Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1865. VOL. 11.—NO. 49.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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Select Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT, MY CHILD.

Good night my child—good night!
May angels bright,
With glorious wings outspread,
Surround thy bed.
And gently scan thy closed eyes
Till morn arise,
With its refreshing beams of light.
Good night, my child!—good night;

Good night, my child!—good night!
May He whose sight
Extends from pole to pole,
Watch over thy soul,
And keep thee guileless all thy days
From evil ways,
And learn to walk his holy ways upright—
Good night, my child! good night!

Good night, my child!—good night!
Let thy delight
Be in the constant love
Of Him above!
And always in thy daily prayer,
Implore Him there,
That He would still uphold thee in His might,
Good night, my child! good night!

THE CHARACTER OF LINCOLN.

Of all the tributes paid to the character of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, that, contained in the address of Dr. Holland to the citizens of Springfield, Mass., is the most beautiful and touching. We extract a paragraph on the Christian character of the late President:

We loved and honored MR. LINCOLN because he was a Christian. I can never think of that toil-worn man, rising long before his household, and spending an hour with his Maker and his Bible, without tears. In that silent hour of communion, he has drawn from the fountain which has fed all these qualities which have so won upon our faith and love. Ah, what tears, what prayers, what aspirations, what lamentations, what struggles, have been witnessed by the four walls of that room! Aye, what food have the angels brought him there! There day after day, while we have been sleeping, has he knelt and prayed for us—prayed for the country, prayed for victory, prayed for wisdom and guidance, prayed for strength for his great mission, prayed for the accomplishment of his great purposes. There has he found consolation in trial, comfort in defeat and disaster, patience in reverses, courage for labor, wisdom in perplexity, and peace in the consciousness of GOD'S approval. The man who was so humble and so brotherly among men, was bowed with filial humility before GOD. It was while standing among those who had laid down their lives for us, that he gave his heart to One who had laid down his life for him. A praying President? A praying statesman? A praying politician? A praying commander-in-chief of our armies and navies? Our foremost man, our highest man, our august ruler, our noblest dignitary, kneeling a simple hearted child before his Heavenly Father? Oh, when shall we see the like of this again? Why should we not mourn the loss of such a man as this? Why should we not love him as we have loved no other chief magistrate? He was a consecrated man—consecrated to his country and his GOD.

Looking over the field of MR. LINCOLN'S labors for the country, the speaker said:

The destruction of the rebellion and the destruction of slavery are the two great achievments on which the fame of MR. LINCOLN will rest in history; but no man will write the history of these achievments justly, who shall not reveal the nature of the power by which they were wrought out. The history which shall fail to show the superiority of the wisdom of an honest, humble, Christian heart over commanding and cultured intellect, will be a graceless libel on MR. LINCOLN'S fame. I do not know where in the history of mankind I can find so marked an instance of the power of genuine character and the wisdom of a truthful, earnest heart, as I see in the immeasurably great results of MR. LINCOLN'S administration. I should be false to you, false to the occasion, false to the memory of him we mourn, and false to the GOD he worshipped and obeyed, if I should fail to adjure you to remember that all our national triumphs of law and humanity over rebellion and barbarism have been won through the wisdom and the power, of a simple, honest, Christian heart. Here is the grand lesson we are to learn from the life of MR. LINCOLN. You, Christian men who have voted, and voted again, for impure men, for selfish men, for drunkards, for unprincipled men, for unchristian men, because they were men of talent, of genius, or accomplishments, or capacity for governments, and because you thought that a good head was more important than a good heart, have learned a lesson from the life and achievments of MR. LINCOLN which you cannot forget without sin against God and crime against your country. We have begun to be a Christian nation. We have recognized the controlling power of Providence in our affairs. We have witnessed in the highest seat the power of Christian wisdom and might of an humble, praying man. Let us see that we remain a Christian nation—that our votes are given to no man who cannot bring to his work the power which has made the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN one of the brightest which illustrates the annals of a nation.

