

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865.

VOL. 11.—NO. 31.

## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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

## Business Directory.

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawn 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 Nagle'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 SWOOP, 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., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. June 22, 1864.

J. P. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions &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 19, 1863.

D. R. WOODS, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, and Examining Surgeon for Pensioners, Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry Street, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1863.

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

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21 street, one door south of Lantich's Hotel.

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

LARRIMER & 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 9, 1863.

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. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1863.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county, that he has rented the "Tipton Hotel," and will use every endeavor to accommodate those who may favor him with their custom. He will try to furnish the table with the best the country can afford, and will keep hay and feed to accommodate teamsters. Gentlemen don't forget the "Tipton Hotel." SAMUEL SMITH. Tipton, Pa., May 25, 1864.

NEW WATCH & JEWELRY STORE.—The undersigned, having located in the borough of Clearfield, (at the site formerly occupied by R. Welch as a jewelry shop,) is prepared to do work of all kinds on the most reasonable terms. The cash will positively be expected when the work is delivered. He is confident that he can not be excelled by any workman in town or county. Come one! come all to the Sign of the Big Watch. April 9, 62-17-pd. S. H. LAUCHLIN.

BANK NOTICE. TREASURY DEPARTMENT. OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY. WASHINGTON, January 30th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear 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 3d, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act;

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

HUGH McCULLOCH, Comptroller of the Currency.

BANK NOTICE. TREASURY DEPARTMENT. OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY. WASHINGTON, March 8th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3d, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act;

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

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

HUGH McCULLOCH, Comptroller of the Currency.

## Select Poetry.

### NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chamber  
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,  
See the forms of little children,  
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest.  
And in quiet nursery chambers,  
Weep beneath this winter's snow,  
Hear the voices of the children,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain,  
Calmly shine the wintry stars,  
But across the glistening low lands  
Slight the moonlight's silver bars.  
In the silence and the darkness,  
Darkness growing still more deep,  
Listen to the children,  
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,  
And the mother's head drops low;  
One from out her fold is sleeping  
Deep beneath this winter's snow.  
"Take our souls,"—and past the casement  
Flits a gleam of crystal light,  
Like the trailing of its garments  
Walking even more in white.

Little souls that stand expectant  
Listening at the gates of life,  
Hearing far away the murmur  
Of the trumpet and the strife;  
We who fight beneath those banners,  
Meeting ranks of foemen there,  
Find a deeper, broader meaning  
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp the standard  
Which, to-day you watch from far,  
When your deeds shall shape the conflict  
In this universal war,  
Pray to him, the God of battles,  
Whose strong eye can never sleep  
In the warring of temptation,  
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly  
Clears the smoke from out the skies,  
When, far down the purple distance,  
All the noise of battle dies,  
When the last night's solemn shadows  
Settle dark on you and me,  
May the love that never faileth,  
Take our souls eternally.

### THE WIDOW AND THE POKER.

#### OB. WILL WOODHOUSE'S COURTSHIP.

Mr. William Woodhouse was naturally a very timid man. Not that he was lacking in moral or physical courage, but that he was afraid of the women. On all other occasions he was usually equal to the emergency, he it whatever it might; but place him *tele-a-tele* with a woman, and, to use a vulgar, but expressive phrase, he was done for.

His mother had long ago settled down to the uncomfortable conviction that William would never marry and tie girls had arrived at the same conclusion; it had become quite the thing to say, in making comparisons, "As great a fool as Will Woodhouse."

For—take note, bashful gentlemen—however much ladies may admire modesty in the other sex, they invariably despise a man who has not heart enough to say to the girl of his choice, "I love you."

Will admired all the girls in his way, but he looked upon them very much as sensible people do upon a hornet's nest—as a curious piece of architecture, but not safe to be familiar with.

So he kept his distance, and in the meantime arrived at the mature age of twenty-three. Then he met, for the first time, at a picnic-party, Adelaide Browne. We believe people with the stoniest hearts fall in love at picnics, and from that hour poor Will had no comfort of his life. Sleeping or waking, his dreams were full of the beautiful Miss Browne. Surely there never was another of the numerous Browne family like her! Blue eyes, white muslin dress, with knots of pink ribbon—brown hair, red lips, pearls, snowy hands—all danced together in his mischievous "all hands round" before his distorted vision.

Adelaide, all unconscious of the trouble she had caused, went her way, breaking the hearts of most of the young gentlemen in Highbridge, and trying hard to fracture the few that remained whole.

She was visiting her aunt Hooper, and it is an undeniable fact that ladies always take best where they are not known. This is no libel on the sex—no, indeed! for with gentlemen this truth is still more applicable.

