Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1865. VOL. 11.—NO. 38.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at $2.00 per annum in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at $1.50 per square, for three or less insertions—Ten lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 50 cents. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

BANK NOTICE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, January 30th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3d, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act;

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

SEAL. In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCH,
Feb. 8, 1865. Comptroller of the Currency.

BANK NOTICE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, March 8th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFILD," in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3d, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act;

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SEAL. In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 2d day of March, A. D. 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCH,
Mar. 8, 1865. Comptroller of the Currency.

Select Poetry.

ODE,
For the Burial of Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow, by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land,
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be,
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light;
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, and half in earnest, "the happy man, or unhappy one, if you please, ha, ha!—shall be a person possessed of these qualifications;—

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"Third, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome and intellectual man, with whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in the lofty ideas of station and style—for her education had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who had obtained a partial glimpse of her true woman's heart.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to show to her friends how much of her heart was in the words just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors, but as she never gave a serious thought to more than one or two, we will follew her example, and disregarding all others, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between two favored individuals. If I could have my own way one should be a poor genius and something of a hero, the other a wealthy man and much of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof, without the most distant hope of ever obtaining wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions and friends a "noble, good fellow," and by the ladies a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society, even to that of Mr. Wedington, whom alone he saw proper to honor with the application of rival.

This Mr. W., (his companions called him "Duke,") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of good sense, good form and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him.

Besides this his income was sufficient to ennable him to live superbly. Also he was consided two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. Frank.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank, was not willing to believe that she would suffer worldly considerations to control the feeling of her heart.

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes; for we must part now."

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning a little pale! It is evident he had not expected this.

"Yes, yes," said Kate, casting her head down with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arms around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say so and I go."

"Go," murmured Kate, "go,"

"Have you decided?"

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell."

He took her hand, gazed for a moment, tenderly and sorrowfully, into the beautiful, tearful face, then clasped her to his bosom.

She permited the embrace. She even gave way to impulse, and twined her arms about his neck; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?"

A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated, and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of curls.

The struggle was over. The agony past.

She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her even more. He offered her his hand, she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarcely repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding—Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmest atmosphere of a fairy-land, Kate gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her heart.

Her friends were numerous, her husband kind and tender, and loving; but all his attention and affection could not fill her heart. She had once felt its cords and sympathy moved by a skillful touch. She had known the blissful charm of their deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent, motionless. These cords were still and soundless. Her heart was dead; none the less so, because killed by a golden shot. In short, Kate, in time became magnificently miserable, and splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. But this shallow joke was unsatisfactory, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with thirst unconquerable by the golden streams that flowed all around her—fainting with hunger which all the flood of flattery and admiration could not appease.

She reproached her husband for thus deserting her, and he answered with angry taunts of deception, a total lack of love on her part, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness."

"But it is wrong—sinfull," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it," said her husband, fiercely. "It is an evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving unloved husband? Nay do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such emotion: for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate, "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly, his eyes flashed in determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he "that we shall not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We shall be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate trembling.

"The world will admire you all the same, and what more do you desire?" said her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not hearts is mockery. We played the farce now long enough. Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife. Do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of sympathy and love? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell, I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay do not tremble and cling to me now; I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She sank upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you away? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itsself; her breathing became calm, her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses until with a start, she cried:

"Frank! Frank! come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing beside her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep!"

"And dreaming, too, I should say; and not pleasant either."

"Dreaming," murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand, "You could not mean to send me so cruelly away, I knew. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my case once more, and found you here, asleep."

"Oh what a horrible dream," said Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married."

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, that you did not dream you were married to me."

"No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart!"

"Then, if you gave your hand now, it would not be without your heart?"

"No Frank, and here it is!" said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears.

And soon there was a real marriage, not a splended, but a happy one—and followed by a life of contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

Domestic Life.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm; fly over land, sail over seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful it is to have one to cheer, and a companion to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he has but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathising partner is prepared!

What a Good Newspaper May Do.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted, the great philantrophic questions of the day to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social light.

The President's Tomb.

The following from the Springfield *State Register* of Thursday, the 8th instant, is interesting: "Last evening it being the first Sabbath since the remains of President Lincoln were laid at rest in Oak Ridge, a large number of our citizens visited the cemetery, who were unable to accompany the procession thither on Thursday last. Along the streets and road leading to the tomb there was a constant passage of pedestrians and vehicles during the entire afternoon, such a concourse as we have never seen visit the grounds of a Sabbath before, and such as manifested to the most thoughtless beholder the fact that a new shrine had been erected there, and one to which every stranger passing through Springfield hereafter will be induced to wander."

Mount Vernon.

