

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes shivered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid.
And from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a sweet snow-flake soft and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from Heaven,
She bowed that young and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
Oh, God! if souls as pure as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Her holiest and purest one,
Shine with a face so clear and bright,
Wasmere her once stray child of light;
If she, with those soft eyes and tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
How early, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

THE BODY AND THE MIND.

By the exercise of a very little reflection we shall discover that the mind and the body are both dependent on each other. The mind, more especially, upon the physical structure for without stimulation from bodily vigor, the brain refuses to work and thought is paralyzed. These are truisms, and are not put forth as smooching any new and startling doctrine. They are so true that all thinking men know the force of the remarks, but fail to take any steps to practice what is suggested by them; for when a man is told that his mind is weak, it implies bodily waste, and he must of necessity recruit the one to improve the other. This article is no plea for gymnasia, or other similar institutions; in fact we look upon these as the last resort for restoring lost animal strength, and invigorating the wasted tissues and muscles of the body. Rather do we seek in these lines to impress upon every person engaged in sedentary pursuits, the absolute need that exists for sensible and diverting bodily activity.

How does the case stand? how do men in general spend the few hours they can spare from business? Let the reader look around among his acquaintance, or ask himself, and he can see clearly that few persons give the attention they ought to this subject. One individual for instance stands all day in his store, bends over his desk, and wears out his body and mind by close attention to business. Possibly, at five o'clock he goes home, because he can't stand the strain any longer; what does he do then? He plays five minutes with his baby, or else doses in the corner over a newspaper, all doubled up like a jack-knife. Still other men of business snatch a hasty minute to dine, and come home at night, only to pore over ledgers and business accounts without end. These plans may be very excellent ones to get rich by, but there are demands of the body to be attended to, which neglect, all the wealth in the world cannot compensate for. The obvious remedy is to give each function and organ of the body its proper degree of care. The millionaire will not consent that his horses shall stand idle in the stable, for he knows that by so doing they lose in beauty and spirit; yet he denies to his own body what he recognizes as indispensable for the animal, and suffers his energies to waste for want of use. The mechanic who has an overabundance of muscular exercise, requires intellectual food, that his brain may develop and his ideas be enlarged; while the reverse is true of literary men.

In the beginning of this article we mentioned gymnasia, and their influence; we think that one great feature in developing our frames is too often overlooked, and that is the degree of interest or sympathy an individual has in his efforts to become robust. Most persons will concede that if a man forces himself to walk about in a pen, open to air and sunlight, for a certain period, he will not necessarily present a picture of perfect health; and that mere tramping over a stated number of miles may not always bring him in sight of the fountain of youth. But let nature inspire the heart of man with all her beautiful sights and sounds; let him feel the sweet influences of the landscape filling his heart with joy and gladness; and then a walk of half a mile is better for his body than five miles under other circumstances. It is not so much what we do for the restoration of lost physical energy, as how we do it. Active exercise is in fact only another name for recreation; and that this is imperatively necessary to a healthy body all will admit. Outraged nature inflicts upon present punishment upon men for their neglect of this law, as well as future unhappiness, in a line of de-generated and figurative emasculated descendants.

THE THOUGHTLESS MOTHER.—"Mother," said a delicate little girl, I have broken your china vase."
"Well, you are a careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs and stay in the closet till I send for you."
And this was a Christian mother's answer to the fearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault.

With a disappointed, disheartened, and sad look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life.

A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM.

The comfort, convenience, and economy of social life depends very often upon a knowledge of the elementary principles of science. Thus acoustics, as exemplified in the speaking tubes; thermatics, or the laws relating to heat; pneumatics, or the exhalation of drafts and the introduction of a proper amount of fresh air to our dwellings; these and kindred branches of science are all laid under contribution to furnish forth our homes in luxury and refinement. The mere fact of the existence of fixed laws and principles confers no especial benefit upon humanity, and it is only when one's brain feels active through breathing fresh air, or the body is warmed by the radiation of heat from a comfortable stove, that we acknowledge the benefits science is capable of conferring, and realize them in a practicable manner. Therefore, to be of service to man, the hints afforded by even the simplest ray of light should not be neglected. We speak of light, because that is the most inestimable of all gifts conferred upon man.

