

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1865.

VOL. 11.—NO. 50.

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.

Business Directory.

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa., Sept. 23, 1863.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.

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

ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new room, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

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

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

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

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 10, 59.

D. M. WOODS, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, and Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry Street, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1865.

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

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, on 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.

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

ARMER & 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.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Office at his residence, 1 mile east of Pennville. Postoffice address, Grampian Hills. Deeds and other instruments of writing neatly executed. June 1th, 1865-16.

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

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed as Auctioneer, will inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, JOHN McQUILKIN, May 13, Bower Po., Clearfield Co., Pa.

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned having been licensed as Auctioneer, would inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, NATHANIEL RISHLE, Feb. 2nd, 1865, Clearfield, Pa.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.—WILLIAM BLOOM, of Pike township, desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he has taken out a License as AUCTIONEER and will attend to the selling of all kinds of property at the county at the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable charges. Address, either personally or by letter, either at Curwensville or Bloomington. May 1, 1865-16.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF YORK, PA. Insures against loss or damage by fire. It is the safest company in the State, and has made no assessments since its establishment, and hence it is the most economical. S. J. ROW, Agent. June 21, 1865, Clearfield, Pa.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—Do you want Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin, or hair on bald heads, in Six Weeks, Price, \$1.00. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price. Address, W. ARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. York. March 29th, 1865.

KEYSTONE MARBLE WORKS. Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. J. BINN DEHAAS, respectfully informs the citizens of Clearfield and adjoining counties, that he has just received a fine stock of foreign and domestic marble, which he will work into Monuments, Tombs, Head and Foot stones, Door-steps, Window sills and Lintels, Table Stand and Bureau tops, &c., &c., on reasonable terms and short notice. All persons in want of anything in his line will please call, or address him by letter, at Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. July 28, 65-y.

HAUPT & CO., at Milesburg, Pa., continue to furnish shingles of every description at short notice. They have the best assortment of patterns in the country for steam and water mills of every description. All kinds of machine and plow casting furnished. New World and Hathaway cook-stoves always on hand. They make 4-horse sweep and 2-horse tread-power threshing machines—price at shop, \$150—with shaker and 20 feet of strap. Warranted to give satisfaction in threshing, and kept good to three or four crops, free of charge. June 23, 1865-y.

ISAAC HAUPT, at Bellefonte, continues to take risks for insurance in any good stock company in the State. Also in New York: the Royal and Etana at Hartford, and the Liverpool and London, capital \$5,000,000.

PROVISIONS.—Flour, bacon, lard, cheese, dried beef, dried fruit, received regularly, at the store of [Mar. 22.] J. P. KRATZER.

Select Poetry.

MUSTERED OUT.

Hail to the hero mustered out,
Let the black-throated cannon shout,
And fling to the wind the stars.
Rejoice, O ye jubilant bells,
The heart of the patriot swells,
And tears overflow from their wells.
When we see the soldiers' scars.

We welcome him home from the field,
Untarnished his sabre and shield,
Untainted his laurel crown.
Champion of the brave and free,
O what spirit and dash had he;
God grant that we may never see
A cloud on his grand renown.

O now let us muster him in,
Where the ranks of the true begin,
To fight for themselves again;
While he has been striking the blow,
At the rebels, another foe,
Hath laid many a brave man low,
Who passed through the leaden rain.

A LIVELY SPEECH.

The Rev. Mr. Gallaher, formerly of Quincy, Illinois, and now pastor of the First Baptist Church in Brooklyn, "got off" the following rapid speech at the Congregational reunion in New York city:

"Like re-unions. They rub off your denominational angles, they bring us closer together; they melt that most frightful thing on earth—religious etiquette—and are to me like Sydney Smith's first love kiss, a perpetual remedy against the blues. I suppose I was invited here because Baptists are looked upon as a sort of poor relations of the great Congregational family—relations who protect the faith in a stinging, close-communion kind of way—corking the nozzle of our fellows to save the wind. I read lately, in Mr. Tilton's paper, that there were no Congregationalists in the South, and it was a matter of gratulation that such was the case. Is not that to be understood in a Pickwickian sense? Why, there are two million excellent Congregationalists there—all loyal—all Baptists—and all black. We Baptists are really good Congregationalists, only a little more so. The Irishman told his friend that in America 'one man was as good as another and better too,' so we claim to hold the principle as well as our neighbors—and a little better too. You may place us at a lower seat at the family table, below the salt indeed. We will be content, but still believe that, where Mr. McGree sits is the head of the table." We have met to celebrate the complete overthrow of the rebellion. It is dead, thank God, and this is part of its joyful funeral. We meet to sing.

