

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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## IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse to a worldless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The strivings after better things—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word of grief's dark hour  
That proved a friend indeed—  
The plea for mercy softly breathed,  
When Justice threatens high,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a claspèd hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,  
That make up love's first bliss—  
If with a firm, unshaking faith,  
And holy trust and high,  
Those hands have clasped those lips have met,  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell;  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel but never tell,  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unending record kept—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love—  
Be firm, and just, and true,  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee—  
These things shall never die.

## "THE LITTLE REGIMENT."

During the struggle for Independence, General Greene sent out General Morgan with one thousand men, to cut off the Tories infesting the western portion of South Carolina.

Scarcely had Morgan with his hand taken up their march, ere Cornwallis dispatched the blood-thirsty Col. Tarleton in pursuit. The indefatigable Morgan soon learned of this, and accordingly halted and prepared for battle.

Among the militia were seven persons, a father and six sons whom Gen. Morgan especially complimented. These seven patriot soldiers were nicknamed by their comrades, "The Little Regiment."

John Hillier, Sr., some fifty-five years of age, stood six feet five and a half inches, was of fine proportions, and weighed over three hundred pounds, whilst the youngest, John Hillier, Jr., aged twenty-two, measured six feet three inches, and weighed two hundred and thirty pounds. The two others varied in size and weight between these two.

In addition to these gigantic proportions, the Hilliers were possessed of enormous physical strength and the most dauntless courage. Though often before engaged in skirmishes, this was the first time that they were to take part in a battle, and of course the rest of the army were anxious to know how they would behave.

"John," said Gen. Morgan to the elder Hillier, who with his sons, was eating a hasty and frugal meal from off a fallen tree, "I suppose you and your brave boys would rather fight together than to be separated."

"Yes, General," said the patriot, "I think we would be of much more service to you and our noble cause when united than when parted."

"Well, John," rejoined Gen. Morgan, "we'll have some warm work in the morning, and I am going to give you and your lads here the most dangerous position in the battle. To-morrow you shall bear the first standard into fight, and I know that the glorious banner of our country cannot be placed in better hands."

"Thank you, General, thank you for the compliment, and I and my lads will promise you this, that while we can stand and fight, or kneel and fight, you'll see them Stars and Stripes floating."

"Then, as the time is pressing, move up to the front," answered Morgan, gathering up his reins and slowly riding away; "and remember," he continued, as his steed pranced along, impatient of the curb, "I shall keep my eye on 'The Little Regiment.' Good night."

"Good night, General," and thus they parted. The still hours of the night passed slowly, solemnly on. Presently, as the sun came fully above the horizon, and streamed his glowing beams over the icy hillocks, and along the field, the trumpet's shrill note sounded the enemy's advance, and the patriot band prepared for the onset.

In front of, and a little apart from the van of Morgan's force were John Hillier and his six giant sons, the father himself bearing aloft the flag, while the latter ranged themselves three on each side of him, as a guard.

"Well done, Little Regiment," exclaimed the General, as he rode down the line, encouraging his men to stand firm before the foe who were at this time rapidly approaching them.

On came Tarleton and his merciless butchers with that steady coolness and veteran determination which always have such a fatal effect upon militia. Anxiously Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined force, which he noticed was already beginning to waver from side to side and back and forth. But even at this moment he was unable to repress the thrill of joy which passed through him as he beheld the Hilliers, at a word from their father coolly and deliberately draw their long, heavy swords.

"Would to God that I had a hundred such Little Regiments," he said, between his closed teeth; "I would!"

The sentence was unfinished, for at this in-

stant, at a given signal, Tarleton's troops, clapping spurs to their steeds, charged with fearful fury.

For a moment or so the militia tottered and surged and struggled, and then breaking, fled in wild confusion, thus leaving the devoted Hilliers unsupported. Morgan expected to see the latter swept to the earth and ridden down like reeds before the tempest; but even he did not know the Little Regiment. In a voice that was clearly heard above the din of battle, the elder Hillier, as he raised himself to his full height, shouted:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!"

Instantly he was encircled by his sons, the herculean exertions of whom actually kept the whole force of the enemy at bay. Determined, however, to take the rebel standard, Tarleton's men raged wildly about their intended victims. Men and horse sank to earth, till at last their bodies formed a rampart behind which the little regiment, wounded and bleeding, fought like lions. Seeing at last that sabres were useless, a British dragoon now drew a pistol, and leveling it at young John Hillier, shot him through the heart.

