

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE MR.—DUVIER.

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THE SIGNAL STAR.

BY FANSY FORRESTER.

"Come back come back my childhood—L. E. I.
I'd not recall my childhood,
With all its sweet delight,
Its simple bird-like gladness,
It was not always bright,
Even morning had her tear-drops,
And spring her clouded sky,
And on the fairest cradle,
I've seen the shadows lie.
I'd not recall my childhood,
Though tender memories throng
Around its rosy portals,
Prelude to life's song,
The full voiced living chorus,
Is swelling round me now,
And a rosier light is resting
Upon my maiden brow.
I have made a changeful journey,
Up the hill of life since morn;
I have gathered flowers and blossoms,
And been pierced by many a thorn,
But from out the core of sorrow
I have plucked a jewel rare,
The strength which mortals gather
In their ceaseless strife with care.
Now I grasp life's burning breaker,
And how'er the bubbles glow,
I'll pause not till I've tasted
The deepest wave below;
Though bitter dregs may mingle,
The crimson tide shall roll,
In full and fearless currents
Through the fountain of my soul.
No! I'd not go back to childhood,
From the radiant flush of noon;
And when evening clouds round me,
I crave one only boon;
Amid the valley's darkness,
Its dangers and its dread,
The signal star of Judah
To shine above my head.

SHOWING HIM THE "CHEBANG"

Breaking in an "Odd Fellow."

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

"I had just been to the post office," said our friend Popple, "and among other letters of business, was one from a clerk of a business firm, with whom we now and then did some trade, informing me that a certain person of Slapjack county, on the Western Reserve, would be down in course of a few days, to lay in a stock of goods, and it would be as well to look after him, and make a trade. The letter in question wound up by saying the individual's name was Mr. Jonas Sparks, had money, stood fair; and — was an Odd Fellow!"
"In course of a few days, one cold clear morning, as I was sitting in the counting room nursing the stove and perusing the newspapers, I perceived a swaggering, self-reliant, unmistakable Ohio Yankee, coming in. He looked around for some minutes, fumbled with his watch seals, and then perceiving me in the back end of the store, he came forward.
"Good morning sir," quoth Popple, opening his little counting room door to greet the stranger.
"Mornin'," was the response. "Want to know if this is Mr. Popple's consarn?"
"This is our establishment, sir," said Popple.
"Oh, yourn, eh? Taint Popple's then, further on, I guess."
"This is the identical place, sir. I have the pleasure to be George Popple sir."
"Oh! want to know? Well Popple, how are you, how's trade, what's goin' on, how's corn, got any flax seed, good sugar, and how'll you trade for a lot of beeswax?"
"How much wax have you, sir?"
"A heap."
"Hundred weight?"
"More."
"Yes sir, Squire, its a clean, first chop article, too."
"There is not much of a demand for beeswax, just now," said Popple, "but if its a good article, and we can make a trade, I dont care if I do take a lot. Where do you reside, sir?"
"Me?"
"Oh! yes, Sparks' my name, Jonas Sparks."
"Ah! yes, think I've heard of you."
"Spouse you mout, Popple, I'm from up yer on the Reserve, Slapjack county; mighty growin' place, that settlement, but how ken we trade on that beeswax?"
"Well, what sort of a bill of goods do you calculate to make?"
"Bout thousand dollars, ha-a-sif cash, and

balance in trade or on time, Popple."
"Well, on those grounds I guess we can trade and I'll take the wax."
"First rate," says Sparks, "first rate, just my way of doing business, to a T; gettin' kind o' late, sort o' dinner time; heap o' runnin round to do. Spouse I send up the wax now, right away, weigh it, I'll trot around, do up my chores, and be back again arter dinner."
"Very good," said Popple, "and, by the way, Sparks, suppose you go to the lodge to-night, and see our Chebang."
"Chebang?"
"Our lodge, got your card with you?"
"Card?" says Sparks.
"Yes, member, aint you?" replies Popple.
"Member?"
"You understand?" says Popple, twirling his thumb towards his chin and giving his forefinger a certain crook and flirt, indicative of something rather too 'Greek' for Sparks to comprehend, but not wishing to cave in, under the impression that he wasn't posted in all the duff and dodges of every day life, Sparks cocks his eye and goes through a number of similar gyrations to those of Popple, and with a grin from ear to ear, says,
"I'm in, be along just arter supper, go along sure."

