

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1864.

VOL. 10.—NO. 21.

## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$1.00 per annum in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.00 per square, for three or less insertions—Twelve lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 25 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.

**GRANS & BARRETT**, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa., May 13, 1863.

**L. J. CRANS**, : : : : : WALTER BARRETT.

**ROBERT J. WALLACE**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle'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-SWOPE**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

**J. P. KRATZER** Merchant, and dealer in Flour, Boards and Shingles, Grain and Produce, Front St. above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. [1]2

**WALLACE & HALL**, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market street, a few doors west of Wallace's store. Dec. 17, 1862.

**WILLIAM A. WALLACE**, : : : : : JOHN G. HALL.

**F. A. FLEMING**, Carvers, in Pa. Nursery-man and Dealer in all kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants and Shrubbery. All orders by mail promptly attended to. May 13.

**WILLIAM F. IRWIN**, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

**JOHN GUTELICH**, 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 13, '59.

**D. R. M. WOODS**, Practising Physician, and Examining Surgeon for Penitents, Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry street, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1862.

**W. H. SHAW**, M. D., has resumed the practice of Medicine and Surgery in Shawsville, Penna., where he still respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage. May 27, 1863.

**J. B. MENALDY**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. B. Menaldy, 24 street, one door south of Lancia's Hotel.

**RICHARD MOSSOP**, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Spices, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors west of Wallace's Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

**THOMPSON & WATSON**, Dealers in Timber Saw Logs, Boards and Shingles, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market street, a few doors west of Wallace's Office. Clearfield, Pa. S. W. THOMPSON. : : : : : JAS. E. WATSON.

**LARRIMER & TEST**, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Hotel, other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1862.

**D. W. CAMPBELL**, offers his professional services to the citizens of Mohonk and vicinity. He can be consulted at his residence at all times, unless absent on professional business. Mohonk, Centre co., Pa., May 13, 1863.

**W. M. ALBERT & BROS.**, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Penna. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1863.

**THOMAS J. MCGILLIUGH**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Hotel. Deals and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3, 1863.

**RUSH A. MCGILLIUGH**, COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, CLEARFIELD, PENNA.

**DR. LITCH'S MEDICINES**.—A fresh supply of these invaluable Family Medicines for sale by M. A. Frank, Clearfield, consisting of Pain-Cure; Restorative, a creature for colds and coughs; and Anti-Bilious Physic. They have been thoroughly tested in this community, and are highly approved. Try them.

**NEW WATCH & JEWELRY STORE**.—The undersigned having located in the borough of Clearfield, (at the shop formerly occupied by R. Welch as a jewelry shop) is prepared to do work of all kinds on the most reasonable terms. The work will positively be expected when the work is delivered. He is confident that he can do any work in any town or county. Clearfield, Pa. *Clearfield, Pa. Clearfield, Pa. Clearfield, Pa.* S. H. LAUGHLIN.

**AUCTIONEER**.—The undersigned having been licensed an Auctioneer, would inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, Bomer Pa. Clearfield co., Pa. N. B. Persons calling sales without a proper license are subject to a penalty of \$50, which provision will be enforced against those who may violate the same.

**BULKLEY'S PATENT—LUMBER DRIED BY SUPERHEATED STEAM**.—The undersigned respectfully informs the people of Clearfield and adjoining counties that he has the honor of the above patent—and will sell individual, county or township rights for its use. The lumber dried by this process is stronger, finishes better, is easier on tools, and requires less time in drying than any other process known. A dry inch lumber perfectly in better than the same amount of fuel per day that a common kiln consumes. The certificate of a number of resident mechanics well known in this community is ample sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its utility. Persons desiring purchasing rights will address JOHN L. CUTLER, Clearfield, Penna. June 24, 1863.

**MILLINERY & FANCY STORE.**

**MRS. H. D. WELSH**, RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES TO THE LADIES of Clearfield and vicinity that she has opened a Millinery, Notion and Trim-ming store, on Second Street, next door to Mrs. Lancia's Hotel, where she will be happy to receive orders for either work or goods. Old bonnets made over into the latest New York and Philadelphia styles, on short notice. By purchasing often she will always have on hand the very latest styles of Dress Trimmings, Hats, Nu-bins, Hoods, Collars, Sleeves, &c., which she will sell at the smallest possible profit for cash. Clearfield Pa. Nov. 18, 1863.