And here is a paragraph beautiful in imagination and usefulness:

I dare not speak the thoughts of vengeance that burns within me, when I recall this shameless deed. I dare not breathe those imprecations that rise to my lips when I think of this wanton extinction of a great and beneficent life. I can hardly pray for justice, fully measured out to the mad murderer of his truest friend, for, somehow, I feel the presence of that kindly spirit, the magnetism of those kindly eyes, appealing to me to forbear. I have come into such communion with his personality that I cannot escape the power of his charity and his Christian forbearance; and the curse, rising like a bubble from the turbid waters within me, breaks into nothingness in the rarer atmosphere which he throws around me. If he could speak to me from that other shore, he would say, what all his actions and all his words said of others not less guilty than his assassin; "My murderer was mad and mistaken as well as malignant. He thought he was doing a great and glorious deed; on behalf of a great and glorious cause. My death was necessary to the perfection of my mission, and was only one sacrifice among hundreds of thousands of others made for the same end." Ah! that other shore! The commander-in-chief is with his army now. More are they that are with him in victory and peace than they who still tread the earth. The largest body of the soldiers of the republic pitch their white tents and unfold their golden banners and sing their songs of triumph around him. Not his the hosts of worn and wearied bodies, not with him the riddled colors and war-stained uniforms, upon his ears breaks never more the dissonance of booming cannon, and clashing saber, and dying groan, but youth and life troop around him with a love purer than ours, and a joy which more than balances our grief.

Annexation.

Very strong feeling in favor of annexation to the United States is reported to be growing in the Canadas, despite the protest s of some of the journals and politicians, who imagine that their interests require them to make, for the present, very loud protestations of loyalty. The Reciprocity Treaty demonstrated that free trade with our country was of immense service to our Northern neighbors; and if they can not secure its advantages on any other than annexation, they will not be slow to favor that measure. The London *Economist*, in a well written article published some time since, demonstrated in the clearest manner, that Britain, her British-American provinces, and the United States, would all advance their material interest by the transfer of the provinces to our country. It will cost Great Britain much more than her posse sions are worth, financially, to securely fortify them; and it will plunge the provinces into a chronic state of insecurity to make their fate constantly dependent upon the uncertain chances of a war between Great Britain and the United States, which may at any time suddenly arise. The *Economist* contends that pride and sentiment, not interest, maintain the present relations between England and her North American Colonies; and it is by no means improbable that John Bull may some of these fine days grow heartily tired of governing colonies which tax his resources severely, and that the colonists will find the control of a government in which their interests are not represented too burdensome and unjust to be longer borne.

Our past history abounds with instances in which immense districts of territory, that are now of priceless value, were peacefully and honorably acquired. The purchase of Louisiana, the acquisition of Florida, and the Spanish title to the land west of the Mississippi and north of the forty-second parallel, the annexation of Texas, the acquision of California, New Mexico, and Arizona, are some of the fruits of the past. The future may yield us almost equally valuable extensions of territory on our Northern and Southwestern frontiers. But their is no necessity for undue haste or for dishonorable invasions of the rights of other nations. There is no advantage to be gained by striving to pluck a pear before it is ripe. In due time "manifest destiny" will unite politically on this continent all the people whose true intersts will be promoted by such a Union.

The True Man.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbors counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in ungarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win by dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straight forward, open, manly. In whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

POLYGAMY in Utah will speedily be destroyed if the reported discoveries of gold in that Territory are confirmed. The fair sex nowhere find more numerous or more ardent admirers than among the hardy pioneers of mineral regions. They have a theory that the Mormons marriage system is valid so far as the first wife is concerned, but no further. If they should emmigrate, in considerable numbers, to Utah, the Mormon elders will find it impossible to preserve their "peculiar institution" from the inevitable assaults of these chivalrous knight-errents.

"My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin in New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, "well, if it don't take three British to make one nigger!"

PETROLEUM NASHBY MEETS A RECONSTRUCTED SOUTHERNER.

A better burlesque we do not remember to have seen than the following. Its chief value however, is that it is "too troo:"

SAINT'S REST, (which is in the Stait uv Noo Gersey,) July 12, 1865.

I hev bin in Washington, and while ther was interdoost to Gineral Marion Sumpter Fitzhoo Gusher, uv Mississippy. I wus anxious 2 meet with a Representative Dimekrat uv the South, 2 interchange views, 2 hev soothin confidencis 2 unbuzzim, becoz for the past 4 yeers the Dimekratik party hez bin trooly seckshunal, and the seckshin it hez okepied is not the identikle seckshin unto which the orfices is lokated, and only by a perfec union with our wunst-loved brethren uv the South, kin we ever git into trooly Nashunal ground.

