

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1864.

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Original Poetry.

THE FULL MOON.

BY CAROL
The Silver Moon comes o'er the hills,
And smiles upon the gushing rills.
She ushers in the still night,
And shines 'round, beautiful and bright.
She plays among the forest trees,
Or dances on the briny seas.
The lakelets mirror forth her form,
When skies are bright, or breezes warm.
As up the sky her way we mark,
The heavens are lit by many a spark.
These, these, her coronation sing,
While tributes to her God they bring.
The mountain dances in the rays,
White vales are veiled with her praise;
And summer leaflets wane and dance,
While images beneath them dance.
She looks upon the glassy wave,
Or on the Autumn flowers grave;
She cheers earth's travelers with her smiles,
As when they plod life's weary miles.
Shine on, O moon! to rule the night,
And teach me to pursue the light—
Dictate such thoughts to men below,
As lead to virtue, not empty show.
April 23, 1864.

THE ARTIC PRISON.

A Thrilling Story of a Child and Dog.

The ship swung heavily to and fro—the long yards creaking and shivering upon the masts.
The wind whistled with a thrill, weird sound among the shrouds; and the shrouds bent inward as though unseen bands or footed men were ascending them. It was a dark night, yet not so dark but that we could see the lofty icebergs by which we were surrounded, looming up like spectres through the gloom. We were tossing about on the waters of the Arctic ocean, and subjected to a heavy sea and gale of wind—our position was a dangerous one. We had already begun to prepare rafts, and to hoist our chests on deck—expecting every moment that the ship would be stove by the ice. Heavy masses were continually crushing against the bows, and thundering under the counter, causing the vessel to shake and quiver from stem to stern, as though every timber was about to give way. At times the masts would be so violent that all hands would be thrown off their feet, and tumble on top of each other. Suddenly a white face with glaring eyes and quivering lips appeared among us. It was that of the captain's wife. She had her hand upon her husband's arm, as she stood near the bow.
"Lillian! Lillian!" she gasped, "where is our Lillian?"
"Lillian! Good heavens! wife, what do you mean? I left her with you in the cabin!"
"She is not there now—I have looked in all the rooms. Oh, God! my child! my child!" and the mother wrung her hands in anguish, while her white face grew still whiter.
"Wife! wife!" exclaimed the captain half sternly, "Lillian was with you when I left the cabin; surely you did not let her leave your side at such a time as this."
"Yes, yes!" cried his wife, in accents of the most piercing grief. "It is all my fault—he is lost! My little Lillian is lost! I am, he cause!"
"For God's sake, explain yourself," gasped the captain.
"I left her down in the cabin," faltered the agonized mother, "and came on deck, as I wanted to speak to you. I thought you were in the waist, so I groped my way there and tried to find you. Not seeing you, I started on my return, fearing to leave Lillian so long alone. But when I reached the cabin again, she was not there—gone! gone! God only knows where!"
"Lillian! Lillian! has any one seen Lillian?"
Fore and aft, from every lip, in starting accents, the cry went up amid the storm.
But the loud wind answered only with a deeper howl. The long yards creaked upon their rusty rivets. The heavy ice-bergs groaned and shook at they had done before. The silvery accents of little Lillian's voice came not to our ears, and we left as if we were hushed forever. But the wailing tones of the poor mother, and the despairing shouts of the father—both of whom could not bear to give up their child—continued long after our own voices had ceased. Then, we—rough-cut, childless men though we were—forgetting our own danger, gathered about the afflicted pair, and tried to console them. I don't think we succeeded very well, for our voices trembled a great deal, and the tears would come to our eyes, though we kept wiping them away with the cuffs of our heavy jackets. Not one of us but had loved little Lillian almost as well as the parents themselves. She was but seven years of age; yet the earnest glance of her large blue eyes would go straight to our hearts, and make us feel kind and good towards each other. To utter an oath when she was near would have seemed like sacrilege. Like a lily, she had bloomed in our midst, shedding a heavenly influence about us.
"Strong—ah! strong is the power of innocent childhood over a sinful heart!"
It was while we thus stood clustered near the bonnet, offering what little consolation we could to the captain and his wife, that one of the ship's crew—an old tar, by the name of Bill Butler—came towards us, holding a few little torn shreds of cloth in his hand.
"I found these ere hanging on a hook on the outside of the bulwark," said Bill in a mournful voice.
"It is a part of Lillian's dress!" shrieked the captain's wife.
The captain buried his face in his hands

with a groan, and we looked at one another in a sad silence. There could no longer be any doubt about the matter—Lillian had fallen overboard.

