass out, for he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be, if a remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man crazy if he attempts such a thing?"

"Business, poor man!" said Mary soothingly, approaching the door.

"I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter; "My name is Walter Dibble. I carry on hatting extensively in Danberry. I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and I have purchased some 'beaver' and 'coney,' and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man,' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary.

"The clerk at the store opposite."

"He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble in surprise; "Have you got any Russia, then?"

"My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young 'Rusha."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store.

"You young scamp!" said he, as he entered, "what do you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you over there to buy Russia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry 'Rusha," I repeated, with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," replied he; "but never mind, I'll pay you off for this, some day."

And taking his furs, he departed.

A Four-legged Hen.—At the last meeting of Polytechnic Association, Dr. Rowell placed upon the President's table a large living hen with four legs. The hinder pair were fully formed, but are not used in walking; being curled up and carried. Dr. Rowell remarked that they seemed to be a part of a second animal in a rudimentary condition attached to the rump of the hen. He supposed that the fowl was hatched from a double yolked egg, which the dam had failed to push out of the nest—an unusual oversight.

"BE DILIGENT IN BUSINESS."

Franklin has somewhere said, that he owed a considerable share of his success in life to the impression made upon him, while yet a boy at home, by a passage in the Book of Kings, that those who will be "diligent in buisness" should stand in the presence of princes. It is well known that few men were more industrious, more energetic. It is equally well known that while he began his career as a poor boy and labored assiduously as a "jour" printer, he lived to be an able and honest ambassador at the court of the proudest monarch in Christendou. He was an example, therefore—a proud one—of the fulfillment of the text.

But he was not the only man who realized its truth. We doubt indeed if any man ever succeeded in life, who was not diligent in business—who was negligent and fond of pleasure. The supposed instances to the contrary, so often popularly quoted, invariably prove fallacious when carefully investigated. Curran, the great Irish orator, was said to have eloquence native born. But on the contrary, he has left it on record that he took the greatest pains to perfect his elocution, his gesture, and his knowledge of law. Burke, distinguished for his eloquence and learning, built up the edifice of his fame by slow persevering, laborious effort. It is a well known fact that the Philadelphia millionaire, Girard, amassed his collossal fortune by assiduous attention to business. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Benton, all worked hard—the latter incessantly. And Napoleon the First, who was a born genius, if ever man was, achieved most of what he did by unceasing labor, often dictating to sevral secretaries at once, and always tiring out everybody about him.

If these great men achieved distinction only by their diligence in buisness, or even if this, as none can deny, was the principal cause of their success, how can those of far inferior abilities expect to prosper unless they follow the same examples? He who neglects his business will soon find his business leaving him. Ability without industry will not do, and rarely accomplishes any thing worthy to mention. Men who think to succeed by doing half day's work, must sooner or later go to the wall. There is but one way to rise; it is diligent, always diligent. Without energy and indrustry no man ever conquered difficulties or "achieved greatness." The merchant, who leaves his store to take a "social drink;" the mechanic, who stops work to have a "blue Monday;" the professional man, who goes off on parties of pleasure, and misses the chance of clients or patients calling—all these either fail utterly in life at last, as is the case in nine examples out of ten, or fall short of that complete success which they might otherwise have obtained. The old fable of the tortoise, who beat the hare to the goal, because the latter stopped so often, is realized every day and hour in life. The old adage, frequently ridiculed, "slow but sure," is verified continually by experience. Even genius itself has been said by no less a thinker than Sir Jas. McIntosh, to be only another name for industry. Go and ask of the scores of beggard old men who, once prosperous, now eat the bread of dependence, what it was that ruined them and they will answer, if honest, "because we were not diligent."

By "diligence in business" thousands of poor lads have risen to opulence, and come at last to have all the leisure they desired. But tens of thousands, who could not wait to enjoy life till they had won the right to it by "diligence in business," have gone helplessly and despairingly down in the full meridian of existence, like the crew of a leaky ship, sinking in sight of harbor, because they ate and drank and made merry when they should have been working at the pumps. Young men, middle-aged men, aye, and even indigent old men, follow the example of the successful and illustrious, by being "diligent in business."

Occupation of Children.

The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed necessity, and if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or if inherently disinclined to it, be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

Mr. William W. Murphy, Consul General at Frankfort-on-the-Main, sent to the New York Sanitary Fair a gold coin, believed to be the smallest in the world. Its value is one-sixteenth of a ducat, its weight two grains, and it is about an eighth of inch in diameter. It is still in perfect preservation, although it was issued by the city of Nuremberg about the year 1814, when it was a free city of the Germanic empire. It is now in possession of a member of the Numismatic Society of New York.