## Select Poetry.

### OH, BE NOT THE FIRST!

Oh! be not the first to discover  
A blot on the fame of a friend,  
A flaw on the faith of a lover,  
Whose heart may prove true to the end.  
We, none of us know one another,  
And oft into error we fall;  
Then let us speak well of our brother,  
Or speak not about him at all.  
A smile or a sign may awaken  
Suspicion most false and unkind;  
And thus our belief may be shaken  
In hearts that are honest and true.  
How often the light smile of gladness  
Is worn by the friends that we meet,  
To cover a soul full of sadness,  
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.  
How often the sigh of dejection  
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,  
To parody truth and affection,  
Or tell a captious tale.  
How often the friends we love dearest,  
Their noblest emotions conceal;  
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,  
Have secrets they cannot reveal.  
Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,  
And small ones to trace our defects—  
Let ours be a noble ambition,  
For base is the mind that suspects.  
We, none of us know one another,  
And oft into error we fall;  
Then let us speak well of our brother,  
Or speak not about him at all.

From the Scalpel

### HOOPED SKIRTS—ARE THEY HEALTHFUL?

BY EDWARD H. BIXON, M.D.

There are few subjects about which more stupidly ill-natured remarks have been made by thoughtless people, than that simple device of woman's comfort—the hooped skirt. We always thought favorably of hoops from early association with that glorious race of women, our revolutionary grandmothers, when we listened to the description of one of those stately minnets given in honor of the inauguration of General Washington as President of the United States. Hoops were invariably worn on all occasions of ceremony; 'tis true, we then had no omnibus or railroad cars in which women of bad breeding, and often worse temper, could display these accomplishments, by mistaking the vehicle for their own private carriage, should any hurried or worried pedestrian seek a seat beside them; nor was it then necessary to go to market or shopping in an evening or ball dress; even on grand occasions, the train was looped up on one or both sides; because the wearer had the good sense to see that an apartment was of limited space, and a man could not amilliate himself for convenience; but the hoops were ample, and grandly did they become the wearers; for they were grand and ample women; we have seen the costly brocades and the high-heeled slippers, but the hoops long since went into the oven or brook Franklin or Ten Plate that warmed the parlor or cooked the dinner in those primitive and antishoddy days. The hoops were made of substantial hickory, and we have often trapped rabbits on the very spot where some of them grew. The ladies were usually content with three circles, so disposed that they gave the most elegant and artistic disposition of the rich and heavy fabrics, which, unlike most of the modern material, would almost stand alone without either the wearer or the hoops.

In those days when most of the wearers were no strangers to a horse's back, and the broom or bread-tray, those cunningly devised little springy caskets that now give such an exquisite and Venus-like curve to the tresses as it sweeps downward and falls into the grand and loop-like folds of the skirts, were entirely unknown. You may completely clothe a barrel with the stoniest hickory without impairing its excellence; but we should be loth to waltz with a partner thus arrayed, even if our order in the dance would permit us to ignore the contact of the lower circles with our tibia and fibula, or (breathe it softly) our shins.

Truth to speak, however, dear ladies, the smaller circles were quite unnecessary; for women in those primitive days had a fairer chance for life and beauty. Muscle and a superb outline, were not considered vulgar, nor did she of the accuminated elbows and anatomized bust and hips, have a coadjutor in the crocheted-needle and the vinegar-bottle, in her malicious ridicule of a young woman whose nature had formed as woman ought to be formed, with the vital organs, breasts and pelvis, adapted to the grand end and object of her creation—the crowning glory of her sex—a family of healthy children.

We consider the modern hooped skirt one of the most admirably artistic and healthful devices of our time; and no sensible person can fail to appreciate its benefit to the young girl or woman; we will give our reasons for this opinion; of course they will be entirely professional, for we are no man-milliner.

It is conceded by all correct observers, and fully recognized by our anatomists and gymnastic teachers, that the muscles of the thorax and its appendages, the arms and abdomen, are not used more than one fourth as much by our modern women as they are compelled to use those of the legs; nearly all the movements which our unfortunate young people are permitted to perform by the inexorable fiat of Japoneidom are what may be called passive; her hands must be reverently and lovingly folded across her chest in order that their whiteness may not suffer by permitting the least motion; the lungs, of course, must be kept quiet, not only because she is not allowed to walk fast enough to require much air, but because the position of the arms and the weight of the fore-

\* The negroes sold them in Washington, or as it was then called, Bear Market. A lady might often be seen carrying them home on her arm, with the family dinner following her on that of her servant.