The few remaining hours of the night wore away. The gale subsided. Miraculously as it seemed to us, the ship had escaped being stove; and as the sea had gone down with the gale there was no more danger. Overwhelmed with grief, yet feeling it his duty to try and console his wife, the captain descended into the cabin, leaving the management of the ship in the hands of the mate. Presently the steward came on deck. He wished to know if any of the hands had seen Bluseo that morning. This was the name of a large Newfoundland dog, which had been a great favorite with Lillian, and she had taken special delight in feeding him. The dog had grown exceedingly fond of his young mistress, and would show his attachment in many ways peculiar to his kind. Now that their darling was lost, the captain had ordered the steward to bring Bluseo to him, thinking that the sight of him might afford a melancholy consolation to his wife. Having searched the cabin through without being able to find the animal, the steward came on deck as we have said, to inquire if he had been noticed by any of the hands. We all answered in the negative. None of us had seen the dog since the previous night. Thereupon the ship was ransacked fore and aft, for the missing animal; and although we searched in every nook and corner he was not to be found.

While we were wondering what became of him, the man at the mast-head sang out that there were whales astern. He instantly ordered the boats to be lowered, and before we had time to divest ourselves of the idea that we were looking for the dog, were putting swiftly in the wake of a great fat bow-head. The whale made straight for a field of ice, in the distance, and went down when he got in the midst of it. We followed him almost to the spot where he had disappeared, and then lay motionless and silent, waiting for the next rising. Large masses of ice flashing gloriously in the early rays of the sun, and moulded into a thousand different shapes, surrounded our little craft on every hand, floating by with swift majestic slowness, and now and then crashing against each other with a force that caused some of them to rend asunder. Strange, beautiful monuments are these, fashioned by the hand of nature—monuments of the frozen mariners that sleep below.

"There it goes again," said old Bill Butler, in a whisper.
"What?" asked the mate.
"That barking noise," replied Bill, "I've been hearing it ever since we left the ship, sir."

The mate leaned upon his steering oar and listened.
"It is a seal," he said.

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied Bill; "but I never heard a seal bark like that."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mate, "so loud that the mate was obliged to rap him on the head with his knuckles. 'Good heavens!' he added in a lower tone, 'me think that one dog.'"

"Good heavens! Mikell, me think's the same," remarked another Portuguese—a little fat fellow by the name of Pat Plunket.
"It does sound mighty like a dog," said the mate, as the barking became more distinct. "Perhaps it is Bluseo on the ice cake."

Turning the boat around with his steer oar until her bows pointed in the direction of the noise, the mate now ordered us to paddle ahead. With obeyed and the boat shot forward with an easy speed. The barking sounded nearer every moment, until at last it emanated from no other throat than that of Bluseo.

But where was he?
This was the question that now rose to our lips. We could hear him plainly, but see nothing of him. By the sound of his bark, we should have judged that he stood on a summit of an iceberg a few fathoms distant. Yet notwithstanding this, no Bluseo was visible. What could it mean? Had some mermaid charmed the dog into invisibility?

We continued to approach. The barking became much louder, and was now full of frantic joy. The iceberg—a rather large one—trembled as though under the influence of an epileptic fit. Still there was no Bluseo in sight.

Our boat struck against the iceberg. A pair of bright eyes gleamed at us through a chink in the crystal wall—they were the eyes of Bluseo! The mystery was explained. This monument of ice was hollow, forming a rude little chamber in which the dog was snugly ensconced.

"My God! oh heaven be praised! just look there," exclaimed the mate, turning to Bill, and motioning him to look through the crevice, from which he had just drawn his own eyes.

