

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1863.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "JOURNAL"

SEFFOLK, VA., MARCH 30TH, 1863.

DEAR ROW:—With your kind indulgence, I propose to write you again, briefly, some thoughts that may most readily suggest themselves to my mind, upon the various topics which now seem to engage the attention of every loyal heart. The first thing I shall do, however, will be to let you know how we got here. Soon after I last wrote you, we were assigned for duty with the 3d Division 9th Army Corps, and that command having received orders on the 13th instant, to report to Gen. Peck at Suffolk, it implied of course our moving with it. Accordingly, on the 15th, we embarked at Newport News on board the Steamers Gen. Washington and Georgia, and after two hours steaming we reached the dock at Portsmouth and immediately disembarked and started for this point, where we arrived on the evening of the 16th, a distance of 25 miles from the latter place. Since our arrival nothing of public importance has transpired that you are not already cognizant of; but I can assure you that every preparation compatible with the exigencies of the service is being made for any emergency that may possibly arise from the desperate straits to which the traitors are said to be driven. If desperate straits require desperate exertions to prop up their waning fortunes, are they willing to yield, there can be no telling at what time, and in what direction they may hope for even temporary success. That the Rebellion is on the decline, there are very few here who are disposed to doubt. If evidence is wanted to sustain this belief, it is to be found in a careful study of the news from the rebel capitol and the numerous corroborating statements of refugees from that land of oppression and ruin. One can readily discern that the empty boasts of rebel prowess and rebel invincibility, made use of by the former, are much more faint and of less frequent occurrence now, than formerly. Their exaggerated stories of their splendid successes, both on land and sea, has been changed into whining and complaint about the numberless difficulties in the way of the final and triumphant consummation of their ideas of independence. Add to this, the reaction that is fast gaining upon the minds of the popular masses of the North from an almost open hostility, or a false neutrality, to the support of the constituted powers of the Government, and no loyal man will dare to deny, that the prospects of the future augurs well for the speedy overthrow of the most sanguine hopes of Davis & Co. in the south, and the utter frustration of the wildest anticipations of the most strenuous advocate of peace among the Copperheads of the loyal States.

It is with intense feelings of satisfaction that the news comes to us of the returning confidence of the people in the wisdom, integrity, and expediency of the war measures of the Administration in its grapplings at the very life of this unnatural rebellion. When this current is conducted by some of the brightest intellects of the age, whose opinions have always been at variance with those of the party now in power, and who have recently renounced the fatal theory that this stupendous difficulty would be adjusted by other agencies than the arbitration of arms, we may, one and all, well take hope of success for the salvation of the Republic. They have wisely taken the traitors at their word, (reiterated times without number,) that peace on any terms short of the recognition of the south as an independent nation was simply an impossibility. Then, let them not be sparing in their denunciations of northern traitors, who are too cowardly to stake their fortunes with their brethren in arms, but content themselves with wielding the baser weapons of the assassin and murderer. Let them stand up with unbroken front, demanding in the name of Heaven—in the name of an outraged Nationality—in the name of the thousands of martyred heroes that now sleep the sleep that knows no waking, whose lives have been sacrificed in defence of the dearest rights of man—and in the name of those who have left their firesides and all the associations of home and friends, to stand a living wall between the usurper and the object of his malevolence that, rather than consent to the dismemberment of this glorious union of states and founding upon their rulers anarchy and despotism, every traitor, wherever found, may be wiped from the soil he now pollutes.

I notice by the Journal of the 18th, that the people of Clearfield are not indifferent to the great issue at stake, and are now organizing for concert of action, to thwart the machinations of those in their midst who, to advance their peculiar interests, would not stop at anything short of the dissolution of the Union. Patriots of Clearfield! you have a mighty work to perform as the dearest interests of the present and rising generations are at stake upon the issue of this rebellion. If the enemies of the Government are so far permitted to patch up a temporary peace by bargaining with traitors, red with the gore of your neighbors and friends, the infamy that will descend upon us can never be effaced. But if, on