## ABUSE OF THE STOMACH.

It is one of the mysteries of human nature that mankind abuse themselves in some respects worse than they would animals. The careful farmer sees that his stock has every thing needful to health and comfort, that it is under shelter, and has enough, but not too much, to eat; and from this prudent provision for his own pocket's sake, the farmer goes straightway to his own table and eats greasy fried meats, vegetables sodden in butter, and pastry or pudding as a make-weight to keep the load down; the farmer is only the representative of a class, for persons of all conditions in life are guilty of similar practices. As this performance is solely a matter of individual concern the law has no right to interfere, but we should like to know why a man in such a case is not equally a suicide with him who saps the foundation of life with slow but subtle narcotics—landanum, opium in other forms, and the immoderate use of tobacco?

Perhaps we erred in drawing an illustration between a man and his beasts, because the latter seldom or never exceed the bounds of the instinct which nature has provided them with; but this trait being removed in the sentient being—man—he gorges himself to repletion, and sooner or later his or her stomach. Some digestive organs are strong fortresses. Fifteen-inch shot in the shape of huge doughy, apple dumplings, Greek food in the semblance of scalding liquids, followed by deluges of ice water at the same moment, rifle shot and Minie bullets, disguised as pickles and sharp spices, have no apparent effect. "Pshaw," says the robust reader, "my stomach can stand anything. I never was sick in my life." All that is quite probable; but the strongest fortification in the world cannot resist the slow advance of rifle-pit, sap, mine and parallel, and the engineer knows full well that when he puts spade into the ground the strong-hold is virtually his. The comparison holds good with the stomachs of men; although for a time the individuals who compose generations of families may defy disease of the peculiar nature discussed, their posterity will be enfeebled until they are literally swept off the face of the earth entirely, or their blood absorbed into new and healthier organizations. Thus we see races, or rather families, die out; so great names perish. In some cases drink has destroyed the coat of mail, and in others it has worn away and dissipation generally, kept up through a series of years, are the sap and mine of what we spoke previously.

To paraphrase Patrick Henry, "Is money so dear and ease so sweet as to be purchased at the sacrifice of life and health?" Far better, in a physical sense, the humblest laborer, with his simple fare and regular habits, than the millionaire and his disordered constitution. The latter is of no more use to civilization as regards re-populating the world with healthy human beings than a wooden puppet.

The great social vice of the American people is eating too much and too fast. We are a race naturally nervous in temperament, and this added to the evils first-mentioned results in the long, lean physiognomy characteristic of the nation. When an American business man takes dinner he does so generally with over-eagerness and a sort of gulping choke, as if it were an unpleasant duty which is painful to witness. In all probability his mind is actively engaged in calculating his profits and losses, when he should be wholly at ease and cheerful. Now, every one must know that such practices are wrong—that they are not what nature intended. The organs of the human body, particularly the digestive ones, are delicate in the extreme, and when used rudely nature revolts and disease results. If it is disputed that stomachs are naturally delicate, we may take the case of a hardy outdoor worker; confine him to a sedentary or partially sedentary life and require him to overload his stomach as too many men do, and then mark the result. He will as assuredly become dyspeptic as any one else.

The punishment inflicted on such infractions of common sense are severe but justly imposed, and the remedy is as simple as obvious. Of all the ills that flesh is heir to there are none more distressing than those which arise from indigestion. We are not of that class who put faith in nostrums, bitters, purges and the whole nauseous category of the pharmacopoeia for the reduction of the disease in question. When the system is already enfeebled we are to sustain it, not debilitate it; and this can only be done by food of the proper kind, taken in the right way at certain times. We are not going to run a raid against doctors or poach over their heads; but we do think that patients afflicted with dyspepsia have the means of cure within their own reach. We have no recipes to furnish, as we are not exactly in the medical line of business; but we feel it incumbent to lift up our voices against the universal abuse of the stomach and digestive organs which prevails so extensively. Advice is very cheap, and those who fear the approach of a disordered condition of the parts mentioned, should take measures in time to prevent the real attack. Nature makes feints in every part of the system; she hangs out head aches and stomach aches, pains in the back and limbs, horrible lassitude and inanity generally over the whole system, as warnings that ere long the whole attack which cannot be repulsed, will take place. Eat slowly, and even solemnly, if you must, reader; but be cheerful and merry if you can; eat slowly; make your teeth do what nature intended they should, and do not delegate their work to the stomach; it has no teeth and is intended for another purpose than mastication. Live temperately and avoid excitement; eschew quick medicines; eat only the best and simplest food; and if you do not recover wholly you will at least be improved, and certainly will be living in obedience, not only to the laws of nature, but to those of prudence and common sense.

## Raftsmen's Journal.

CLEARFIELD, PA., JAN. 20, 1864.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JOURNAL.

