

Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1865.

VOL. 12.—NO. 9.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.
The RAFFSMANN'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.

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa., Sept. 23, 1865.
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa., Oct. 1, 1865. Wholesale or retail.
CRANS & BARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa., May 13, 1865.
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 SWOOPF, 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, 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, 1865.
THOMAS J. M'CUULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., Office, east of the "Clearfield 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, n. e. corner of 24 street, one door south of Lantz's Hotel.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liqueurs, &c., Office, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer, Office at his residence, on the east side of Pennsylvania, opposite the Granpian Hills, Deeds and other instruments of writing neatly executed. June 7th, 1865-ly.
W. M. ALBERT & BROS., 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 square timber. Office, Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1863.
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, late Surgeon of the 33rd Regt Penn's Vols, having resigned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6m-pd.
AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed an Auctioneer, would 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 M'QUILLIN, May 13 Bower Po., Clearfield Co., Pa.
AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed an Auctioneer, would 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 RICHTEL, Feb. 22, 1865. Clearfield, Pa.
C. R. FOSTER, EDW. PERKS, J. D. M'GIBK, W. V. WRIGHT, J. A. KELLER, A. K. WRIGHT, RICHARD SHAW, JAS. T. LEONARD, JAS. B. GRAHAM, G. L. REED.
Banking and Collection Office of FOSTER, PERKS, WRIGHT & CO., PHILIPSBURG, CENTER CO., Pa. Bills of Exchange, Notes and Drafts discounted. Deposits received. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Exchange on the Cities constantly on hand. The above Banking House is now open and ready for business. Philadelphia, Centre Co., Pa., Sept. 6, 1865.
HAUPT & CO., at Mitesburg, Pa., continue to furnish castings of every description at short notice. They have the best assortment of patterns in the country for steam and water-mills of every description. All kinds of machine and plow castings furnished. New World and Hathaway cook-stoves always on hand. They make 4-horse sweep and 2-horse tread-powers. Crushing machines—price at shop, \$150—with shaker and 50 feet of strap. Warranted to give satisfaction in threshing, and kept good to thresh one crop, free of charge. June 29, 1865-y.
ISAAC HARTY, at Bellefonte, continues to issue risks for insurance in any good stock company in the State. Also in New York: the Royal and Etica at Hartford; and the Liverpool and London, capital \$6,000,000.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CURWENSVILLE, PA. JOHN PATTON, Pres't. Capital paid in \$ 75,000 SAM'L ARNOLD, Cash. Authorized cap \$200,000
Wm. Irvin, JOHN PATTON, Samuel Arnold, F. K. Arnold, DANIE PATTON, E. A. Irvin, J. P. Irvin, G. H. Lytle, H. P. Thompson
This bank buys and sells all kinds of Government securities. 7-30 notes always on hand and for sale. Receives money on deposit, and if left for a specific time allows interest. Buys and sells drafts and exchange. Notes and bills discounted at legal rate of interest, and does a general banking business.
We have recently erected a very substantial banking house, with a good vault, burglar safe, &c., and will be glad to receive any valuables our friends and customers may have, that they desire to leave for safe-keeping.
We would respectfully solicit the business of Merchants, Lumbermen, and others, and will endeavor to make it to their interest to do their banking business with us. SAMUEL ARNOLD, Curwensville, Pa. Oct. 25, 1865. Cashier.
LEATHER—An assortment—for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER, Clearfield, Pa. December 14, 1864.

Select Poetry.

HOMEWARDS.

Dropping down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time a willow shaded river,
To the Spring embosomed shore;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more,
O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea;
Where no tempest wreatheth ever,
Where the sky is fair and free;
O joyous, joyous sea!

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home;
And the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexing cannot come;
O loved and longed for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide;
Even Him, who, to deliver,
My soul from death, hath died;
O Helmsman true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the clear and deathless land;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection-land;
Where the living live forever,
And the dead have joined the band!
O fair and blessed land!