the other hand, by the strenuous exertions of the Government, backed up by your patriotic efforts, the rebels are compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws, the blessings accruing therefrom can never be computed. Remember, that you have dissembling traitors in your midst who, while they profess to be loyal to the core, are secretly plotting in what manner they can be most effective in embarrassing the legitimate power in its laudable efforts in bringing about a lasting peace, based upon the entire annihilation of every traitor in the land, if necessary. These same men have never a word of condemnation for the traitors in arms, but by their silence signify their acquiescence in all their acts. And, not content with sowing the seeds of treason and dishonor around their own firesides, they feign would offer the poisoned chalice to the lips of those, who from the motives of overflowing patriotism, at the outbreak of this rebellion rushed forward to avenge the insults offered to the flag of our country. But, to the honor and glory of these patriots be it said, they have refused the proffered draught and in doing so, they have chiselled for themselves a monument more enduring than granite, and one which will exist in the hearts of a generous people long after those who now disgrace their places will have sunk into everlasting infamy.

Up to the last few days, since our first landing at Hampton, the storm King seems to have had every thing his own way, as we have had (only with a few exceptions) the most disagreeable weather, raw and cold, with rain or snow almost daily. But now, pleasant spring has begun to smile upon us in all her loveliness, and bids fair to banish dreary winter for a time, from our midst. Already the bright green grass is springing from the sacred turf, and soon dame nature will clothe every thing around us in the most gorgeous robes.

Yours truly, W. R. B.

HEADQUARTERS, 1st MARYLAND CAVALRY, }
Camp Bayard, Va., March 31, 1863. }

DEAR ROW:—But a few hours since, this army was elated with the prospect of soon paying a visit to our Gray-back Cousins across the Rappahannock, as under the influence of a bright sun and a cool and healthful north wind, the mud was fast drying up. Then, Dame Nature seemed to lend her aid in preparation for the coming, and as we believe the last campaign of the war, in which we intend to administer to the rebellious rascals such a chastisement as will, in the future, teach them to respect and obey the rules and regulations of our worthy and ever indulgent Old Uncle (Samuel). But as day by day the condition of the roads were improving and as indications of a move became more apparent, rumors of an advance began to circulate so freely, as to induce you to believe (had you listened to one-half of them) that Gen. Hooker had at least fifty confidential advisers in our command, and that he was crazy; when suddenly, the wheels of these calculations were blocked by a fall of about three inches of snow, which greeted our waking visions this morning. The snow, however, is passing off through the melting process under a drenching rain, which will make the roads as bad as they were two weeks ago, and our anticipated visit across the river must necessarily be postponed.

By these remarks, I do not wish to convey the idea that I am very anxious to get into, or even see a fight. Oh no. I have not forgotten the first law of nature, nor has my bump of caution become entirely extinct, for experience has taught me that whenever our brave boys and Jeff Davis' rang babies get together somebody is sure to get hurt. Neither is it to gratify a sight-seeing curiosity that causes my impatience for an advance. I have seen enough such sights, and would be among the first to hail the bright messenger of peace, based upon principles honorable to the Government, as I certainly will be among the last to accept upon any other. The "Dove" must bring the true "Olive branch"—we cannot be deceived by a sprig of smart-weed, in its stead. Stern, uncompromising duty alone makes me wish for the campaign to open—believing that an unpleasant duty is to be performed, and the sooner we are at it when all is ready, the sooner it will be done. Gen. Hooker, says he is entirely ready so soon as the roads will permit us to meet, and, as we believe, to beat all the enemy's of our Government, and of its constituted authorities.

When we have done the work assigned us, and when armed treason no longer lives but upon the black pages of history, we will return to the society of our loved ones, who, we know, have long been waiting to give us a fond and hearty welcome. Not only will they welcome us, but they will join us in hating the things lately, and appropriately named "Copperhead Traitors"—than which, there is not a thing on earth looked upon as so despicable mean, by the soldiers of this army, regardless of the political party to which they belong—yes, universal is the hatred of the army for such, and we call on all our friends to hate them; and, moreover, if these sympathizers have any sense of manhood left (which is to be doubted) we call upon them in the name of truth and justice to hate themselves. His Satanic majesty, if he has any love of character, would be ashamed of an association with such as they, and would unceremoniously

kick them out of his dominions as unfit to become the companions of the residents thereof.