Gineral Gusher is a troo gentleman uv the real Suthern skool. He put C. S. A. arter his name, unto the hotel register, and his rings, buzzum pin, and the head uv his cane, is all made uv the bones uv mizerable Yankee soldiers who fell at Bull Run—he sez by his own hand, and it must be so, for who ever knode a suthern man to boast vain-gloriously? We met and embraced, weepin perfoosely.

"Alars!" sobbed the Gineral, "wat a nitemare hez obskoord our respective vishuns for the past 4 yeers. I wuz alluz a Union man, alluz! alluz! alluz! The old flag I loved with more nor parental affecshun—to me it wuz more nor life!"

"Why then, my Ajacks," sobbed I, "did you raise your parrisidle hand again it?"

"Why? my beloved. Because my stait secesht, and I wuz carried along by a torrent uv public opinion which I cood not stem, and I went with hur. But its all over. We huv awok, and I am here, in the capital uv my beloved country, under the shadder uv that glorious flag which is the pride uv Americans and the terror uv all weak nashuns which hez territories contiguous, ready to take the oath and resoom the citizenship I laid orf, and agin run the guvment for its own honor and glory."

"Hev yoo a pardin?" sez I. "Me thinks wunst a paper recht my humble village, wich is unanimously Dimmekratick—(it cum around a package of goods from Noo York)—and in that paper I saw your name ez one uv the orfishers who killed the niggers at Fort Pillow. Am I rite?"

"You air. I'm a gushin child uv nachur—I'm enthoosiastick. Labrin under the same deloosion that secesht us, I beleeved at that time I wuz doin a good thing in killin them property uv ours that Linkin hed shovd bloo kotes onto. I have no apologies to offer—I'm now written a justificashun."

"I, and I speak for thousands uv the shivelrous suns of the South who would like a good square meal wunst more, am willing to be consiliated. The oppoortconity is now offered the government to consiliate us. We are returnin prodygle sons—kill yoor fattid veel and bring out yoor gold rings, and purple robes and sich. We ask condish'ns—we shel insist on terms, but we air disposed to be reasonable. We are willin to acknowledge the soopremacy uv the government, but there must be no humiliashen. A proud, high spirited people like us uns, won't stand it—no sir, we cannot. Ther must be no hanking, no confiscashen, no disfranchisin. We are willin to step back jest ez we stept out, resooming our old status, trustin the engineerin to git sich uther pints ez air not here enumerated. Without them condishns the union wood not be wun uv hart—twood be holler mockery. Wat we are goin for is a union founded on luv, wich is stronger and solider than muskits. Harts is trumps—let the platform be harts and all is wel."

"But Gineral," sez I, "in all this wat do yoo perpose fer us Northern Dimocrats?"

"Towards them our bowils melt with luv. We forgive yoo. Ef yoo kin take the old attitood, well and good—ef not—"

"Hold," sez I, "don't threat. A ginooine Northern Dimekrat wants but little here below, but wants that little thing. Give him a small post offis, a nigger driver to look up to and he is soopreemly happy. Ef a angel in glory wuz two offer 2 trade places with him, harp, golden crown and all, he wood ask odds."

"Uv course them positions yoo kin hev—we don't want em. All we ask is to make the platforms, and hev sich offisis ez hawty, hightoned men kin afford to take, and yoo uns kin hev the rest.

"But wun thing must be understood. The scenes uv the Charleston Convenshun must never be re-enacted—their must be no Duglissis. Under the new dispensashen yoo dance whenever we fiddle, askin no questions. Suthern harts must never agin be fired—it wood consume itself.

"Ez soon ez I hev took the oath, I shel immegitly go hum and run for Congris—see to it that ye hev enuff Dimikrats ther that we, jintly, kin control things. Uv coarse, in a union uv luv, there must be equality. Linkin's war debt must never be pade onless ourn is—his hirelins must never be pensioned onless our patriots is. Wat a deliteful specktacle! Men who, yesterday, wuz a gougin each other onto the feeld uv battle, to-day is drawin penshuns amikably from the same treasury. The eagle wood flop his wings with joy, and angels wood exclaim 'Bully!' I am disabled from wounds received on the feeld, and rejoice that our penshun laws is so libral.