The first fiat of the Creator was—"Let there be light;" and from that hour to this mankind struggles and prays for it, and pine away from deprivation of its genial life giving rays. In too many of the homes of the land sunbeams are as rigidly excluded as if they carried some death dealing miasma or subtle poison, instead of bearing, as they do, balm and healing to every house. Dark corners and close little rooms abound, from which every beam is shut out; and human beings will in such places as surely as a plant will under similar conditions. A very simple way to obviate such trouble is to erect reflectors to throw light obliquely where it cannot enter directly. If men will persist in so building their apartments that direct illumination cannot be made, the following simple arrangement will effect a thorough reform in this important particular:—

Procure a small iron rod, say half an inch in diameter and three feet long, and fasten it to the side of a window-frame by suitable brackets, so that it will turn easily like a blind; to this rod rivet flat bars of hoop-iron, 2 feet long, at right angles with it. Over this frame-work stretch a white cotton cloth, and the reflector is ready for use. It is easy to see that any side light striking upon this cloth will be reflected into the apartment where it is erected, with an intensity varying according to the angle it is fixed at. If tin be substituted for cloth, the improvement will be very great. If the apartment is more easily lighted from above, the reflector must be fastened over the top. Reflectors are used in many places in large cities, but they are differently made and have greater illuminating power. Such an apparatus as is here described will be found useful in places where others are unobtainable.

GIRLS' IDEAS OF MEN

At sixteen, a girl considers no man good enough to be her husband. She must have a real, live archangel, with "humid orbs," a "marble brow," on which cluster wary frowns, black as the raven's wing; a moustache of silken softness, and ebony hue; in a word, no human being, of flesh and blood qualities, but an altogether sweet and lovely and ideal creature, in purple and linen with plenty of money and no small vices. Unfortunately, no such person exists. He is a pleasant myth of the butter-thunder school of romance, and has no maternal form in this world of corner lots, dry goods and gas bills. At eighteen, the girl discovers that unwholesome truth, and changes her view accordingly. She is probably in love by that time with some decent looking and sensible young fellow, who, though hardly an archangel, does very well to idealize. Then it must be a great man. A Judge of the Supreme Court might do; a great general would be very acceptable; the President of the United States would be just the thing; or a foreign Prince or Count might find a welcome if genuine. But Tom or Harry utterly refuses to become either a judge, a general, a president, or a foreign nobleman. He remains good looking, penniless and clever, and the aspiring young lady loves him as much as ever.

Finally, when the affair is settled, she either weds him at twenty, settles down into an excellent matron, and enjoys her life; or breaks her heart, and marries a tall, chandler, bald, but wealthy, at twenty-five, and regrets it at her leisure. Such is the general history of maidens who set forth with the idea of marrying nothing short of a novelistic hero.

LIBERAL BOUNTIES.—The enrollment boards of some of the districts in this State, and doubtless also in other States, have received orders from the War Department to open recruiting offices, and to pay to all recruits the bounties now authorized by the Government, namely, \$402 for veterans, or men who have been in the service for a period of nine months or more, and have been honorably discharged; and \$300 for new recruits, or men who have been in the service for a less period than nine months. It would seem by this that the payment of \$402 to veteran volunteers, which expired by limitation on the 25th ult., is to be revived and continued. The plan is a sensible one.

Man and wife are like a pair of scissors, so long as they are together, but they become daggers as soon as they are dis-united.

[From the Washington (Pa.) Reporter & Tribune.]
COL. H. A. PURVIANCE.

The Reporter and Tribune contains the sad announcement that Col. H. A. Purviance, one of its editors and proprietors, had fallen at his post on Morris Island while operating at the head of his regiment against the rebel stronghold, Fort Wagner.

The circumstances attending his death are, in brief, about these: On the 30th of August, while our forces were operating against the rebel fortress which may fairly be denominated the Sebastopol of America, it was the fortune of Colonel Purviance to occupy the extreme advance, and as our batteries were at the time engaged in what is no uncommon mode of operation—firing at the enemy over the heads of our own men—he was killed by a shell from one of our own guns. He was in the extreme front, watching the movements of the enemy, when a shell from our own batteries exploded immediately above him, carrying away the whole back part of his head, sending one of the fragments through the body to the immediate region of the heart, and lacerating the right arm in a most horrible manner. Of course he was killed instantly. The melancholy mishap is ascribed to the fact that the powder with which the shell was filled was somewhat damp, on account of which the fuse was cut short, and, as might naturally be expected, a wrong calculation seems to have been made either in respect to the length of the fuse or the state of the powder with the untoward result we have indicated.