Many of them, we believe, are not possessed of as mean principles as they advocate; but that, in reality, they are too cowardly to meet the enemy's of our noble old Government, which has ever sustained and protected them, and that they only pretend to believe in the poisonous doctrines of Secession, Southern rights, etc., or in any thing else that will furnish them an excuse for staying out of harm's way. These men would all join the Quakers, the Mormons, the Jews, or the d.-i., and swear to anything requisite, if the late act of Congress had exempted any of these on account of conscientious, or other scruples. They are a set of putty-faced cowards and would sell their Grandmothers, if that would buy their exemption, in case they should be drafted. That they are cowards, and that of the meanest and most contemptible kind, is evidenced by their refusing to take up arms even on the side of the "poor, down-trodden south," whose "wrongs" they so deeply deplore.

But, possibly, I do these fellows injustice by this opinion. Served them right if I do. They have been doing me injustice for the past twenty months, and are doing my children and their children injustice; and they would, if we permit them, do injustice to the children of unborn generations, by destroying a Government that is admitted by all nations to be the best in the world. If I do them injustice, thousands of others (and many their former friends) are guilty of the same error—and yet, such is the opinion universally entertained of them by the soldiers in this vicinity; and when one man wants to call another the meanest thing on earth, he uses but the one word—Copperhead. If they are cowards and can't help it, and will own up honestly, our brave boys will fight the battles for them with a free good will, and will manage to save enough from their \$13 per month paid them by the Government, to buy each a hoop-skirt, etc., and after dressing them as well as old ladies are usually dressed, will allow them to remain out of harm's way. But if they are what they pretend to be, and that from principle, let them shoulder arms and step to the tune of "Dixie's Land," where we will be happy to give them a warm greeting so soon as fighting "Joe" says the word. Yours, c. e. L.

The Loyalty of the Soldier responding to that of the Citizen.
EDITOR RAFTSMEN'S JOURNAL, CLEARFIELD, PA.—SIR: I take the Liberty of sending you the following Resolutions and address prepared by Col. S. M. Bowman, acting Brigadier General, in command of 2d Brigade 3d Division (Gen. Whipple's Division) 3d Corps, Army of the Potomac, and submitted to the 8th and 11th Penn'a Volunteers, and the 12th New Hampshire; the three regiments composing his Brigade and were passed without a dissenting voice and with loud acclamations.
Yours respectfully, J. S. J.

WHEREAS, The volunteer soldier left home to serve his country in the armies of the Republic, to maintain that great and good Government, bequeathed to us by our revolutionary fathers, encouraged and cheered on by the friends he left behind; and whereas, Before the final battle is fought or victory won, there are some who cry "peace" when there is no peace, and are ready to give up in despair, thereby encouraging our enemies and increasing our calamities; therefore,
Resolved, That the officers and soldiers of this brigade send to their friends and fellow citizens at home the following address, as expressive of their feelings and sentiments on the war:

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—We are here, as you all know, at the bidding of our beloved country; we came hither to assist by force of arms to maintain that Government, of which every man in it has an equal share. It is your Government, our Government, the Government of each of us, and the Government of all. But there is this difference: You have been content to remain at home, in the enjoyment of your accustomed avocations; we left homes and friends as dear to us as yours are to you. You are content to carry on this war by force of your opinions; we have prepared to take up arms and meet the foe on the battle field. You discuss the proper order of battle after a comfortable dinner; we fight battles without dinners. You sleep comfortably in your beds; the soldier sleeps on the cold wet ground. You groan and grumble, but don't fight; we fight without grumbling, and submit to hardships and meet death without a groan.

You are free to express your opinions about the war in which you take no active part; allow us who are in the field to express ours. When we left home you all bid us God speed; the men gathered round and cheered us, our mothers and sisters, our wives and daughters, smiled amid their tears and waved us on; even the little boys and girls waved their tiny flags, and expressing a noble patriotic sense, sent up many "huzzas" for the Union; guns were fired; the old banner with its stars and stripes floated from window and dome; every one seemed to say, go on my brave countrymen; put down this wicked rebellion; re-establish the old banner on every hill top, and if need be we will come to the

rescue. We had hoped that the war would be short; that the misguided people of the rebellious States would soon lay down their arms and return to their duty and to their allegiance.

