

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1865.

VOL. 11.—NO. 45.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFFAN'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 deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

Business Directory.

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Squire & Seward Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa., 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 25.

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

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, fourth or west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

MARTIN & HUSTON, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Jan. 29, 1864.

J. P. KRATZEL, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &c., &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 order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 30.

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

THOMAS J. MCDONOUGH, 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. MENALTY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practitioner in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton & Co., 24 street, one door north of Lantich's Hotel. July 3.

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.

ARMER & 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 5, 1863.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Office at his residence, a mile east of Clearfield, Pa. Post-office address, Clearfield, Pa. Deeds and other instruments of writing neatly executed. June 14, 1864.

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

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed an Auctioneer, desires to inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to the selling of sales in any part of the county when desired. Terms moderate. Address, Z. C. MERRILL, Clearfield, Pa. June 14, 1864.

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed an Auctioneer, desires to inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, JOHN W. KELLEN, Clearfield, Pa. May 15.

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed an Auctioneer, desires to inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, NATHANIEL KESSEL, Clearfield, Pa. Feb. 22, 1865.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.—WILLIAM L. BLOOM, of Pike township, desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he has taken out a license as AUCTIONEER and will attend to the selling of sales in any part of the county at the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable charges. Address, either personally or by letter, either at Curwensville or Bloomingville. May 1, 1865, if.

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 ascertained that "THE FIRST 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, and is authorized to commence the business of Banking under said Act;

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "THE FIRST 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, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCH, Comptroller of the Currency.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the subscriber, either by note or book account, are requested to pay up immediately, as further indulgence cannot be given. [May 27] G. R. HALL.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF YORK, PA. Insures against loss of damage by fire. It is the most economical and best company in the State, and has made no assessments since its establishment, and hence it is the most economical. S. J. ROW, Agent. June 21, 1865.

Select Poetry.

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well
Until the hour of darkness came,
And darkly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring!
Oh, do not once forget,
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet—
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He has but stumbled in the path
Thou hast but feebly trod.

Speak gently to the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and grace are gone,
Without thy ceaseless rage?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chiding well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
And thou art still a sinner,
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

In the debate in the House of Representatives on the Niagara Ship Canal, Mr. Litchfield, concluded his speech as follows: Now, sir, twenty-five or fifty years hence from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be a continuous line of States, members of the Union, and over those States will run the iron horse of the Pacific Railroad. The products of Asia, wafted over the Pacific ocean, and then by rail, can be shipped upon the waters of Lake Michigan, and pass to the Atlantic by this great improvement. Her business, Philadelphia, of New York, of Boston, and of Portland, will be sent westward over these waters and will find a way to the coast of the Pacific, and even to China and India for sale and consumption. And not only that, the time is coming, within the next half century, when this Republic will dictate laws, not only in the hearts and senses, but in pecuniary matters to the whole world. The mounted centre of the world is to be transferred from England to American soil, if we be true to our selves and use and develop the resources and advantages of our own country.

Now, the monotony of the day, and the necessary preparation incidental to our departure, I need not tell those who have passed through this ordeal, how harrowing it is to the heart to prepare for a sale. To think, while cleaning and arranging for this event, that it is the last time your hands will place your pet pieces of furniture and ornaments in their accustomed places; and who is there who has not a number of such pets? However, the day arrived when strangers were to carry them away. The sale was over, our home given up, and we on our way to Washington. I bore bravely, and tried to enumerate the numerous advantages my husband had been so industriously plying me with, of an office at the Capitol. I confess the balance still seemed to be in favor of our own home; but, then, I thought men see things so differently from women, I dare say George is right.

We arrived early in the day, and our ride up Pennsylvania Avenue did not tend to cheer me. It had been raining for some days, and the streets presented a black sea of mud. Houses of all shapes and colors, each one entirely independent of its neighbor; some towering aloft five stories high, while others stood meekly, very shanties. "Is this not a very dirty place, George?" "Of course, my dear, every place looks dirty after such rains as we have had."

"Yes, but the houses wear an untidy appearance."

"Nonsense, my dear, you are prejudiced. I thought of our beautiful cottage, surrounded by its tastefully appointed garden, and its neatly gravelled walks, and wondered if my husband was mad."

"Have you a good room in the boarding house you have chosen?" I ventured to ask. "Yes, quite so! Mr. F. and his wife are living in the same house, and they say it is good as any."

"As good as any?" I echoed, inwardly. A short time enabled us to reach what was to be our house, for the present at any rate. The appearance of the entry and staircase led me to believe that the inside of the houses were in excellent keeping with their exterior. After ascending two flights of stairs I reached my room. It was joag and narrow, and covered with a faded dirty carpet. The furniture consisted of bedstead, bureau, washstand and two chairs, each and all looking very much worse for wear, and as if they had been entire strangers to each other until some happy auction sale had gathered them here together. I will venture to say their manufacturers were very wide apart. It occupied but a few moments to take in the beauties of my domestic, and to contrast it with our chamber at home, furnished with every comfort, and even elegance. For I must own to have a fastidious taste in such matters.