Mrs. Hooper was a widow lady of no small personal attractions in her own estimation, and if she was not so young as she might have been, she thought she was, and behaved accordingly. She still affected short sleeves and profuse ringlets of glossiest black—though envious individuals resisted in it that her curls were made at the hair-dresser's. The same persons also believed that she was anxious to supply that place of the dear deceased as soon as possible.

For a week after meeting with Adelaide, Will bore up bravely. The second meeting destroyed all the stock of composure he had been hoarding up. He took desperately to the infinite destruction of shoe-leather and the infinite disgust of his practical papa.

He met Adelaide now quite frequently. Highbridge was very gay. There was a singing school, a lyceum, a "society," and then the folks got up excursions to the surrounding hills—for it was yet early autumn, and nature was in her robes of state.

There was an excursion to Mount Gibbo, one fine day, and there Will had the ecstatic pleasure of treading on Adelaide's dress, thereby throwing her headlong into a pile of brush, and while Laura Blake picked her up and helped her pin her floozles, he stood by, frightened out of his wits, and momentarily expecting the mountain to open and swallow him up.

From that time he pined rapidly. His appetite was a thing of the past. His mother thought him in a quick decline, and dosed him with hoarhound and Dr. Perkin's patent pills. He grew worse and worse. At last, thinking himself near his end, he confessed to his mother. She was thunder-struck at first; but afterwards, like a sensible woman, she advised him to put on his

"other clothes" and go right over and lay the case before Miss Browne. It couldn't kill him, she said, and then if she refused him—why, there was as good fish in the sea, etc.

Will took three days to consider, and at the end of that time his mind was made up. He swallowed a double dose of blackberry cordial, donned his flame colored vest and black and blue plaid, brushed his hair till it shone like ebony, covered his head with his father's ten dollar beaver, and made the best of his way to Mrs. Hooper's. Not that he intended to ask Adelaide—but Mrs. Hooper. If he could only get the aunt won over to his cause, and employ her to state the condition of his heart to her niece, he should be happy. He felt assured that he never could live through confessing himself to Adelaide; and if he did, and she should say no, he was satisfied he should faint away right on the spot.

As good fortune would have it, he found Mrs. Hooper alone, in her best gown and her best humor. She was charmed to see him, and treated him to nuts and cider, and a seat on the sofa so near herself that Will was at his wits' end to frame the first word of his errand.

"They talked of the weather and the crops till the clock struck ten. The widow tried to make him think it was only nine, but he was not so far gone but that he could still count. He felt that the terrible moment could be no longer delayed; he must make a beginning:

"Mrs. Hooper," said he, "I came over this evening—" he hesitated.

"Yes, Will," said she encouragingly.

"I came over—" still more encouragingly.

"I came over to ask a great favor of you."

"Well, you couldn't have come to any body that would be readier to do you a kindness, William."

"Thank you." The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops. "But this is a very delicate business, very. I come to ask you to—"

"To—don't be afraid; I am listening."

"The fact of it is, I'm in love—desperately! There, I've done it!"

"Mercy on me! Why, William! and I never mistrusted it!—never! Well, of all things!" and the widow edged a little closer and put her fat hand in William's.

"Yes, I'm in love, and I come to ask you if you would—"

"Will I? To be sure I will! How could you think otherwise! I have always thought so much of you! But it is so sudden! What would folks say?"

"Deuced if I care!" cried Will, elated at the prospect before him. "It's nobody's business—am I to be wretched on account of what people say? Don't hug me so, Mrs. Hooper, I beg—I ain't used to it; and—"

"The nice, I guess. Dear William, how glad I am you told me!"

"And you'll ask Adelaide, make it all right with her?"

"Adelaide? Oh! she'll have no earthly objection—of course not!"

"Are you sure? If I was only certain of it! Oh, Mrs. Hooper, I loved her the moment I set my eyes on her!"

"Her? Who?"

"Why, your niece, Adelaide Browne. She is the only woman on earth that I could ever be happy with. I shall die if I don't get her!"

### THE TWO TOMS.

#### OR, HOW TO MANAGE CHILDREN.

"Tom, here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in tones of authority. The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions.

"Do you hear me, sir?" spoke the father, more sternly than at first. With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's pace?" said the father, angrily. "Come quickly. I want you; when I speak I like to be obeyed instantly. Here, take this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go." The boy took the note; there was a cloud upon his brow. He moved onward, but at a slow pace.

"You, Tom! is that doing as I ordered? Is that going quickly?" called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour I will punish you." But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent; he experienced a sense of injustice, a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence. "My words scarcely make an impression on him."

"Kind words often prove most powerful," said the friend. The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and the refreshing dew; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. They first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try him with kind words, they will prove a hundred fold more powerful."