Bill did as requested, and beheld a sight which filled him with as much joy as it did with amazement. Reclining in one corner of the ice-bound apartment—her long golden hair falling upon her pale face, and the silken lashes veiling her beautiful eyes—he saw the unmistakable figure of Lillian.

With a few blows of our oars we soon succeeded in effecting an opening in the ice-wall. The little girl and Bluseo were taken out and put in the boat.

We laid back upon our oars with all the strength we possessed, while the mate drawing a brandy flask from his pocket, poured a few drops of the liquor down Lillian's throat. By the faint pulsations of her heart, he knew that the currents of life were not frozen—that she had only sunk into that cold, stupor of a dose from which there is no awakening.

The ship was reached at last. The mate ascended to the deck, and took the insensible burden which Bill passed to him.

"Captain!" he exclaimed as he descended the companion way. "I have brought you no whale, but something that I think will be more acceptable!"

The captain and his wife both caught sight of their child, at once and at the same moment.

"My child! My Lillian!" screamed the mother, pushing forward to clasp her in her arms. Then, noticing her pale face and drooping head, she sank into a seat, overcome by her feelings, and stretched forth her arms, faintly murmuring:
"Dead! dead! she is dead! Give me my poor little dead girl!"

"No—no! she is not dead!" replied the mate. "If the proper measures can be taken, she can be restored in a few moments. So saying, he laid her upon the bed, and assisted the anxious father in his efforts to restore the circulation of the blood."

In a few moments they had the satisfaction of seeing Lillian open her eyes, and of hearing her speak the word "mother." The next instant she was pressed to the latter's bosom, and covered with tears and kisses. This probably helped nearly as much as the other operation had done to restore the circulation of blood, for there was a deep crimson tint upon her cheek and lip.

The excitement having in some degree subsided, an explanation followed.

Lillian stated that after her mother had left her to go on deck, she thought she would just go up to get a little peep over the rail at the icebergs. The idea had no sooner entered her head than she carried it into execution. In leaning too far over the rail, however—the ship happened to give a lurch at the same time—she lost her balance and was precipitated into the waters. On rising to the surface she felt herself seized by the neck of the dress and the next moment was dragged safely on to a large piece of ice, when she perceived that her deliverer was the noble Bluseo. She felt terribly frightened, and clung close to the dog. She remembered they were shut in by three walls of ice, which partly prevented the waves from dashing in upon them. Suddenly the cake upon which they were standing came in contact with another one which towered up like a lofty column.

When the concussion took place, the lofty mass tottered over, and fell upon the three walls of ice, by which the little girl and her dog were encompassed, in such a curious manner as to completely close them up as if they were in prison. In this position she remained a long time, praying and hugging the dog by turns, until at last, feeling cold and benumbed, she began to grow drowsy, and fell into a doze. Had her rescue from this situation been delayed a few minutes longer, we would have never, in all probability, succeeded in bringing her to life. As it was, a long time elapsed ere the natural freedom of circulation could be restored to one of her arms.

Many were the praises lavished on Bluseo for his noble conduct, and although he shakes his head and turns up his broad nose when any person speaks to him about it, as much as to say, "pshaw, it's nothing," still we believe that in his heart he is proud of his exploit.

How God Forgives.—How beautifully God forgives! "I will never remember it again," he says when he forgives our sins. Why, if you could see God, you would never by the least turn of the eye, by any word, or by the slightest inflection of the voice, know that he remembered the sin that he had forgiven. We forgive a sin, you know, laying it up. Once in while we shoot out a hint, or it slides away. We forgive slowly, grudgingly, imperfectly and meanly; but when God forgives, he throws the offence away, and says, "I will never make mention of it again; I will sink it in as in the depths of the sea." There is a low, contemptible way of forgiving; and there is a noble and manly way of doing it. One kind of forgiveness is an additional provocation; but the Christian way is glorious and beautiful.—H. W. Beecher.

THE PRICE OF PAPER.—The *Bellows Falls Times* thinks that there is no necessity for the present high price of printing paper, and says that some of the papers in the northern part of the State have suggested that the newspaper publishers in that State should combine and own or build mills of their own. It says further, if this matter had been seriously put forth only a few weeks ago, a mill could have been secured at a very reasonable price and on easy terms, and paper could have been obtained at a cost of less than 16 cents per pound, which is 14 cents less than is now being asked for it.

