

Rattaman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1865.

VOL. 11.—NO. 37.

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

Business Directory.

FRY BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawed Wood, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c. Sept. 23, 1863.
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.
CRANS & BARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.
ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.
H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.
HARTSWICK & HUSTON, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c. Market street, Clearfield, Pa. June 29, 1864.
J. P. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, &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 GUELICH, 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 10, 59.
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, on 24 street, one door south of Lanich's hotel.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
L. BURMER & 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, 1856.
W. M. ALBERT & BRO. S. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Penna. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and some 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 on hand, and will keep his prices as low as possible. Gentlemen do not forget the "Tipton Hotel." SAMUEL SMITH. Tipton, Pa., May 25, 1864.
WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—Do you want Whiskers or Mustaches? Our Green Compound will force them to grow 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 and address. WALKER & CO., Box 132, Brooklyn, N. York. March 29th, 1865.

INTELLECT IN RAGS:

Or, Opulence Rebuked.

Two proud children were tripping along the streets of Boston, one sunshiny day, on their way to school, chatting as they went, and apparently enjoying themselves right merrily.

A late rain had given a coating of mud to the red brick side walks, so the children strided daintily; the older one, a slight and delicately formed girl, with a merry dark eye and full rich ringlets, carefully lifting her soft shining garments, that they might not be soiled by contact with the wet earth.

And now there was through a dark alley, where the sunbeams grew sickly, and paled into dimness, as they touched the heavy and tainted atmosphere, though perchance long times between they melted into the shadows upon the golden hairs of some poverty stricken infant, for many sat in the doorways of that comfortless city lane.

The boy and girl moved slowly onward, with their white brows bent downward, and their bright eyes searching for the hidden pavestones as if unconscious of everything else; yet, the flush on their smooth and dimpled cheeks, and the quick laugh at the ludicrous figures that fitted across their pathway ever and anon, plainly told that they were not oblivious of the surroundings and revealed their haughty and aristocratic disposition.

"Don't you hate such dirty places, Julia?" said the boy as a few drops, not of crystal, stained the glossiness of his rich attire; "don't you wish that the school was at the other end of the lane?"

"It's perfectly horrible," answered the beautiful creature, with a light laugh; "dear to look at these creatures; they can have no sensibility of refinement; how dirty, how contemptible they are—well, thank goodness that we were born rich."

"Stop! Julia, hush! yonder is something to excite our laughter, I warrant you—ha! ha! a boy larger than myself, and he appears to be picking out the letters on that scrap of paper—bah!"

"Stand still, Arthur, do, and let us hear him; we can wait a minute."

A few paces before them sat a boy of some thirteen summers, hatless, shoeless, and with very scanty frock and trousers; the latter a mass of patch-holes. His hair, tangled and thick, hung over his downcast eyes; and his hands, stained rough with labor, grasped a little torn piece of newspaper, which he evidently picked out of the mud.

So absorbed was he in his task that he did not notice the fair and high bred young stranger who stood regarding him with thoughtless but subdued mirth.

"Hark! the boy, leaning his brown face on his clenched hands, murmurs unconsciously aloud—'b-i-e-n-o, not that;—yes, no, no—'—a deep drawn sigh, then again—'b-l-a-n'—then again a long pause—'oh dear, have I forgotten; I never shall be able to read like Barney.'"

As the poor child exclaiming thus, lifting his eyes sorrowfully from the tattered bit of printing, his gaze fell upon the listeners, whose beautiful lips curled with a scornful smile. A flash of crimson started to his swarthy cheeks, mounting to the tops of his forehead, as he threw off the mass of tangled curls, and his bold black eyes fell before their familiar stare.

"Ha! ha!" said the richly clad youth, carelessly. "I've got a brother only five years old, at home, who can read better than that. A big boy like you ought at least to know your letters. Why don't you go to school?"

"To school!" echoed Julia, sneeringly, "do you suppose he would get into a decent school? His name ought to be patchwork; ha! ha! poor thing; she continued with mock pity; "our stable boy dresses better than that."

The lad, at her tone of commiseration, sprang to his feet, and bent on the brother and sister such a glance of defiance, indignation and scorn that they instinctively hurried onward; though the girl turned once more mockingly around, and gave utterance to a slight bantering laugh.

Still the poor lad stood—wounded to the heart's core—still he gazed after them, his full lips quivering with his mental anguish, his black eye, through his lids, flashing fire, as though they would scathe and blast the selfish pride of those thoughtless children; then turning, he hurried up three broken steps into a dim entry, flew along a dark passage, and entering a cheerless room flung himself upon the uneven floor, and wept burning tears of grief and shame.