A recent visitor to Mount Vernon reports the place in a good state of preservation, it having been religiously regarded as neutral ground. The agent of the Mount Vernon Association, who has remained there, is a bitter secessionist, and has not visited Alexandria since the commencement of the war. As he is not willing to take the oath, his wife, more loyal or less scrupulous, has taken the oath and visits Alexandria for supplies. Those who contribute money for the redemption of Washington's remains from his degenerate relative should see that they are looked after by loyalists.

Late from Mexico.

The latest news from Mexico leaves no doubt that the Republican forces have of late made considerable progress. It is reported that several of the Governors and other officers appointed by Maxamillian have, like Cortinas, pronounced against him. There must be some truth in these reports, for the *Estafette*, a semi-official paper, gives as its profound conviction, that Mexico must be ruled for many years yet without calling Mexican statesmen to power, Maxamillian, on receiving the news of the surrender of Lee, sent the Chief of his Cabinet as a special envoy to the United States.

A Bold Robbery.

They have some bold and successful robbers in Alton, Illinois. On Thursday night the rooms occupied by Capt. Fry, Assistant Quartermaster and clerks, at Mrs. Avis' were entered by burglars, and all the money, jewelry, pistols, knives, trunk keys, &c, taken from the clothing of the persons sleeping in the rooms. The keys to the office safe were taken, the office entered afterwards and twelve thousand five hundred dollars in public funds stolen. It was a bold robbery and most successfully executed.

There is an immense sensation among the pretty girls in Chicago. A ladies dressing case has been shipped from London to the Western Sanitary Fair. It is for the prettiest girl in Chicago. Its value is $1,000 in gold; but the generous donor proposes to have "the prettiest" voted for; ballots $1. The party receiving the most, to have the dressing case.

BY doing nothing, men learn to do ill.

THE RETURNING SOLDIERS.

A dispatch of May 11th, announced the march of fifty thousand of the victorious veterans, who fought under GRANT and SHERMAN, through the streets of Richmond on that day, on their way home. A spectacle at once so morally and so martially grand has rarely if ever been witnessed. The transition from citizen soldiers to soldier citizens is thus going on; and these brave men will scatter to their respetive homes and take their places as they were before they went out. Their coming will make glad thousands upon thousands of hearts. They will be honored while they live, and their memories will be revered and cherished in after generations. Make room for them at the hearthstone and in the walks of peaceful industry; and in every proper way let their countrymen show that they are grateful for the service they have rendered to the country. Some will come safe and sound, some maimed, some broken in constitution, and, alas! thousands will never come, and thousands of the resting places of the good, the brave and the beloved will never be known. But though their mortal remains repose in undiscovered graves, their memories will long be cherished in the home circles, and coming generations will honor them as the saviors of their country.

"When this war is over," said the lamented General RICE to his soldiers before the march into the Wilderness, "and you go home, you will be received with shouts, and hosannahs, and tears of joy; you will be honored and cherished as men never were in the world; your children and children's children, to the farthest generation will make it their proudest boast that their fathers fought in this great and holy war. You will find families in the land; the highest in the land will be proud to say, 'My ancestor served in the great war.' And if we die on the field of battle, as many of us must, do you think we shall be forgotten? Ah, don't believe it! When the war is over, be sure every smallest incident of its history will be traced, every name will be recorded, every brave deed will be searched out, and for a century to come, your trials, your sufferings, your constancy and bravery will be the chosen theme of the most finished scholars, and the greatest writers our country produces. No act of ours will escape the vigilence of that multitude of busy writers, who will, in every State and in every town, search out our names and the story of our service, to make them known to the nation which will call us fathers of a redeemed country, the soldiers of a greater revolution. Ah, it is a proud thing to fight in this war!"

An Oil Windfall.

A gentleman in Lebanon county had in his employ a cook, a native of the Emerald Isle. Some three or four years ago she paid a visit to her sister living in Venango county, where she made the acquaintance of a resident there, and after three weeks' acquaintance they were married. Her husband owned a considerable tract of Venango county land, which was then almost worthless. But the development of "oil" put a new face upon affairs and made the property very valuable. From indigence, its owners sprang to opulence in the twinkling of an eye. Among the investments, a farm was bought in Upper Dublin township, Lebanon county, and the family made preparations to remove to it. As they were about making the change, however, the husband suddenly died, and the widow is left with two small children, sole heirs of the estate, now amounting to perhaps two or three hundred thousand dollars, there being besides the farm, valuable producing oil interests in Venango, and the snug little cash balance of ninety thousand dollars in a Pittsburg bank. The widow, who is now administering to the estate, is utterly without education, and cannot read or write. Verily, such is life—and "oil."

The Atlantic Cable.

