Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1866. VOL. 12.—NO. 18.

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.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

The old man sat by the chimney side;
His face was wrinkled and wan,
And he leaned both hands on his stout old cane,
As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his "specks" and steel tobacco-box
Lie snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept

What saw he in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years;
And now and then they wakened smiles,
But often started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In a high-back flag-seat chair;
I see 'neath the frill of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she busily knits for him;
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropt,
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart
To hear of the world away.

'Tis a homely scene I told you so,
But pleasant it is to view;
At least I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend.
They re worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once purchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then let us gently let them down
To where the weary sleep.

CHIVALRY ON THE RAMPAGE.

Notwithstanding the fact that Major General Gibbon, commanding the District of the Nottoway, State of Virginia, forbade the loaning of any United States horses or other property to the late Petersburg tournament, to which 'no Yankees were to be admitted," the show came off as per advertisement, on the 10th December. The "reconstructed" chivalry were there in force, and they got over the absence of borrowed or stolen government property by such makeshifts as were available in the way of horse-flesh and of needful equipments. The dilapidated Lords of Black-fat and Fine-cut and the Disinherited Knights of the Nigger-pen and the Lash were there in force, and the congenial scribe, a reporter for a local newspaper, tells us how the thing went off. Desperate men of little flesh but of much hair and more tobacco, mounted upon such steeds as that which bore Petruchio to his nuptials, rushed madly, with lance in-rest, upon pendant muffin-rings; other valiant knights, bearing long sticks wadded at the farther end, poked away at the tin-helmeted, iron-skilleted and butter-nut armored corpuses of yet other valiant knights, and the prize of the day, (a victor's crown,) after all this tilting at muffin-rings and punching of ribs with wadded sticks, was awarded to a donkey of a lawyer named Lyon, who, oddly enough, figured to the tourney as the "Black Prince." Well, this representative of colored royalty, (who might perhaps with more propriety have been styled the *mulatto* Prince) at a ball held the same evening, handed over his blushing honors to the Queen of Love and Beauty on the occasion of the coronation of that feminine potentate. Mr. Lyon, we beg pardon, the colored Prince, seems to have been an attentive student of Cervantes, for we can turn to scores of pages of Don Quixote that seem almost a counterpart in crackedbrainedness of the oratorical effort of Mr. Lyon on the occasion of the coronation of the Queen of Love and Beauty, making due allowance of course for the difference between the unction of Cervantes and the addle-patedness of the black (or mulatto) prince of chivalry. This speech is so delicious a piece of Virginia blatherskite Quixotism, and so fine a specimen of the "reconstructed" chivalry of the Old Dominion, that we cannot avoid the temtation of giving it in full as we find it reported in the Petersburg *Express*. Listen to the black prince:

"*Fairest and Loveliest Maiden:* If Knightly generosity did not forbid, well might brave men envy thy champion the sweet privileges of crowning thee "Queen of Love and Beauty" here to-night. To be the chosen out of this assemblage, enchances both the tribute to thee, and the reward of thy gallant Knight. And those fair and lovely maidens—thy companions and attendants, will fitly adorn thy regal state, radiating and reflecting upon the loyal subjects, the light of 'Love and Beauty.'

"There is no need for us to search the old Chronicles to study chivalry. We have now *a chivalry of our own*. There live among us, and stand around us, in this goodly presence, men who during these four years, have developed and illustrated in an eminent degree, *all the high qualities* which made the Knights of old admirable and famous. Singleness of purpose, fidelity, enthusiasm, devotion, self-sacrifice, fortitude, courage, humanity and courtesy, have found in them glorious impersonation. Earnestly believing that *their cause was just*, faithfully and zealously devoted to what seemed to be duty, they endured without murmuring, hunger and thirst, cold and heat, weariness and imprisonment, and faced without fear, perils of disease and of battle, always ready to die, if need be, for what they deemed the right.

'The gallant competitors for the honor which thy Knight has won, are all Virginians. They belonged to *that noble army, whose manhood drew forth such Herculean deeds of valor*," as extorted the praise of their chief adversary. They have won their spurs in the red strife of battle. They were the comrades of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson—Knights without fear and reproach! *Noblest of Christian Knights! Leaders and exemplars!* One has shown us how to die in the hour of victory; the other teaches us how to live through the gloom of disaster. Taught by the precepts and example of such heroes, it is impossible to doubt that the gallant Knights here present *will emulate their leaders in the practice of those chivalrous* virtues which men admire, women love, and God approves.

