

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1865.

VOL. 11.—NO. 39.

## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFFERTY'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 Rows (or less) counting as one square. For every additional insertion 50 cents. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

## Business Directory.

**IRVIN BROTHERS**, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., No. 23, 1865.

**FREDERICK LEITZINGER**, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1865.

**CRANS & BARRETT**, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1865.

**ROBERT J. WALLACE**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Nangle'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. 19.

**H. BUCHER-SWOOPE**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

**HARTWICK & HUSTON**, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. June 29, 1864.

**P. KRATZER**, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &c. Front Street, above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

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

**JOHN QUELICH**, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, shroud notices, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19.

**D. R. WOODS**, Practising Physician, and Examining Surgeon for Pensioners. Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry streets, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1865.

**THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield" Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

**J. P. McNEELY**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, n. e. 2d street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.

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

**HARRIMER & TEST**, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1865.

**W. M. ALBERT & BRO**, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c., etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Penna. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1865.

**THE IRISH EXODUS**.—The subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county, that he has rented the "Tipton Hotel" and will use every endeavor to accommodate those who may favor him with their patronage. He will try to furnish the table with the best of the country, and will keep hay and feed to accommodate teamsters. Gentlemen don't forget the "Tipton Hotel." SAMUEL SMITH, Tipton, Pa., May 25, 1865.

**WHISKERS! WHISKERS!**—Do you want Whiskers or Mustaches? Our Groat Compound will force them to grow on the smooth face or chin, or hair on the head. Price, \$1.00. Sent by mail anywhere, neatly sealed, on receipt of price. Address, WARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. York. March 29th, 1865.

## 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.

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

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

## BANK NOTICE.

**TREASURY DEPARTMENT,**  
Office of the COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,  
Washington, March 5th, 1865.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE COUNTY 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 COUNTY 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.

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

HUGH McCULLOUGH,  
Mar. 2, 1865. Comptroller of the Currency.

## Select Poetry.

### NOT LOST FOREVER.

Not lost forever, though on earth we've parted!  
Not lost forever, though we meet no more!  
They do not wander lone and broken-hearted,  
Who see Heaven's radiance on the farther shore.

Not lost forever, every gentle token  
That memory brings me from the far away,  
Shall fill my soul, though all our ties are broken,  
With tender grace that never can decay.

Not lost forever, while around me springing,  
The violets weep, the roses blush and bloom;  
And summer birds, in summer woodland singing,  
Flood with soft music all the tranquil gloom.

There will be meaning in the stars, the flowers,  
The grand solemn voices of the sea,  
Telling of happy dreams and happy hours,  
When life had sunshine which it caught from thee.

Not lost forever, thou shalt still be near me,  
Through every fortune and in every clime;  
When cares oppress or gentle memories cheer me,  
Thou shalt be with me, dearest, all the time.

### RICHARDSON'S ESCAPE.

ALBERT G. RICHARDSON is about to issue a new work called "The Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape." It will be recollected that Mr. Richardson was a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and was captured in an attempt to run past the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, at the time Gen. Grant was besieging that then rebel stronghold. The extracts given below, relate to the manner of making his escape from the rebel prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, and will be read with interest:

"On that Sunday evening, half an hour before dark (the latest moment at which the guards could be passed, even by authorized persons, without the countersign), my friends, Messrs. Browne and Davis, went out to the rebel hospital, beyond the inner line of sentinels, as if to order their usual medical supplies for the sick prisoners. As they passed in and out a dozen times a day, and their faces were quite familiar to the sentinels, they were not compelled to show their passes, and Mr. Browne left his behind, with me.

A few minutes later, taking with me a long box filled with the bottles in which medical supplies were usually brought, and giving it to a little lad who assisted me in my hospital duties, I started to follow them.

As if in great haste, we walked rapidly toward the gate, while leaning against trees or standing in the hospital doors, half a dozen of our friends looked on to see how the plan worked. When we reached the gate, I took the box from the boy, and said to him, of course for the benefit of the sentinel:

"I am going outside, to get these bottles filled. I shall be back in about fifteen minutes, and want you to remain right here, to take them and distribute them among the hospitals. Do not go away now."

"I had understood the matter perfectly, replied: 'Yes, sir,' and I attempted to pass the sentinel by mere assurance.

I had learned long before how far a man may go even in captivity, by a servative impudence—by moving right along, without hesitation, with a confident look, just as if he had a right to go and no one had any right to question him. On several occasions, I absolutely saw prisoners, who had procured citizens' clothes, thus walk past the guards in broad daylight, out of rebel prisons.