One of our best clergymen last Sunday preached a sermon on autumn, wherein he alluded to the "pomp of the regal forests." One of his hearers objected to the sermon on the ground that it was an abolition discourse. An explanation was asked.—"Why" said he, "didn't he say 'pomp of the forest,' and isn't that 'nigger in the woods,' I'd like to know?"

DR. MILLER'S DUCK STORY.

The Presbyterian not long ago contained the following in the shape of editorial matter:

The late Dr. Miller, of Princeton, as all his students will remember, abounded in anecdotes, which he had related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of them occurs to us just now, as being specially applicable to the new converts that have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation. A celebrated Judge in Virginia, was in early years, skepticle as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite slave, who accompanied him in his travels around his circuit. As they passed from court house to court house, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing, at times, to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the Judge had sufficient confidence in Harries honesty and sincerity, he asked him how he felt, and what he thought on various points. Among other things, Harry told his master that he was very often sorely tempted and tried by the devil. The Judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the devil attacked him (Harry) who was so pious a man, so sorely, while he allowed himself, who was an infidel and sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted.

Harry asked, "Are you right sure master, that he does let you pass without troubling you?"

"Certainly I am," replied the Judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not even so much as know that there is any such being in existance as the devil. If there is any such a being he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely at times."

A day or two afterwards, when the Judge had gotten through his docket, he concluded to go on a hunt for wild ducks on one of the streams which lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The Judge stealthily crept up to the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three, and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun and made strenuous efforts, with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded ducks, while he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time unnoticed by him. Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage, watched his master's movements with deep interest, when he returned, said to him:

"Massa, while you was a splashin' in the water arter dem wounded ducks, and letten' de dead ones float on, it jist came to my mind why it is dat de debil troubles me so much while he lets you alone. You are like de dead ducks; he's sure he's got you safe. I'm like de wounded ones, trying to get away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it, so he makes all de fuss arter me and jist lets you float on down de stream. He knows he can git you any time; but he knows its now or neber wid me. If you were to begin to flutter a little and show signs like you were goin' to get away from him, he would make just as big a splashin' arter you as he does arter me."

Narrow Escape.

It will be remembered that on Friday the 16th we noticed the detention of the Northern Central train from the north by running off the track near this city. The following particulars are obtained from a statement of Special Agent Row. He says that when the train was some nine miles north of this city, the switch at the engine house was turned the wrong way when the mail train came dashing along, and although the engine was reversed, the train could not be stopped until it ran into the locomotives in the engine house. The express car crushed through and into the mail room, in which Mr. Row happened to be at the time. He was so completely impaled with broken timbers, boards and iron, that only after the partition, boxes, and table had been torn away (to do which the use of an ax was necessary,) was he released from his horrible position. The hot stove set the mail apartment on fire, and threatened the destruction of the car. The mails were all saved. Mr. J. W. Hoffman, route agent, jumped out of the door, and got off safely, with the exception of the wrenching of an ankle.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Winter Davis' Resolution Passed.

Winter Davis forced his resolution to another vote on Tuesday Dec. 20th, when the effect of the former debate, and of his powerful speech, were given in the passage by a vote of 118 to 8, of the part of it which had before been considered most objectionable, while the closing clause, were carried by a majority of 11. The only change made in the resolution was substituting the words "Executive Department" for "President," and this was only made because a change of some sort was necessary in order to get the order up, it having once before failed by the House. The resolution amounted to a rebuke of Secretary Seward for his assertion to the French Government that neither the House nor Congress had anything to do with such questions as the establishment of a French Empire in Mexico.

Mrs. Sarah Thompson, the lady who caused the rebel guerrilla John Morgan to be cut off in the flower of his brigandage, is now in Cincinnati with her two fatherless children. She is houseless and pennyless.

Accounts on file in the department at Washington show the singular fact that since the rebellion began, *forty thousand* more Southern whites than blacks have received assistance from the government.

THE WAR NEWS.

THE SURRENDER OF SAVANNAH.

INTERESTING DETAILS.