"Good," says Popple, "I'll expect you."
"Sartin, I'll be in."
"Now what in thunder," says Popple, as soon as Sparks left, "did they mean by telling or writing that this man was a member of our order. Ah! a joke I suppose; I'll show him a joke, bet I will before to-morrow, if he goes out with me to-night."
"Now what in sin," says Sparks, as he went on his way, dose that feller Popple mean by lodge and Chebang? Calculates, I reckon, I'm sort o' green git out. I'll be darned if he dont find Western Reserve folks as high up in the floggers as these cute chaps around this settlement are."

Popple returned to his store, and waited for Sparks. Seven, eight, nine, ten o'clock, and no Sparks visible.
"Shut up the store, boys. Queer sfter waiting all this time, and the fellow not come," said Popple. "Come out alone, got picked up probably," and Popple proceeded to take a game of Billiards and then—home.

Early the next morning the Representative of the Western Reserve made his appearance.
"Ah, (says Popple) that you, Sparks; look down in the mouth. Waited for you till ten o'clock last night. Sick, eh?"
"Sick?"
"Was you?"
"Yes, I am sick," was the reply. "Sick of this yer town."

"Why, what's up?"
"Went out a spell last night," Sparks proceeded.
"Ah! thought so. Go on."
"You were talking about a lodge?"
"Ah, yes; I intended to have gone and introduced you."

"I found it," said Sparks.
"What?" says Popple.
"That Lodge!"
"Eh? How—where? Have you got your card?"
"I bought one."
"Ha, ha," ejaculated Popple. "I guess you've been put through!"
"Well I was," says Sparks. "I found the lodge."

"Did you, indeed?"
"Saw the Chebang?"
"Ha! ha!" roars Popple. "Go on, tell us all about it, Sparks."
"Well, Popple; I'll tell you. I was walking down street last night, and I meets a well dressed feller going into a place where they were making a pretty considerable darn'd noise a little new to me, and says 'excuse me, Mister, but what's up?'
"It's the Chebang!" says I.
"It is eh?" says he.
"Well it is," says I.
"Where's the lodge?"

"Are you a member of the order; do you know the signs?" says he, and then he put his knuckles on his nose, hit his chin a slap with 'tother hand and winked so."
"Yes," says Popple, "I see; ha! ha! ha! go on Sparks."
"I'm not posted, Mister," says I. "Don't understand their tetches. You can explain, I reckon, can't you?"
"If you want to jine our lodge," said he, "I'll introduce you. Come right up into the Chebang."

"What's the expense?" says I.
"First fee aint much, bary treat the members. Come up, I'll give the password; come on. 'Chebang!' says he, as he got up about two flights of darned crooked, dark stairs, and knocked at the door. 'Chebang!' says a feller inside, who opens the door and peeps out at us. In we went. Of course I treated, because that was agreed on. The feller introduced me to the other fellers, about a dozen of 'em. A head feller was playin' cards with some chaps at a table. They all whispered a spell, and I was axed if I wanted to jine the lodge and become an Odd Feller, and I said yes. Then says the head feller, mumblin' over some gibberish, 'Come feller.' They all fell into line, I got in the middle. They sort o' sung a kind o' song, marched around the room,