I think I could have done it on this occasion, but for the fact that it had been tried successfully two or three times, and the guards severely punished. The sentinel stopped me with his musket, demanding:

"Have you a pass, sir?"

"Certainly, I have a pass," I replied, with all the indignation I could assume.

"Have not you seen it often enough to know by this time?"

Apparently a little confounded, he replied modestly:

"Probably I have, but they are very strict with us, and I was not quite sure."

I gave him this genuine pass belonging to my associate:

Head-quarters C. S. Military Prison, Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 5, 1864. J. Junius H. Browne, Citizen, has permission to pass the inner gate of the Prison, to assist in carrying medicines to the Military Prison Hospitals, until further orders.

J. A. FAUNA,  
Capt. and Assistant Commandant of Post.

We had speculated for a long time about my using a spurious pass, and my two comrades prepared several, with a skill and exactness which demonstrated that if their talents had been turned in that direction, they might have made first-class forgers. But we finally concluded that the veritable pass was better, because, if the guard had any doubt about it I could tell him to send it into head-quarters for examination. The answer of course would be that it was genuine.

But it was not submitted to any such inspection. The guard spelled it out slowly, then folded and returned it to me, saying:

"That pass is all right. I know Captain Fauna's handwriting. Go on, sir; excuse me, sir, for detaining you."

I thought him very excusable under the circumstances, and walked on. My great fear was that, during the half hour which must elapse before I could go outside the garrison, I might encounter some Rebel officer or attaché who knew me.

Before I had walked ten steps, I saw, sauntering to and fro on the piazza of the new head-quarters building, a deserter from our side named Davidson, who recognized our head names Davidson, who recognized me and bowed to me. I rather thought he would not betray me, but was still fearful of it. I went on, and a few yards further, coming toward me in that narrow lane, I saw where it was impossible to avoid him, I saw the one Rebel officer who knew me better than any other—who came into my quarters frequently—Lieutenant Stockton, the post-

adjutant. Observing him in the distance, I thought I recognized in him that old ill-fortune which had so long and steadily baffled us.

When we met I bade him good evening, and conversed for a few minutes upon the weather, or some other subject, in which I did not feel any very profound interest.

Then he passed into head-quarters, and went on. Yet a few yards further, I encountered a third Rebel named Smith, who was entirely familiar with me, and whose quarters, inside the garrison, were within twenty feet of my own. There were not half a dozen Confederates about the prison who were familiar with me, but it seemed as if at this time they were coming together in a grand convention.

Not daring to enter the Rebel hospital, where I was certain to be recognized, I laid down my box of medicines, and sought shelter in a little out-building. While I remained there, waiting for the coming of the blessed darkness, I constantly expected to see a sergeant, with a file of rebel soldiers, come to take me back into the yard; but none came. It was rare good fortune.

Stockton, Smith, and Davidson all knew if they had their wits about them, the village is no more right there than in the village itself. I suppose their thoughtlessness must have been caused by the peculiarly honest and business-like look of that medicine-box.

At dark, my two friends joined me. We went through the gate in full sight of the sentinel, who, seeing us come from the hospital, supposed we were Rebel surgeons or nurses. And then, on that dark, rainy Sunday night, the first time for twenty months, we found ourselves walking freely in a public street, without a rebel bayonet before or behind us.

So, on that cold night, when we were so stiff and exhausted that we could barely keep our seats on the mules they had so thoughtfully furnished, those friends conducted us fifteen miles, and left us in a Union settlement we were seeking.

It was now five o'clock in the morning. Leaving my companions behind, I tapped at the door of a log-house.

For many months, even before leaving prison, we had been familiar with the name of DAN ELLIS—a famous Union guide, who since the beginning of the war, had done nothing but conduct loyal men to our lines.

Ellis is a hero, and all men, more than four thousand persons. He had probably seen more adventure—in fights and races with the Rebels, in long journeys, sometimes bare-footed and through the snow, or swimming the rivers full of floating ice—than any other man living.

He never lost but one man, who was swooped up through his own heedlessness. The party had travelled eight or ten days, living on nothing but parched-corn. Dan insisted that a man could walk twenty five miles a day through snow upon parched-corn just as well as upon any other diet—if he only thought so. I feel bound to say that I have tried it and don't think so. This person held the same opinion. He revolted against the parched-corn diet, vowing that he would go to the first house and get an honest meal, if he was captured for it. He went to the first house, obtained the meal, and was captured.

After he had travelled fifty miles, everybody said to us, "If you can only find Dan Ellis, and do just as he tells you, you will be certain to get through."