The parlors of a stately mansion on Beacon street Boston, were brilliantly illuminated. The owner of the princely tenements had issued cards for a fashionable scurrilous; the hour had arrived, the guests were assembling.

The rich and the great were there, but

Select Poetry.

A MAY IDYL.

The Spring is here; the sweet May-blooms,
Like snow-flakes, whiten all the air;
I smell the delicate perfumes
Of apricot and pear.

I wander down the garden slopes,
And take the path that nearest leads
To where in blind assurance groups
My buried-store of seeds.

Ah, Nature feels me not! She keeps
Her promise sacred as of old;
Her prompt and glad fulfillment peeps
Up through the softened mould!

Pansies and pinkies and daffodils—
A brave army of bursting green;
Prophecies of the bloom that fills
The summer days with sheen.

A handful of unsightly seed—
That was the simple gift I brought;
And, lo! in answer to the deed
A miracle it wrought!

THE ORDEAL OF BATTLE.

"And this is your final decision, Miss Clay?"

She was a beauty born, that rose mouthed little Rachel Clay, with her large wistful eyes trembling with blue, radiant light, like a veiled cheek stained with pomegranate crimson—an empress of hearts from her youth up! And sitting in the framework of roses and trailed athwart the casement, with white ribbons fluttering from her sash and curls, and one red jewel flashing among the folds of her muslin dress, you would almost have fancied her some pictured saint.

Harry Cleveland was leaning against the window, a tall, handsome young fellow, with dark eyes and hair, and a brown cheek, flushed with anger and mortification.

"Yes, Mr. Cleveland, it is," said Rachel, calmly lifting her clear eyes to his face.

"You have asked me for my reasons—and although I question your right to make such a demand, still I have no objections to render them."

"Speak on," said Harry, biting his lips furiously, "let me know why I am condemned!"

"They are soon spoken," said Rachel quietly. "I have liked you very much, Mr. Cleveland—still like you—but in the man whom I marry I look for a greater firmness and decision of purpose than you have ever displayed. Earnestness, resolve, these are the only qualities that I can respect. Do you misunderstand me? Do you suppose that I blame you for the lack of qualifications which—"

Rachel paused instinctively while the pomegranate tinge on her cheeks blazed into vivid scarlet in sympathy with the deep blush that dyed her lover's whole face. He bowed simply and walked out of the room with a firm, haughty step.

Late that evening he sat at his window, watching the fiery embers of sunset fade into the purple gloom, and noting the silver of innumerable constellations as they followed one another over the black-concave of heaven. But the gleam of sun and stars might have been Egyptian darkness for all he knew or cared about their gentle influences.

"Life!" he murmured darkly to himself, "what is it worth to me now? What care I who wins the glittering prize in fate's lottery of despair? To be rejected—and for a mere whim, too! If I could only forget her as quickly as she will forget me, the flicker, beautiful enchantress!"

"Hallo, Cleveland! I'm going to call on pretty Rachel Clay! Will you come along, too?"

Capt. Morrell had paused under the window, with brown, and merry face turned upward, and the dim gas lamp flickering over his golden shoulder straps.

Cleveland shook his head.

"Not to-night?"

And Morrell went on his way, the fiery eye of his cigar gleaming fitfully through the darkness.

"There he goes!" muttered the solitary misanthropic, "with his gaudy buttons and his military airs and graces—and it is for such that Rachel throws away my love!"

"So you've enlisted, Henry?" said old Squire Clay, polishing the glasses of his spectacles. "Well it's what I'd do myself, if I was forty years younger. Ain't you comin' in to tell our Rachel good-bye? Haven't time? Well I do declare!"

The Squire gazed in astonishment after the vanishing figure of Harry Cleveland on horseback, as it disappeared among the trees.

"I wonder what Rachel will say," was his unspoken comment.

But Rachel said nothing.

Day by day the old wound rankled and grew sorer to Harry Cleveland's heart.

"Will he live doctor?"

Every pulse in Rachel Clay's being seemed to stand still, as her blue dilated eyes searched the doctor's kind sun-brown face.

"Live? Why shouldn't he? All he needs is a little care, and I see he is likely to get that. Now don't blub my dear, he's not the first soldier in my ward that has got a pretty girl come to nurse him, and I like them all the better for it! Give him the draught when he wakes, and keep the bandage on his forehead."

"He'll probably carry an ugly scar to his grave! but that will be the worst of it."