"Believing, we rejoice to see the curse removed."

I know a young fellow who sat out late one night, and the next morning felt badly the want of some Sciditz powders. He did not quite understand how they were to be taken, so he swallowed first the white powder then the blue one. The result was a great commotion inside. Well Sherman was in first with white papers at Atlanta. Grant next with a very blue one at Petersburg, and the result has been such a blow up, that the Confederacy, like Holmes' one horse shay, went to pieces at once. The days of Southern chivalry are gone. What is left of it is a pernicious pestilence with a hundred thousand dollars for whoever will abate it. It never was better than a dead dog. No elevation has helped it; the higher you raised it, the wider was its offense.

It was a chivalry guilty of robbing Vermont boys, of attempting to burn peaceful cities, of massacring the black troops at Fort Pillow, of starving and torturing captured soldiers, and its hands are dripping with the blood of our murdered President. It was most cowardly and cruel, and it is dead. *Glory in Ecclesi.* How could it expect to live? Its crimes cried out against it. No wonder the Lord put it between the upper and neither millstone, called Grant and Sherman, and ground it to pieces. If we catch Davis, what shall be done with him? "Hang him." Amen—up, up with him. I know hanging is the worst use you can put a man to, but the worst use is all Davis is fit for.

When I stood in Sumpter, and saw our flag go up at last, and from the glittering staff unfurled, shine like a meteor, streaming to the wind, I asked, why is it that the hand of an old man to-day lifts that with ease to its old home, when all the North had not, in four years, the power to do it?

The answer is, four millions of bondmen stood upon it. We ask for the negro the land he paid for long ago—if ever sweat paid for anything; and we ask that the right to vote—the right to make true your Declaration of Independence—be no longer withheld from him. He is not fit for freedom, you say. True, freedom, like a new made garment, must be worn somewhat before it fits you gracefully. What shall we say? "Don't go into water till you learn to swim." Keep back the ballot box, and you keep the negro from respecting himself. You keep him like flower seed on a shop shelf—from ever growing. If ever russet-checked apple, if ever peach-hanging luscious and sun-kissed said "Come and eat me, don't wait till I rot." The negro is to-day saying to us, "Don't pity me, don't patronize me, give me my rights; and I'll help myself."

Our patronage is a hindrance now. Let them alone. "He not a patron, my Lord," said sturdy Sam Johnson, "one who looks with unconcern or a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbered him with kindnesses?"

And now, what word shall we send to our friends over the water? First of all, that we are delighted at their great disappointment, and hope they may have much more of it—no, our first message must be to Gen. McClellan. "We have the honor to announce that all is quiet on the Potomac."

To John Bright to Goodwin Smith, to Mill, to Foster, to many others, we send our hearty thanks for their kind words, when words were

worth something to us. Tell them to come over and see us, they will be received with a hundred thousand welcomes. But to those who laughed at our calamity, who mocked when our fear came, who slandered and abused us, who called our dead President an awkward buffoon, and our brave soldiers the sweepings of our wicked city, what message shall we send to them, to the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, *Blackwood's Magazine*—to my Lords Derby and Brougham, and a host of others? This, that democracy is not a failure, nor the great Republic a bubble that is burst; that Richmond has fallen, and with it the right of the few to lord it over the many; that slavery and rebellion, lovely in their lives, in death are not separated; that the hideous pretensions to property in man have vanished with their pet, Jeff Davis; that we answer their taunt of "a mere mob," "impotent and feeble," "insensate and degenerate," by saying that James Buchanan would not be living to-morrow under like circumstances in any other nation under heaven—nor would Lee and Johnston ride unharmed through other streets; that Brother Jonathan is yet but a stripling, and when he straightens himself up and places his hands upon his hips, it may be seen that his elbows cover—the one Canada, the other Mexico, that our boys are coming home victorious, and are entirely willing to make those who abuse us keep a civil tongue in their heads; that we are obliged to them for their sympathy they have lately proffered us, but think it would have been much more acceptable four years ago, when the Alabama steamed out of their port; that though our best and bravest lies dead, so does not the cause he died for; and if he who uttered "Emancipation" has fallen, "yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ who conveyed it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet but survive him."