We did find Dan Ellis. On a Sunday night, one hundred and thirty-four miles from our lines, greatly broken down, we reached a point on the road, waited for two hours, when along came Dan Ellis, with a party of seventy men—refugees, prisoners, Rebel deserters, Union soldiers returning from their homes within the enemy's lines, and escaped prisoners. About thirty of them were mounted and twenty armed.

Like most men of action, Dan was a person of few words. When our story had been told to him, he said to his comrades:

"Boys, here are some gentlemen who have escaped from Salisbury, and who are almost dead. They have suffered in our cause. They are going to their homes in our lines. We can't ride and let these men walk. Get down off your horses and help them up."

Down they came, and up we went; and then we pressed along at a terrible pace.

To-day when we came on the hot track of eight guerrillas, the Rebel-hunting instinct waxed strong within Dan, and, taking eight of his own men, he started in fierce pursuit. Seven of the enemy escaped, but one was captured and brought to our camp a prisoner.

Then Dan went to the nearest Union house, to learn the news; for every loyal family in a range of many miles knew and loved him. We, very weary, lay down to sleep in an old orchard, with our saddles for pillows. Our reflections were pleasant. We were only seven or nine miles from the Union lines. We progressed swiftness, and had even begun to regulate the domestic affairs of the border!

Before midnight some one shook my arm. I rubbed my eyes open and looked up. There was Dan Ellis.

"Boys, we must saddle instantly. We have walked right in to a nest of Rebels; several hundred are within a few miles; they are in this immediate vicinity. They are laying in ambush for Colonel Kirk and his men. It is doubtful whether we can ever get out of this. We must divide into two parties. The footmen must take to the mountains; we who are riding, and in much more danger—as horses make more noise, and leave so many traces—must press on at once, if we ever hope to reach the Union lines."

The word was passed in low tones. Flung our saddles upon our weary horses, we were on our way almost instantly. My

place was near the middle of the cavalcade. The man just before me was riding a white horse, which enabled me to follow him with ease.

We galloped along at Dan's usual pace, with the most sublime indifference to roads—up and down rocky hills, across streams, over fences—everywhere but upon public thoroughfares.

I suppose we had travelled three miles, when Mr. Davis fell back from the front, and said to me:

"That young lady rides well; does she not?"

"What young lady?"

"The young lady who is piloting us."

I had thought Dan Ellis was piloting us, and rode forward to see about the young lady.

There she was, surely enough. I could not scrutinize her face in the darkness, but it was said to be comely. I could see that her form was graceful, and the ease and firmness with which she sat her horse would have been a lesson for a riding-master.

She resided at the Union house, where Dan had gone for news. The moment she learned his need, she volunteered to pilot him out of that neighborhood, where she was born and bred, and knew every acre.

The only accessible horse (one belonging to a Rebel officer, but just then kept in her father's barn) was brought out and saddled. She mounted, came to our camp at midnight, and was now stealthily guiding us, avoiding farm-houses where the Rebels were quartered, going round their camps, evading their pickets.

She led us for seven miles. Then, while we remained in the wood, she rode forward over the long bridge which spanned the Nolchucky River, to see if there were any guards upon it; went to the first Union house beyond to learn whether the roads were picketed; came back, and told us the coast was clear. Then she rode by our long line toward her home. We should have given her three rousing cheers, had it been safe to cheer. I hope the time is not far distant when her name may be made public.

Until the Rebel guerrillas are driven from out their hiding-places near her mountain home, it will not be prudent."

"The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape," will abound in stirring events never before given to the public.

In view of the author's material, his well-known trust-worthiness, and graphic descriptive powers, the publishers feel justified in predicting a work of unusual interest, containing more of the Fact, Incident, and Romance of the war, than any other that has yet appeared.

Sold only by subscription. Agents wanted for every city, country and township in the United States. This work presents a rare opening to both men and women, who desire lucrative employment. For particulars, address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, (Successors to Hurlbut, Scranton & Co.) Hartford, Connecticut.

The present wife of the arch traitor, Jeff. Davis, who has been captured with him, is his second wife, the daughter of Gen. Taylor having died many years since. Mrs. Davis' maiden name was Verina Howell. She is said to be a grand daughter of Gov. Howell, of New Jersey. She is still a young woman, with a family, we believe of four children.

Material for the history of the rebellion will not be wanting. A dispatch from Newbern states that eleven tons of documents belonging to the Confederacy arrived there from Raleigh on the 17th, and were forwarded, under guard, to Washington.

Henry A. Wise now claims to have been a strenuous Union man, and only took up arms when forced to do so by the North to protect Southern rights. This certainly caps the climax of rebel impudence.

In order to gather into the French cemetery, at Sebastopol, the remains of all the French soldiers who are buried beneath the walls of that city, it will be necessary to disinter 48,000 bodies.