The Cons are making a great blow about the size of the McClellan meeting held in New York city. We don't see that it is much to blow about if it was a big meeting. It will be recalled that the traitor Breckinridge had a majority of forty thousand in New York city at the last Presidential election, and no one doubts but what Jeff Davis would receive more votes there than Abraham Lincoln would. New York city is a nest of traitors, and not much to brag on, and will do McClellan no good.—*Telegraph*.

A false Blondin is in Paris, who, on a rope, at the height of the column of the P'ace Vendome, cooks an omelet on a fire lighted by his own hands, and lets it down by a cord to the people below.

Dew is an invisible vapor, which, chilled by the cool surface of the flowers, bursts into tears over the beauty that must fade.

If a stupid speaker has prodigious lungs, he can fill with his voice the largest house—and empty it too.

Mush and milk festivals are now the order of the day in the west, for the benefit of the soldiers.

Raftsmen's Journal.

CLEARFIELD, PA., AUG. 24, 1864.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JOURNAL.

Letter from near Petersburg.

HEADQUARTERS Bat. A 1st Pa. Light Art.,
Fort Converse, Va., Aug. 3d, 1864.
DEAR ROW:—For some time past I have been promising myself to write to you again, and let you know of our whereabouts, at least; but for some apparently unexplainable cause, I have permitted time after time, and week after week to pass unimproved, for that purpose. But, perhaps, you have heard from some other source, of our change of base, from the peace and quiet of Ports mouth to the more animating scenes of the front: from the comparative idleness we have indulged in, for more than a year, to the probability of yet having something to do, ere peace and quiet shall spread her mantle over the land. I will, however, to keep up the record of events connected with us, and which may be of interest to some, briefly sketch the account of our transfer to the vicinity of this place.

We had just commenced building substantial quarters, for ourselves, foolishly thinking, I suppose, that we would certainly pass another winter there—which idea the men, to their credit be it said, strenuously opposed—when on the 30th of June an order was received directing us to report, with the least possible delay, to the Headquarters of Maj. Gen. Butler, near Bermuda Hundred, Va. No time was to be lost, and we immediately stored all surplus baggage, camp and garrison equipage, which would be an incumbrance in the field, and by noon of the same day, had our guns, carriages, and part of our horses on board transports, which immediately after, started towards their destination. By some mismanagement, several of our horses and mules, which were deprived of transportation the first day, were delayed for two days longer, when they were allowed to embark on the mail boat plying between Norfolk and Fortress Monroe, and three change boats for Bermuda Hundred. By noon of the 4th of July we had the Battery complete, in camp, at Point of Rocks. Point of Rocks is about five miles from Bermuda Hundred and six from City Point. It is a very healthy place, being about seventy-five feet above the level of the Appomattox. The Corps Hospital for the 18th and part of the 10th Corps is here, on a prominent knoll at least one hundred feet above the river. It is capable of accommodating seven hundred patients, and nearly that number daily receive treatment there. Chronic diarrhea, and typhoid fever are the prevailing diseases, but since we have been here comparatively few cases have terminated fatally.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions, have each an agency connected with the Hospital, who dispense their stores with a liberal hand—the former attends to the physical comforts of the soldier, both sick and well; the latter attends to both physical and spiritual. It would be invidious to discriminate between the services of these two great benefactors, for they are invaluable, and the prominence of their present position in the army is destined to fill a large space in the history of this war. The agencies are indefatigable in their efforts to discover the wants of the sick and wounded, and prompt to relieve them. The Sanitary Commission reaches the able bodied soldier through the different Commissaries, with whom they deposit all kinds of vegetables, which are issued regularly in proportionate rations to the men. These vegetables are principally autoisobuties, and the effect they have in preventing sickness is really surprising. The work of the Christian Commission is no less important. The faithful agents connected with it, are ever ready to minister to the spiritual wants of all, and spread broadcast throughout the camps, an almost incredible amount of wholesome reading matter, which, under the blessing of an All-wise God, is destined to produce good results. The efficient manner in which these commissions have been sustained in their arduous duties in the field, by the people of the Northern States, will be a lasting monument to their generosity, and shows more plainly than words can express, the interest they feel in the welfare of the soldier.

