

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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## Select Poetry.

### SQUANDERED LIVES.

The fisherman wades the surges;  
The sailor sails over the sea;  
The soldier steps bravely to battle;  
The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,  
The manhood attempted in strife;  
The manhood that goes lightly to labor,  
Strong hands that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish  
The world with the vigor it needs—  
The centre of honest affections—  
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher,  
The sailor is dropped in the sea;  
The soldier lies cold by the cannon;  
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted  
In manly achievement or unseason,  
But strengthens the days of the coward,  
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished  
That the selfish a profit may find,  
But God sees the lives that are squandered,  
And we to His wisdom are blind.

### THE TWO ANSWERS.

"No, Charlie, it cannot be. As a friend I shall respect and esteem you; but I cannot be your wife. Have compassion on me and do not press me further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she thus spoke, with her hands clasped and her head bowed, trembling like an aspen, and I fancied there were tears in her eyes. She was a beautiful girl, and I had thought her as good and pure as she was beautiful; and further than this I had believed that she loved me.

She was an orphan, and had been engaged during the past year in teaching one of our village schools. Of her early life I knew nothing, save that she had been well educated and had moved in good society; and I had reason to believe that at some time, her parents had been wealthy; but her father had failed in business, and it had been told to me that the sad reverse killed him. I had known that Mary was poor—that she was dependent upon her daily labor for support—and the thought that I could offer her a comfortable home, with the advantage of moderate wealth, had given increase to my prospective happiness. But this unexpected answer dashed all my bright hopes to the ground.

"Do you mean, 'I cried, vehemently,' that you thus dismiss me? 'I cast off'?"

"I cannot be your wife," was the reply.

"Then," said I, with more warmth than I might have betrayed under other circumstances, "I leave you to yourself, and while I strive to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I will only hope that you will conclude before long whether you will keep him."

She looked up into my face with a painful, frightened glance, but I did not stop to hear her speak further. I turned and left the ground.

"I remarked that under other circumstances I might have been more cool and collected in my speech; and what do you suppose dear readers, the attending circumstances were?" I'll tell you candidly.

I was a little heated with wine. I had drunk just enough to warm my blood and give my brain an extra impulse, and my words were not chosen as I should have chosen them had the spirit of wine been absent. As I walked toward my home I sought to persuade myself that I had fortunately escaped the snare of a coquette, and that I might be the better enabled thus to reason, I stopped at the hotel, where I found a few of my companions, and helped to dispose of half a dozen bottles of wine.

On the following morning I awoke with a headache, and when I called to mind the events of the preceding evening I was anything but happy. I began to realize how much I had loved Mary Granville. There was an aching void in my heart, and I fairly wept as I contemplated my loss. It was my first love and its influence had penetrated every fiber of my being. The beautiful girl had become more dear to me than I could tell, and I groaned in bitter anguish when I thought that she was lost forever. I had resolved that I would feel very angry and indignant, but when the sweet face was called up to mental view such feelings melted away, leaving me sad and desolate.

On the following Sabbath I attended Church, where I saw Mary once more. She played the organ as she had done for the past year, and as her fingers swept over the keys, I fancied that I could detect a tremulousness which I had never noticed before. Was it only imagination, or was it really a plaintive—a sadness in the expression of her music?

To me it seemed at times as though the organ moaned and wept. It was like the wailing of the daughters of Zion by the rivers of Babylon.

When the services were over and we went out from the church I saw Mary's face. It was pale and wan as though she had been sick. What could it be? Was she suffering as I had supposed? The thought flashed upon me that some one might have told her something to my disadvantage. I had enemies in the village—enemies who envied me because I had inherited some wealth—and I fancied enemies who envied me the love of Mary Granville.

Another week passed and I became more sad and lonesome. My business was irksome to me, and my books and papers afforded me no respite. In fact I could not read, for my mind was never on the page before me. Another Sabbath church and I saw Mary again. She was paler than before, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping.