With a heavy heart I sat down to await the return of my husband, which was not long delayed. My trunks had arrived, and I was marshalling their way to our room. I refrained from speaking. After the men had satily landed them, and closed the door upon themselves, the silence was broken by Mr. Erroy, who said, rather hesitatingly, "My dear, I am afraid you will find things rather different from what you have been accustomed to, but after we are settled, we will be able to arrange matters more comfortably."

I tried to smile, but it was a sorry attempt. After taking such things from our trunks as we immediately needed, I threw myself upon the bed, and after George left me, confess to weeping most bitterly. How should I ever be able to exist in this way?

At five o'clock the dinner bell sounded. This seemed to be the signal for the opening of every door upon our floor simultaneously. I gave a hasty glance at my fellow boarders as each and all passed to their key in their several doors and deposit them in their pockets and bade my husband who was passing on regardless of any such precaution, to turn and do likewise. I heard the ejaculation, "What a bore!" and thought what very trifling things do bore men.

The dining room was a cheerless apartment. In its centre stood two long tables, the appointments of which, were, in their day, I have no doubt, in good taste and keeping; but constant usage has worn the plating off castors, spoons and forks, until the original metal stood out in bold relief. The food seemed abundant and of fair qual-

AN OFFICER IN WASHINGTON.

A Narrative of Facts for People at Home to Read.

"My dear, here is a letter from Senator —, in which he writes, that the place in Washington is now ready for my acceptance. I had better go at once, and leave you here to settle up matters at home. Why, you look as solemn as a Judge. One would think I had received my death warrant, instead of a snug berth in the Interior Department. Remember my dear, how hard I have to work at my profession here, and then only earn about a thousand dollars a year."

"But we are living so snug and happy here, and are known and regarded kindly by those around us. All will be new and strange to us there."

"That is true; but I am tired of vegetating here, and in Washington we shall see something of life. So cheer up. We shall wonder in time how we managed to exist here."

I turned away from my husband with a deep sigh; and inwardly resigned Senator — to any place but a comfortable one.

We lived in a small inland town, in the vicinity of New York. Far enough to avoid all its bustle and dirt. Near enough to have all the advantages of its proximity. My husband was a lawyer, and until he plunged headlong into the vortex of political life, our lives had glided smoothly along with scarcely a ripple to disturb their calmness.

Now, the monotony of the day, and the necessary preparation incidental to our departure, I need not tell those who have passed through this ordeal, how harrowing it is to the heart to prepare for a sale. To think, while cleaning and arranging for this event, that it is the last time your hands will place your pet pieces of furniture and ornaments in their accustomed places; and who is there who has not a number of such pets? However, the day arrived when strangers were to carry them away. The sale was over, our home given up, and we on our way to Washington. I bore bravely, and tried to enumerate the numerous advantages my husband had been so industriously plying me with, of an office at the Capitol. I confess the balance still seemed to be in favor of our own home; but, then, I thought men see things so differently from women, I dare say George is right.

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ity, but carelessly prepared and quite cold. I was too roughly wretched to have any appetite, and my husband ate but little. Our stay at the table was short, and after our return to our room, I could no longer control myself, but burst into a violent fit of weeping. George tried in vain to soothe me.

"Why, Mary, I am astonished at your child-like-ness. You could not expect to find in a boarding house the comforts of a home."

"No," I replied, "but why leave those comforts?"

"There is no use discussing that now. It is done. Besides it is not kind to reproach me for what you know conduces so much to my advantage. At home you are aware how often I have sat studying and writing until far into midnight. Here my duties cease at four o'clock."

I ceased weeping instantly. "You shall never hear another regret. I did not think of that."

And yet, those very midnight studies, how much of comfort there was in them, beside our cozy hearth. But away with regret. Time passed on. Some of the fellow boarders were pleasant, others quite the contrary. But I saw little of them, except in the dining room.

The first month of my stay rolled away more rapidly than I anticipated. A first visit in Washington presents so much to interest that I had forgot the discomforts around me.

Another month rolled on. Scarcely an evening passed that Mr. Erroy was not compelled to return to his office, to finish some writing that he had been unable to finish during the day. The one advantage which he had seemed to prize most—leisure time to pursue other studies—he certainly had not gained, for upon his return at night he was weary, far too weary with the close application to his desk during the day (so entirely different from his old life) to read with pleasure.

"George, I thought your time would be at your disposal after four o'clock, instead of which you return to the office every evening."

"Yes," he said, "but I do not think this will last. I believe there is an unusual press of business just now."