The laying down of the new Atlantic cable will probably be attempted in July. On April 24th, fourteen hundred miles had been stored on board the Great Eastern, and the work was proceeding at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. Electricians are kept constantly employed in passing currents through the cable, and every foot is subject to the severest tests. The weight of the cable is 400 pounds to the nautical mile, while that of 1858 weighed only 261 pounds. The experiments made are said to have established the fact that if the enterprise is a success, at least twelve words a minute can be transmitted across the broad Atlantic. It is considered that the problem is reduced simply to a question whether July will be a month of moderately temperate weather. Probably one or more vessels from our Navy will be detailed to take part in the great work.

An Old Postage Stamp.

A good story is told of Jeff Davis. Some time ago the rebel authorities ordered all horses that could be found in the neighboring country to be impressed. A squad of cavalry engaged in the execution of this order met Jeff riding in his carriage, and ordered him to "get out" and give up the animals. Jeff refused. The corporal insisted. Finally, to cut short the parley, Jeff. inquired, "Do you know who I am?" "No," replied the soldier. "I am President Davis," said Jeff. "Drive on," said the corporal, "I thought you looked like an old postage stamp."

A scotch woman had invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he accepted with the reservation. "If I'm spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, "If you're dead I'll not expect ye."

It has been shown in European courts that nearly 10,000 Circassian children are exported every year from Turkey to Egypt, and sold.

Live Within Your Means.

We don't like stinginess, we don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that a poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is every man's duty, which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistant with happiness, and which must be practiced if the poor man would secure independence. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means; not to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured, when it can be, by the practice of economy and self-denial only to a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the conciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

Remarkable Words.

On taking the chair of the National Union Convention at Baltimore in June, 1864, the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, of Kentcuky, uttered the following remarkable words: "This fearful truth runs through the whole history of mankind, that whatever else may be done to give stability to authority, whatever else may be done to give perpetuity to institutions—however glorious, practicable and just may be the philosophy of it—it has been found that the only enduring, the only imperishable cement of all free institutions has been the blood of traitors. No Government has ever been built upon imperishable foundations which foundations were not laid in the blood of traitors. It is a fearful truth, but we might as well avow it at once, and every lick you strike, and every rebel you kill, every battle you win—dreadful as it is to do it—you are adding, it may be, a year—it may be ten years—it may be a centuary—it may be ten centuries to the life of the Government and the freedom of your children."

The Encyclical Letter.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Observer* says: The Czar of Russia has published an Encyclical letter and distributed it among the priests, with orders to inculcate its principles upon the minds of the people. The Czar sets forth in the name of Christ's religious principles, exhalts his own infallability and holiness, and condemns other creeds and calls them schismatic. Catholics and Protestants are, in his estimation, lunatics and infidels, and he inculcates intense hatred against other nations. He says Catholics don't believe in Christ, but in the Pope, and he denounces their saints as hars and imposters. England, France and Austria are subjects of bitter invective. The Encyclical inculcates most vehement fanaticism, and concludes with prayer that the Czar may have health and power, and overcome the enemies of the faith of holy Russia.

Kentucky Rebels.

The indignation of the loyal citizens of Covington, Kentucky, has lately been worked up to a boiling pitch by the conduct of the returning rebel soldiers, many of whom assert defiantly that they are not yet subdued, and who wear their rebel uniforms and use the most insulting and tantalizing language to Union men. The latter held a meeting on last Saturday evening. The conduct of the rebel soldiers was denounced in strong terms, and the "constituted authorities" were earnestly requested to "cause the speedy removal from our midst of all such persons, unless they take the oath of allegiance, and give good assurance of their sincere desire to become peaceful and law-abiding citizens; and that hereafter no parolled rebels be permitted to come here until they shall have complied with the above requisitions."

Traitors to be Tried in Maryland.

Judge Bond, of Baltimore, at the opening of the Criminal Court in that city, last Monday a-week charged the Grand Jury to indict, under the State treason act, all who had in any way given aid and comfort to the rebels, since April 19th, 1861. The Judge held that all such are subjects of indictment and trial under the laws of Maryland. The Judge also counsels the Grand Jury to indict the members of the Maryland Commission for undertaking to say and decide upon cases which are purely civil or criminal offenses, treasonable or otherwise, legitimately cogizable by the State civil courts.

A bold robberry occured in Rulo, Nebraska, lately. Four men disguised in the uniform of Federal soldiers entered the town and robbed the citizens of $3,000. In one of the stores they found nine men, whom they ordered to get into line. Two of the robbers with drawn pistols stood guard, while the other two relieved them of all the funds in their possession. Thus they proceeded from place to place, occupying not more than fifteen minutes in all, when they mounted their horses and rode off.

BE as easy as you can in this world, provided you take care to be happy in the next.

A portrait of John Brown hangs in the former residence of Gov. Wise.