Too Proud to Work.

Some people are ashamed to work. They are too proud to be seen carrying a market basket, or helping to wash, or wheeling a barrow, or putting in coal, or digging in the garden. They are afraid to let others see that they work. And whenever they must do anything of this kind they wait until it is night, or go where nobody can see them, or they go round the back way. If there are any boys or girls who take the *S. S. Messenger*, I wish to tell them a story of a great man who was not ashamed to work.

On one occasion, during the Revolutionary war, Washington was going around in disguise, to visit some log forts that were being built. In the course of his walk, he met with a company of men who were hard at work under the command of a corporal. This petty officer, proud of his elevation above the common soldiers, was walking about, full of the thought of his own importance, and crying out, every now and then, "come, work away boys," but he never offered to help them. But Washington, when he saw that the men had more work than they could well do, took off his coat at once and began to help them saying, "Spring to it, my brave fellows! we are working for our country; let us do it with a good will."

In this way he worked with them till they had finished; and then when he was putting on his coat, he asked the officer why he did not help the men when he saw that they had more work than they could well do. Standing up straight with a proud look on his face, the officer replied, "I would have you know, sir, that I am a corporal, I don't work."

"Oh, are you sir?" said Washington, "you are a corporal and don't work. Well, I would have you know that I am General Washington, Commander-in-Chief, and I do work."

Don't you think that the corporal must have felt ashamed? Now if even you begin to feel to proud to work, just think of Washington and the corporal.—S. S. Messenger.

Over Work.

Unwise above man is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing or study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in the case of an unexpected moment, such was his practice. He died early and fatigued. There are women who after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are unsupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical inability to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness and languor with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when with renovated strength the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours sleep out of each twenty-four, is time not gained, but the time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves but we cannot nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, and if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences that very hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his rival at the mad house or the grave. This is especially true of brainwork.

An important traffic at Nantucket, Massachusetts, at the present time, is in the article of houses. Dwellings that cost from \$3,000 to \$5,000 are sold at from \$300 to \$500. They are taken down and shipped to Cape Cod, New Bedford, Norwich and elsewhere, and re-erected and sold at a handsome advance.

MR. NASBY LAYS DOWN A PLATFORM FOR THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

SAINT'S REST, (which is in the Strait) uv Noo Jersey, June 23, 1865, }

These is the dark days uv the Democracy. The misfortune that befell our armies in front of Richmond, the fall uv our kappite, followed by the surrender uv our armies 2 Grant and Sherman hez hurt us. Our leaders are eether pirin in loathesum dunghs, inkarseratid by the hevyn-defyin, Mandestroyin, tyrankle edix uv our late lamented President, or air baskin in the free air uv Italy or Kanady. We hev no way uv keepin our voters together. Opposin the war won't do no good, fer before the next election the heft of our voters will hev disliked that the war is over. The feer uv drafts may do suthin in sum parts uv Pennsylvania and Suthern Illinois, fer sum time yit, but that can't be dependin on.

But we hev resources fer a Ishoot-ther will alluz be a Democracy, so long ez ther's a Nigger.

There is a uncompromisin dislike to the Nigger in the mind uv a ginoinie Democrat. The Spanish bull-fighter, when he wants to inflame the bull to extra cavortin, waves a red flag afore him. Wen yo desire a Democrat to froth at the mouth yo will find that a black face will answer the purpus. Ther's the nigger is, to-day, our best and only holt. Let us use him.