"Go home, my frend, and marshel fer the conflict. Tell your central committis to collect expend munny, and I and Ginril Forist, and Kernel Moseby, and Champ Ferguson, and Dick Turner, and Boregard, and perhaps that noble 'ero (take orf yoor hat while I pernounce his gellorious name) Ginral Robert E. Lee, will cum up and stump the North fur yoor tickits. I hev dun. I go."

"Noble man," thort I, ez he talkt majestically away, wakin, in a abstracted manner, my new hat an umbreller, leavin his old wuns; "who coodent foller thee, and sich as thee, forever and forever."

PETROLEUM V. NASHBY,
Late Pastur uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Rebellion Revived.

The value of the military presence in the recent rebel and slave States, is again strongly vindicated. Their confessed poverty and the generosity of the Government in its civil policy and in its efforts to alleviate the sufferings produced by their wickedness, have not inspired the slightest abatement in their arrogance and insolence. The conduct of the traitors of Richmond, and, according to the late intelligence, of those in North Carolina, will only damage themselves. The hope that they would be permitted again to stab the Government under the amnesty and reconstruction policy of the President, has been sternly dissipated by the summary revocation and repudiation of the election at Richmond, and the same chastisement will of course be inflicted upon the enemies of Governor Holden in North Carolina. How steadily these men are provoking the bitterest retribution! How completely they are fulfilling the worst prophesies of those who have contended that there was neither faith nor truth in them! And how, on the other hand they are disgusting those who have insisted upon reposing confidence in them! If, however, the Southern people will have the iron rule, they must be accommodated. We trust we shall now have no more judicial nonsence and newspaper logic to prove that the rebellion is at an end. The politicians who have been slandering Mr. Stanton on the subject of military courts, and who have been clamoring for the restoration of the habeas corpus, will revise their judgment and cease their clamors, if they have any sence of propriety or self-respect.

Suffrage and Representation.

A new plan is now suggested by some of our cotemporaries, says the *Telegraph*, which would, if carried out, be likely to settle the suffrage question without much difficulty. It is to limit representation in Congress to the number of voters in each State, or to base representation upon the voting population alone. We are not sure but that this would be just and proper. Then if the Southern States or any States do not allow the colored man to vote, they cannot count them in their basis of representation. Heretofore, they have been permitted by the Constitution, to count three persons for every five of their slaves, in fixing their basis of representation, while every free colored person, in the South as well as in the North, counted one, the same as a white person. Let the Constitution be so altered and amended that none are counted anywhere, in fixing the basis of Congressional representation, but voters, and then if the South will not let her colored men vote, they cannot count them in their basis of representation, and therefore will have to lose a large number of representatives in Congress. Rather than do this, they would, in our opinion, soon conclude to extend or permit the right of suffrage to the colored population. This would soon settle the negro suffrage question. One thing, in our opinion, is certain; they will either have to let the colored men vote or else base their representation in the National Legislature upon the white population alone. They cannot be permitted to count the colored poeple in their basis of representation, and have that many more members of Congress, and yet not allow these colored people any voice in the choosing of those reprentatives. Which will they do?

The General Episcopal Convention.

In view of the approaching General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Philadelphia, in September, Bishop PORTER, of this Diocese, has addressed a fraternal letter to the Southern Bishops. The most important portion of the letter is embraced in the subjoined paragraph. Bishop POTTER says: "I have corresponded on the subject with the Bishops, and think myself authorized to state that they sympathize with me generally in the desire to see the fullest reprentation of the churches from the South, and to greet their brethren in the Episcopate with the kindliest feeling." If this appeal should be responded to by the Southern Bishops in the spirit in which it is made, the result, politically, as well as in a religious point of view, will be of the greatest importance. Opposition will doubtless be made by a minority of the Convention to the representation of the Southern churches. But there is no doubt Bishop POTTER correctly interprets the feeling of the vast majority of the members of this communion. They desire to set an example of peace and fraternal regard. And in doing so they do their duty both as members of the church and citizens of the republic.

The Indians.