During the succeeding week I received a visit from my old college chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened a law office in Berryville. After supper as we sat in the cosy parlor smoking our cigars, I suggested

that a bottle of wine, would not be amiss. Jack shook his head.

"No, Charlie," he said, "we'll leave the wine for those who need it."

"You used to drink it, Jack."

"Yes, but it never did me any good."

"And do you think it ever did you any harm?"

"As to that I will not say; it never shall do me harm. I know it has harmed others who were as strong as I am. By the way, Charlie, isn't Mary Granville here?"

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know her?"

"I turned away my face and pretended to have heard something at the window."

"I have seen her," I replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in the church."

"She and I were school mates," pursued Stanton, "and speaking of wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"Poor Mary! I never think of her without feeling my resolution of total abstinence grow stronger and stronger. When we were school children together her father was the wealthiest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were among the happiest of the happy."

"Mr. Granville was in the habit of drinking wine, and the habit grew upon him until he felt he could not live without his brandy."

"He was of a social disposition, and in time it came to pass that he was often grossly intoxicated. Of course under such circumstances one of two things must happen—the man must reform or he must sink. Mr. Granville did not reform, and ere many years he died a drunkard's death, leaving his family in poverty and suffering."

"Thomas, the son, was four years older than Mary, became dissipated, and at the age of eighteen was killed in a street fight in New York. Mrs. Granville survived her son but a few months—absolutely dying the doctor said, with a broken heart."

"Poor Mary! thus left fatherless and motherless, without brother and sister, at the age of fifteen, was forced to earn the bread which she ate—and nobly has she done it. If you know her, Charlie, you know one of the noblest women that ever lived. But—what's the matter? Why, bless me, you look as pale as a ghost."

I struggled with myself, and told Jack I had swallowed a lot of clear snuff. I rose and opening one of the casements, stepped out upon the balcony, where the fresh air restored me.

At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel, and when I had retired to my chamber I paced to and fro until long after midnight. I could no longer misunderstand the motives which had actuated Mary in rejecting my hand. She knew that I was in the habit of using wine, and on that evening when last we met she must have discovered that I had drunk enough to bring a false flush to my cheek.

"Oh! my God!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair, "I wonder not that she refused to place her future in my keeping. She has suffered enough from the accused cup. The night of sorrow and desolation has been long enough upon her. She would be wise thus to take a husband whose opening path of life led toward the pit into which the loved ones of other days had fallen."

"But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?"

I found no difficulty in answering the question. She had shrunk from wounding my feelings. I knew how sensitive she was, and I knew that she was afraid of offending me. Perhaps she thought me proud and headstrong enough to resent such liberty on her part, and perhaps she imagined I might look upon her part as the offering of her hand in consideration of my renouncing the wine-cup, and that I might spurn her offer.

On Friday Jack Stanton left me, and on Saturday evening called at Mary's boarding house. Mary herself answered my summons. She started when she saw me, and I saw her right hand move quickly toward her heart.

"Mary," said I speaking calmly, for I had a mighty strength of will to support me, "I have not come to distress you. I have come as a friend, and I humbly ask that you will give me an audience for a few moments."

"She went into the parlor, and I followed her, closing the door behind me, and when we were alone she set the lamp upon the table and motioned me to a seat."

"No," said I, "I will not sit down yet. Give me your hand, Mary."

"Mechanically she put forth her hands and I took them in my own. There was a wondering look in her eyes, and a slight flush had come to her pale cheeks."

"Mary," I continued speaking slowly and softly, and I knew that a moisture was gathering in my eyes, "you must answer one question. Answer it as you please, and take my solemn assurance I ask it only for your own good. Tell me, do you love me? No, no—do not take your hands away yet. Answer me if you can. Fear not—O, fear not; for I had rather go into endless night than do you wrong. Tell me, do you love me?"

"I cannot speak falsely," she tremblingly whispered. "For my own peace, perhaps I love you too well."

"Listen to me one moment," I added, drawing her nearer to me; "when I have told you what I have to tell, you shall be the judge."

