Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1867. VOL. 13.—NO. 48.

Select Poetry.

LOST SHEEP.

How many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold;
Upon the lonely mountains
They shiver with the cold;
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges
Wander the poor lost sheep.

Oh, who will go to find them?
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search with tireless patience
Through briar and through brake?
Unheeding thirst and hunger,
Who still from day to day,
Will seek as for a treasure
The sheep that go astray?

Say, will you seek to find them?
From pleasant bowers of ease,
Will you go forth determined
To find the "least of these?"
For still the Saviour calls them,
And looks across the world;
And still he holds wide open
The door unto his fold.

How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray.
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan;
And lo! we come at night-fall,
Bearing them safely home."

WE DO FADE AS A LEAF.—As the trials of life thicken and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died: and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy: and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

HOSPITALITY AMONG LIONS.—"I have been assured," says Chenier in his "Present State of Morocco," "that a Brebe who went out to hunt the lion, having proceeded far into a forest, happened to meet with two lion's whelps that came to caress him. The hunter stopped with the little animals, and, waiting for the coming of the sire or the dam, took out his breakfast and gave them a part. The lioness arrived unperceived by the huntsman, so that he had not time, or perhaps wanted the courage, to take his gun. After having for some time looked at the man who was thus feasting her young, the lioness went away, and soon after returned, bearing a sheep, which she laid at the huntsman's feet. Thus become one of the family, took this occasion of making a good meal, skinned the sheep, made a fire and roasted a part, giving the entrails to the young. The lion came also, and, as if respecting the rights of hospitality, showed no tokens of ferocity. Their guest, the next day, having finished his provisions, returned, and came to the resolution never more to kill those animals, the noble generosity of which he had so fully proved. He caressed the whelps at taking leave of them and the dam and sire accompanied him till he was safely out of the forest."

A RAT HUNT.—A correspondent writes to the Agricultural Department, from Vermillion county Illinois, "That the farmers' Club of Elwood township, recently resolved upon a general rat hunt. The members were divided into two parties, with the captains, who also divided the territory of the county. At the termination of the hunt, the number of tails counted reached 4,671, and the total number killed was 7,400. The participants, with their wives—numbering in all about two hundred—took dinner at the expense of the party killing the smallest number." The correspondent adds: The damage that would have been done by these rats in one year, allowing an ear of corn per day to each rat, would amount to over $6,500 for corn alone; and it is reasonable to suppose that this sum would be doubled, were we to include all other damages. Dividing the amount among the persons taking part in the hunt, it would pay all their taxes and leave a surplus sufficient to repair district school houses and furnish large bells for the same. Let other communities try a rat hunt, and they will have fine sport, sure remuneration, and unmolested sleep at night."

"MY BOY DRUNK."—"Drunk! my boy drunk!" and tears started to the mother's eyes, and she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the visions of a useful and honorable career were destroyed, and one of worthlessness, if not absolute dishonor presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame, and death, and her mother's heart was pierced as with a sharp pointed steel. Ah! young man, if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain—adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with her Father in Heaven, shun that course of life, which shuts the gates of Heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard can never inherit the kingdom of God.

Chained to a Corpse.

The speech of Mr. Gross, editor of the Democratic German paper, the *Staats Zeitung*, delivered in the Convention at Albany was not only an admirable statement of the propriety of manhood suffrage, but it was an illustration of skilful party tactics. It took exactly the position which the Democratic party as a sagacious organization should have taken at the end of the war. The logic is simple. Slavery, upon which, as a special issue, parties rested, being gone, the true policy was to abandon all the old prejudices and measures founded upon it, and to accept the situation. With the fall of slavery, and in the situation of the country, it was evident that the colored man would be politically an equal citizen. Slavery being gone there was no reason for insisting upon keeping him disfranchised, and could the managers of the Democratic party have been sagacious enough to perceive it, there was a chance of restoring the old party under a new name.

As it is, the Democratic party is an organization of opposition upon a principle which wholly reverses the course of reconstruction, repudiates the theory of the war, and leaves every great national question unsettled. The Democratic policy is to treat the States exactly as if nothing had happened but a riot; it has been suppressed, and that is the end of it. Nothing more puerile can be conceived than such a view of the situation. It is a statesmanship which omits all the facts. It is a folly which finds no significance in the terrible words spoken to a king: "Sire, it is a revolution." And until the mind of the country is utterly confused no such party can hope for restoration to power, except by some chance of an alliance with a vote at the South unfriendly to the Government and the Union.