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

By the President of the United States of America.—A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God during the year which is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity, and harmony with a great enlargement of civil liberty. And whereas, our Heavenly Father has also during the year graciously averted from us the calamities of foreign war, pestilence and famine, while our granaries are full of the fruits of an abundant season: And whereas, righteousness exalted a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people;

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof that they do set apart and observe the first Thursday of December next as a day of National Thanks—given to the Creator of the Universe for these deliverances and blessings. And I do further recommend, that on that occasion the whole people make confession of our national sins against His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind implore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue and holiness.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninetieth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.
By the President:
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

EDUCATION IN TENNESSEE.—The Teachers' Association of the State of Tennessee publish some facts with regard to education, which are both deplorable and alarming. The white population of the State is about 830,000. Of the adults there are 83,000 who are unable to read and write. For the education of 300,000 children there is no public provision. It seems almost incredible that such a condition of things should exist in any part of our country, but the statements come from the State itself, and from persons in it who have the best opportunity of knowing their correctness. Their first internal efforts at reconstruction should be made to embrace a system of common school education for the intellectual and moral benefit of the white population as well as for the two hundred and thirty thousand blacks who are still more needy.

A soldier orator, now campaigning in New York, aptly illustrates the condition of the Democracy, by a story of a man who mistook fish balls—which he had never eaten—for biscuits. After eating a bit, he laid down the supposed biscuit in disgust, with the remark that "there was something dead in it." The experience of the copperhead Democracy of this region plainly verifies the fact that there is something dead in that party, as the cops all look as if they had communion with ghosts.

LIQUIDATION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.—According to the official figures, the national indebtedness was reduced nearly thirteen million dollars in September, or at the rate of one hundred and fifty-six millions a year. The entire governmental expenditure for the coming year will be \$255,000,000, which, according to the present appearances, will be covered by the income from internal revenue alone.

Champ Ferguson's horse won the prize at the Kentucky Horse Fair.

The population of Washington, D. C., is 125,000.

THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

A WILD WESTERN SCENE.

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eyes gleaming out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Samuel you had better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah in a tone of half-mother and half-mate.

"No," said Samuel.
An acorn came floating down the stream. The boy took it up, looked at it, was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind that there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of many centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in; and walking on the level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the light of one hundred feet, composed of rocks and crags, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance, and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural fort seemed inaccessible to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit of waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow up to the sky. Blue patches of water were seen peeping between them.

Hannah soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered in the fields, where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming tears with the hope that he would return at the dinner hour. When it came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed:
"He's lost! he's lost! My poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and dispatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To her husband she said: "Secure every field you call your own. If you can't find him join me in the gorge."
"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah!"
"He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but a presentiment, that her boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he joined her at the mouth of the gorge. An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, "the dreadful birds are tearing my child into pieces;" and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the ravine echo back her screams for her offspring. The only answer was the eternal thunder of the boiling cataract, which, as if in mockery of her woe, threw its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a woman can tell the feelings of a woman's heart? Fear came thick and fast over the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy! my brave boy will die!" and ringing her hands in agony she sank at her husband's feet. The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart-strings to the utmost tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all. The terrified husband threw water in her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and rose tremblingly to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up—she was herself again, for half way up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips it turned into a note of horror. "Oh, mercy, mercy!" The cry on which the boy stood projected from the rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of the crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther. The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now had another in hand, drawing it back, and looking at them as if to ask them whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother stood motionless in her suspense; but conscious of the danger to her son if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious beast.

It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed as with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hand upon her husband's shoulders, looked into his face and said—"Are you a man, Josiah Eaton, do you love your child?" He started, as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked toward her son. He had fallen upon his knees and was whispering the little prayers which she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, she struggled in her agony. The furious creature paused a moment when he saw her approach. True to his nature he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side. "Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part." And sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unaltered in his ferocity, and his manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His forehead struck the edge of the crag.
"He will kill us mother! he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. "Go away! go away!" shrieked the mother, in horror, "you shant have my child!" Closer, still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the quick pantings of his breath came in her very face. At this awful moment the faint report of firearms comes from below—the panther's foothold fails—his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther of his prey.