"Now that the bloody strife is ended, and duty to God and our *sovereign Virginia* has been fully performed, it is permitted the gallant Knight returned from the war, to exchange with his comrades knightly courtesies, and pay his devotion to his lady love. The Knights of Prince Edward have promptly accepted the challenge of the Knights of Petersburg to a trial of skill. In the friendly contest of this day, you have witnessed the exhibition of some of *those accomplishments and qualities which, in the hour of battle, shed lustre upon Southern arms*. The Judges have awarded to the Black Prince this trophy of his prowess, which, to him, derives all its value from the hope that thou will graciously accept it from his hands."

At this point the Black Prince crowned, as Queen of Love and Beauty, Miss Ada Venable of Petersburg. Mr. Lyon, continuing his remarks, said:

"Thou wearest thy crown gracefully. It becomes thee. Thou mayest be proud of thy Knight, and take his offering as an earnest, that if he and his comrades had won *that other prize for which they vainly strove, their Independence*, they would have laid that, also, at the feet of thyself and thy fair sisters."

There is a certain class of people whose impudence is so sublime, and whose egotism is so excessive, that argument is thrown away upon them, and reason and common sense are dumbfounded in any attempt to reply to their rigmarole. Of this class is Mr. Lyon, *alias* the Colored Prince. Unfortunately he is the fit representative of a large class of the reconstructed chivalry. Following the oratorical style of this F. F. V., and in view of the present posture of affairs in the Old Dominion, we can only say to this representative individual: Thou donkey, why canst thou not be content to be soundly cudgelled while engaged in the perpetration of the greatest blunder as well as the wickedest crime of modern times, without making thyself as ridiculous as the crazed hero of La Mancha, by prating of knight errantry while rubbing thy pummeled bones?

We have it upon the authority of a great statesman that the age of chivalry is past (the case of Virginia is not a substantial or sane exception.) It is at least certain, however, that the fools are not all dead yet.

Attacking the National Currency.

It seems that the rebels are not satisfied with the failure of their attacks on the national honor, the national Union and the national valor, and therefore, they are new devoting themselves to attacks on the National currency. The Richmond papers are leading off in these attacks, which they conduct as follows: A list of the National Banks whose circulation has reached the Southern States, is prominently published, and the fact that the banks are remotely located in distant States adduced, when it is stated that these institutions are insolvent, broken, and of course their circulation is utterly worthless. It is alleged that these notes cannot circulate where the banks are located, because there the fact is patent that such institutions are closed. Now, this is all invention on the part of the Southern organs of defeated treason. A National Bank cannot break. The Government holds collateral security for every dollar of National Bank circulation, and is therefore always prepared to redeem the notes of all the National Banks in the country. Of course the conductors of the Richmond press understand this fact, but they hope by exciting the fears of the ignorant, to injure the currency of the country, and thus of course effect the prosperity of the people.

Our Gold Products.

The total amount of gold brought from California during the year 1865 is $20,564,895, against $12,952,967 in 1864, $11,905,478 in 1863, $24,882,846 in 1862, and $34,370,557 in 1861. The heaviest amount was in 1854, of $46,532,116. The whole amount of gold from California for twelve years past is $377,080,719. If this was all now in the country it would be currency enough for ordinary times, and could that amount, with what will be obtained during ten years to come, be in circulation, gold might then be our sole currency. But gold in commerce is like water—it must invariably find its level, and hence can retain but a comparatively small proportion of what we produce. The above sums, however, only include what is brought by sea, while large amounts are brought over by individuals. It is supposed that the grand total for that period is near $500,000,000.

Gov. Anderson's message to the Ohio Legislature says that the State is in a flourishing condition. The State debt is $12,900,000, which is less by $50,000 than it was at the end of 1864. The Governor is adverse to keeping Ohio volunteer regiments any longer in the field. He says they volunteered to put down Jeff. Davis' confederacy and they have done their work. He is also opposed to going to war with France, or to menacing that country in behalf of Mexico.

The *Liberator* week before last contains the valedictory of Wm. Lloyd Garison, who announces that this is the last number, the paper having been published thirty-five years. He says the object for which the *Liberator* was commenced has been gloriously consummated. He does not indicate what he will do in his remaining years, though he hopes to be permitted to take a little repose.

The Era of Statesmen—Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton.

[From the New York Times.]

It is a happy circumstance that we have at length reached a time in the history of our government in which statesmen and organizers appear in public affairs, and continue their course of duty despite public clamor.