The good old man trotted briskly away to the next case, while Rachel, kneeling beside the low iron bedstead, cried tears of intense thankfulness that Harry Cleveland would not die.

"Rachel! I am not dreaming surely—yet it was but a moment ago we made that cavalry charge on fixed bayonets!"

His large, unnaturally brilliant eyes wandered vaguely round the room—then returned to the tender face bending over him.

"It was three days since, dearest; you are lying in the barracks now, wounded, and I have come from Glenville to nurse you!"

"You, Rachel!"

"Yes, Harry, I!"

"Why did you come?" he asked gloomily.

"Because I love you, Harry," she murmured, the bright crimson suffusing her whole face.

A strange light of rapture flashed into Harry's eyes; his pulse leaped within his fevered veins.

"Love me, Rachel; yet it is not a month since you refused me!"

"Dearest, because I fancied you weak and vacillating. In the fervor of the battlefield you have proved yourself worthy of the tenderest love; you have written your name there on the glorious though sanguine rolls of your country. Harry because I refused you once you will not reject me now?"

A French company has secured the exclusive privilege to construct a canal across the isthmus of Panama.

Prussia proposes to expend £7,500,000 in creating a formidable fleet. Ten iron clads are to be built.

RUINED VIRGINIA.

A Virginia correspondent in the second corps, writing on date May 4th, to an exchange, says: "The first idea which strikes the traveler through this region is the entire absence of law and of the protean it affords. I place my only remaining horse in the kitchen with my servants at night, said a wealthy planter, 'for fear it will be stolen; and if it had been, no constable or sheriff with a posse comitatus, or volunteer force of neighbors, would have set out in pursuit when morning came. The owner could only submit to his loss, far greater than the simple value of the animal, since it entailed the loss of his crop as well, leaving nothing left with which to cultivate his land."

All civil offices are practically abolished, and the officers who filled them are absent or inert, powerless to exercise their functions, and everywhere might controls. A band of half a dozen negroes, or a few stragglers from one of the armies, will enter a house and remove from it everything valuable, including all the eatables, and the terrified residents are dumb, nodding to offer a single remonstrance, and breathing a sigh of relief when the ruffians are gone, though they bear with them everything upon which the family had depended to support life for a year to come. A constant dread is apparent among all classes, and the anxious, conciliatory smile which invariably greeted me upon riding up to a house, spoke volumes as to the state of mind of the people.

In conversation with them, I do not recollect that I heard one unkind word concerning our Government. Their bitterness is all reserved for JEFF DAVIS and his satellites, by whom they feel they have been deprived of everything valuable beneath the sun. It is a curious fact that, as unprotected as they are, liable to pillage and robbery at any moment, the universal testimony is that things are preferable now to what they were prior to the advance of our armies.

Then every man was under a surveillance from which there was no escape, and invariably exercised in the most disagreeable manner. At every turn he was obliged to produce his pass, showing why he was absent from the army. In the market place, at church, on the railway, riding in his carriage, seated in his house, everywhere he was greeted by the officials, who could only retain their places by extraordinary zeal and efficiency in the exercise of their disagreeable duties—and required to show good cause why he should not be placed in the trenches and fight the hated North men.

The Plot to Burn-Philadelphia.

Some two weeks since, an account was published of the discovery of a plot to burn the city of Philadelphia. New developments in relation to it have just come to light. It appears that on Wednesday night previous to the Sunday on which the plot was to have been executed, a large barn containing hay and straw, located within fifty yards of the State magazine, near Point Breeze, at the Southern extremity of the city, was fired by an incendiary, but after burning a short time became extinguished, owing to the fact that there was not enough straw near the place where the match was applied, to feed the flames sufficiently long to make the conflagration general. The wind at the time was blowing directly towards the magazine, and had the fire gained headway, nothing could have prevented a terrible explosion. The magazine contained over one hundred tons of powder, and the construction of the building is such that had an explosion taken place, the concussion would have been so tremendous as to have shattered the entire southern portion, besides killing many people. The failure of this part of the project, evidently foiled the rebel emissaries in carrying out the other parts. The intention was to have this magazine exploded, and while confusion raged in the southern part of the city, to apply the torch in every direction. The diabolical character of this plot exceeds anything since the murder of President Lincoln.

The Reward for Jeff. Davis.