"I trust it may not; for such constant confinement tells upon you."

"Yes, I am sensible of that. The duties, too, are so different from my old studies, that they are irksome to me. However this will wear off in time."

I could not help contrasting the wearied expression which his face wore, with the old happy look, and be more than ever convinced that a sad mistake he had made.

Regularly upon the first day of the month my husband returned from the office with the fruit of his labors in his pocket, viz: one hundred thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents. First to our landlady, ninety dollars; wash bill, five dollars; and thirty-eight dollars and thirty-three cents were left to pay all incidental expenditures—scarcely sufficient to pay for George's mid-day lunch, and the oysters he insisted upon getting at eight, because "he was hungry."

"Are not our expenses enormous here?" I ventured to inquire.

"They certainly are much heavier than I anticipated."

"Quite double those at home, are they not?"

"I am afraid they will prove so."

I could not understand what pecuniary advantages had accrued to us, but—patience. I soon found I bodily discomforts were not the only ones in store for me. My husband's habits, always of a very domestic nature, were visibly undergoing a change. The confinement to our room annoyed him. Little by little his absence became more prolonged, until I rarely saw him now from dinner-time until ten, eleven or twelve o'clock at night, as it happened.

He must go around to the hotels and hear what was going on. I could not expect him to stay in our room all the time. He must smoke and that was impossible in a chamber.

One evening in particular, I remember feeling unusually depressed and buried in my own gloomy thoughts. I was more than surprised upon looking at my watch, to discover I had sat until nearly midnight. Mr. Erroy had not returned. Where could he be? The thought had scarcely suggested itself, when I heard the sound of ascending steps upon the stairs. A feeling of disappointment fell heavily upon me. They were not my husband's, and yet they approached my room, and were followed by a knock upon my door.

I cautiously turned the key and said, "Who's there?"

"Me," was the reply, in a strangely thick tone, and yet my husband's.

No one can realize the horror with which I regarded him when he entered. His eyes were blood shot and swollen; his hair dishevelled and his whole appearance bearing evidence, terrible evidence to me, of intoxication.

"What on earth Mary are you doing up until this time of night?" he bellowed, "you ought to have been in bed two hours ago."

I could not speak, my heart was too full. My husband had never been a teetotaler, but in all our married life I had never seen him under the influence of stimulants in the slightest degree—had never feared that I ever should do so. Only wives who have been placed in like situations can imagine the agony I felt.

I went to bed, but no sleep visited my pillow that night. It seemed as though it would never end. My husband lay in the deep unconsciousness of intoxication by my side. His labored breathing and whiskey perfumed breath proved too great an antidote to rest on my part. Heaven, in its mercy preserve me from a like vigil! Sickness even death, were less terrible. But its agony was not fruitless. I arose the next

morning firm in my determination to quit Washington, let the cost be what it might. My husband arose moody and feverish. I avoided all allusion to the preceding night, and for the first time since our marriage we parted without, as we termed it, our good bye kiss. Upon his return to dinner his mood had not changed, but he did not, as had been his wont of late go out. He followed me to our room, and throwing himself on the bed, soon fell into a deep sleep. This lasted some hours—how long I did not know; for after lighting the gas, and shading it, that he might not be aroused by its glare, and adding fresh fuel to the fire, I sat down in the rocking chair, and wearied with the wakefulness of the night before, and the troubled thoughts of the day, was overcome by slumber.

I was awakened by my husband. He was leaning over me with a look of tenderness I had not seen on his face for some time.

"What are you dreaming of my love? you sigh so deeply," he said.

"With difficulty I aroused myself. The memory of my sorrow and the look of love were too much for nerves stretched, as mine had been all night and day, to their utmost tension.

I threw my arms about his neck, and with my head upon his breast, sobbed convulsively. "Let us go home, George; let us go home."

"That cannot be, my love; we have rented our house and sold our furniture."

"Oh! that is nothing," I imploredly urged. "We can board there, as well as here, until we can again have possession of our home. I would rather work early and late for the means to live, than remain here another month, at three times your present salary."

"Do not continue I," "do not refuse me this. You must know that your salary here will not meet the just demands upon it, even living as we are without ordinary comforts. I implore you to dispel the madness which induced you to accept this office, by resigning it, and returning once again to our home and our old profession."

"But my love, it will seem so vacillating. Besides it will take so much time ere my business returns to me. I shall have to work very hard."

This had ceased to be my vulnerable point.

"And, Oh! how much better than this!"—I could not speak it, but I saw by the rising color in his cheek I was understood.

A silence ensued for some moments, when Mr. Erroy drew me close in his embrace, as he said, "We will return to our home."

"Oh! the unspeakable joy of that moment. I had not dared to hope so easy a victory, and would not have attained it as I learned afterwards, but that my husband had discovered his mistake, and was not unwilling himself to return to our old comforts and quiet happiness. His resignation was immediately sent, and our departure quickly followed. My husband's joy upon our return far exceeded my own, and when once more in possession of our home it seemed to know no bounds.