Fer the guidiance uv the faithful, I shelly lay down a few plain rools to be observed, in order to make the most uv the capytitle we hev:

1. Alluz assert that the nigger will never be able to taik care uv himself, but will alluz be a public burden. He may, possibly, give us the lie by going to work. In such a emergency the duty uv every Democrat is plain. He must not be allowed to work. Associashens must be organized, pledged to neether give him employment, to work with him, to work fer enny one who will give him work, or patronize enny one who duz. (I wood suggest that sich uv ez hez bin forchebnot enuff 2 git credit, pay a trifle on account so ez to make our patronage worth suthin.) This course rigidly and persistently follerd, wood drive the best uv them to steelin, and the balance to the poor-houses, pr even what we hev alluz claimed, that they are a idle and vishus race. Think, my brethern, what an inspirin effect our poor-houses end jails full uv niggers wood hev on the people! My friends ez I contemplant the delightful vision.

2. Likewiss assert that the nigger will cum north, and taik all the good places, throwin all our skild mekaniks out uv work by underbiddin em. This mite be open to 2 obgechuns, to wit: It crosses slytly Rool the 1, and men mite say, ef ther's slytly enuff labor fer wat's here, why not perhibbit furnurers from cumin? I ansers. Its the biznis uv the voter to reconcile the contradikshun—he may bleeve eether or both. Ez to the sekund obgechun, where is the Democrat who coodent be underbid and stan it even to starvation, ef the underbiddin wuz dun by a man uv the proud Kaushen race? And where is the Demokrat so lost to manhood ez not to drink blud, ef the same underbiddin is done by a nigger? The starvin fer work aint the question—its the color uv the cause uv the starvashen that makes the diffrens.

Nigger equality may be workt agin 2 advantage. All men, without distinctionsh uv seeks, air fond uv flattrin themselves that somebody's lower down in the skale uv humanity than they is. Ef twan't fer niggers what wood the Democracy do fer somebody 2 look down upon? It is also shoer to enlist sum stile uv wimmen on our side. In times gone by I've notit gushin virgins uv 45, full 16 hands high and tuff ez wire, holdin aloft banners onto wich wuz inscribed, "Save us from Nigger Equality." Yoo see it soothed em 2 hev a chance uv advertisin 1st. That they wuz frale, helpless critters, and 2d. That anshent and tuff ez they wuz, sun wun wuz still gint fer em.

Ef ther aint no niggers Sentral Committees must furnish em. A half dozen will do fer a ordinary county, ef they hustled along with energy. Ef they won't steel, the Sentral Committees must do it themselves. Show year niggers in a township in the morning, an the same nite rob the clothes lines, and hen roosts. Ever willin 2 sacrifice myself fer the cause, I volunteer 2 do this latter dooty in six populus counties.

These jees, ef follerd, will, no doubt, keep us together until our enemies split, when we will reap the reward uv our constancy and fidelity. May the Lord assist the day.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Lait Pastur uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

JOSH BILLINGS ON POULTRY RAISING.—The best time to set a hen is when the hen is reddy. I kant tell you what the best breed is, but the Shanghigh is the meaneest. It costs as much to board one as it does a stage hoss, and you mite as well undertake to fat a fanning-mill by running oats thru it. There haint no profit in keeping a hen fer his eggs if he lays less than one a day. Hens are very long lived, if they don't contract the thrut disese. I kant tell exactly how to pick out a good hen; as a general thing the long eared ones are cou ted the best. The long legged ones I keno are the least apt tew scratch up the garden. Eggs packed in equal parts of salt and lime water, with the end down, will keep from 30 to 40 years if they are not disturbed.

A new process of photographing has been patented in Europe. Pictures can be transferred to pannels, ceilings, or any surfaces that may require ornamentation. Graining can be multiplied and transferred to surface with accuracy.

There are eight hundred and forty-four patients in the Government hospitals at Philadelphia.

Stanton and Buchanan.

Ex-Gov. Washburne's oration at Portland, on the Fourth of July, contains the following:

"And that no example might be wanting to illustrate the degeneracy of the times and the perfidy of the public men, who at such a period could alone occupy the high places of power, it was found that an administration of the people's choice, and representing what appeared to be the average opinion and sentiment of the country, had deliberately set itself to the work, in concert with open traitors, of betraying and destroying the Government it had been appointed and sworn to preserve. And so well were its plans laid for the accomplishment of this flagitious purpose that they could scarcely have failed, if not to accomplish the end designed, still to have produced such complications, and given the rebellion such additional advantages, as would have rendered the preservation of the Union, if possible, a matter of vastly greater difficulty and cost than it has been, had it not been for one of those fatal blunders, which, under the overruling hand of Providence, men engaged in wicked enterprises are so apt to make. We tremble when we think that the salvation of the nation's prestige and honor, if not of its life, and of the cause of free government everywhere, depended upon the accident, as it seemed, of the accession, in the winter of 1861, of Edwin M. Stanton to the Cabinet of President Buchanan. He made himself at once the ruling spirit and the directing power of that false but weak Administration; and by his own personal strength, which was 'as the strength of ten' by his iron will and his sublime devotion, averted that monstrous crime, that unutterable disgrace, and that last calamity—disunion by consent of the Government itself."

The Guerilla Chiefs.

That the evil effects of slavery are by no means restricted to those who are the victims of tyranny, has been proved again and again by the conduct of the Southern people in the recent conflict, and is now shown by the fact that some of the leading guerilla captains, who are keeping the border-lands between Louisiana and Texas in terror by their lawless deeds, were, before the war, large plantation-holders in Louisiana, and the masters of large numbers of slaves. Having sacrificed or lost everything in the cause of secession, they are now without home or profession. Feeling contempt for labor, and despising the laborer, they have no means of support in the future, and are utterly destitute of capacity for adapting themselves to the new order of things. Perhaps the life of the guerilla, defying law and living by pillage, more nearly resembles their old, vicious, and unrestrained life on their plantations, amid a cowering mass of trembling slaves, whose happiness and life were at their disposal, than any position in the new society arrangements which are being instituted under the influence of Northern example and regulations. Too poor to live, too ignorant to learn, too proud to work, these gentlemen have only one profession open to them—theft. Having lived long on the unrequited labor of the negro, it is but one step to wrest their support from their white neighbors.

A Significant Census.

The Cincinnati *Times*, with a pardonable elation, contrasts the progress made by the States of Ohio and Kentucky. The cause of the difference need not be stated. Ohio was settled in 1788; Kentucky in 1775; and the former does not appear at all in the census of 1790, when Kentucky had a population of 73,077. Now, let us trace the figures of each succeeding census:

Ohio.	1800	1810	1820	1830	1840	1850	1860
	45,365	230,700	581,295	937,903	1,516,463	2,390,329	2,939,511
Kentucky.	1800	220,955	406,511	564,185	687,917	779,828	682,405
						1,155,684	

From the table above it will be seen that, though by the census of 1800 Kentucky had a greater population than Ohio by 175,000, yet in 1810, while the former had increased in the ratio of 84 per cent., the latter had bounded forward by the enormous increase ratio of 408.97 per cent., and in twenty years she distanced her elder rival, her decennial increase between 1810 and 1820 being 161.96 per cent.; while Kentucky had fallen off 38.82 per cent.; which disproportion continued until 1860, when Ohio more than doubled Kentucky.

Exports from France and England.

France exported, during the first four months of 1865, says the *Moniteur du Soir*, merchandise to the value of \$92,569,000, being seventy-one millions less than for the corresponding period of 1864, but in augmentation of the same months in 1863, 1862 and 1861. The products represent the largest sums in the statement furnished by the customs returns are—silks, 103 millions; woolen goods, 106, and wines 86. The foreign goods imported show a total amount of 752,126,000, for the first four months of 1865. This is an increase on the corresponding periods in the four years last past. The most important sums stand for cotton, 107 millions.

The value of the exports of British goods, and produce made to the Australian colonies, has considerably increased this year, having been £1,837,675 to March 31, as compared with £1,484,064 in the corresponding period of 1864, and £1,507,822 in the corresponding period of 1864. The colony which contributed most largely to the increase was New South Wales. The demand has also increased this year for British goods from Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania; in the case of New Zealand, it declined, although it was still more considerable than in the first quarter of 1863.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Raftsmen's Journal.