then up to a side door; the head feller says, 'Chebang!' the rest said 'Chebang!' and I hollers out 'Chebang!' too. The door opened, and into the room they tramp. It was darn'd dark, and I begin to wish I hadn't got into the Chebang. Anyhow, thinks I I'll see the thing through, now, anyhow.
"Now we begin the ceremonies," says the head feller, mounting a big mahogany table; kivered with cards and boxes, as I calculated.
"For the ring!" says he.
They all gits around me and take off their hats. Sodid I.
"Let the member that is to be, now begin and pay his fee!" says the head feller.
"His fee?" they all shouts.
"What's the fee?" says I.
"Ten dollars!" says he.
"Poity high floggers; make it five, Mister," says I.
"Silence!" says the head feller. "Hear and obey!" And I looks around and sees some of the fellers hauling out their bowie-knives, so I caves in, hauls out my ten dollars, and then they ordered me to kneel; they puts a handkercher over my eyes. I was poity considerable darn'd skeered about this thure. They then sung that song again, ordered me to get up, feller 'em I went, up stairs, down stairs, and finally got sort o' out doors. They fumbled around me. I felt a boot toe or two, they gave a laugh all around, and—left. "Bout that time I hauls off the blind" and I finds myself up a darn'd dark aify, but gone, and walleet too, and I was an odd feller; seen the Chebang, and went home along with a watchman!

After a long hearty laugh, Popple said "swinded!"
"Well I was, of course," says Sparks, "so just take my beeswax, make out my bill, and goll darn your settlement, odd fellers and lodges. I've seen your chebangs, and I'm off!"
Jonas Sparks left in the next mail line.

He Got Him on the Wool.

"Look a hea nigger, where you swellin' to?" was the unceremonious salutation of a saddle colored gentleman to an exuberantly dressed darkey, whose complexion was not many shades removed from a newly polished stoppage, as the latter "epsson" made a graceful swing from the promenade on Fourth street—where he had been exhibiting himself for a couple of hours, to the envy of the "Bucks," and the fascination of a score of "nuss gals"—into McAllister street.

"Who-o-o you call nigger, sah?" was the indignant response, with a majestic roll of a pair of eyes with a great deal of white and very little of any other color in them.
"Why I call you nigger," was the flat footed reiteration of "saddle color," as he recognized in-stove pipe" a "geemman" who, two years ago exercised his genius about town in the white washing and boot blacking lint, but, who since then had been "abroad" and had cultivated a mustache and foreign airs. "Low me to inform you sah, dat you is laborer under slight delationation, I aint no nigger."
"Yes you is a nigger nuffin but a nigger, if you aint a nigger, what is you?"
"Is a Quarteroon, sah?"
"How you git to be a Quarteroon?"
"Why my mudder was a white woman, and my fader was a Spaniard, sah; dat how I git to be a Quarteroon."

"What you git dat'plexion?"
"I git him in the souf, sah,—'feet ob-de-climate every pesson in the Souf got 'em sah."
"What you get dat wool?—Say, what you git dat wool?"
"I git dat by a—a—a accidion on my mudder side, sah." (Stovepipe slightly confused.)
"Now, how you git dat wool on your mudder side, if your mudder was a white woman, say how you git dat wool."
"Bekase she got frightenafore I was born'd."
"How she git frighten,—eh?"
"Why she git chased by a black man sah."
"Look a hea nigger I dussent want to be pessonal, but, from de'pearance ob your mudder's son dere aint no doubt dat de time your mudder was chased by a black man, she was oertooked."

A moment after you might have played dominoes on the coat tails of the "Southern Gemman," as he streaked it up McAllister street, and dived into the doorway of that aristocratic caravansary for the accommodation of distinguished sunburnt pussions known as the Hotel Dumas.

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.—In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates of North of England punished drunkards by making them carry what was called the "Drunkard's Cloak." This was a large barrel with one head out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.

What a strange sight it would be were all the drunkards, now-a-days, compelled to march about wearing barrels for cloaks.

They say there is a saw-mill down East which saws so easy, that while a young man was sitting on a log while it was running thro', he was sawed in halves, and did not discover it until the overseer told him to roll off.

The Future of America.
The following is an extract from an eloquent address delivered by the Hon. Wm. H. SWARD, at Columbus, Ohio, on the occasion of the dedication of the Capital University—His subject was the Destiny of America.