The Murder Mania.

Have we a murder mania among us? Certainly, it would seem so from the frequent occurrence of dark deeds of murder occurring in different parts of the country. Our exchanges from cities and towns embraced in that circle, contain in almost every number the details of some horrible bloody affair, or attempt to take human life, which are perfectly appalling and fearfully real. Such a record of crime as has been written during this past year, has never before been known in the United States. This alarming increase of murder and robbery can only be attributed to the demoralized condition of society. The wholesome restraint of other days have been too long neglected and disregarded. Crime of every description has been winked at by magistrates and people too, and the law allowed to slumber on undisturbed to the intense gratification of the lawless and depraved of the land. We must see to it, that the law is carefully carried out against offenders of all descriptions. The punishment of great criminals is not sufficient. Inflict upon all such the penalties of the law, but do not overlook the importance of the minor ones. Their offences do not call for heavy fines and long imprisonments, but if this class is allowed to escape the limited punishment their conduct deserves, they grow bolder in time, and often shock society by the atrocity of their crimes. The law is imperative in its application to every phase of offence, and its dignity, which is insulted when the public welfare is outraged. It discriminates between the nature and extent of crimes, and provides a penalty for each of them. The law whether as a municipal rule of civil conduct, commanding what the people are to do and what they are to forbear, or as prescribed by the supreme power of the State to them for regulating their actions, particularly their social actions, ought to be enforced promptly without fear or favor. This is the only rule which will rid us of those who make life itself a burden, from the fears and sorrows they bring upon society, and by which the beneficence of law can be proved.

Andersonville Wirz at Home.

Now that the trial of Captain Wirz, of Andersonville notoriety, is ended, and the disclosure can do him no harm, we may mention that, most assuredly, he is not very highly esteemed in his own native Switzerland. A paper published near Zurich, and called the *Wunther-Landbote* (which, being interpreted, means the *Wunther Messenger*), says that he is a native of Zurich, where, twenty years ago, he held a small appointment in the Merchants' hall. He did not eminently distinguish himself there, for, in April, 1847, he was convicted on a charge of forgery and embezzlement, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment and labor in the house of correction. Being a sickly person, and having suffered from illness in prison, he was discharged when his sentence had run only a year. Shortly before 1860, he emigrated to the United States. His career in this country is well known, and, no doubt, will soon be closed by the last punishment of the law.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—The official vote from ninety-four counties in Georgia, returned to the office of the Provisional Governor, footed up a little over thirty-five thousand. A low estimate of the number cast in the remaining thirty-eight counties makes the total at the last election about forty-five thousand. The highest vote ever cast in the State was about 106,000. Losses during the war and removals from the State have, of course, greatly reduced the aggregate of the voting population. In many of the counties there was no opposition, and a light vote was polled; in others, distant from the capital, but a short period was allowed to take the amnesty oath, and a large number of loyal citizens, in every section of the State, who were embraced within the exception of the amnesty proclamation, not having been pardoned, did not vote.

The Yankee and the Soup.

"I sa'y, waiter!" exclaimed a yankee at one of our large hotels the other day, leaning back from over a plate of half-eaten soup—"I sa'y, waiter this ere soup a'int as I have seen."

"Sir," exclaimed the waiter in very proper indignation, "I don't know what you means by such an insinuation. I must go to Carvin-knife about that."

He accordingly goes off, and presently returns with the head waiter.

"Beg pardon sir," said the latter. "Did you have the honor of making a remark respecting the soup?"

"Wall, I did," drawled the Yankee.—"A'n't no use denyin' that."

"Well, sir," replied the head waiter, looking red in the face, "shall I have the pleasure of saying to the superintendent that you say the soup is dirty?"

"Look here," continued the Yankee, throwing himself back in his chair, "you can report to the superintendent, if you've got such an officer over ye (I s'posed they had superintendents in Sunday schools, but never heard of one in a tavern afore)—you kin just say tew him I said to that linen-jacket feller there; and mind, now, if you pervart the truth, I'll teach you that the gods of the heathen are a vain thing in jest no time at all. Tell the superintendent what I said; but don't tyer lie."