So long as this is the course of the Democratic party, so long as its organs sneer at loyalty and applaud treason by inuendo, so long as men who honestly gave time, money, personal service, and uncompromising devotion to the country during the war perceive in those papers, with distaste and disgust, the sympathy with the utterly un-American spirit which has so long ruled the society of the South, just so long they will suspect and spurn the Democratic party. Everywhere, as in the New York Convention, it appeals and panders to a hostility of race which can lead to nothing but evil when the subjects of it are equal citizens. Even Democrats of character and position serve an imaginary public which demands the sacrifice of liberty or justice; or, knowing their constituents, they stultify themselves by yielding to an ignoble prejudice. Could they once cast this kind of subserviency aside we could hope for a sudden restoration of universal prosperity.

As it is, however, the better men are in fear of the worst. The demagogues, who have no object but personal advantage at all hazards, would instantly expose to the indignation of ignorance a man who took high ground and sought to plant the party upon it. And from this springs one of the chief perils of our politics. For when the intelligent and catholic consciously defer to the dictation of the ignorant and passionate the Government becomes essentially base in itself and humiliating to every honorable citizen. Nothing is more certain than the intimate relation between morals and politics. As the sense of a moral law dies out of the mind of legislators the State approaches anarchy. Yet, if legislation is to be dictated by the worst part of the population and by the worst feelings, how long can we hope that morality will linger in politics?

Now, there is this essential difference between the two great parties in this country, the one has the inspiration of the moral sentiment and the other has not. We do not mean that all Republicans are good men, or all Democrats bad men; but we do mean, as we have said before, that the tendency of the Republican party is to lift its worst members up to its best principles, while that of the Democratic party is to drag its best men down to a wretched policy. This is unavoidable, but it is undeniable. Thus the Democratic policy for a generation may have been interpreted by its wisest and sincerest men as merely State-rights, while the Democratic rallying-cry has been, "Down with the nigger!" On the other hand, the reproach incessantly urged against the Republican party by the most acrimonious Democratic journals, is that it was really led by the extreme radicals. But surely, even if this should lead to the cry of "Up with the nigger!" which is the more inviting of the two cries to an intelligent and generous man? Is society, in this country, likely to be more benefitted by a feeling and a policy that degrade or that elevate any class in the community?

So long as the Democratic party cling to the old issues they are chained to a corpse, and they have no secret charm to make the dry bones live.—*Harper's Weekly.*

PECULIARITY OF SCOTTISH IDIOM.—There is a well known case of mystification, caused to English ears by the use of Scottish terms, which took place in the house of Peers during the examination of the magistrates of Edinburg, touching the particlars of the Porteous Mob in 1736. The Duke of Newcastle having asked the Provost with what kind of shot the town-guard, commanded by Porteous, had loaded their muskets, received the unexpected reply: "Ou, juist sic as ane shuts duks and sic like fools wi." This was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the poor Provost would have suffered from misconception of his patois, had not the Duke of Argyle (who must have been exceedingly amused,) explained that the worthy chief magistrate's expression, when rendered into English, meant to describe the shot used for *ducks and water fowl.* The circumstance is referred to by Sir Walter Scott, in the notes of the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Thrilling Encounter with Black Snakes.

Prof. J. Mitchell, the celebrated "South Mountain Wizard," says the Boonsboro (Md.) *Odd Fellow*, while out gunning recently, had a most thrilling adventure with a den of black snakes, known as "racers," from which he narrowly escaped with his life. As is his habit, the Professor had taken his favorite carbine and gone into the mountain after squirrels. The best part of the forenoon had been spent in beating through the brush and over the rocks without meeting with any adventure, and but ordinary success in procuring game. Suddenly, however, he came to a ledge of rocks, about a mile from the South Mountain House. Stopping a moment to take a survey of the surroundings, he saw a large black snake stretched out on a rock sunning himself. He at once took up a couple of stones and threw one at his snakeship, but unfortunately missed him. This aroused the snake, and in an instant he uncoiled himself, and stood with his head erect, as if indignant at this intrusion, and at the same time he gave loud, shrill hiss, or rather a whistle. The Professor delivered his second stone with such precision as to mortally wound his enemy. No sooner, however, had he thrown the stone than he heard a rustling among the brush to his left, and another whistle louder and shriller than the first. Turning his eye in the direction from whence came the noise, he saw a monstrous black snake (a racer) coming directly towards him, with head erected about five feet from the ground, and his forked tongue darting from his distended jaws as if bent on fight.