There were no "better abused men" in the first two years of our war than Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton. The scandals that circulated against the Secretary of War could not be numbered. He was crazy; he insulted all his friends; he was a blood-thirsty radical, a tyranical Robespierre; he knew nothing of war or its organization; he carried the prejudices of political life into the service of his country; he "worshipped the negro," and violated the freedom of the whites by imprisoning contractors. No one could get on with him; he must leave his place or the national cause be ruined. Deputation after deputation, individual after individual, waited on the President to beg him to remove him. But Mr. Lincoln saw that he had the right man in the right place. Mr. Stanton remained indifferent to the popular clamor. He had his own plans, and was determined to execute them. A few friends continued constant to him; and of two things no enemy ever ventured to accuse him—first, of the slightest suspicion of speculation, though he was handling some five hundred millions a year; and secondly, of any indifference to the hapless sufferer from the war, the unfortunate slave. He persevered in his office, and aimed at distant effects, not present popularity—at duty, not applause.

The result has been a military administration which will be the admiration of all time for its organization, and to whose wonderful efficiency the Republic almost owes its salvation. Mr. Stanton has been seen to accomplish what no military leader in Great Britain could accomplish in the Crimean war with a much smaller force and under much fewer obstacles, the perfect equipment, supply and transportation of great masses of men over vast spaces. Napoleon himself, with two-thirds of Europe to draw from, did not effect so much, so speedily and with such perfect organization of immense armies, as did this Pennsylvania lawyer suddenly elevated to the head of a powerful military bureau. All men see now his wonderful capacities for his task.

His very faults aided him. His impatient energy subdued all obstacles; his *brusqueness* was needed for meddlesome intruders, and his arbitrary treatment of dishonest contractors was the only thing which checked the terrible and increasing disease of public corruption.

Mr. Seward again was the centre of more abuse and scandal and attack than any other man of the day, except Mr. Lincoln himself. He was negotiating with the South; he was indifferent to freedom; he was truckling to Europe; he had no earnestness in the contest; he was given up to intoxication, and had lost his wits. If he continued to guide our foreign relations, we should have all Europe joining with the South.

The President was besought again and again to remove him; some of the most prominent men of his own party opposed themselves to him; he was entreated to resign, and many most patriotic citizens believed him to be the source of all our misfortunes. We do not propose to defend or excuse all Mr. Seward's sayings, or every measure of his diplomacy. Some of his proceedings toward European powers we should have desired to have seen otherwise; but we submit now to all reasonable persons that, judging Mr. Seward's foreign policy by its fruits, it has been pre-eminently successful.

Possibly something of its success may have been due to accident, to the jealousy of European Powers of one another, and to the revolutionary fire and prodigious energy shown by our people. This may be, and yet the result remains that in the great opportunity of many centuries for our rivals and enemies in Europe to strike us a weakening and damaging blow, in the midst of the most perilous and conflicting questions, with constantly occurring provocations and unwise acts of subordinates, no opportunity or temptation was offered by our Government for foreign interference, and not a break of friendly relations occurred with any European Power. If such a result be not evidence of wise statesmanship, we know not what proof can be offered of it. By some means or other, England and France never were presented with the chance which they would so gladly have embraced of interfering to break up the Union and make the United States a second-rate power. It is true that some steps of Mr. Seward's policy have been less bold and less confident in the assertion of principles than we would have prefered. Still the result justifies his caution. If he had yielded to clamor, or if Mr. Lincoln had put in his place a more headstrong man, we might now be plunged in war with half the world.

Mr. Seward's name will go down—not as of a man who could well forecast the whole struggle, or who fully understood its bearing—but as of a prudent and self-contained statesman, who never let present effect and popularity turn him from what he believed would be for the permanent benefit of the country. Both of these leaders in our civil war show the power of independence and persistence in a course conscientiously believed right, though opposed to popular favor. They proved that our politics have at length become so earnest as to compel public men, or to leave the stage. The Pierce and Buchanan era is over. The day of popular effect, of acting solely for influence on "the people," of the headstrong, blustering, thoughtless and superficial statesmanship is past—at least with our leaders. We may now expect independent men in public places, even though sometimes they are disagreeable to their constituents.

For the "Raftsman Journal."