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!" again thundered the father, and the fearful circle was once more serried and unbroken.

By this time Morgan had succeeded in bringing up his regulars, and heading them himself, he rushed to the rescue of the noble Hilliers. But alas! too late! A second of the Little Regiment fell, then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth.

"Back to back, Ned! Our flag forever!" hoarsely commanded the elder Hillier, as he saw his fifth son sink at his feet.

For a while Morgan's fiercest assault attracted Tarleton's men. Like tigers did the patriotic commander and his handful of men strive to cut their way to the two envied heroes, and save them; but fate had ordered it otherwise, and the last son falling, the father was left alone in the midst of his relentless assailants.

Still, however, the flag floated proudly above the doomed hero, and still that glorious sword swept before its folds, and still, as frenzy took the place of reason, Hillier shouted in wild, hoarse tones, "Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!"

For a moment the giant patriot raised himself to his full height, whirled his sword aloft, and delivered his last, vengeful stroke among his enemies, one of whom he clove nearly to the saddle. Such was the force of the blow that the blade snapped asunder, leaving only the hilt in the hero's hand, who casting this from him, sprang up, seized the stary banner that he had so long and bravely defended, and convulsively wrapping it about him, sunk beneath a shower of blows, exclaiming, with a dying voice:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!"

Unable to tear the flag from about the fallen man, the British now turned their full attention to Gen. Morgan, who after a desperate resistance was forced to fly. In the course of the pursuit, however, the enemy fell into irretrievable disorder, and ever on the alert, Morgan taking advantage of this, rallied his broken force, and charging the foe, routed them, thus renwinning the victory which he had so signally lost.

His first thoughts after the defeat of the enemy turned upon the brave, but fated Hilliers. Surrounded by their victims, lay the seven gigantic Hilliers, about the eldest of whom was still closely wrapped the colors which had been committed to his care in the morning, now riddled and torn with bullets, and soaked with the blood of its champions.

As Morgan gazed upon the silent forms at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes, and with the words, "Bury them side by side, and above all, don't remove the flag from about John; it is a heroes shroud and a hero is in it,"—he was about to turn away, when one of his aids exclaimed:

"He lives! he lives!"

The group therefore continued around the dying man, who revived so far as to raise himself on his elbow, and exclaim:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!"

This was his last effort, and spasmodically drawing his spangled and blood stained shroud closely around him, he sank to the earth a corpse.

A lady, upon being told a friend wished to see her, desired her little daughter, about eight or nine years of age, to say that she was not in; upon this, the friend being anxious to have an interview, asked the child when her mother would be likely to return. The little thing very innocently said, calling up stairs, "Mamma, the lady wishes to know when you will be in!"

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may watch the opening bud from day to day, but you cannot urge it on. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressing.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

## AN ANCIENT MINE.

An Ancient Copper Pit has recently been opened at the Portage Mines, Lake Superior which, in some respects, is most remarkable of those relics of an unknown race of miners, who worked the copper lodes of that region, centuries ago, which has yet been discovered. The Lake Superior Mining Gazette, says:

"The ancient miners have worked down on the hanging wall side, about ten feet below the surface of the rock where further progress was prevented by an almost continuous floor of copper. The copper in this floor is exceedingly pure and massive, and most singular of all, many of the lately exposed faces bear evidence of having been cut with some small sharp instrument! These marks are distinctly visible in several places, the marks and impressions being as clear and sharp as if made within the past year. This, we believe, is the first instance where it was apparent that any of the ancient miners had tools of sufficient hardness to cut copper, even after considerably softened by the action of fire. It is quite evident that, as in almost every old pit which has been opened in the country, fire has been the agent used to soften the metal before it was cut off, as the rocks bear evidence of calcination. Several stone hammers have also been taken out of the waste rock and earth, which has been piled up in the pit, and pieces of birch bark and burnt wood have been found intermixed. As yet the pit is only partly cleaned out, and we may expect to see other curiosities and peculiarities when the debris is all removed. Another interesting feature is the fact that the bottom of the trench is nearly one continuous bed of copper."