But not so. They have only become more hostile as their wicked cause has become more desperate.

Thus far the war has been carried on with a gentle hand on our part. It was impossible to comprehend at first the extent and magnitude of this rebellion. The Government has treated it like a kind and indulgent parent would treat a refractory child; the parent has been content to exhibit the rod and to mingle kind words with gentle reproof; but this has only made the child more hateful, wicked and defiant. The public sentiment of the country demanded this moderation, under the impression that the Southern people would ere long return to their senses. The recent elections in several of the loyal States indicated this sentiment by large majorities. But the leaders of the rebellion, instead of appreciating this unparalleled generosity, tell us, "We spit upon your peace offerings, we despise you, we defy you, we ask no peace short of our subjugation or a Southern Confederacy."

They tell us again, "We are your masters, and there shall be no peace except such as we shall dictate at the capitol at Washington with our armies thundering at your gates." They tell us, as they did at the outset, "You are knaves and cowards and five of you are not equal to one of us in battle!" and in their incomprehensible arrogance and self conceit they still expect to beat the rebel and have roll call at the base of Bunker Hill monument! Under these circumstances we are more than ever for the war. We are now, henceforth, and forever in favor of carrying on the war in dead earnest.

We are opposed to all at home who oppose the war and cry "peace" when there is no peace, and can be no peace except at the expense of our nationality, our honor and our manhood.

We disdain all such as counsel peace and offer their sympathies to our enemies, that they are making a damning record for themselves and their descendants for all time to come, and we furthermore suggest most respectfully, to all who feel competent to criticize the war, and tell us how battles should be fought and victories won, to shoulder the musket and come down to the front and give practical evidence of their ability in the science of arms and the duties of the soldier.

Finally, we see no reason for doubting or halting in our onward career. If the war, on our part, was right in its inception, it is right still. Nor have we any reason to be discouraged. It is true we have lost some battles and that some great mistakes have been made, but no cause, however just, was ever maintained without disaster. But a candid retrospect of the war shows, on the whole, every reason for encouragement. In Kentucky the rebel lines once extended as far North as Bowling Green. In Missouri, Price carried his rebel banner as far North as Lexington and menaced St. Louis in Tennessee Pillow and Floyd held Fort Donelson and the rebel army dominated over all the country, from Cumberland Gap to the Mississippi river. But 1862 saw the enemy driven out of Missouri and Kentucky, Columbus evacuated, Island No. 10 captured, the enemy whipped at Fort Henry, fought and conquered at Fort Donelson, beaten at Shiloh, driven from his strong hold at Corinth and finally swept out of Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Mississippi. Since then our arms have carried our victorious banner down the father of waters, sweeping Arkansas by the way, shaking hands with Banks', force near Port Hudson, and now that matchless river is ours and rebel Louisiana lies at our feet.

The enemy was caught and whipped in Maryland, and if Richmond still remains to poor Old Virginia, it stands up like a blasted monument, amid a wilderness of desolation. In fact the enemy has been driven on all sides and through the centre, and the rebellion can read its destiny by the light of glistering bayonets on the land and hear its doom in the roar of cannon from the navy that hangs like an electric cloud along fifteen hundred miles of the southern coast.

We say without hesitation, that we stand pledged to this contest. The issue is made up. The hand of destiny is upon us. God alone holds in his hand the issues of life or death. We are for the war, and in favor of any measure that will hurt the rebels. Perish trade, perish commerce, perish slavery, perish everything and everybody that stands in the way of that cause for which we have periled our lives and are ready to die, if such be the will of Heaven.