"She did not strive to free her hands, but looked up eagerly into my face, and her eyes beamed with a hopeful light."

"You know John Stanton?" I said.

"Yes," she replied.

"He was my best friend when we were at College, and my friendship has not grown less. He came to see me and told me the story of the trials and sufferings of one of the schoolmates of his earlier days. Oh, Mary, I know well why my hand was refused

and I blame you not. It may be that our paths will be different through life but you shall at least know that he whom you loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrances. I know that I have hitherto wandered into the path of danger, but henceforth I am free from the dread snare. Under the new light that has dawned upon me I hold the wine-cup to be a fearful enemy, and I will shun it as I would shun a shameful life and a clouded death-bed. For my own sake will I do this, so that my sainted mother, if she can look upon her boy can smile approvingly upon the course he has chosen."

"And now, Mary, if, at some future time you should feel that you can trust your happiness in my keeping, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come and ask you again for your hand; and should it be my blessed lot to receive it, I will devote every energy in my being to make your life a joyous one."

I let go her hands, and bowed my head to wipe away a tear. I turned towards the door really intending to depart and give her time for reflection, when she pronounced my name. I looked back and her hands were stretched out toward me.

"Not now," I whispered. "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me—prove me. Only give me to know that I have your love and will."

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed upon my bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now! now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms about her. "Oh, Charles, I never doubted your truth. I know you cannot deceive me. God bless your noble resolution; and let me help you to keep it!"

I cannot tell how long I stopped that evening. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospect of the coming year was bright and glorious.

On the following day—a Sabbath, calm and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the chambers of the new Temple, more resplendent far than the old, they sang the songs that foretime made joyous the hearts of their God. All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of the fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and all seemed moved by the inspiration. To me it was like the holy outpouring of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence. As Mary turned from the instrument I caught her eye. Mine were dim with moisture, but hers were bright gleaming with seraphic light.

Ere many weeks had passed, another hand pressed the keys of the organ for Mary was not in the choir. She knelt before the altar—by my side—and over us both the aged clergyman stretched his hands with prayer and blessing.

And we went out from the church together, Mary and I—out in the new life—bound heart to heart, and hand to hand, to love, honor and cherish forevermore.

The Frozen Well.

One of the most remarkable facts known in this country is the existence of a well in Brandon, Rutland County, Vermont, in which ice is found the year round. The writer visited it in the summer of 1860 and learned that in digging for a farm well in the fall of 1858, before cold weather commenced, frost was found in the ground about twenty feet below the surface, and the ground was frozen to the depth of forty feet, where water was found in sufficient supply. The well was stoned or walled up in the usual way, and the frost manifested itself immediately on the stones from the surface of the water about twenty feet upward. Very soon it was seen that a well of ice was formed, adhering to the surface of the water, and from the surface of the ice several inches thick—and this has remained frozen ever since, summer and winter. In the coldest part of the winter the water freezes over the whole surface, and frequently so hard that it is necessary for some one to go down and break it to procure water. The last winter almost the entire water in the well froze solid, and remained so some time.

The writer has visited this well three different summers; the last time but three or four weeks since, and each time saw the ice (which is plainly seen by casting the sunlight down the well by a mirror), and was well informed of all the facts by the family residing on the same premises, and by friends in the vicinity. The only deviation from the facts as stated is, that sometimes, about the first of September, the ice has disappeared, but for a few weeks only.

It has been found by digging several rods from it that the same frozen condition of the ground exists at about the same depth. But none have yet given any satisfactory solution of the phenomenon.

In this same town, and within a few miles of the pleasant village of Brandon, are quarries of the purest white marble, iron ore, kaolin or porcelain clay, and large quantities of ochre of various shades of color, all of which are worked and sent to market, and of a peculiar kind, not in large quantities, of chocolate color, solid but in it are found embedded the remains of nuts of a kind not known, and the form of limbs and branches converted into coal.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—At a "protracted meeting," held not a thousand miles from Ballston Spa, an ancient sister arose and believed herself as follows:—"I see young ladies here who seem to love gawaws, furbelows, ribbons and laces more than they do their Creator. I was that way one time myself, but I found that the useless trinkets were dragging me down to perdition, and so I took them off and gave them to my sister!"