PROSPEROUS MECHANICS.—If we look around within the circle of our acquaintance, we shall find that many of our most respectable citizens have learned mechanical trades. Some of the first merchants of our large cities were once mechanics; and many of our professional men, when in their youth belonged to the same honorable fraternity. How did they achieve success? It was by the cultivation of their minds in knowledge—by a proper feeling of self respect which led them to form habits of industry and frugality, and thus they have secured the respect and confidence of their employers and risen to affluence and high social positions. The same path of honor and usefulness is open to every mechanic in our republic, and we hope these examples will stimulate them to strive to be respected for their own worth and usefulness.

A VAST MISSIONARY FIELD.—New York city is a missionary field. It contains a resident population of about 900,000, and transient one of 50,000, comprising over 30 nationalities. There are 225 evangelical churches, accommodating about 200,000 persons. The six lower wards contain a population of about 180,000; in the whole of these wards there are but 15 evangelic churches, which will accommodate but about 10,000 people. Over 200 newspapers and magazines are published in the city only about 50 of which profess to be of a religious character. Seven are Sunday papers and five others are organs of German infidelity. Sixty thousand children never attend school, and 15,000 of that number are supposed to be thieves or vagrants. Last but not least, there are 6,000 places where spirituous liquors are sold.

A celebrated divine in the west of Scotland, tells the following story: "While one day taking his usual walk, he happened to come across a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. The doctor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follows: 'Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?' 'Makin' a hoose, sir.' 'What kind o' a hoose?' 'A kirk, sir.' 'Where's the door?' 'There it is,' replied the boy, pointing with his finger. 'Where's the pulpit?' 'There it is,' said the boy. The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked, 'Aye, but where is the minister?' The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and a scratch of the head, again replied, 'Oh, I had'na enouch o' dirt to make him.'"

Some young ladies feeling themselves aggrieved by the severity with which some of their friends animadverted on their gay plume, crinolines, scarlet petticoats and flounces, went to their pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think," said they, "that there can be any impropriety in our wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply, "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is perfectly proper to hang out a sign."

"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said a gentleman who was hiring a boy. "You say you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Suppose your cat were to have kittens in the oven would they be loafs of bread?"

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that un-dressing," said the crazy chap in reply. The cook looked reflective.

In one of Caroline Gilman's romances, this passage was marked, and much thumbed:—"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man; I watch him as I do a star in heaven." "This is my view exactly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops as she laid down the volume; "In fact I think there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't conscientious."

It is certain that the great Tredegar Iron Works of Richmond were destroyed by fire on the 17th ult. All the fine machinery and sixteen cannon, nearly perfect, were lost.

A LAD in a state of mental absence, gave three cheers for the stars and stripes during school hours, and perceived his error when he got the stripes and saw the stars.

## CAPTURE OF THE ATLANTA, OR FINGAL.

[From the Port Royal New South]

We take great pleasure in announcing this week the capture, in Warsaw Sound, of the celebrated rebel ram Atlanta, better known to many of our readers as the Fingal, concerning which the rebels have been a long time boasting, and about which some of our people have had considerable fears. The fngal was an English steamer, and was cut down, ironclad and converted into a very formidable ram, by the rebels, at Savannah, where some two years were spent in making of her a terror to the Federal fleets. She was completed last winter, and has since shown herself many times, in sight of Fort Pulaski, and elsewhere. Some of her men had a mania for desertion, and frequent arrivals to our side, with other sources of information, have kept us pretty well posted as to her movements. Rear-Admiral Dupont has for a long time had his eye on her, and has of late been well informed about her. Some ten days or twelve days since he despatched two of our Monitors—the Weehawken, Capt John Rogers, and the Nahant, commander Downes—to Warsaw Sound, to look out for her. They have been cruising about there since.