Mr. EDITOR:—Some time since, I propounded some queries, through the *Journal*, to a certain class of correspondents of the *Republican*. The object of said inquiries being to call the attention of those writers to the subject of taxing the bonds in which the moneyed men and speculators were investing their money, as a subject worthy of their pens—to which B. D. H. responded in a satisfactory manner; but how did Mr. A., or the three Stars, as he calls himself, reply to my inquiries? We shall see.

In the *Republican* of the 22d of November, the editor of that paper heralded forth that he had received the "First chapter of the war in Karthaus," from the historian, and that it should appear in his next issue, and advised others to follow the example and furnish him with the history in other localities. The material only was asked for—the editor promising to "*put it in shape*" before publishing. In the next number of his paper appeared *sixteen* double lines headed "First chapter of the war in Karthaus." Now the only question I have to ask at this point is: Was the material in this case furnished to the editor, and is he chargeable for the shape in which it makes its appearance to the public? If so; I have only to say, I should decline his offer to shape one for me. And should the editor attempt to screen himself from the responsibility by stating, as editors sometimes do, that he was absent from home at the time of its appearance and that the "devil" only is responsible, I should then say, from the knowledge I have of the craft, that there is scarcely a "devil" on top of the ground, that would not be ashamed of the deformity of that article. But my object, at this time, is not to offer any comments on the article or to say anything derogatory to its author but to relate a conversation I heard in regard to it and the writer thereof. A young gentleman who had just returned from college, and a young lady then engaged in teaching school, met at a house where I was stopping for the night. During the course of the evening, the conversation turned upon the subject of poetry. The lady remarked that she had a piece in her possession, in regard to which she would like to have the gentleman's opinion. The *poetry* was produced, the gentleman read it, and then said. My opinion is, that this is not poetry—it lacks too many essentials. It lacks sense, it lacks grammar, and it lacks measure and rhyme. There is only one sense in which it can be called poetry. Poetry is a word sometimes applied to compositions in which the language is that of excited imagination. A madman's imagination may be excited, and under that excitement may compose an article for the press." In that sense it is poetry; and if the writer is not a madman, he is an egotist. He conceits that he knows everything, and is qualified for any office; whereas his "History of the war in Karthaus" proves that he is not qualified to write prose (to say nothing of poetry) fit for publication, without some one to "put it in shape" for him.

Shall I send you the balance of the dialogue between the lady and gentleman about "the three stars?" It becomes spicy as it progresses, and serves to show the opinion held by sensible people of the great "Historian of Karthaus. QUEREST.

FILLING ICE-HOUSES WITH SNOW.—As the time is now approaching, says the *Country Gentleman*, when the supply of ice for the ensuing year is to be secured, I beg leave to give you the experience of one of our "Clinton Farmer's Club," of Clinton Ohio. His ice-house is situated on the side of a gravel hill, covering a pit about four or five feet in height; the sides of the pit are boarded up, and the drainage is through the gravel. Finding it expensive to haul from the neighboring ponds and rivers, he last winter filled his house with snow, after the custom prevailing in Switzerland and California (for my friend is a traveler,) simply rolling up in masses, and with a wheelbarrow conveying it to the house—first lining the sides of the pit with straw, and after it was filled covering the snow with the same material, thus filling his house without cost, and securing an abundant supply of good ice for his large family during the whole summer. The snow settled down into a compact mass, when the spring and summer heats affected it, and a portion still remains at the bottom of the pit, as solid as a glacier of the Alps.

The Boston *Journal* relates of a Portuguese soldier, recently returned from the war, that when he went into service, he could not understand even the military orders in English, but made a good soldier. Coming to this city, he got into debt for his board with one of his own countrymen, and said that, when he enlisted, he received five hundred in bounty, which he hid in a crevice of his barracks on going to war. His landlord and others took him about to the several military camps in the hope that a recollection of the place would enable him to recover the secreted money; and it was not until a friend had provided him with means of going to New Bedford to ship, and his missing the way and return, and that chance led him to New Hampshire, where it proved that he enlisted, and, on going to the barracks at Concord, he found his five hundred dollars which had remained safe for two-and-a-half years.

A MASONIC FLAG.—On Tuesday evening the famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Hayes, of Philadelphia, returned to Kane Lodge of New York the Masonic flag which the Lodge had entrusted to him, at the Merchants Exchange in that city, five years ago, to carry to the North Pole, if possible. Gen. James E. Hall, one of the officers of the Lodge, introduced Dr. Hayes to the brethern present, and the Doctor, in a brief address, stated that the flag which he then returned had been planted further north than any other, except the flag of our country, and that it had floated within five hundred miles of he Pole.