Some of our fellow citizens at home insist that this war must be carried on "according to the Constitution." How do the rebels carry on this war? Did they batter down the walls of Fort Sumter according to the Constitution? Do they raise and equip large armies to destroy us under the provisions of the Constitution? Do their piratical ships go forth on the high seas to destroy our commerce under the aegis of the Constitution? Is it constitutional for the rebels to destroy the Constitution and to destroy the country, and to wage a destructive war against us on the sea and land? Must we fight them as if they were as-

pecial and particular friends? No! This conceited, wicked, rebel child has ignored the Constitution of the United States and has made one for himself—he has made war upon the household—he has put his sacrilegious hand at the throat of his mother, and he must be treated as an outlaw, he must be put down like any other enemy—he has no rights to be protected under that Constitution he stands armed to destroy. The day for kind reproof, for gentle admonition, is passed—there is no time left for temporizing and delay. Let the heavy hand of war be laid heavily on the rebel States—let the cry be "Lay on Macduff, and let him be damned who cries enough!" until this rebellion is fought to a triumphant result.

To this end we pledge all we have, and all we are. By all the sacrifices already made by us, by all the hardships already endured by our countrymen, by all the bones of our fellow soldiers slain, by the memories of our revolutionary fathers—as long as "grass grows and water runs," as sure as there is a God above, we will stand for the right until this rebellion is put down.

[From Wilkes' Spirit of the Times of March 28th.]

THE SUB-SOUTHERN REVOLUTION.

The rallying of patriotic citizens into loyal leagues, and the open affiliation of hostile party leaders in a common cause, is a wholesome indication for the country. It marks the limit of the rebel hopes, and leaves nothing outside the general swing and action of the North, but small particles of hate and utter treason. In recognizing this fact, it is not proper we should undervalue the aid which has recently been rendered by the adhesion of those long time sullen chiefs who have been associated prominently with the Democratic party, nor, at the same time, fail to recognize the fact that the ever loyal and always warlike instincts of the masses of that party have furnished the underlying pressure which has forced those magnates into their new attitude. Always ahead of their officers, they were the first to discover and to clearly understand the true cause and motive of this Southern plot; and now being fairly on the track of its infamous intentions, they will be very apt to visit it with enduring chastisement, as well as with suppression. Error, however extreme, appeals to the forgiveness of the noble; but conscious wickedness and deliberate crime must undergo penalties along with their humiliations, in order to render a just compensation to the outrages they have inflicted on society.

Two years ago we took the liberty, as an humble member of the party, to ward our fellow-Democrats against the artful enticements which some of their pretended leaders raised against the war; and endeavored to show them that, instead of the crisis having been sprung upon us by an indignant people striking for their rights, it was a deliberate Southern plot for the constitution of an aristocracy, and the entire subversion of the Democratic principle. That it was simply the revolt of a set of barons, who, through the arrogance of a special institution, which made them not only lords of the soil, but lords also of the labor which made it teem and thrive, believed themselves to be "a master race," and fancied that the time had come for them to prove it. The masses were for a while unwilling to believe that such an execrable scheme could have been deliberately meditated; they had been taught to regard the Southerner as of a specially generous and chivalric nature; and they were told, moreover, by insidious demagogues, who had political contacts and exchanges with these lords, that certain commercial principles, which were held in common, made Democrats the natural allies of the South. By slow degrees, however, the leaven of the revolt worked out, and through such declarations, as that "capital should always own labor," and that "all labor is dangerous, whether white or black," uttered with marked approbation in the Confederate Senate, the Democracy of the North began to understand that this base revolt was aimed mainly at themselves. They then saw Mr. Slaveholder in a new light. Instead of the courteous cavalier, whose liberal hand found constant occupation in scattering his easily earned gold about our summer thoroughfares, they recognized him as the aspiring and supercilious aristocrat, who had seized upon one-half the country, shut it up from white competition, and assigned its rich labor market entirely to the black. Nay, more; they saw not only that the super-abounding labor of the North was involuntarily debared from this inviting section, but that it was disdained as being baser even than the black, and bade to keep its confines in a nation by itself, while "the master race" had a dominion of its own.