"Anything the matter here, Thomas?" asked the superintendent, coming up just then. "Anything wrong sir?"

"He says the soup a'n't clean, sir," exclaimed the waiter.

"That's a total lie," exclaimed the Yankee. "I didn't say twas dirty; I didn't say twa'n't clean. I shouldn't have said anything about yer soup at all, if that linen-jacket feller hadn't poked a bill for the dinner in my face afore I begun to eat. I sha'n't pay in advance. He had more'n forty things charged on it—more'n I could eat in tew fortnights. Had all of wine charged when I brought to the Sons. What I hev, I'll pay for when the work's done. This house was recommended to me for a first-rate tavern; but that's 'pury high on swindlin'."

"My dear sir," replied the superintendent, smiling at the ludicrous affair, "that is only our bill of fare, designed simply to indicate what dishes may be called for. Our prices for dinner are uniform."

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed the Yankee. "Well, the fact is, I didn't mean anything agin yer soup. What I was a goin' to say is this, that the soup wasn't so clean as I hev seen; for yer see when I was travellin' in Pennsylvania, they had some soup at one tavern so clean, that if yer should dip a white cambric handkerchief inter it, it wouldn't grease it."

The superintendent and the "linen-jacket feller" did not stay long after this, but made their exit, helped on by uproarious laughter from the neighboring tables.

Protection Commended to Us by an Englishman.

Mr. Handel Cossham, one of the English capitalists now in this country, speaking at the New York Union League Club supper, said:

"No Englishman who had not seen America with his own eyes could have any proper conception of the magnitude of her resources, the rapidity of her progress, nor the great power she wielded as a nation. He was not disposed to make small beer of his native land, for he would be an unworthy son if he did; but he had to acknowledge that America was far ahead of England in her resources and her territory. He thought that if Americans only developed their country's resources in the future as Englishmen had Great Britain, their future would be great indeed."

The very great essence of truth—the sum of the laws of Economy which underlie the wealth of nations! How did Englishmen, with the harmonious legislation of their Parliament ever seconding their efforts, "develop the resources of Great Britain?" By protecting the domestic manufactures of their island against foreign competition for centuries together, without suspension or relaxation, by every device that lawyers could frame and practical spinners, smelters and weavers, could suggest. When this persistent policy of Protection was crowned with the success at which it aimed, and England had become the "Workshop of the World," then, and not till then, did she preach to nations of the world her impudent doctrine of Free Trade—that the way for them to grow rich was to raise raw products for her use at prices she should see fit to pay and to take from her in exchange manufactured goods at prices she should see fit to charge.

DR. JORDAN, editor of the Indianapolis Gazette, who was one of the most successful physicians in Cincinnati, in 1849, in the treatment of cholera, speaks as follows, in his journal, in reference to that terrible plague: "In all probability it (the cholera) will be here next year, and it may be early in the spring or summer. We have had some experience in the treatment of this dreadful disease, in 1849, in Cincinnati, as some of our readers will probably recollect, and we found one article of very great importance—that of *prickly ash berries*. We, therefore, advise druggists everywhere to secure as many of these berries as they can, or at least a reasonable quantity. This can be done by letting the country people know about it, and they will gather them. Should the cholera come, we shall certainly want some of these berries. As to the manner of using them, it will be time enough to speak of that hereafter."

Russia's Progress in the East.

Next to the wonderful progress of the United States in growth of territory and population, perhaps the most astonishing instance of rapid advance in national wealth and power is Russia.

After the check that nation received by the Crimean war, it was supposed that its ambitious schemes would be stopped for a while. But such was not the case. Refraining from pur-suing conquests farther in the South, Russia turned her attention in another quarter, and concentrated her forces for conquests in Central Asia. Owing to the formation of the country, but little news has been received from that section—enough, however, to show that the Emperor of Russia has succeeded in carrying out his plans in a manner perfectly agreeable to himself.