We left Point of Rocks on 27th July, and moved across the Appomattox to this sort. It is one mile higher up the river and opposite Port Watthall, and is now a strong work on three sides with ditch and abattis, but at present is not an important work, owing to its distance from the enemy's lines. Petersburg is five miles from here and when it is not too smoky the tops of the principal houses are plainly visible.

The blowing up of the mine, and the terrific cannonading which followed, a few days ago, was plainly heard here, but we were too far away to witness the operations. The failure of the project is attributable, here, to various circumstances, chief among which, was the tardiness of reinforcements to support the first assault.

I notice to-day in the *N. Y. Herald* of the 5th a communication which, in its malignity, shortsightedness, and prejudice, would do credit to any emanation from the veriest traitor in Richmond, that seeks to throw the whole responsibility upon the "niggers." Such an unwarrantable and unjust fling, at a particular portion of our army, which has shown its superior fighting qualities on many a hard-fought field—Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, Olustee, Fort Pillow, Yazoo City, Fort Powhattan, the assault on the enemy's works under "Baldy Smith" in this vicinity, and lastly, the assault on the rebel works on the 30th ult., all attest the splendid fighting qualities of the negro soldier.

Since the unfortunate occurrence, I have it, from both officers and men who participated in the assault, and they all agree in stating that the colored troops did as well as any troops could do under the circumstances. After they had advanced as far as they could, they found their line exposed to an enfilading fire from both flanks, which they withstood till their officers and men were fearfully decimated, and then fell back—but not till the white troops in their front and rear had fallen back also. I do not fear but the official reports will vindicate their efficiency on this occasion as it has done in the past.

Three deserters swam the river at this place and came into our lines to-day. Their countenances indicated that they were well satisfied with their change of base. Everything around here presents a dull, monotonous aspect to-day, but suddenly the storm may burst upon us. When the general engagement does come, there will be a terrible loss of life, unless this catastrophe is averted by the hand of an Overruling Power, for, to move the rebels from their present strongholds, here, implies hard fighting, and, necessarily, loss of life. Yours, W. R. B.

A Copperhead Campaign Document.
The following villainous connection has been printed on a piece of pasteboard, as large as an ordinary visiting card, and is being circulated among those "natural born" fools who can be made to believe that black is white and the moon is made of green. It reads thus:

"Extract from a speech delivered at Faneuil Hall, March 7th, 1850, by Daniel Webster.
"If the infernal fanatics and abolitionists ever get power in their hands, they will override the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in their opinions or dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood."

There are just two things that are wrong in this "card," *viz*: first—Daniel Webster did not make a speech at "Faneuil Hall March 7th, 1850;" and, second, he did make a speech on that day in the U. S. Senate, on the compromise resolutions of Henry Clay, but he did not utter in that speech *one word* which, by the most violent twisting, can be made to mean anything like the sentiments above attributed to him. We have gone to the trouble to re-read that speech, and we therefore speak from the book.

The snakes, it will thus be seen, are not satisfied with deliberate lying about the heroism of negro soldiers, or with deliberate voting against the right of white soldiers to exercise the most sacred privilege of American freemen, but they must needs resort, as a means of saving their party (what there is of it), to the still baser trick of slandering the mighty dead. If the bones of the Defenders of the Constitution could speak, how withering would be the rebuke they would administer to these vile traitors!—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

Postal Money Order.
In order to perfect the system, only the largest offices, say two hundred or three hundred in number, will be at first designated. The instructions to postmasters, blanks, etc, have been prepared by the department, and are now in the hands of the public printer. The instructions were found to involve considerable intricacy, the principal embarrassments being the want of a central Metropolitan bank with local branches, to facilitate the prompt returns of funds accumulating in the hands of postmasters, or to supply funds in case of necessity. Not having these facilities, as in England and Canada, it will be indispensable to adopt substantially the Post Office Department system of drafts and deposits, using post offices in lieu of banks. The Postmaster General designs putting this important branch of his department into operation on the first day of October next.