The steamer California arrived at Fortress Monroe, December 26th, in fifty-eight hours from Fort Pulaski, bringing important dispatches from General Sherman and glorious confirmatory intelligence of the capture of Savannah on the 21st Dec. Sherman having nearly completed the investment of the city and captured Fort Lee and several minor outworks in the immediate vicinity of the principal entrenchments surrounding the town, and placing his seige guns in such close proximity to the lines of the rebels as to command effectually every position held by the forces under command of Hardee, sent a summons by a flag of truce to the effect that if the place is not surrendered in a certain time, a bombardment and assault will at once commence. To this summons the wily rebel General sent back a reply that as his communications were yet open and his men fully supplied with subsistence and stores of every kind, he was enabled to stand a long siege, and was determined to hold the city to the last moment, and defend the citizens and property which had been placed under his protection, until his forces were overpowered and compelled to surrender. Every preperation had been made by Sherman to assault the rebel position the next day; but when the morning of the 21st Dec. arrived, it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated their entrenchments. Several regiments of infantry were immediately advanced, who took possession of them, and shortly afterwards Sherman entered the city at the head of his body-guard, and received from the hands of a deputation of citizens the surrender of the place.

It appears that General Hardee, on the night of the 20th, seeing the impossibility of holding the city, and fearing that the only means of escape left open across the Savannah was likely to be cut off at any moment, determined to avail himself of this route for his retreat. His troops immediately set to work to partially destroy the Navy Yard and Government property, and at twilight, under the protection of two iron clad rams, succeeded in crossing the Savannah river, over the causeway, to the north side, intending to push forward to Charleston. Thirty-two thousand bales of cotton were stored in the city, which the rebels in their haste neglected to destroy. The two iron-clad rams were sunk, and all the government property and stores which they could not carry off with them they burned or threw into the river. Four small steamers—one a gunboat—were captured; which, together with the cotton and a large amount of rebel munitions of war, form a part of the spoils of Sherman's victorious army.

Hood Still on the Retreat.

Dispatches from Gen. Thomas represent him still in pursuit of Hood's broken and disorganized force: Headquarters, Pulaski, Tennessee—To Major Gen'l Halleck, Chief of Staff:—I have received the following dispatch from Gen. Wilson: "Headquarters Cavalry Corps, beyond Pulaski, December 25.—There seems to be little doubt that the rebels have gone to Bainbridge, eight miles above Florence, fearing a flank movement from Stevenson, Ala. Two corps, Stuart's and Lee's retired to Lexington; Cheatham went towards Lawrenceburg, striking the old military road, eight miles below Lawrenceburg. The people say the rebels are suffering immen ely. Buford's wound is said to be quite severe.

A Mr. Cotes says the Colonel commanding the pontoon transportation, told him he was going to Brainbridge, and left here on Tuesday morning. Cheatham's ammunition of fifteen or twenty wagons, was abandoned here. The mules were put in to help the pontoons along.

General Lee was severely wounded in the foot in the fight at Nashville. His corps is now commanded by Stevenson. The rebels have lost eighteen generals killed, wounded and captured since they started North. They acknowledge sixty-eight pieces of artilery lost. J. H. Wilson, Brevet Maj. Gen.

A dispatch dated 6 P. M. the 25th inst., states that, in pressing the enemy, Hanson's brigade came upon the enemy's infantry, strongly posted in rail breastworks, and so closely did he push up that, on being compelled to fall back, the loss of one gun was involved. The position was, however, taken ten miniute afterwards, but the enemy had run the gun off. The rebel force was eight brigades of five or six hundred men each. General Wood commanding the 4th Corps, is in support of General Wilson, and both will continue the pursuit zealously. I have heard from Steadman to-day. He disembarked his troops from the cars at Limestone Creek, seven miles from Decatur, and was marching on that place at seven A. M. to-day. Geo. H. Thomas, Maj. Gen. Com'dg.

Stoneman and Burbridge's Raid.

Cincinnati, December 29.—A dispatch dated Louisa, Ky., the 26th, says: The raid of Generals Stoneman and Burbridge was a perfect success. Breckinridge, Vaughan and Duke were whipped, their artilery captured and army scattered. Saltville was burnt and the works destroyed. The railroad from Bristol, Tennessee, to twenty miles beyond Wytheville, Va., was destroyed, with all the rolling stock. Bristol and Wytheville are in ruins. The lead mines and furnaces have gone up, and twenty millions of property destroyed.

Captain Grant, of the 19th Wisconsin, who escaped from Columbia, S. C., arrived here via East Tennesse, and reports West North Carolina full of Unionists, living in the woods and caves and, leading a very wild life. He organized and brought out a company of one hundred men.

It is not the happy death, but the happy life that makes men happy.