Some months since, we had rumors by our foreign mails that a Russian army of nearly 50,000 men had been signally defeated in a pitched battle on the plains of Independent Turary by the Emir of Bokhara; but now, within a few days, the truth has reached us and the story reversed. The Russians carried everything before them, and their territory enlarged by some hundreds of miles. It now reaches clear to the mountainous districts of the Tartar land.

A quarter of a century ago, the Southern boundaries of the Russian territory were the northern edge of the great wastes of the Steppes, but since that time they have been pushed farther, so as to embrace the whole of that vast wilderness and a large part of the region lying still below it, until last year, according to accounts received, the line of the great empire reached from the Ural river and the Caspian sea to the Tartar plains.

Although Great Britain has not regarded this rapid advance of the Russians from time to time, without apprehension, as a symptom of future collision when her own Asiatic boundaries shall touch those of the Muscovite, her agents and officers in the far east frankly acknowledge that, for the present, at least, it is calculated to benefit the spread of civilization by subduing the barbarism of the nomadic races of the interior, and preparing the way for a gentler life.

In this point of view, we may cordially hail the onward march of Russian power through regions heretofore inaccessible to the arts and commerce of the Western World. In common with the other nations that are to be ultimately benefited by it, the people of the United States, whose ingenious inventions, liberal principles and irrepressible trade quickly press in, wherever there is an opening, may look forward to their share of the grand results that are to follow any process which will add one or two hundred millions to the list of consumers.

AMERICAN CLAIMS AGAINST ENGLAND.

A Washington dispatch says: "The notice issued by the State Department, some time since, calling for the presentation of claims against foreign governments, has been quite freely responded to, and Mr. Seward will, no doubt, give these matters his attention soon after his return. This notice was made public before Earl Russell had pointedly refused to entertain Mr. Adams' proposition for a settlement, but the latter fact will not, it is believed, deter Mr. Seward from making up a complete list of all just claims, and presenting His Lordship with the bill in full. In no event, however, is an unpleasant result feared. The fact that the finances abroad were not at all influenced by the publication of the correspondence, shows that Lombard and Threadneedle streets at least, were perfectly calm over the matter, and that all the "apprehensions" of a break in the friendly relations of the two governments were confined to the editorial sanctuaries of the London journals. The impression here is that the commission suggested by Earl Russell will be accepted, and that all the questions in dispute arising out of the war, on both sides, will be referred to that body for adjustment."

WE SEE ANNOUNCED by the Lebanon papers that a great scientific and mechanical feat is now being performed at Cornwall, in that county. It is the building of a spiral railway around and to the top of the great iron-ore mountain. It starts from the level of the Cornwall railroad, and revolves around the mountain, at some places over tressel-work, at others over high embankments, and again at others through ponderous cuts in the solid bodies of iron ore, until it reaches the very top of the mountain. A great part of the way is completed, a great part is ready for the sills, while the rest is progressing actively. A powerful locomotive has been obtained to do the work of moving the trains, which is already at Cornwall ready for work. The spiral road proper, when completed, will be over two miles in length, and a work the equal of which cannot be found probably in the world.

AN OVER-SCRIPULOUS DIVINE.—A wedding was arranged in Brooklyn, at which one of the fair daughters of that city was to be united to a gentleman of worth. The cards were issued, and the wedding announced to take place at one of the Baptist churches. In a short time other cards followed, announcing that the wedding would take place in a Presbyterian church. The explanation came out. The Baptist minister found that the lady, a member of his fold, was to be united to an "unbeliever"—albeit a most worthy man—and he refused to unite the parties in the holy bonds of marriage. Not to be thwarted, and adhering to her choice, the lady found a less reluctant parson at the Presbyterian altar. The Baptist preacher evidently did not believe with St. Paul, "that the unbelieving husband is sanctified by a believing wife."

Over 150 vessels are engaged in the herring-fisheries off Portland, Maine, and 50,000 barrels have already been taken.