Real friendship is a slow grower.

## BAD FROM THE SOUTH.

The Chattanooga Gazette (Tennessee) of the 3d instant, gives the following most unwelcome account of the state of public opinion and the course of action based thereon in the adjacent section of Alabama:

One of the reasons why these are being so much denounced at the North, and one of the main elements creating a strong party at the North to keep their representatives out of Congress is that they do not by their acts give any signs of loyalty to the Union, and they have never professed any of those proofs of a sincere repentance for their past transgressions, and of a determination to do better in the future, which are expected of them. Not a day passes but we hear something which shows that the animus still remains. Only last week a case occurred in North Alabama, which deserves more than a passing notice. For the main items in this case we are indebted to *The Jackson County News*, and in a personal conversation with the editor of that paper, we learn still further about the impudent rebellious character of the instigators of the affair. The Sheriff of Jackson County, a man named Snodgrass, issued a call for a special meeting to be held at Scottsborough, which is not the county town, and on a day other than a court day. When this original court convened, it was found that the Sheriff had in charge fifteen discharged Union soldiers of the first Alabama Cavalry, arrested and placed on trial for murder, that is for killing Rebel soldiers, guerrillas and bushwhackers, while soldiers of the United States and in the line of their duty. This self-constituted court remained in session 15 days, when Gen. Kryzanoski, the commandant of the district of North Alabama, hearing of the affair, went down to Scottsborough himself, and ordered the self-styled court to stop all proceedings and discharge the prisoners. After the General had left the room, the Sheriff rose up in the court-room and said publicly: "Those d—d Rebels are not running this court. We are running this machine," and would not release the prisoners. The General hearing of this the next day, sent down some colored guards to Scottsborough, released the prisoners and sent Mr. Sheriff to Nashville under guard. Gen. Kryzanoski having been mustered out of service, some parties have begun to try the thing over again, and Gen. Grierson, the new commandant of that district, has been compelled to issue the following order:

HQs., DISTRICT OF HUNTSVILLE, Huntsville, Ala., Sept. 27, 1865. GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—It having come to the knowledge of the General commanding the district that persons formerly in the service of the United States have been arrested and imprisoned for acts committed while in such service, it is hereby ordered that the civil authorities within the counties constituting the District of Huntsville will not be permitted to arrest, imprison, or bring to trial any person or persons who have been in the service of the United States as soldiers or sailors during the late Rebellion, for acts committed by them while in such service and acting under orders from proper military authority. All proceedings instituted against such persons will be immediately withdrawn and canceled, and where arrests have been made for such alleged offenses, the parties will be released.

By order of Bvt. Maj. Gen. B. H. Grierson, J. B. SAMPLE, Major and A. A. G.

Only last Friday we published an account of the killing of a young man who had formerly been a scout in our army, by discharged Rebel soldiers, in the north west part of Georgia, at the same time running off some Union men who had returned to their homes in that neighborhood. We have been informed that it is unsafe for a Union man to go into the country fifteen or twenty miles from Stevenson, Ala., and in our own State we hear of cases being gotten up against men for the killing of Rebels, or the burning of houses, done while in the service of the United States. All these instances, however, important as they are in themselves, are as nothing compared with the recent doings of an Episcopal Bishop of the State of Alabama. This dignitary, the Right Rev. Richard Wilmer, in a letter to the Clergy and Laity, recommends the omission in the services of the Church, in that State, of the prayer for the President of the United States and all in civil authority.

Is it any wonder, after the exhibition of such a spirit of malignity and party spite, that the Union men of the land are afraid to rebel too far those who have lately been in rebellion against the Government? We doubt whether any one at the North has the least desire to misconstrue the intentions of the Southern people, but we can only judge of how they feel and think by their acts, and certainly none of them have offered any proof of a readiness on their part to advance one step forward in the path of reconstruction further than they are compelled by military power.