Colonel Purviance was the son of Parker C. Purviance, Esq., now of Kittanning, Pa., a native of our own town, and a namesake of the celebrated Parker Campbell, one of the most distinguished lawyers of Western Pennsylvania in the early part of the present century. The subject of our brief sketch was born in Butler, Pa., in the month of May, 1831, and was, consequently, in the 33d year of his age at the time of his decease. At an early age he developed those traits of character which in after life marked him out as the man of exquisite taste and of high literary attainments. Unlike most men, he may be said to have had no childhood, so soon did he manifest a disposition to prefer the society of his books and pen to the childish sports and amusements of his youthful companions. By the time he had attained his eighth year he had accustomed himself to write short articles for the village paper, one of which—a poem on the death of a youthful friend and companion—attracted considerable interest and excited no little astonishment that a youth of such tender years should exhibit such extraordinary command of language and vigor of thought. The only education which he received was such as the village school and the academy of his native place could furnish. As might be expected, he eagerly availed himself of the advantages afforded by these, and of course made most rapid progress in his studies. His father being engaged in the publication of a paper at the time, he entered the office at the age of thirteen, and with the most wonderful facility acquiring a thorough knowledge of the art, rendering the most important and valuable assistance in the various departments of the concern. His connection with the office afforded him ample opportunity to indulge his taste for varied and extensive reading, of which he did not fail to take advantage, thus storing his mind with a copious fund of useful knowledge, upon which he was enabled to draw to good purpose in after life. He continued to follow his occupation as a printer without much interruption until he attained the age of nineteen, at which time he married, and soon after engaged for a brief period in the Daguerrean business, an occupation which afforded him the requisite leisure to indulge his irrepresible taste for reading and study. During the few years of his experience as an artist, he devoted himself with more than his ordinary assiduity to literary pursuits, and his productions were sought after by such noted journalists as George D. Prentice. From time to time his effusions graced the columns of the most respectable journals of the country, all of which readily gave place to his articles, and were glad to number him among their regular contributors.

In the midst of these pursuits, he still found some time to devote to public affairs. Having taken up his residence in Allegheny city, he took a prominent part in the political contests of the day, and was actively engaged on the stump in Allegheny county during the Presidential canvass of 1856. After the close of that struggle, he devoted himself to his literary labors, with a determination to connect himself with the press so soon as an opportunity presented itself, and accordingly in June 1858, in connection with Col. Armstrong, he purchased the Tribune of this place, and from that time until the breaking out of the rebellion was actively engaged in our midst in the performance of his editorial duties. In response to the President's call for troops, after the fall of Sumter, he enlisted in the first company that left our county, and passed through the three months' service as a private. On his return home he took the field and recruited a company of his own and attached himself to the 85th Pa. Regiment, under command of Col. Howell. Having trained himself to do thoroughly whatever he undertook, he devoted himself entirely to the profession of arms, and

soon displayed those rare qualities which marked him for promotion. So completely had he won the confidence of his companions in arms that upon the resignation of Lieut. Col. McGiffin on account of ill health, he was chosen to fill the place, thus leaping at a single bound, from a captain's place to the second position in the regiment. He had command of the regiment for the last year, Col. Howell having been acting in the capacity of Brigadier General during that length of time. He had passed safely through sixteen battles and skirmishes, with the exception of a severe wound which he received in the leg in the memorable conflict at Fair Oaks, and it seems melancholy that one who had so often escaped the bullets of the enemy, should at last have been taken away by a deadly missile from our own ranks.

This simple and imperfect sketch of his somewhat eventful career, has spun out to such a length that we have little space left in which to dwell on those traits of character that endeared him to so large a circle of friends. As a writer and speaker Col. Purviance's style, though somewhat diffuse, was vigorous and elegant, the readers always being captivated by the brilliancy of his thought as well as the melodious flow of his words. His intellect being strongly imbued with the poetic element, his copious imagery imparted a freshness and lustre even to the most common place ideas, while the more grave and stately conceptions of his mind were made to appear like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

As a public journalist it is scarcely necessary to speak of him; the readers of this paper who have so often enjoyed his weekly visits through our editorial columns, and who have so often been charmed with the letters he from time to time contributed from the camp, know how to appreciate the loss they and we have sustained by his fall. Whatever he undertook he did with his might; and whatever cause he espoused, he labored for with all the earnestness of his nature, regardless alike of threats or blandishments. As a patriot his record is before us, and the blood he has so freely poured out in defence of the Union of our fathers, tells, in more forcible language than any mere words of ours, how well he loved, and how faithfully he served the country that bore him. But though he has been stricken down in the prime of his manhood and in the vigor of his usefulness, he has left behind him a name to be remembered in after years in connection with that of a Lyon, an Ellsworth, a Baker, and the long catalogue of worthies who have gladly yielded up their lives for the cause of free government.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with wily fingers coil,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

NEW USE FOR APPLE JUICE.