BURNSIDE, AUG. 2, 1865.—MR. EDITOR: I have read the *Journal* of the 26th July, and find on the first page an article headed "Andrew Johnson's Policy." I have no fault to find to it, so far; but I do say, that the man that penned it ought to be in the ranks with Bigler and Wallace. When Christianity was first preached by the Apostles, and their followers, it was pure; and when it got to be popular, wicked men crept into the churches, and alas for the consequences. Just so with our Republican government. Many pro-slavery Whigs joined in with us; and many more joined with the Copperheads and went into the Southern army and fought against us to the last of the present war. There are some of those old pro-slavery Whigs, I find, in this county. They are jealous. They think they ought to have a place in our national councils; but we have tried them and found them rotten at the core. (I refer to Mr. Cowan, Senator from this State.) This would-be adviser of Johnson and his worthy cabinet, says a great deal about "fanatics wanting to corrupt" our worthy President. Certainly it would be a hard case if these rebels are disfranchised and the loyal citizens allowed to go to the polls. He seems to rejoice when the President speaks of taking care of the "poor whites." That is certainly right. If any white man is disfranchised on account of the color of his skin, or his hair, or his beard, let him have a fair chance, by all means; but the author of this piece squints towards Congress. He is afraid of that noble set of patriots. He is afraid that the rebel constitutions and congressmen will be rejected, and that there will be no compromising. He fears that Congress will not allow the loyal citizens of the South to be tied, hand and foot, by a set of rebels. He would wish to have a clause in their Constitutions, like we have in Pennsylvania, to let no colored man have a vote. We have many thousands of colored citizens, well educated, and who are no disgrace to the pulpit or the bar, who are disfranchised, while many thousands of priest-ridden Europeans are led up to the polls, every general election; but this defender of Andrew Johnson's policy does not find any fault to this wrong in our constitution. Mr. Editor of the *Journal*, I would like to know the name and residence of the man who wrote that piece. He is an enemy to the Republicans, and of our National Government. Let a poor white man be heard, as well as a rich one. I suspect the man that penned that piece does not get his living as the Almighty directed—by the sweat of his brow.

Yours respectfully, a friend to both white and black, GEORGE ATCHESON.

The Blacks and Whites of the South.

The principal argument urged in former times against emancipating, and now against giving the suffrage to, the blacks, is their inability to take care of themselves. In evidence of this it has been claimed that the emancipated negroes of the South are now living in dependence upon the government, and Copperhead journals are making a great hullabaloo over the amount of money thus lavishly expended upon a "pack of lazy, worthless niggers."

What are the facts? In Beaufort, S. C., in the year 1864, there were about three thousand whites and very nearly the same number of blacks. Of the blacks, from three to four hundred were applicants for aid from the government; of the whites from twelve to fourteen hundred or about four times as many.

In Mobile according to the last figures to which we have access, the census returns of 1860, there were 20,854 whites and 8,404 blacks. During the month of June, 1865, 68,416 rations were issued to the white inhabitants, and 3,000 to the blacks. In other words, three and one-half rations per month were issued to each white inhabitant, and less than one ration a month to each black. And these are only sample cases.

Had the reverse been the case it would not have been surprising in view of the fact that the whites own all the land, all the cotton, all the food, all the houses, all the money, while the blacks are, as a class, thrown by emancipation entirely on their own resources, owning no land, no buildings, no food, not even the clothes upon their backs. And yet this newly-emancipated, self-supporting class prove themselves four times less dependent than the whites.

These are hard facts for the Northern Copperheads, who reverence the Southern chivalry as much as they hate the negroes, to swallow, but they are true, nevertheless.

FUNNY MISTAKE.—The Springfield (Mass.) Union is responsible for the following:

"The old proverb that 'circumstances alter cases,' had a spicy illustration the other day at a Boston hotel, and two parties, one from this city, and the other of Boston, participated therein. A young man, who is the least bit feminine in his appearance, parting his hair in the middle, &c., went to Boston, and while in that city was taken with a severe fit of cholera. Stopping at a hotel, he put himself to bed and sent for a physician. The doctor came, felt his patient's pulse, examined his stomach, and inquired solemnly if his habits were 'regular,' to which the young man, somewhat surprised, answered in the affirmative. The doctor then cautiously and politely informed his patient that his symptoms manifested some probabilities of an increase of the cholera in a short time. The surprise of the choleric-stricken young man at this singular announcement, was only equalled by that of the doctor when he discovered the true sex of his patient."

Major General John Pope has been breveted Major General in the regular army, for gallant conduct.