

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1865.

VOL. 11.—NO. 34.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFFERTY'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$2.00 per annum in advance. Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square, for three or less insertions—Ten lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 50 cents. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

Business Directory.

TRIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa., Sept. 29, 1863.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa., Oct. 22, 1863. Wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.

CRANS & BARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa., May 13, 1863. WALTER BARRETT, C. CRANE, S. WALTER BARRETT.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's new store, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store, May 29.

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

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

HARTSWICK & HUSTON, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Office Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market street, Clearfield, Pa., June 29, 1864.

J. P. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, &c., Front Street, above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa., April 27.

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

JOHN GUELLICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 27.

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

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

J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, No. 24 street, one door north of Lanich's Hotel.

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

L. ARNIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa., Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1864.

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

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 custom. He will try to furnish the table with the best of the country in afford, and will keep hay and feed to accommodate also transient gentlemen. He gets the "Tipton Hotel." SAMUEL SMITH, Tipton, Pa., May 25, 1864.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—Do you want Compound with or without gold on the smooth face or chin, or hair on bald heads, in Six Weeks. Price, \$1.00. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price. Address, WALKER & CO., Box 135, Brooklyn, N. York. March 29th, 1865.

BANK NOTICE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, WASHINGTON, January 30th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 24, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act;

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "THE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCH, Feb. 8, 1865. Comptroller of the Currency.

BANK NOTICE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, WASHINGTON, March 8th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 24, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act;

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In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCH, Mar. 8, 1865. Comptroller of the Currency.

THE ASSASSINATION. ITS SECRET HISTORY.

THE DEVELOPMENTS.

Developments are being made hourly, showing the plot to assassinate the President and Cabinet was planned long ago, and that the conspirators were only waiting for a favorable opportunity to carry out their designs. That the Knights of the Golden Circle were the originators of the conspiracy there is no doubt, and it is also assured that the 4th of March was fixed for the commission of the deed.

The assassination of the President throws light upon much which had been strange in the conduct of Booth during the past winter, and there is good reason to believe that in murdering Mr. Lincoln he was complying with an obligation of the order of which he was a member, and which obligation has fallen to him by lot.

During the past two months he had seemed to be completely absorbed in some project, which none of his friends could fathom. In the midst of associates he would frequently remain silent; or, if conversing, would talk in a pointless way, as if thinking of some great trouble.

On the 4th of March his conduct was particularly noticed as being unusually strange. During the morning his nervous actions attracted considerable attention among his acquaintances, from among whom he suddenly disappeared, and was not seen again until a friend found him standing on the embankment at the north wing of the Capitol, near which spot the President would necessarily pass. Booth was dressed in a slouch suit, with his pants tucked into the tops of his boots, and an old felt hat drawn over his face. His friend hailed him two or three times, receiving no reply, and finally went up to where Booth was standing, when the latter for the first time manifested his recognition of the gentleman, his manner conveying an impression that he did not wish to be recognized. As the President passed he turned away with his friend as if disappointed by the absence of some one, and preserved throughout the day a moody silence.

On Friday last he was about the National Hotel as usual, and strolled up and down the avenue several times. During one of the strolls he stopped at the Kirkwood House and sent into Vice President Johnson a card, upon which was written:

"I do not wish to disturb you. Are you in?"

J. WILKES BOOTH.

A gentleman of Booth's acquaintance at this time met him in front of the Kirkwood House, and in the conversation which followed made some allusion to Booth's business, and in a jesting way asked, "What made him so gloomy? had he lost another thousand in oil?" Booth replied that he had been hard at work that day, and was about to leave Washington never to return.

Just then a boy came out and said to Booth, "Yes, he is in his room."

Upon which the gentleman walked on, supposing Booth would enter the hotel.

About seven o'clock on Friday evening he came down from his room at the National, and was spoken to by several concerning his paleness, which he said proceeded from indisposition. Just before leaving, he asked the clerk if he was not going to Ford's theatre, and added, "There will be some very fine acting there to-night."

Mr. Sessford, ticket agent at the theatre, noticed Booth as he passed in, and shortly after, the latter entered the restaurant next to the theatre and, in a hurried manner, called for "Brandy! brandy! brandy!" rapping at the same time on the bar.

The Murderer's Arrangements.

The State box occupied by the President was formed by removing the partition between two of the upper boxes, thereby leaving the two doors opening into the double box thus formed, one of which was locked. In the rear of the box, and between the walls of the theatre, was a narrow passage way by a door at the entrance leading from the dress circle. During the day Booth had evidently visited the box, as is shown by the preparations made for the assassination.