The parent seemed hurt by the reproof, but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed away ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay; but the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them. At last the lad came slowly in, with a cloudy countenance, and reported the result of his errand. Having stayed far beyond his time he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it with an angry defiance. To his surprise after delivering the message he had brought, his father, instead of angry reproof and punishment, said kindly: "Very well, my son, you can go out to play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his mind nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions, he went and sat down by himself, grieved over his act of disobedience. While he thus sat he heard his name called.

"Thomas, my son," said his father, kindly. The boy sprang to his feet, and was soon beside his parent.

"Did you call, father?"

"I did, my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Long for me?"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner; he looked much pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it he bounded away with a light step.

"There is power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing after the lad's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back with a cheerful, happy face, and said: "Can I do any thing else for you, father?"

Yes, there is a power in kindness. The tempest of passion can only subside, constrain and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew, and the sunshine.

Tom is on trial. Tom at school gets through the geography by boring a hole through the middle. That is his royal road to learning, or rather past it. He holds the smaller boys up by the heels, and stands them on their heads. He melts up all the inkstands into bullets. He plays truant, gets into trouble, and when he can lie his way out. When the teacher tries to correct him he kicks her and bites her alternately.

This is Tom at school. He lounges the streets, insults passengers, and goes down and stones the school house windows. This is Tom in vacation. He takes other boys on pleasure excursions, such as stealing pears, peaches, apples and melons. This is Tom on a farm.

The other day Tom's father called upon the school committee, looking much like an injured and persecuted man. Mark this: If a boy lies worse than Ananias and Sapphira, especially if it be about school, his mother will believe every word of it. And if his mother believes it, of course his father will. So in comes Mr. Skinner, the injured father.

"My son has been turned out of school, sir."

"For what?"

"Nothing in the world but missing a word."

chest. He digs through with his jack knife.

"Well, I ain't unreasonable. I'm willing Tom should be punished, but his mother don't want him turned out of school. We want him to have a good education. The teacher can whip him if necessary."

"You seem to think, sir, it is a great privilege to whip your boy. It strikes me that that is asking a great deal of a young lady, and that such little jobs as those you ought to do yourself. Parents are bound to send their children to the school-room in such a condition that they will neither kick nor bite; and if they neglect their duty they ought to forfeit their privileges."

Mr. Skinner went home with new views. But for Tom's sake I did not let the matter rest there. I gave a prescription which I thought suited exactly to Tom's case, and which I have never known to fail; and as it works with boys of the Tom Skinner stripe as charmingly as Raley's does with wild horses, I give it for the benefit of all parents and school committees, thus: "Take Tom out of school for one week; don't leave him any leisure wherein to torment the cat, or stone the neighbors' hens, take him out into the field, make him work at your side from morning till evening, so that he will be used to sleep o' nights; never strike him or whip him; work him six days in succession, at the end of which time you may reasonably expect all the bad spirits have worked out of him at the rate of one per day. Then let him go back to school, and if the evil possession comes again, repeat the exorcism till it is effectual and complete."

Tom is now under this regimen. It works beautifully, and I am persuaded we shall have a new and better edition both of Tom at school and of Tom on a farm.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION IN FRANCE.—A Paris letter, dated the 19th, says: This Mexican question, in its bearings on the relations between France and the United States, is the great question of the moment, and almost the only one talked of on "Change."

When the news of the fall of Charlevoix arrived last Saturday, there was a regular panic at the Bourse, and the funds fell. So certain are most people that the end of our war will bring complications in regard to Mexico, that every one whether friendly to the North or to the South, now speak of the successes to the Union arms as "bad news"—"bad," because it indicates a war with France and a throw down the funds. M. Drouin de L'Hays is no doubt felicitating himself that he has at least "come it over" Mr. Seward, for in the appointment of the Marquis de Montholon to Washington he sends there, as well as a Minister from Maximilian as from Napoleon. For, as M. de Montholon is devoted to the interests of his master, Napoleon, so also he must be devoted to the success of his master's pet schemes, and thus the new Mexican empire will be represented, after all, by a friend and protector at Washington.

CONSCIENCE.—"A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field, home. A spotted tortoise, in the shallow water, at the foot of the rodora, caught my attention, and I lifted my stick to strike it, when a voice within me said, 'It is wrong.' I stood with uplifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rodora and the tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong? Wiping a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide.'"

A Wisconsin paper says that the oldest man in the world is now living in Caledonia in that State. His name is Joseph Crele, and his age is one hundred and thirty nine years. He has lived in Wisconsin more than a century, and was married in New Orleans, one hundred and nine years ago. Some years afterwards he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France.