It appears from the following statement, which we find in several of the English journals, that the people of that country are threatened with a cider famine; not from the failures of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose, so far as the growers are concerned, than in making a household beverage.

It seems that the Manchester calico dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colors for their printed cottons, and numbers of them have been into Devonshire, buying up all the apples they can get, and giving such a price for them as in the dearest years hitherto known has not been offered. We know of one farmer in Devonshire who has a large orchard, for the produce of which he never before received more than £200, and yet he has sold it this year to a Manchester man for £300. There can be no doubt that the discovery will create a revolution in the apple trade; and we may add that it will give an impetus to the cultivation of this hardy fruit.

Strange things happen in these days, and in a few years the manufacturers of England may be as anxious to obtain American apples as they are now to get our cotton.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First, look to the color; if it is white, with a yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, it is a good sign. Flour that will stand these tests, it is safe to buy. These modes are given by flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody—namely, the staff of life.

Pat. Doolan, at Gettysburg, bowed his head to a cannon ball, which whizzed past six inches above his bearskin. "Faith," says Pat, "one never loses anything by politeness."

"THE HAND IS DEAD."

AN INCIDENT IN THE TOUR OF GOV. CURTIN.
The panorama of life, in times such as these, is thrillingly varied, intensely enthusiastic, wonderfully attractive and decidedly interesting. In thus speaking, we allude particularly to that class of public men who occupy an exalted and proud position in State or National affairs. Of this class, Gov. Andrew G. Curtin has a prominent place before the people of the State—in fact, we may truly say the world. In his recent tour, an incident occurred that caused a tear of sympathy to start in the eye of the Governor. He had addressed a large meeting at Catasauqua, in the mountain region. As the sun was fast receding behind the mountain-top, and casting a long shade in the valley, the Governor took passage in the train bound for more level regions. He arrived in Philadelphia in due time, having been met half way by Col. W. B. Mann, and by him and two other warm admirers, was conducted to the Continental, where he sought repose. His nature was well nigh exhausted. The want of sleep, the fatigue of travel, the eventful scenes of his life, the universal hard chakings, the surrounding crowds, the vivacity and vociferations of the thronging multitude, all of which he had so recently passed through, made it necessary for retirement.

He was to start the next day on some business relative to the defence and protection of the State, in case of another rebel raid, which seemed to be projected.
About ten o'clock in the morning there appeared in the vestibule of the Continental a well-dressed young lady. She was by herself. Her face betokened hard usage, that had added in her appearance ten years to her natural life. She attracted rather more than ordinary attention of the throng moving to and fro through the main avenue of that palatial building. She maintained her silence, and appeared wrapped in deep thought.

Presently Col. Wm. B. Mann came down the large winding marble steps; a slight tap on the shoulder caused him to stop. The young woman stood before him, and said: "Sir, you are Wm. B. Mann, I believe."
"I am, madame, what do you wish?"
"I desire to see Governor Curtin."
"Well, madame, he is very much engaged at present; is your business pressing—is it of a public nature?"
"I desire to see him; I have come all the way from Ohio for the purpose. I have been to Catasauqua, but the train was too late; I arrived in the city this morning and must see him; he is the only dear friend I have on earth."

Such an appeal was resistless. The gallantry of Colonel Mann, as well as his business, could brook no delay. He retired for a moment, and presently ushered the strange lady into the presence of the Governor.
"Oh! Governor, I am so glad to see you," said she, as she placed her left arm upon his shoulder and imprinted a kiss upon his manly forehead.
"Madame," said he, quite overcome, "to what am I indebted for this unexpected salutation?"
"Sir, do you not know me?"
"Take a chair," said the Governor, blandly, at the same time extending one of the handsomest in the parlor.
Col. Mann, and the few gentlemen present at once became interested in the scene, and silently looked on.
"Shortly after the battle of Antietam you were upon that bloody field," said she to the Governor.