Behind the door of the passage a hole had been made in the wall, in which at night Booth inserted the end of a board as a brace against the door, thereby precluding any one from following him from the dress circle. The screws were next removed from the lock of the farther door opening into the double box, the thread of the screw holes broken, and the lock and screws replaced, so that should the inmates of the box fasten the door by which they entered, the other door might be easily pushed open.

Judge Olin and others on a visit to the theatre, satisfied themselves by actual experiment that the door ostensibly locked could thus be pushed in with the greatest ease. The aperture in the panel of the door, which was thought to have been a bullet hole, and thus formed a contradictory feature in the chain of evidence, it now appears was made with a knife, and was designed to enable the assassin to survey the position of the occupants of the box previous to entering himself.

The large arm chair always used by the President at the theatre had been removed from its usual position, enabling the murderer to carry out his design more readily as he passed through the box. A pocket knife, the one probably with which the hole was cut in the door, was found lying on the cushion of the balustrade when Mr. Lincoln's party entered the box.

Much of this work of preparation must have been done previously by the assassin, or some confederate knowing the premises, and was probably done during some portion of the day when the theatre, or that portion of it, is unoccupied. It would appear, too, from the ease with which the somewhat difficult jump and rebound was made—a leap forward and obliquely to the right—that it had been practiced previously, at some favorable opportunity by the assassin.

What an Eye-witness says. Mr. James P. Ferguson, who was present at Ford's on the night of the assassination, makes a statement to the following purport:

He went to the theatre with a lady on Friday night for the express purpose of seeing General Grant, who was announced to be present. Mr. Ferguson saw the Presidential party enter the box, but of course did not see the Lieutenant General. He, however, continued to watch the box, thinking the General might intend to slip quietly in, in order to avoid the demonstrations that would attend his recognition.

THE OLD CARTMAN.

About five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ainsly—or 'Pap Ainsly,' as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a hand cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load.

To designate the occupation in the prosaic language possible, he was a hand man, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray, and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him, as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind-hearted men not unfrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to 'Pap Ainsly.'

Four years ago last September, I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financing to meet it, having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodgings, I gave 'Pap Ainsly' the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he deposited the last arduous on the table, and observing that the old man looked considerably fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs two or three times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medical and soporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged, but he was inflexible. "I was astonished," said I.

"Very seldom," he replied, "wiping into a chair at my request, and dropping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well, if you drink at all," I insisted, you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelve months for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand."

"To be frank," said the old man, "I don't drink now. I haven't tasted intoxicating liquors for fifteen years, since—"

"Since when?" I inquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, then a girl of sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father of the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to a union with a man whom he had never seen, and removing her from school, dispatched a note to the young gentleman, with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of Ainsly farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could have but one effect. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barreled shot gun, and swore vengeance; but failing to find the fugitives he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died; and at the expiration of a year, when the young people returned to Syracuse, from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsly drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounding him in the arm by a pistol shot, and attempting the life of his daughter who happily escaped uninjured, through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsly was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to the lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he went to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, he returned to this city, purchased a hand cart—and the rest is known. "Since then," continued the old man, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child."

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that I seldom passed the corner without looking for 'Pap Ainsly,' and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had to tell.

One chilly, drizzly day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of carrying it to his residence, on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier he had probably selected the face giving the best assurance of careful delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he supposed her to be) had probably by accident omitted to settle for the carriage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stating that she had no small coin in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar piece.

He could not make change. "Never mind, I will call to-morrow," he said turning to go.

No, no!" replied the lady, glancing pityingly at his white locks and trembling limbs. "I will not put you to the trouble, and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady. "Come," she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated; "there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire.

"Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady, as she left the room, "for I fear that Bridget will not succeed in getting that twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come—I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiosity, ran behind the large arm chair, and hesitatingly approached. "What is your name, my dear?" inquired the cartman.

"Maria," replied the little one.

"Maria," repeated he, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; "I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much like she did."

"Did you?" inquired the child with seeming interest, "and was her name Maria Eastman, too?"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man, starting from the chair, and dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast.

What He Thinks of Traitors.

On the announcement of the capture of Richmond, in Washington, President Johnson was called upon by a vast concourse of people, who were rejoicing over the event, when he made the following pointed remarks:

"As I have been introduced I will make one or two remarks, for I feel that no one would be justified in attempting to make an address on such an occasion, when the excitement is justly at so great a height.