The Professor, who is an acknowledged crack shot, immediately raised his carbine, fired, and had the proud satisfaction of seeing the monster snake roll over in the agonies of death—having his head split open with the ball. This proved but the commencement of the battle; before the Professor had time to congratulate himself upon his success in vanquishing two of his foes, a third one, measuring about eleven feet in length, and thick in proportion, had approached to within a few feet of him, his head erect, hissing and darting his tongue out in a manner to appal the stoutest heart. To retreat was out of the question, a fight was the only alternative, and quick as thought he leveled his carbine at the snake's head, but, unfortunately, missed it, at the same time dropping his carbine upon the ground. With the rapidity of lightning the black snake attacked the Professor, and commenced winding his slimy coils around his legs and body, tighter and tighter at every coil of his loathesome form, until the Professor was unable to move a foot.

His efforts to extricate himself from the "coils of death"—as they seemed to be—were unavailing, for with every effort the folds tightened, and the work of respiration became difficult. Death and the snake stared him in the face, and made cold chills of horror and agony creep over his body. It was a fearful moment—a moment of the most intense horror and agony, that made the flesh creep, the blood chill, and the hair literally "stand on end, like quills upon a fretful porcupine." Nothing but his great presence of mind saved him from strangulation and a loathesome death. Recollecting that his hunting knife hung by his side, he seized it, and with his nerves braced by despair, drew it across the body of the snake, severing it at a stroke. The coils relaxed, the snake dropped at his feet, and the Professor was free again.

By this time he heard a great rustling in the bushes, and the dry bark crackling in every direction, accompanied by loud, shrill, angry hisses and whistling, as if the whole surrounding woods were filled with snakes. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, he hastily grabbed up his carbine, girthed his hunting knife, and beat a precipitate retreat. The Professor was pursued by the black snakes for some distance, but being in a hurry he had no time to look back and count the numbers. He says that had they come one at a time he would not have retreated, but to attack him by companies, brigades and divisions, was enough to frighten any man.

Two Sundays Every Week.

The United States of America always was "the greatest nation in creation," as everybody who has listened to a Fourth of July oration well knows. But since our annexation of the Russian possessions, we've taken one step ahead. Other, and less happy, great and powerful nations have their peculiar points of which to boast. England brags that the sun never sets on her flag; France that her eagles have flown in every capital of Europe. But the United States can now boast of the most wonderful fact of all—a fact that no other nation can ever approach, and may not hope to rival. We have now in this happy Republic, two Sundays every week, as now may be seen by the following extract from Mr. Sumner's pamphlet of our new Russian purchase: "As the settlement of this coast came eastward from Russia, bringing with the Russia flag western time, the day is earlier by twenty-fours with them than with us, so that their Sunday is our Saturday, and the other days of the week are in corresponding discord. This must be rectified according to the national meridian, so that there shall be the same Sunday for all, and the other days of the week shall be in corresponding harmony.

SINGULAR TEST.—There is a curious ordeal in India, which shows the action of fear upon the salivary glands. If a wrong is committed the suspected persons are got together, and each is required to keep a quanity of rice in his mouth for a certain time, and then put it out again; and, with the greatest certainty, the man who had done the deeds puts it out almost dry, in consequence of the fear of his mind keeping back the saliva.

A Literary Curiosity.

Two terribly tired travelers toiled through tangled thickets, thickly thorned, toward the Talitum turnpike telling touching tales theoretically told, to those that thought themselves thoroughly theoretical tacticians. Therefore, the throng that threw themselves thickening thitherward thought them Thespians. Thraso-like they thundered thrasonically their thriftless threnodies. Thirsty they tippled together. Their tractability told them tolerably tolerant. Their tortuosity, too, transfigured the Talitans timorously. Their tiaras, that Tiffany toilfully trimmed till the topaz trembled therein, took the throng. The tokay that they took trying the tavern table, told terribly—tinting, tingling, troubling their thoughts till their tintinnabulary tones tortured the tired townsmen; they thereupon thrashed the tipsy tyronian tyros through the town. They tittered thereat, therefore thereupon the tomtits twittered touchingly, transporting thereby the thoughtless throng to that transitory tranquility that thoroughly transcends the terrific trance. Two trashy trappers, tugging two terrible trydacticle tigers, took three triennial tulips to the theologic teachers there, telling them that theorems theoretically treated tended toward tiring the too thoughtful theoligans; that, therefore, theology thetically tinctured thoroughly throttled the thin thesis that theophany throws theurgy to the thoughtless. Their tedious trifling teased the teachers terribly, though their theories taxed their theosity throughout, therefore the turnkey took the two to the trap. The tailor trimmed them tastefully, their testimony taken tachigraphically, taborer tabooed them, till their taciturnity turned to the tallest talking. These trying things turned their tantrums to thoughtful tameness. The tigers thereupon took to the thickets, the trappers to the tollgate. Tardily they tendered the tax; tartly throwing the testy taxer the two tens, they tawdrily took to their travels. The Thespians tarried—to tell the truth their tendencies tendering their tickets to tempt the town. The tagrag thronged the taphouse talking theatrically. The tavern thronged, the town tattlers told tautological tales, ten times tensible, tense, terse, thickly tinged, titilating, tissued to tickle the thoughtless. The theatre took—"The Tempter's Toils" threw the theatre-tending town to transcendentalism. The town-clerk, town-crier, townsman, towntinman, town-tinker, town-tailor, town-turnkey, *tous*, turned theatrically topsy-turvey.