The whole Indian population within the limits of the United States is estimated at about 320,000 to 250,000; 14,000 or 15,000 of whom are located east of the Mississippi River, in New York, Wisconsin, Michigan and Mississippi. A new Indian war has broken out along the line of telegragh, between San Francisco and the eastern seaboard; and as the Indiansd eclare they will make a death-struggle against advancing civilization, it is probable thousands of them will be destroyed by the contest they are madly provoking, and that we are about to have the last great Indian war. The Secretary of the Interior has instructed the Indian agents, that in all cases of difference of opinion with the military authorities about the policy to be pursued to hostile or dangerous tribes, they are to defer to the judgment of the latter; and our soldiers will make fearful havoc among the red marauders when they fairly commence a desperate conflict with them.

TRUE TO ITS INSTINCTS.

The New York *World* is now engaged in the work of destroying confidence in the credit of the Government. In this it will feel at home, for it has had four long years of experience in the business, and has devoted itself to the labor with great diligence. It says:

Secretary M'Culloch, then, is at the end of his tether. He cannot come into the market to borrow another dollar, until after Congress meets and authorizes another loan; and it is currently estimated that, by the middle of December, there will be three hundred millions of unpaid requisitions; or, in other words, that the excess of the liabilities of the Treasury over its resources will reach this amount.

After giving utterance to this alarming statement it adds:

This condition of things prove such a want of foresight, prudence and capacity on the part of our Republican rulers, as demonstrates the necessity of putting the Government in Democratic hands at the earliest period the election will permit. Instead of congratulating the country on the success of the late loans, we are filled with indignation at the disgraceful management by which the Treasury is brought to the verge of bankruptcy, notwithstanding the war ended the next month after Congress adjourned.

To which the Buffalo *Express* replies that in such stuff it finds the milk of the cocoa nut. The government must be put in Democratic hands. There is one difficulty the *World* will find in the way of its remedy, and that, we apprehend, will prove a very serious one. The people are to decide the question of handing this Goverment over into Democratic hands, and they will have to forget the history of the past four years, before they again entrust power with a party which gave aid and comfort to the enemy, by assaulting the Administration—berating its mismanagement—damaging its credit, and declaring openly that the war was a failure, when infallacy is indelibly stamped by the record upon its every position. The so-called Democratic Party can never attain to power in this Government until traitors, rebels and the murderers of our fathers, brothers and sons, are permitted a voice once more in the ballot-box. When such are restored to the rights of citizenship, there may be kindred power enough, North and South, to take the Government from those who have saved it, but we do not believe it. The loyal heart of the Nation will preserve it from such a calamity. The "indignation" with which the *World* is filled, is more on account of the crushing of the rebellion, the arrest and imprisonment of Davis, and the execution of the conspirators, than because of any financial trouble it honestly anticipates.

The *Escaut*, of Anthwerp, relates an incident which occurred last week in the Zoological Gardens of that town. In the evening, one of the keepers, armed with a long whip, entered the large cage of the monkey tribe for the purpose of driving them to their compartments. All the inmates scampered off to their cages with the exception of one of the oldest and largest, which obstinately refused to come down from his perch, and on receiving a sharp lash with the whip, it leaped on the keeper, got astride on his shoulders, and began to scratch and bite him with great fury. The keeper beat the monkey with the handle of the whip, and would soon have got rid of him, had not the other monkeys come to their companion's assistance and joined in the attack. Thus assailed, the man was obliged to cry out for help, when several keepers hastened to the spot, and on their approach the animals took to flight. The man who was terribly scratched and bitten in twenty-three places, lost so much blood that he was obliged to keep his bed for two days.

NIGHT THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Night levels all artful distinction. The beggar on his pallet of straw snores as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle, soothing, refreshing night, the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivian of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to the poor, for the great there is no time fixed for repose. Quiet, they have none; and instead of quietly waiting the approach of events they fret and repine, and starve sleep and chide the tardy hours, as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeping eager expectations on tiptoe, and drives timid slumber away.

A number of Federal appointees in the Southern States have been unable to execute their bonds and take the required oath that they have never voluntarily borne arms, or given aid and counsel or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility against the United States, and that they have not yielded a voluntary support to the late rebel government, &c.

East India beetles are in great request in Paris for ladies' ornaments.