No wonder then that the Democracy here at last come right side up in this momentous struggle; or that they have directed their contentions to proclaim them thoroughly entered for the fight. They know it now to be especially their task, and all invidious outside lookers-on may as well resign themselves at once to the conclusion that the job of subjugation will be thoroughly well performed. The vain declaration that the rebels never can be conquered, is worthy only of derision. All the great races have been conquered; Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Slave, Saxon, Celt and

Gaul. Subject alike to the laws of health and hunger, all must eat, and all may either be famished or disarmed. To subjugate a nation it is not necessary to conquer every citizen. Exhaust its finances, deplete its commissariat, capture its military chest, or cut off its resources, and you have it as complete at your mercy as if you held every inhabitant by the neck. War is a game of science, not a mere question of courage. All nations are brave—but history is full of instances where the brave have been obliged to lay down their arms. Among the readiest instincts of the human mind, is that which enables man to make a sudden choice of evils; and when we have seen patriots yield occasionally to a despot's yoke, it is an insult to honorable history to assume that mere traitors are superior in fortitude and virtue.

We repeat that the masses of the Northern people now understand mainly the nature of this war: but there is still a phase of it which they have hardly taken into contemplation. They fully comprehend that the South, pampered by undue wealth and prevented by a degrading social institution, have conspired to seize their section and expel free labor from its borders; but they do not comprehend that the audacious traitors actually meditate the enslavement of the poor white race in their midst, and in the progress of their wicked empire to absorb and ultimately servilize the North.

That this declaration may not seem extreme, we quote from the speech of Mr. L. W. Spratt, one of the South Carolina leaders, made as late as March, 1861. Mr. Spratt, in advocating the re-opening of the African slave trade by the Confederacy, incidentally remarked that the real contest which had been inaugurated by their cannon, was between the two forms of society established in the North and South; "the one embodying the principle that equality is the right of man," which, says Mr. Spratt, exists at the North and expands into Democracy; the other embodying the principle that is not the right of man, but the right of equals only; "and this," says Mr. Spratt proudly, "is the form existing at the South which has taken the shape of a social aristocracy." "There are already too many whites in the South," continued he, "particularly in the border States—in Virginia half a million too many, for there should be but as many whites as slaves to keep the social aristocracy at its proper equilibrium." Having delivered himself of this philosophy, Mr. Spratt then develops the entire of the atrocious plot of himself and would-be brother nobles. In very much the same language as that of McDuffie, the prototype of that arch-aristocrat Calhoun, who thirty years ago declared that "all labor was dangerous," Mr. Spratt proclaims that "the surplus whites of the South are a dangerous element," and intimates that as soon as the Confederacy shall have achieved its independence of the North, a second revolution will be necessary to put them down.

"It appears," says he, "that our contest is not ended with a dissolution of the Union. . . Slavery, like the Thracian horse rearing from the field of victory, still bears a master on his back; and having achieved one revolution to escape the Democracy of the North, it must achieve another to escape it at the South. . . Slavery cannot share a Government with Democracy; it cannot bear a brand upon it—thence another revolution."

Here we have the whole scope of the Southern aristocratic scheme, and that they would have the power to effect their object, after independence, there cannot be a particle of doubt. It is alarming programme is fully comprehended by the intelligent Unionists of the South, and is likewise extending itself among those ignorant masses whom the iron despotism of Jeff. Davis has reaped by the conscription. The battles which the freemen of Alabama have inaugurated in her mountains, the mutterings of discontent against the tyranny of Richmond which have already found a voice in Georgia, and "the unsettled condition of the popular mind in the Old North State," are proofs that the latent manhood of the masses of the South is being touched. Their struggles, however, with the despotism under which they have already sunk, would be a hopeless one indeed, but for help from us. Let us strike at them, therefore, not as enemies whom we hate, but as brothers whom we love and whose misfortune we deplore. Let us strike at them to free them; and as we give the blow, let it be doubled by the consciousness that we deal in the interest of all mankind, as well as to remain free ourselves.

A Wondrous Age! when naïve charms no longer fill fair women with alarm, when painted roses adorn the sallow face, and iron ribbon gives her every grace; when piles of gold her sire's ill gotten gains, are full atonement for want of brains; when solid graces wield a blunted dart, while musk and moonlight win the lover's heart.

If every word men utter fell to the ground, and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they are now.

It takes but a rough tailor to fit a man with a suit of tar and feathers.

How to make pantaloons last—make the coat and vest first.