HERE WE COME.—There was a wedding in a church in a village near Chicago, recently, which was attended by a crowd of people, the bride being a famous belle in the section, and the bridegroom a late officer. There is a story about him that was revived with great effect at the wedding. He was in the western frontier service, and one day (so the story goes) he went out to hunt a bear. He had been away from camp a few hours, when his voice was heard faintly in the distance, exclaiming:

"*H-e-r-e we come!*"

In a little time the same cry was heard again, but nearer; then it was repeated at intervals, nearer and louder; then finally the bold captain emerged from a bit of woods near the camp, running at the top of his speed, without a coat, hat or gun. In he came to the camp, shouting:

"Here we come."

"Here who comes?" inquired a brother officer.

"Why me and the game," gasped the officer, pointing to a big bear who showed himself at the edge of the woods, took a look at the camp, and then, with a growl at missing his expected meal off the captain, disappeared in the woods again.

"But why didn't you shoot the bear, and then bring him in?" inquired one.

"What's the use in shooting your game," said the captain, testily, "when you can bring it in alive, as I did?"

The story got home before the captain did and was in everybody's mouth. The other night, as the bold captain led his intended bride into the church with pride and grace so readily inspired by the occasion, some wicked wag sang out from the gallery:

"*H-e-r-e we come!*"

Which was followed by such a shout of laughter as the old church never knew before.

THE DUTCHMAN'S "BONY."—"Chon you recklemember dat little black bony I pyed mit the bidler next week?"

"Yah, vot of him?"

"Nothings, only I gits sheated burty bad."

"So?"

"Yah. You see in the vust place he ish plint mit bote legs, and fery lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits upon him to rite he rares up pehint unt kicks up pefore so verser as a chackmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt no sooner I gets straddle his pack he gommence dat vay, churst so like a vakin peam on a poatstream; unt ven he gits tone, I vas so mixed up mide eferydinks, I vints mineself zitten around packwards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de bridle."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as sham up. I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his head aught to be; den I gife him about a dozen cuts mit a hidecow? he starts to go, put so soon he sees te cart pefore him, he makes packwards. Den I takes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shust so good as anypody's bony."

Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: 'How is it that white sheep eat more than black?' Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering sometime he said: 'The reason is because there are more of them'

What Every Young Man Should Do.

1. Every young man should make the most of himself, intellectualy, morally, socially and physically.

2. He should depend upon his own efforts to accomplish these results.

3. He should be willing to take advice from those competent to give it, and to follow such advice, until his own judgment or convictions, properly founded, should otherwise direct.

4. If he is unfortunate enough to have a rich and indulgent father, he must do the best he can under the circumstances, which will be to conduct himself very much as though he had not these obstacles to overcome.

5. He should rememember that young men, if they live, grow old; and that the habits of youth are oftener than otherwise perpetuated in mature man. Knowing this fact, he should govern himself accordingly.

6. He should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that nearly all great results have been wrought out from apparently slight causes.

7. He should never, under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come as near his desire as possible—he will thus reach the object of his ambition.

8. All young men have "inalienable rights," among which none is greater or more sacred than the privilege to be "somebody."

Jeff. Davis and the Vermont People.