On Wednesday morning, the 17th while the Weehawken was some distance up the Sound, a picket boat which had been sent up further reported the Atlanta to be steaming down to Wilmington River, Captain Rodgers immediately proceeded down the River, to decoy the ram on, and to get into deeper water, so as he could manoeuvre to advantage. The Atlanta came on, as if she feared a prize were escaping her, and soon fired on the Weehawken. When she had got within easy range, Captain Rodgers himself sighted the Weehawken's 15 inch gun, the shot from which struck the top of the Atlanta's pilot house, smashing the iron and woodwork, and wounding both pilots severely with the splinters. Four or five other shots were fired and four in all took effect. One 15 inch shot struck her about half way from her gunwale to the top of her iron-plated house, completely smashing through her iron and wood-work, producing a large jagged hole, killing one and wounding twelve. The Atlanta fired six or eight shots, but none of them took effect. She finally ran aground and surrendered with 195 prisoners on board, all told. The Nahant came up to participate in the fight, but through no fault of her own, did not arrive until the Atlanta had surrendered. When the Weehawken fired the shot which proved most fatal to the Atlanta she was within one hundred yards of her. The Atlanta was subsequently towed off where she grounded. She steamed up here at the rate of six knots an hour, with a heavy sea on, and was found to steer finely. The prisoners were brought up on the Island City, and were placed on the Vermont. All except the wounded ones are to be sent North on the James Adger, which leaves this morning. The rebel officers are very much depressed.

We learn that the officers of the Atlanta came out with the intention of engaging and capturing the Weehawken. She was followed down by two wooden gun-boats filled with ladies and other excursionists, who were to witness the fight; it having been arranged that one of the gunboats should tow the Weehawken up to Savannah; then the Atlanta was to go to Ossabaw, capture a gun-boat, take some batteries, entrap the Forty-seventh New York, and leave a force there to hold the batteries. Next she was going to Charleston, and co-operate, by signal with some rebel boats in annihilating the blockade fleet, after which she was to pay her respects to the Port Royal squadron. This nice little programme was very summarily changed.

The Fingal had two months provisions on board, and ammunition of the very best quality. She was commanded by Capt. Webb, formerly of the United States Navy. She carried four Brook guns, two six-inch and two seven-inch, and a bow gun weighing over 15,000 pounds. She had very choice sextants, chronometers, &c. She has a quite a formidable looking craft. She has a cut-water in the shape of an immense steel saw, with monster teeth; outside of that an iron frame with a torpedo attached, for damaging vessels; and above an iron boom-like piece, for penetrating anything on which she might run. She draws fifteen feet of water.

Altogether the capture is one of the most important since the war commenced and reflects credit on all concerned in it.

If mathematical truths are, as a German writer says, among the highest harmonies of the universe, the solution of an algebraic problem must be a sort of musical achievement performed with symbols.

A man buying turrs in Arkansas, asked the seller "if there was any Presbyterians around here?" He hesitated a little, and said, "he guessed not, he hadn't killed any since they had been there."

At the queen's birthday celebration in St. James, Canada, May 25th, the Stars and Stripes were placed with the British banner. An attempt to raise the "stars and bars" was at once suppressed.

Truth bears the stamp of no man's name; it is God's own coin.

## THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.

The new Postal Law, as amended by the last Congress, will go into effect on the first of July next. The following are the most important of its provisions:

Letter carriers are to receive salaries, and no charge will be made for the delivery of letters.

Postage on local or "drop letters" is raised to two cents, to be invariably paid in advance and by postal stamps. The postage is two cents when the weight does not exceed half an ounce, and an additional rate is to be charged for every additional half ounce or fraction of an ounce.

The regulations respecting soldiers' letters remain the same as heretofore.

On all mail matter required by law to be prepaid and which shall reach its destination unpaid, double the usual rates must be collected on delivery and insufficient payment is to be disregarded.

The fee for the registration of letters is left optional with the Postmaster General; but it is not to exceed twenty cents per letter.

Unsealed circulars, not exceeding three to one address, are to be charged with two cents postage, and in that proportion for a greater number.

Newspaper postage will undergo considerable change. No papers will be permitted to go free in the mails, except in the county where they are published, as heretofore.

Weekly papers, five cents per quarter; semi-weekly, ten cents; tri-weekly, 15 cents; six times per week, thirty five cents. At these rates the weight must not exceed four ounces—in each case payable in advance per quarter of year, mailing or delivery office.

No extra charge is to be paid for a card printed or impressed upon a circular or letter envelope or wrapper. Circulars to be paid by stamps.

Postmasters will not be allowed to exercise the franking privilege as heretofore.

Postmasters can only frank official letters to other officials—the former license to the smaller class of offices heretofore enjoyed, of franking on their own private business, having been abolished.

All foreign postage is to be paid in coin.