"We are now, my friends, winding up a rebellion, a great effort that has been made by bad men to overthrow the Government of the United States, a government founded upon free principles, and cemented by the best blood of the Revolution. (Cheers.) You must indulge me in making one single remark in connection with myself. At the time that the traitors in the Senate of the United States plotted against the government and entered into a conspiracy more foul, more execrable, and more odious than that of Cataline against the Romans, I happened to be a member of that body, and, as to loyalty, stood solitary and alone among the Senators from the Southern States. I was then and there called upon to know what I would do with such traitors, and I want to repeat my reply here. I said, if we had an Andrew Jackson he would hang them as high as Haman. As humble as I am and have been, I have pursued but one, undeviating course. All that I have, limb and property—have been put at the disposal of the country in this great struggle. I have been in camp, I have been in the field, I have been everywhere where this great rebellion was; I have pursued it until I believe I can see its termination. Since the world began, there never has been a rebellion of such gigantic proportions, so infamous in character, so diabolical in motives, so entirely disregarding of the laws of civilized war. It has introduced the most savage mode of warfare ever practiced upon the earth.

"One word more, and I have done. It is this: I am in favor of leniency; but, in my opinion, evil deeds should be punished. (Cries of "That's so.") Treason is the highest crime known in the catalogue of crimes; and for him that is guilty of it—for him that is willing to lift his impious hand against the authority of the nation—I would say death is too easy a punishment. (Loud Cheers.) My notion is that treason must be made odious, that traitors must be punished and impoverished, their social power broken, though they must be made to feel the penalty of their crimes. You, my friends, have traitors in your very midst, and treason needs rebuke and punishment here as well as elsewhere. It is not the men in the field who are the greatest traitors. It is the men who have encouraged them to imperil their lives, while they themselves have remained at home expending their means and exerting all their power to overthrow the Government. Hence I say this—"the halter to intelligent, influential traitors." (Loud cheers.) But to the honest boy, to the deluded man, who has been deceived into the rebel ranks, I would extend leniency. I would say, return to your allegiance, renew your support to the Government, and become a good citizen; but the leaders I would hang. (Great cheering.) I hold, too, that wealthy traitors should be made to remunerate those men who have suffered as a consequence of their crimes—Union men who have lost their property, who have been driven from their homes, beggars and wanderers among strangers."

A Curious Centre Table. A Milwaukee mechanic has presented to President Lincoln a handsome centre table, of octagonal form, which is composed of about twenty thousand pieces of wood. The top has a beautiful and graceful border, made of black walnut and white holly, about three and a half inches wide. Within this are perfect representations of our most beautiful birds, faithful likenesses of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant and Butler, baskets of the rarest flowers and fruits, and other designs in most excellent taste. Six months labor was required to complete it, and it is valued at \$1,000. The same person presented Mrs. Lincoln with a work-stand which he got up with similar elaborateness. It contains one thousand pieces, is finished with every conceivable convenience, and cost two months of patient labor.

UNRAVELING.—A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unraveling, he soon had several feet in his hands, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Write! wife! I say wife, come down here! I am unraveling!"

SLANDER.—Some people there are in every community who had rather retail slander than doo to doo than feast in a palace. Such unhappily-organized creatures deserve rather the amplest pity than the slightest censure. The peace and quiet they would destroy in others finally becomes a millstone about their own necks, sinking them into perdition.

Our Devil has been dreadfully shocked to read the news reports that Sherman has not only been "hanging about Augusta," but has actually been guilty of "attempting to strike Charlotte," and "throwing his right wing around Florence." Poor girls! what a terrible time they must have had!

Simkins says it is the privilege of hoops to surround the loveliest of things, among which are girls and whiskey.

The Bible the Key to the Heart.—If I had a lock of very complicated construction and there was only one key that would unlock it, I should feel very sure that key was made by one who understood the construction of that lock. So when I find that notwithstanding all the windings and misteries of iniquity in the human heart, the Bible and the Bible only, is adapted to it throughout, and is able to penetrate its most secret recesses, I am constrained to believe that the Bible was made by Him who "alone knoweth the hearts of the children of men."

They talk of running old Pete for President next time," remarked Jenkins to Muggins, in front of the Tremont House, the other day, with a knowing look. "Pete who?" "Pete Rolenn," answered Jenkins, walking off at a rapid pace.

A recent rebel letter found in a Southern Post office says:—"After the war I don't know which will sound worst to say, I belonged to the penitentiary four years or that I belonged to Wheeler's Cavalry."

A man of the world may have enough of the world to sink him; but he can never have enough to satisfy him.

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