HIGH PRICES.
Merchants who are perfectly acquainted with the trade of our country in such articles, say, from positive knowledge, that the quantity of tea and coffee, for instance, now in the United States, is greatly larger than at any other time within the last ten or twenty years. The same may no doubt be asserted, with truth, of other articles which we are accustomed to consider as among the necessities of life. Where are all these stores of tea, coffee, flour, sugar, etc? In the hands of speculators and held on speculation. Every sale of these articles from one speculator to the other, at an advance, (which is easily managed between them,) enhances the price of the whole stock upon the community, and the question is, how long is this state of things to continue? How is this range of speculation to be checked? It is clear that those who have money on hand, and feel disposed to risk it in such operations, cannot be restrained from doing so if they see fit. But there are others willing and anxiously desirous of entering into such speculations, and making fortunes out of the community, if they can only borrow the money to do so. Our banks, we are told, have been overrun with applications of this character lately. One man sees an opportunity of buying 1,000 barrels of whiskey, on which he is sure to make any amount of money that fancy may name, if the bank will only lend him the money! A party in New York, the other day, made up their minds to buy five hundred thousand pounds of wool in Ohio, on speculation, and came to our banks to borrow the money! And these are but samples of hundreds of such applications, most of the applicants, by the way, offer the banks no other security than their own notes, wondering that the banks cannot see that they must be abundantly good, considering the immense profit the borrowers are sure to make by the transactions! How are these speculations to be stopped, and the community be protected from the grasp of these voracious speculators? Answer. Let the banks in all cases refuse to grant facilities for such operations, and confine the operators to cash dealing only. By doing so they will best consult their own interests in the first place, and the good of the community in the next. A gentleman conversant with bank matters, assures us that the banks have already come to this conclusion, and if that course is steadily adhered to on their part we shall soon see the prices of the necessities of life decline. Speculators cannot possibly carry the stocks they now have on hand, they will be compelled to sell, and prices must come down accordingly.

A Little Bit of History.
By reference, says the *Troy Times*, to the Constitutions of New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, formed before the date of the Constitution of the United States and in force at its adoption, and also to the Constitutions of Georgia and Pennsylvania, formed soon afterwards, it appears that in respect to the qualifications of electors for the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures, there was no distinction on account of color in those nine States. Connecticut and Rhode Island, being under the royal charters, could have none. South Carolina, by its Constitution of 1776 allowed negroes to vote, but in 1778 the privilege was restricted to every "white man," &c. In Delaware, by act of Feb. 3, 1787, emancipated slaves and their issue, were debarred "the privilege of voting at elections or being elected." And even this seems to have been a violation of the letter of the Constitution of the State. It is well known among intelligent men, that the practice of admitting free men of color to vote, obtained universally at first among all of the original "old thirteen." In Virginia negroes voted side by side with white men until 1830.—*Exchange*.

Some of the copperhead districts in York county are likely to reap rather bitter fruits from their opposition to the soldier's vote, a number of young men having determined to enlist but not to credit a man to the intolerant sneaks.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, my child?" "Got legs, ma." "Certainly not—but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing—only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night."

Sensitive lady from the country looking for a coach. "Pray, sir, are you engaged?" Cabman. "Och, bless your purty soul, madam, I have been married these seven years, and have nine children."

"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens's Household Words?" inquired a magazine agent. "Household words have played the dickens with me long enough," was the feeling reply.

It is a lamentable fact that some of the ablest as well as the poorest newspapers in the country are giving up the ghost, on account of the high price of stock and labor.

An exchange says: "How young men consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for a sixpence, is really surprising."

MAN is always stronger to bear misfortune than prosperity; against the former he walks more or less armed, but against the latter without fear or caution.

The *Mauch Chunk Gazette* says that the patriotism of a majority of the moneyed men of that town "can be put into the heart of a fly and not half fit it."

A bill preventing the marriage of frat cousins has passed the Ky. Legislature.