Not long ago a destitute daughter of Erin walked into a broker's office, and in a very insinuating tone begged for a little aid to support her starving family.

"Why, my good woman," said the comfortable gentleman to whom she addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor-house, instead of begging in this way."

"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be easy to go to a poorer house nor my own."

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as neat as I do, and has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish mother, "her father, you know, is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

A few nights ago, a Mr. Bodkin, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late, borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he set up in bed and suddenly spread out the parapluie.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" said she.

"Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared."

In less than two minutes, Mrs. Bodkin was fast asleep.

## Raftsmen's Journal.

VICKSBURG POLITICALLY.

Some Copperheads are pleased to assert, with unblushing impudence, that Vallandigham is a Union man. In view of that consummately cool assertion, we ask every Democrat to look at the editorial in the Chattanooga Rebel for June 13th. After stating that "Mississippians, in many instances, deem Vicksburg lost;" after declaring such a contingency: after declaring that there seems no chance of preventing Grant and Banks from joining their forces, and after declaring that "in very truth the news from Jackson seems conflicting and unsatisfactory," the Rebel goes on to warn its readers to expect that the rebel forces will be driven from the Mississippi. It then says:

"From Memphis and other points, above and below Vicksburg, Federal troops will advance into the interior. Johnston's position will be turned, and he must again retreat. Thus we shall be compelled to retire from the river, and then the Federal Government hopes to re-open trade with New Orleans. Thus Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago, and the whole Northwest are to be appeased. Thus the Vallandigham party is to be shorn of its power. Very truthfully did General Thomas assert, when he induced Grant to return to the assault of Vicksburg, that there were 'political considerations' which made the capture of Vicksburg an inevitable necessity."

Now here we have a rebel newspaper, rebel in name as well as thoroughly in nature, declaring that when Vicksburg is taken, when trade is reopened between Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati and New Orleans, the Vallandigham party will be shorn of its power! Could there be better evidence of the vile treason of Vallandigham than such an assertion? With the Northwest hungering after the Southwestern trade along the Mississippi, the hopes of the Vallandighammers excited the meaner passions of the Northwestern people, and thus inducing them to give up the contest, were lively; but with the Mississippi ploughing its long course in peace, bearing on its bosom the commerce of half a continent, those hopes are dashed. Verily there is not an American citizen so stupid as not to see that any man or party basing their action on so unutterably unpatriotic a principle must be rotten to the core. It is as if the citizens of the State of Delaware were to establish a blockade at New Castle and a Vallandigham party in Philadelphia were to thrive on the expectation that the people of this city would not fight for the free navigation of the Delaware river, while the Vallandighammers were to be in danger of being squelched out when it became apparent that Philadelphia would assert her right to the river, at the cannon's mouth.

Mr. Vallandigham may run the blockade and get safe into Nassau, but he can never get away from such damning proofs of his treason as those offered by his friends of the Chattanooga Rebel.—Phil'a. Bulletin.

A HIT.—The private Secretary of Governor Curtin is a wag. The other day a young man decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber, and asked for the Governor.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the Secretary.

"Oh I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."

Well! replied the Secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try water cure."

A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate and he vomited.

A chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the Conscription act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as if he must fight, he would rather do so for his country. This fellow made a mistake matrimonially.

A REBEL ENDORSEMENT.—The Chattanooga Rebel thinks that Vallandigham's chances for being Governor of Ohio are very fair. "With such a man for President of the United States, it says, "we could always have peace."

Hon. J. W. Forney, writing of the contest at Vicksburg, says "I believe that Jefferson Davis made a prediction recently to the effect that the great battle of the war would be fought in the valley of the Yazoo."

It is said there is not a chicken in Mississippi. The people down there are so hungry for something in the poultry line that they could eat the weather-cock on a church steeple.

The editor of the Chattanooga Rebel says that he flings the Confederate flag to the breeze. He had better fling it to the waves—pitch it into the first stream he comes to.

I believe, of the Copperheads wood behave themselves, an' not drink too much whiskey, they wood be as good Union men as the rebels. Jist about. ARTEMUS WARD.

All of our people owe allegiance to the Government, but with some of them it is like the other debts they owe—they'll never pay it.

Our voracity is reckoned by what flows from the mouth, and our voracity by the amount we put in it.