Years rolled away, when one day Mr. Erroy entered the room saying, "My dear how would you like to go to Washington again?"

I could not speak for some seconds, and then only gasped, "Not at all."

"Well, as you please. It has been proposed I should run for Congress."

"Give me time to think," I said and thought convinced me I had no right to mar his future by refusing my consent to any thing that might be for his good, even if it carried with it some peril; so meeting him as cheerfully as I could, I said, "If it is for your advancement, dearest that you should accept this nomination, do so and I will humbly leave the rest to Providence."

"Nay, love," he answered, "under Providence, leave the result with me. Your firmness gave me strength of purpose to resign my office, and return to our home and work slowly but surely, in my profession, the memory of that terrible night in Washington is yet fresh, and I bow in humble gratitude for its lesson. Do not fear it will be effaced. I cannot help looking back upon our short stay there as a blessing after all. It gives me renewed energy to work when I think of those officeholders toiling day after day without, in some cases, hope of advancement, and frequently doing a greater amount of labor than would insure an independence in any other pursuit."

My husband refused the nomination. By the steady pursuit of his profession he acquired a very comfortable competency, so that he has mainly retired from practice. Four children which were born to us, have been reared in the way they should go, educated and settled for life; and now at the respective ages of fifty or thereabouts, we are as happy in each other's affection, as we were at twenty-six, and are in the enjoyment of every blessing which this life can vouchsafe.

Extraordinary Meanness.

We learn by the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer that a bill was presented last week to the Treasury Department for five hundred and fifty dollars for damages alleged to have been done sheets, pillow-cases and carpets, and for hire of servants, at the house in Tenth street, Washington, opposite Ford's theatre in which President Lincoln died. This is to compensate for the occupation of the premises about ten hours by distinguished officials on the unfortunate occasion. When it is considered that this house was opened for exhibition at fifty cents per head for a considerable period after the President's death, when Washington was crowded with strangers to attend his funeral, and subsequently to witness the grand review, and that a considerable sum must have been realized thereon, this last demand is rather odd. Its chances of passing the Auditor's inspection are rather problematical, as it is a debt which if due at all, is chargeable to the estate of the deceased President.

"HARDLY KNOWN YET."—A maiden lady, residing in great seclusion, had not been so universal as she was, but on the second of a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, etc., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and hopeless old maid. Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming: "Hardly known yet, indeed! Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up. 'Hardly known yet,' I guess I don't come here very soon again!"

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—There are no people in the world with more eloquence so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was travelling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, "why don't you beg?"

"Surely, it's begging I am, yer honor." "You didn't say a word."

"Of course not, yer honor, but see how the skin is spakin' through the holes in me trousers! and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starvin' in me eyes! Man alive, isn't it beggin' I am with a thousand tongues?"

The pecuniary losses to the Confederate States, caused by the rebellion, are almost fabulous. A South Carolina journal estimates the loss to that State alone, at four hundred million dollars. This consisted of slaves, bank, railroad and corporate stocks, and personal property; and says that "of all this property, not one vestige remains."

If the losses of South Carolina were 400 millions, (which we scarcely believe,) and that of the ten other rebellious States were equally large, we can aggregate the pecuniary losses of the Confederacy at four thousand millions! This sum is a quarter larger than the debt incurred by the National Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion—which is estimated at three thousand millions.

A HARD HIT.—The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Morse: At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The Doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the Doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

HOW TO MAKE A PARADISE.—Buy one acre of ground. Fence it. Build a neat cottage on it. Marry an angel in hoops, and take her home to the cottage. Go home to the cottage yourself. Abstain from all spirituous drinks. Join the church and become a good christian, live uprightly before God and man, and you have gained all the original happiness that has survived the fall.

Mrs. Julia Ann C. Averill, of Bradford, Connecticut, has not seen or heard from her brother, Thomas L. Cooper, for more than twenty years. The press throughout the country will do a great kindness to an estimable deaf-mute lady by publishing this with a request that any one having information of him will write to her at Bradford, Conn.

Some Sportsman made a great ado over killing a white hare in England not long ago. We know of ladies who have great success in destroying white hairs in numbers, hereabouts, and what's more, they don't say anything about it.

"ROORAL" JEST.—A farmer recently sent a mammoth carrot to a country fair, labelled "This can't be beat." The chairman of the committee on "garden scarce," who was a bit of a wag, sent it back to him, with a note stating that it could not be beat because it was carrot.

A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune of losing his wife. Over the grave he heaped a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed: "Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

Some fellows deposit all their money in their vests, in the form of vials and drink, and call that investing it.

All the rebel prisoners at Point Lookout have been set at liberty.