On the above exhibit, *The Nashville Press and Times* thus properly comments:

This is a very severe reflection upon the professions of the people of the Rebel States, and its particularization adds to its severity. We have read nothing in *The Chicago Tribune*, *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and other ultra Radical journals of the North, at all approaching in the foregoing detailed statement in the sharpness of its censure. If the people of the Rebel States are possessed of the temper ascribed to them by *The Chattanooga Gazette*, they will certainly defeat the President's benevolent confidence now reposed in them. We shall weep in the dust of King David's humiliation, with all the tears of irrepressible sorrow, should such be the mournful, unhappy, grievous, lamentable and agonizing result of unprecedented clemency.

A man's boots sometimes become tight through absorbing water—the man, never.

## Beauty by the Shipload.

The want of females having long been felt in Washington Territory, Mr. A. S. Mercer, a resident of that remote region, conceived the novel idea of colonizing them

from the Eastern States, and finally was appointed emigrant agent, under an act of the Territorial Legislature. When the project was first mentioned people laughed at the idea of taking a cargo of women from our densely populated States to the womanless elms of the great North-west. But it seems Mr. Mercer went to work with a will, and has actually succeeded in getting the National Government to furnish him a vessel to carry his precious freight to their destination. Between 700 and 900 young women have agreed to emigrate. About two-thirds are from Massachusetts, and the remainder from other eastern States, New York, Ohio, Illinois, &c.

The reporter of the *New York Times*, who has visited the "Continental," which is the name of the vessel furnished by the Government, after stating the average age of the emigrants is about twenty-two years, though there are several elderly ladies with two or three daughters, says:

There are a large number of soldiers' widows, who by the war have lost their lawful protectors, young ladies who have no charms or chance at home, or who, through a love of romance and travel, have resolved to seek the new Eldorado of promise. The inducements are certainly great for these young ladies, many of whom, ere spring, will reign in and rule over the household of men whom they know not to-day. Expectant hearts, beaming eyes, and out-stretched arms await them at the end of their journey of twenty thousand miles. They will come fresh, ruddy and browned after their life upon the ocean. Already scores have arrived in the city, and anxiously await the day of sailing and look forward to their arrival in their future home with more than ordinary interest.

What a load of precious freight will the Continental carry. Just think of what a sight between decks—seven hundred and perhaps more females ranging in years from eighteen to fifty. We are thankful, young and handsome as they call us, not to be of this party. Just think of the questions that will be asked. Only think of the band-boxes, acres of crinoline, miles of bonnet-ribbons, cases of calico, pieces of lace, feet of shoes, piles of trunks; of the Marys, the Janes, the Claras, Aggies, Essies, Julias, sweet little ones, ugly old ones, passably good ones, a human quaker, curious quotation from the human market.

Three months, one quarter of a year, these gentle ones are to be together. Won't they know all about each other before that time; recount all their love stories, tell all their afflictions, exhibit all their card-visitors, rings and other mementoes of affection, and perhaps of blighted love. Wonder how he will look whom they have not, but expect to see and then wed.

Won't there be some tall tea-parties there? and at sunset, far out upon the ocean, when grouped about the decks, they sing old and familiar songs, whose notes will be wafted far over the rippling waters. Won't that be so nice? And then when the storm howls around their bark, how they will tremble and wish they had never started.

This voyage will be one of strange and novel interest, and it is to be hoped that some of the voyagers will give us a pen photograph in book form, of the trip from New York to the North Pacific coast. Well written, it would be the most interesting sea voyage ever given to the public. The Continental will touch en route at Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Panama, Acapulco, San Francisco, and then proceed to Puget Sound, passing through the Straits of Magellan, where for the first time in their lives, they will behold some of the grandest scenery on the face of the globe.

Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris' and Euphrates'; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—a presidential capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "the prayerer" still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass and the water wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their waters." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter "because it is given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East" as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damasc, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tafferlane carried off the artists into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engravings and sculpture united—called Damascening—with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, and the "river of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian garden."