"I was," replied the Governor, thoughtfully, with a sigh, as the fearful scenes of carnage were thus unexpectedly brought to his memory.
"You administered to the wants of the wounded and dying."
"It was my duty, as a feeling man."
"You did your duty well. Heaven alone will reward you, sir, for in this life there is no reward adequately expressive of the merit due you. You, sir, imparted consolation and revived the hopes of a dying soldier of the 28th Ohio. He was badly wounded in the arm; you lifted him into an ambulance, and the blood dripping from him, stained your hands and your clothing. That soldier was as dear to me as life itself."
"A husband?" said the Governor.
"No, sir."
"A brother, perhaps?"
"No, sir."
"A father?"
"No, sir."
"A son?"
"No, sir."
"A lover?"
"No, sir."
The little party around were more interested than ever. If not a husband, father, brother, son, or lover, who, then, could it be?
"My dear madame," said the Governor, at length breaking the silence, "this is an enigma to me. Please explain more about the gallant soldier of Ohio."
"Well, sir, that soldier gave you a ring—C. E. D. were the letters engraved on the interior. That is the ring now upon your little finger. He told you to wear it, and carefully have you done so."
The Governor pulled the ring off, and sure enough the letters were there.
"The finger that used to wear that ring will

never wear it any more. The hand is dead, but the soldier still lives, thanks to your kind attention on that bloody battle field."

The whole scene was yet a problem, that even the sagacity of Col. Mann could not solve.

The Governor was now more interested than ever. "Well, madame," said he, "tell me all about it. Is this ring yours? Was it given to you by a soldier whom you loved?"

"I loved him as I loved my life; but he never returned that love; he had more love for his country than for me; I honor him for it. That soldier who placed that little ring upon your finger stands before you." So saying, the strange lady arose from her chair, and stood before the Governor.

The scene that now ensued we leave to the imagination of our readers. A happy hour passed. The girl that had thus introduced herself as Catherine E. Davidson, of Sherfield, Ohio. She was engaged to be married, but her future husband responded to the call of the President, and she followed him by joining another regiment. He was killed in the same battle where she fell wounded. She is alone in the world. Her father and mother having departed this life years ago. She was the soldier of the 28th Ohio who had placed the ring upon the finger of Governor Curtin, for the kind attention given her upon the bloody battle field of Antietam.

The right arm had been amputated about half way between the elbow and shoulder. The interview finally ended, and having at last seen her benefactor, she bade him and his friends adieu, taking with her an order, bearing the bold signature of A. G. Curtin, for one of Palmer's patent arms.

We had an interview with the heroine. She was modest, although she had led the life of a "bold soldier boy." She was loud in her praise of Gov. Curtin, and is firm in the belief that through his hardworking energy, he saved the lives of ten thousand soldiers, many of whom still live to bless his name as one of the "few immortal, not born to die."—*Phila. Press.*

THE NEW CURRENCY.

The old issue of the currency for fractional parts of a dollar is rapidly disappearing. Preparations are made to place the new issue in circulation as early a period as possible. The new differs in design and color from the old. The fifty cent note is printed on paper of a peculiar quality, in two colors. The principal color is black, with a gilt stamp in the centre, surrounding the portrait of Washington. At the four corners, and on each side of the head of Washington, appear the figures "50," while "Fifty cents" is inscribed above the figure of Washington, and "Fractional Currency" is printed below. At the top are the words, "Furnished only by the Assistant Treasurer and designated depositories of the United States." At the bottom, "Receivable for all United States Stamps. Act approved March 3, 1863." The main part of the face is occupied with a picture of steamboats, locomotives, cotton bales, &c., very delicately shaded. The reverse of the fifty-cent note is mainly red in color. A large "50" appears in the centre of a shield. Around it are the words, "Exchangeable for United States notes by the Assistant Treasurer and designated depositories of the United States, in sums not less than three dollars. Receivable in payment of all dues to the United States less than five dollars, except customs." A very large "50" gilt in outline, also appears on the reverse.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much likewise of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discredit to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried female.

REAL GENTLEMAN.—A waiter was examined the other day before one of our courts. We annex his testimony: "Your name is Flunky, I believe?" "Yes sir; Robert Flunky."
"Well, Mr. Flunky, you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?" "Cause, sir, he always says 'Thank you,' when I hand him a mutton chop, or even a bit of bread. Now, a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Here, Bill, get me a mutton chop, or I will throw this pepper-box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. Cause why? I have associated with too many of them at the race-courts."

LIFT ME HIGHER.—A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes towards the ceiling, she said, softly,
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said,
"No, not that! but there!" again looking earnestly towards Heaven, where her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave-stone these words are carved:
"Jane B—, aged thirteen. LITTLE HIGHER."
A beautiful idea of dying, was it not? Lifted Higher!