Letter from Philipsburg.

PHILIPSBURG, PA., JAN. 11th, 1864.

DEAR JOURNAL.—How thankful we sojourners on this terrestrial *terra firma* should be, that the Great Dispenser of all goodness has permitted us to enjoy the blessings of civilization. I love to see the day of rest for all man and beast kind, come its weekly round, and men lay aside the robes of their vocations, and wear their way to church, to hear the words of that gospel as handed down from generation to generation for eighteen hundred and sixty-three years. And yet another sight meets our eye. See the children, their faces beaming with happy smiles and joy depicted on every feature, gaily trip along towards that greatest civilization of the nineteenth century, the Sunday School. Happy children! long may you live to enjoy the blessed privilege of worshipping Him, who said "suffer little children to come unto Me," according to the dictates of your own conscience; or at least that of your parents.

When I look around and see business flourishing on every side, the busy hum of industry wafted on every gale, I pause to hear the thundering of cannon, the roar of musketry, and the clash of steel. None is heard. All are moving on the even tenor of their way, as though grim-visaged Mars was not on this continent. But alas! for the sad truth; see that file of veterans pass. They seem joyful and happy. Ask these heroes of Gettysburg, whether all is peace, happiness and joy down on the Rapidan—a far different sight is presented. They answer, "where once bloomed the fruitful fields of the old dominion, is now a wide, desolate and apparently sterile waste. In the valleys, on the hill-sides, the mountain-tops and down their slopes, by the bones of many a brave soldier, bleaching to mark the sad remembrance of this unhappy war." But the day, the great avenging day.

When this rebellion in the dust shall lay,  
And the rebel's power and the rebels self shall fall,  
And one prodigious ruin swallow all,

is not far in the distance. God speed the

Our town is fast assuming the business activity of a great commercial centre. Where in the name of corn, does all the corn go to that is hauled from the cars at this point. Since the railroad has been completed this far, and freight cars run (which is only about a month) at least 50,000 bushels of corn came over the rails. If there is any corn-fed critters in Clearfield county, that never seen a nubb in their lives before, they will certainly get a nip of Ceres this winter. As to the staff of life it is utterly impossible to give any guess how much has arrived at this depot. It is just as natural to see a wagon with at least one barrel of the great preserver in the end, as it is to see a horse as the motive power revolving the said wagon onward towards the machines that are to finish the journey of the said staff in this vale of coosumers.

The running of the cars from Sandy Ridge down to our town is a great advantage to the lumbermen, and consumers of grain and flour generally. The company deliver a car at this place for ten dollars from Sandy Ridge—that is much cheaper than they could wagon it down. A double or eight wheeled box car will hold six hundred bushels of ears of corn—it is six *grapehundred* miles to Sandy Ridge by the "pike"—a two horse team could haul seventy-five bushels of ears of corn, and it would take at least six days to haul it. At \$4 per day is \$24. Here is a saving of \$14, besides expenses. Oh, the rail road is a great institution; and the more so, as it saves the "greenbacks." It makes a great difference to the "wagoners of the Alleghenies," from what the old regime was. The same trip that only a few years, yes, indeed, months ago, required from four to five days, and an indefinite number of "break-downs," is now accomplished in one day. So we go, steadily, slowly, but sure, on, on!

Our obliging and worthy conductor, Wood, of the passenger train, has shuffled off his insignia, and ascended one rung higher in the ladder of rail road fame. He now holds the reins of assistant Superintendent of both the Tyrone & Clearfield, and Tyrone & Lock Haven Rail Roads. Dan is a good fellow, and I hope he may "go up." Mr. Caleb Tipton succeeds Mr. Wood, as conductor. He was baggage-master previously, on the same train. He is a kind, generous and obliging young man—ever ready and willing to give passengers any information in reference to the running of trains. I congratulate the passengers, who may take a "ride on a rail" over the Tyrone & Clearfield Rail Road, on being in the care of conductor Tipton.

The cold snap continues. Boreas is playing some fantastic capers with Balmorals, and in some cases has transcended the constitution. The sleighing is improving, and the boys and girls are improving the sleighing. Greenbacks are plenty—infated "coops" are impatiently awaiting the panic. They have recovered from the shock they received in October. When will they see its like again? Why next November!

LEROI.