It ought to be understood that the recent proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Jefferson Davis as one of the party implicated in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, was not issued by President Johnson as his individual act, or merely upon his personal opinion as to the guilt of Davis. It was issued in pursuance of the decision of the proper authority. It was first unanimously decided in a Cabinet meeting that all parties in any way connected with the conspiracy should be tried by a military tribunal, and not by civil courts. All the testimony relating to the matter was then placed officially in the hands of the Judge Advocate General, Hon. Joseph Holt, who examined it very carefully and made a written report to the Secretary of War, giving it as his opinion that the evidence proved Davis to have been connected with the conception of the execution of the plot. It was upon the official report of the Secretary of War that it is not to be supposed that any personal action in the matter can be traced to Davis, but will be proved that the conspiracy was formed and prosecuted with his knowledge and assent.

The Blockade.—The Cabinet, we understand, have been considering the question of declaring the blockade at an end. It is probable that the time depends only upon the capture of Jeff. Davis, or information of his escape from the country. In any event the blockade will soon be terminated, and then, with market for their cotton, in exchange for their own door for salt and sugar, coffee and tea, bread and bacon, shoes and stockings, and the latest fashions, even the rebellious beautiful women of the South will rejoice that the war is over, and be ready "for better or for worse," for a union with "those detestable Yankees."

Beginning to Speak Out.

C. R. THOMAS, Secretary of State in North Carolina under Governor Vance, writes to the Raleigh Progress: "I have never been a secessionist. I have been a conservative, by whatever other party name we have been designated. To every secessionist I would say, 'Go, and sin no more.' To every conservative I would say, 'Come, let us do better.' A great work is before us at the close of this revolution. Domestic slavery ought to be abolished, at once and forever, in North Carolina; and when that shall have been done, reconciliation will be quick and general, if not universal. The abolition of slavery is a condition precedent to the settlement of our national difficulties upon any satisfactory and permanent basis. I do not wish to discuss the matter, but I am decidedly in favor of the Union, and the re-establishing of the relations of North Carolina, freed from human slavery, with the Federal Government, in the speediest way compatible with the dignity of the State."

A New Definition of Secession.

A Huntsville, Alabama, army letter says: "Chaplain L. F. Drake, of the One hundred and Twenty-first Ohio, in a speech delivered at Bridgeport recently, defined secession pretty well in this way: 'To proceed is to go forward; to re-ceed is to go backward; but to secede is to go straight to the devil!'"

But NICK DAVIS' definition, last week, is more unique, if not so expressive. Passing the Episcopal church, and commenting on the fact that the members of that church were the most aristocratic and disloyal in Huntsville, he remarked with peculiar emphasis: "I'll tell you what I think of it—secession is simply aristocracy on a bencher!"

Isn't his definition worthy of all acceptance?

Huntsville Alabama.

An army letter writer says of Huntsville: "But a fig for politics! It is no idle or ordinary reverie to stand upon the spring-crowned summit of Monte Sans, and while gazing down upon the unfolding expanse of scenery in the Tennessee Valley, with its now beautiful capital lying in a white mosaic at one's feet, thus to recall from out the depths of the past the incidents of the first settlement of Northern Alabama, and contrast them with the magnificent grandeur in the present of the Athens of the South. If there is any such place as Heaven on earth—I do not aver that there is—that place is certainly Huntsville on May-day."

ANGLO-REBEL.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer claims to have reliable information that Sir H. B. DE HOUGHTON, proprietor of the London Standard and the prime mover of the insulting peace petition which our Government refused to receive last summer, is a holder of £1,750,000 in the Confederate cotton loan. He purchased at par one-tenth of the entire loan, and so confident was he of the success of the rebels, that up to within two or three months past, he considered it a safe and profitable investment.

A fine demonstration in honor of our victories over LEE, came off in Brussels on the night of the 23d ult. There was a torch-light procession, a deputation escorted by a band of music, bearing an address to the United States Minister, American flags flying, loud cheering by the people, and other enthusiastic tokens of gladness over our great triumph. Mr. SANFORD, the United States Minister, made an appropriate speech on the occasion.

GOOD JOKE.—A letter from Raleigh, N. C., says that a good story is told of a gallant Brigadier who made a visit to the Asylum of the Deaf and Dumb at this place, he being so much delighted that he sent his band over to serenade the inmates. The fact becoming known, he was importuned to invite the inmates of the Blind Asylum to see his next parade.

It is reported that when Congressman Harris, now on trial at Washington, heard of the assassination of President LINCOLN, he threw up his hands and cried: "Thank God! this is the happiest day of my life."

The reimbursement of drafted men who procured substitutes has been commenced in New York by the State Paymaster General. On Friday week nearly 400 applicants presented themselves.

Justice Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, has started to visit his home in Savannah, Georgia, after an absence of four years.

Judge Patterson, a son-in-law of President JOHNSON, has been elected U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.