It is said that ex-Governor Wise chafes a good deal and even fumes at the month, because his house is used by old John Brown's daughter as a school-house for teaching little niggers.

When Jeff. Davis was captured he may be said to have embodied all that remained of the once arrogant Southern Confederacy. He was the body-politic, and his wife's dress formed the outskirts.

Two rebel rams and thirteen steamers have been captured in the Tombigbee river, Alabama. They were taken there after the evacuation of Mobile.

Jeff. Davis was captured disguised as a woman! Jeff. was never a very good looking man, but it appears his wife's dress made him captivator.

We have heard a great deal about "petticoat government," but not until Jeff. Davis was heard from recently did we appreciate what it meant.

Maj. Gen. Terry has been rewarded with the honor of a brigadiership in the regular army, being the only volunteer thus distinguished.

The rebel General Lee and his family are now living in Richmond on government rations, regularly served out to them.

"Once more into the breach, my boys!" as Jeff. said when requested to take off his wife's dress and put on his own.

## NEW FEE BILL.

We print below, from the *Record*, the provisions of a bill passed at the last session of the Legislature, increasing the fees of Aldermen, Justices of the Peace and Constables:

*Alderman and Justices of the Peace.*

Information or complaint, on behalf of the Commonwealth, for every ten words. 2

Docket entry on behalf of the Commonwealth. 2

Warrant or mittimus on behalf of the Commonwealth. 40

Writing an examination or complaint of defendant, or a deposition, for every ten words. 2

Administering an oath or Affirmation. 2

Taking a recognisance in any criminal case and returning the same to Court. 50

Entering judgment, on conviction, for fine. 20

Recording conviction or copy thereof for every ten words. 2

Warrant to levy fine or forfeiture. 40

Bail piece and return or supersedeas. 25

Discharging to jailor. 25

Entering discontinuance in cases of assault and battery. 40

Entering complaint of master, mistress or apprentice. 40

Notice to master, mistress or apprentice. 25

Hearing parties and discharging complaint. 40

Holding inquisition under landlord and tenant act, or in case of forcible entry. 2 00

Precept to sheriff. 1 00

Recording proceedings. 1 00

Writing of restitution. 50

Warrant to appraise damages. 40

Warrant to sell strays. 50

Warrant to appraise swine, entering return advertising, et cetera. 1 50

Entering action in civil cases. 20

Summons, cap. or sub. each. 20

Every additional name after the first. 5

Subpoena duces tecum. 25

Entering return of summons and qualifying constable. 15

Entering of capias and bail bond. 10

Every continuance of a suit. 10

Trial and judgment. 10

Entering judgment by confession or by default. 25

Taking special bail. 25

Entering satisfaction. 25

Entering amicable suit. 20

Entering rule to take deposition of witnesses. 10

Rule to take deposition of witnesses. 10

Interrogatories, for every ten words. 2

Entering return of rule. 10

Entering rule to refer. 15

Rule of reference. 10

Notice to each referee. 15

Notice to a party, in any case. 10

Entering a report of referee and judgment thereon. 15

Execution. 25

Entering return of execution or stay of plaintiff, nulla bona, non est inventus or otherwise. 15

Entering discontinuance or satisfaction. 10

Seire facias in any case. 30

Opening judgment for rehearing. 20

Return of proceedings in certiorari or appeal, including recognizances. 50

Transcript of judgment including certificates. 40

Receiving amount of judgment before execution, or where execution has issued and special bail been entered within twenty days after judgment, and paying the same over, if not exceeding ten dollars. 20

If above ten dollars, and not exceeding fifty dollars. 50

If above forty dollars, and not exceeding sixty. 75

If above sixty dollars, and not exceeding 1 00

Every search where no other service is rendered to which any fee or fees are attached. 15

Entering complaint in writing in case of attachment and qualifying complaint. 30

Attachment. 30

Entering return and appointing freeholders. 15

Advertisements, each. 25

Order to sell goods. 15

Order for relief of a pauper, each justice. 40

Order for removal of pauper. 1 00

Order to seize goods for maintenance of wife and children. 30

Orders for premium for wolf and fox scalps to be paid by the county. 15

Every acknowledgment or probate of a deed or other instrument of writing. 25

Taking and signing acknowledgment of indenture of an apprentice, for each indenture. 25

Canceling indenture. 25

Comparing and signing tax duplicate. 50

Marrying, each couple, making record thereof and certificate to parties. 3 00

Certificates of approbation of two justices, to binding as apprentice, by directors or overseers of the poor. 50

Certificate to obtain land, warrant. 50

Swearing or affirming county commissioners,