Thoughts on New Year's Day.  
Mr. ERROR.—To-day we are permitted to hail the dawn, and beginning of another year. The year eighteen hundred and sixty-three has passed and gone; and to day it is numbered with the things that were. Not only has another year passed away, but with it many of our dear associations. Many during the past year, have been deprived by the relentless hand of death of a dear friend or associate. True, this may not have been the lot of all, yet it is nevertheless an undisputed fact, that the past year has brought

sorrow to the hearts of many, and mourning to many happy homes. Some who one year ago hailed with delight the beginning of the New Year, to-day live only in the memory of kind friends. On last New Year's day they were as cheerful and happy as we are to-day. Where are they now? They have passed beyond that bourn from whence no traveller returns. The bleak and chilling winds of winter sweeps o'er their graves, and sings a mournful requiem to their memory. Their places are vacant at the family fire-side. Others, who on that day stood fearlessly between us and a vindictive foe, in defence of our noble country, now quietly sleep beneath the blood-stained sod of some long to be remembered battle-field.

Not only is the past year to be remembered on account of the sorrow occasioned by death, but it is a year which will never be forgotten by the American people. The events which transpired during the past year in the United States of America, will be recorded in history, to be read by after generations with feelings of deepest interest. During the summer of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, the martial tread of hostile armies have been heard on the fair plains of the old Keystone State. The roar of artillery has made the hills of Pennsylvania to tremble, and her soil has been stained with the blood of patriots and rebels. Yet, amid all the conflicts of the past year, its joys and its sorrows, many of us have passed safely, and surrounded by friends we pass the first day of the New Year pleasantly. And as we sit in our comfortable dwellings and hear the howling winds of winter without, should we not remember those who are far away upon the tented plains—who are deprived of the blessings of home and the society of friends—who are periling their lives in our defence, and in defence of liberty and the Union. Yes, to-day, feelings of gratitude and sympathy should swell up in every loyal heart toward the noble soldiers. We are now about to enter upon the duties of another year, and ere it shall close to give place to another, many changes will have occurred. Some of us will doubtless have gone the way of all living, and those of us, who may be permitted to witness the beginning of another year, will know that we are a year nearer eternity.

R. L.  
Chestnut Ridge, Pa., Jan. 1, 1864.

## A GOOD STORY.

During Robert Heller's late brilliant entrance of his entertainments, we were all classes of people—the musical and refined, the millionaire and merchant prince, the mechanic and the artisan, in fact, every class of society found its representatives within the theatre, each night of his performance. One evening a genuine specimen of the genus verdant, with his girl on his arm, presented themselves at the box office, and demanded:

"What's the tax to the show?"

"Fifty cents," politely answered the ticket-seller.

"Well, I guess I won't back out anyhow—here's your tin."

Receiving his tickets, greeny entered, dragging the young lady by the hand. This peculiarity and the oddity of their dress, soon made them the observed of all observers. Heller shortly after commenced his illusions, which were wondered at with eyes and mouth wide open by our rustic pair—he occasionally ejaculated in pretty loud tones, "Thunder," while she would exclaim "Mer-cy, ain't it queer?"

Feet after feet was presented, and received with the plaudits of the audience, until the introduction of the "Aerial Bell," a glass bell suspended by a simple cord from the centre of the ceiling, and used in answering questions. After a usual performance with it, the question was asked:

"Is anybody in the house in love and wishes to get married?"

"Yes."

"Pray tell in what part of the house they are?"

"The bell immediately designated our rustics, who looking at one another as a pair of doves, apparently in their own happiness oblivious to all surroundings.

"Are they engaged?"

"No."

"Will they ever be?"

"Yes."

"When will it take place?"

"To-night?"

During these questions and answers, our rustic had been gradually opening himself out like a jack-knife, and now attained his full attitude; when pulling up his shirt collar, and stirring up his crop of flax colored hair, he exclaimed, breathless with joy and excitement:

"Say, you mister! jest ax that thing if Nancy Jane and me is to be spliced together, and if he say yes, I'll give you the best horse in Butler county, and call our first boy after you."

Shouts, yells and peals of laughter followed this announcement, and Nancy Jane suffused with blushes, pulled his coat-tail, and begged him in her most entreating manner:

"Now do, Ike, please sit down, wont you, now?"

Ike, however, too much elated with his success, and unmindful of all around stretched his body as far as possible over the balustrade, and in a voice audible in every corner of the house, cried out:

"Dod rot it, mister, do jest get that thing to say yes, and dog my cats and buttons if I don't call all my babies, boys and girls, after you, and lick anybody that says grass to you, to boot."

You can readily imagine the entertainment was short that night, and when over, the happy couple were made still happier, as the minister made them one for life, in the presence of Robert Heller.

Tell a man in a single word that he took a late breakfast. At ten a te.