Before the Revolutionary war, he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay! It is but a few years ago that he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court, in a case involving the title to certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired eighty years before! He now resides with a daughter by his third wife, who is over seventy years of age.

GREAT TRUTH IN SMALL PARAGRAPH.—One secret of the practical failure in after life of so many promising young persons is, that they did not learn that a man's capacity and success in the world is estimated, not by what he can do, but by what he does do. The opposite heresy is, I am sorry to believe, early imbibed in most of our seminaries of learning. How the youth of genius, real or supposed, is worshipped by his associates, and too often by society also, while the more diligent plodder is left in neglect to "work out his own salvation," as he almost infallibly does.

A Savannah belle stepped off the sidewalk the other day to avoid walking under the American flag which hung in front of an officer's headquarters. Gen. Geary, military commandant of the city immediately gave orders to have her promenade back and forth under the hated symbol for an hour, as a warning for similar offenders.

A MAN in Boston had the curiosity, on Wednesday last, to note the names of twenty-five of the gold speculators at a certain board, and on referring to the tax list he found two of them only assessed—one on \$70 and the other on \$164 in come.

### A Spicy Interview.

On the arrival of Gen. Sherman at Savannah he saw a large number of British flags displayed from buildings and had the curiosity to know how many British consuls there were there. He soon ascertained that these flags were on buildings where cotton was stored away, and at once ordered it to be seized. Soon after that, when the General was busy engaged at his head quarters, a pompous gentleman walked in apparently in great haste, and inquired if he was Gen. Sherman. Having received an affirmative reply, the pompous gentleman remarked, "that when he left his residence United States troops were engaged in removing his cotton from it, when it was protected by the British flag."

"Stop, sir," said Gen. Sherman, "not your cotton, sir, but my cotton; my cotton in the name of the United States Government, sir. I have noticed," continued Gen. Sherman, "a great many British flags here, all protecting cotton; I have seized it all in the name of my Government."

"But, sir," said the Consul, indignantly, "there is scarcely any cotton in Savannah that does not belong to me."

"There is not a pound of cotton here, sir, that does not belong to me, for the United States," responded Sherman.

"Well, sir," said the Consul, swelling himself up with the dignity of his office, and redening in the face, "my government shall hear of this. I shall report your conduct to my government, sir."

"Ah! pray, who are you, sir!" said the General.

"Consul to her British Majesty, sir."

"Oh, indeed," responded the General, "I hope you will report me to your government. You will please to say to your government, for me, that I have been fighting the Ohio government all the way from the Ohio river to Vicksburg, and thence to this point. At every step I have encountered British arms, British munitions of war, and British goods of every description, at every step, sir. I have met them, sir, in all shapes; and now sir, I find you claiming all the cotton, sir. I intend to call upon my government to order me to Nassau at once."

"What do you propose to do there?" asked the Consul, taken somewhat aback.

"I would," replied the General, "take with me a quantity of picks and shovels, and throw that cursed sand hill into the sea, sir. I would shovel it into the sea, sir; and then I would pay for it, sir—if necessary. Good day, sir."

It is needless to add that General Sherman was not again troubled by the officious representative of her majesty's government.

"I'm Good For Something."

A young man, whose bluntness was such that every effort to turn him to account in a dry-goods store was found to be unavailing received the customary notice from his employer that he did not suit and must go.

"But I'm good for something," remonstrated the poor fellow loth to be turned into the street.

"You are good for nothing as a salesman anyhow," retorted the principal regarding him from a business point of view.

"I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man.

"How? Tell me how."

"Don't know sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I," laughed the principal as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed.

"Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling. I cannot sell. I know that I cannot sell."

"I know that too; that is what there is wrong."

"But I can make myself useful somehow, I know I can."

The blunt-boy who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became not only chief-cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country. Boys be sure and be "good for something."

I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend quizzing another. "Conservative, my father was conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant, my father was a protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—oh, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

PRECOCIOUS.—There is a live Yankee out west who invented a machine, that picks the bones out of fish, and throws the meat into the mouths of those who feel inclined to eat fish, mackerel in particular. The said loquacious scion of yankeedom has also taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success, that they are said to lay boiled eggs. Shades of Faneuil Hall, where art thou not?

AMONG the reinforcements to the Army of the Potomac is a heavy artillery regiment, numbering 1600 men, 1000 of whom received \$1000 each as bounty for one year's service. It is known at the front as "the million dollar regiment."

THE FORCE OF EDUCATION.—Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy-days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learned to submit to such things with out shedding a tear.

GOLD has been found in Barbour county, West Virginia, samples of which are exhibited in Wheeling. In what quantities it exists is yet to be developed.