Jeff. Davis visited Stanstead last week, and was the guest of Hon. T. Terrill. Fred. Terrill, Esq., brought him from Sherbrook, in a very quiet manner, professedly to see the country and to consult in regard to an investment in the gold mines at Hatley. On Thursday, as we learn from the Newport (Vt.) *Express*, Mr Terrill, in his best turnout, took Davis about the village to ride, when several incidents transpired not altogether pleasing to either the host or the guest. Not only boys but men hooted at him in the street, and greeted him with those familiar words, "We'll hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree." He was frequently asked where he had left his "petticoats," and various little remarks more suggestive than pleasing, everywhere fell upon his ear. One lady, stung by the recollection and death of a near relative at Andersonville, gave utterance to her feelings by hurling a stone at him. Permission was asked that Jeff. might ride about the grounds of Carlos Pierce, Esq., and take a look at his noted herds, but the request was emphatically denied by Mr. H. Pierce, in charge of the premises, who declared in unmistakable language, "that in no event would Jeff. Davis be admitted to those grounds."

A Washington correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* says that the excellent Bishop of the Methodist church, who is now visiting the Pacific coast, will lose no time in exploring the new territory, with reference to a Christian mission there without delay, and adds: "The first postoffice in Russian America was established by the Department this week. It is called 'Sitka,' and John H. Kinkhead is the Postmaster. The mail matter to 'Sitka' will be sent by vessel from San Fran isco. I learn that quite large emigration to the newly acquired land has been commenced."

When a counterfeit is presented at the Bank of England, the gold is instantly paid for it. If it comes from some known person he is only asked where he got it. If from a stranger, the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting, and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the band is in possession of the stranger's biography. The offender once arrested, is likely to be tried, convicted, and sentenced, within two days; wherefore Great Britain is not an inviting field for that branch of industry.

A Wilmington, (Del.) paper relates that Jeremiah Ayres, of the 1st Delaware regiment, who was a prisoner at Andersonville, has been suffering from indisposition for nearly a year, and was seized with vomiting a few days ago, when he threw up a ball as large as a robin's egg, and on breaking it, found it to consist of corn hulls, which must have collected while he was in the rebel prison pen. He was much relieved after the expulsion of this substance, and his health is now improving.

In a school recently a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a new Testament to a boy who had illtreated her. The story was appreciated, for a few minutes afterwards one boy struck another and being asked the reason said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

During a recess at a school in Avon, Wis., a lad pushed back Harriet Wilson, a girl of fourteen. She tripped and fell, her head striking heavily on the ground. The poor girl gasped but once, and all was over. The girl had a presentiment of her death two or three weeks before the fatal event occured, and had repeatedly spoken on the subject with her parents and others.

The book of the impeachment evidence will contain nearly 1,000 pages, and will be accompanied by two other volumes of equal size, which will be filled with long documents obtained from the files of the different Departments, and other sources, including the reports of the several House committees.

Twenty thousand Americans are estimated to have crossed the Atlantic, from west to east, since February last.

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

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

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

J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all Legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

FORCEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Front Street, (above the Academy,) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

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 0, '59.

THOMAS J. M'CULLOUGH, 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. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south 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. Apr 27.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having removed to George J. Kyler's dec'd, near Wallam's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country.

FRANK BARRETT, Conveyancer and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Second Street, with Walter Barrett, Esq. Agent for Plantation and Gold Territory in South Carolina, Clearfield July 10, 1867.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

GALBERT & BRO'S, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863

DENTISTRY.—J. P CORNETT, Dentist, offers his professional services to the citizens of Curwensville and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.

J. BLAKE WALTERS, Scriviner and Conveyancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale of Lands, Clearfield, Pa. Prompt attention given to all business connected with the county offices. Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 3.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law' Clearfield, Pa., Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1866.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE — WILLIAM D. BIGLER
J. BLAKE WALTERS — FRANK FIELDING

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned 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—6mp.

FURNITURE ROOMS.

JOHN GUELICH,

Desires to inform his old friends and customers, that, having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is,

BUREAUS AND SIDEBOARDS,

Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables.

Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jenny-Lind and other Bedsteads.

SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.

Spring-seat, Cain-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; And common and other Chairs.

LOOKING-GLASSES

Of every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms, on short notice.

He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-husk, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND,

Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse, whenever desirable.

Also, House painting done to order.

The above, and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for CASH or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Lin-wood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture.

Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December 4, 1861 JOHN GUELICH.

EAGLE HOTEL,
CURWENSVILLE, PENN'A.

LEWIS W. TEN EYCK, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased and refitted the above hotel, he is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. His bar contains the choicest brands of liquors. He solicits a share of public patronage. July 11th, 1866.