"If the Future which you seek consist in this; that these thirty-one States shall continue to exist for a period as long as human foresight is allowed to anticipate after coming events, that they shall be all the while free, that they shall remain distinct and independent in domestic economy, and nevertheless be only one in commerce and foreign affairs, that there shall arise from among them, and within their common domain, even more than thirty-one other equal States, alike free, independent and united, that the borders of the Federal Republic so peculiarly constituted shall be extended so that it shall greet the sun when he touches the Tropics, and when he sends his glancing rays towards the Polar circle, and shall include even distinct islands in either ocean, that our population now counted by tens of millions shall ultimately be reckoned by hundreds of millions, that our wealth shall increase a thousand fold and our commercial connections shall be multiplied, and our political influence be enhanced in proportion with this wide development, and that mankind shall come to recognize in us a successor of the few great states which have alternately borne commanding sway in the world,—if this and only this is desired, then I am free to say that if, as you will readily promise, our public and private virtues shall be preserved, nothing seems to me more certain than the attainment of this Future, so surpassingly comprehensive and magnificent.

Indeed, such a future seems to be only a natural consequence of what has already been secured. Why then shall it not be attained? Is not the field as free for the expansion indicated as it was for that which has occurred? Are not the national resources immeasurably augmented and continually increasing? With telegraphs and rail-roads crossing the Detroit, the Niagara, the St. Johns and the St. Lawrence rivers, with steamers on the Lakes of Nicaragua, and a rail road across the Isthmus of Panama, and with negotiations in progress for passages over Tehuantepec and Darien, with a fleet in Hudson's Bay and another at Bhering's straits, and with yet another exploring the La Plate, and with an armada at the gates of Japan, with Mexico ready to divide on the question of annexation and with the Sandwich Islands suing to us for our sovereignty, it is quite clear to us that the motives to enlargement are even more active than they ever were heretofore, and that the public energies instead of being relaxed, are gaining new vigor.

Is the Nation to become suddenly weary and so to waver and fall off from the pursuit of its high purposes? When did any vigorous nation ever become weary even of hazardous and exhausting martial conquests? Our conquests on the contrary, are chiefly peaceful, and thus far have proved productive of new wealth and strength. Is a paralysis to fall upon the national brain? On the contrary, what political constitution has ever throughout an equal period exhibited greater elasticity and capacity for endurance?

Is the union of the States to fail? Does its strength indeed grow less with the multiplication of its bonds? Or does its value diminish with the increase of the social and political interests which it defends and protects? Far otherwise. For all practical purposes bearing on the great question the steam engine, the iron road, the electric telegraph, all of which are never than the Union, and the Metropolitan Press, which is no less wonderful in its working than they, have already obliterated State boundaries and produced a physical and moral centralism more complete and perfect than monarchical ambition ever has forged or can forge. Do you reply nevertheless that the Union rests on the will of the several States and that, no matter what prudence or reason may dictate, popular passion may become excited and rend it asunder.—Then I rejoice. When did the American People ever give way to such impulses? They are practically impassive. You remind me that faction has existed and that only recently it was bold and violent. I answer that it was emboldened. Loyalty to the Union is not in one or many States only but in all of the States, the strongest of all public passions. It is stronger I doubt not, than the love of justice or even the love of equality, which have acquired a strength here never known among mankind before.—A nation may well despise threats of sedition that has never known but one traitor, and this will be learned fully by those who shall hereafter attempt to arrest any great national movement by invoking from their grave the obsolete terrors of Disunion.

ONE OF THE HINTS.—A school-boy, lately, who thought his pocket money came rather seldom, thus addressed his father: "Please, papa! tell me if the words, E pluribus unum, are still on our quarter dollars?" "Of course they are you stupid boy," said papa; "but why do you ask that?" "Because," replied the young hopeful, "it is now such a long time since I had one, that I almost forgot."

THE KNOW NOTHING.
"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Snob. As Mr. Snob reel'd in the door:
"A pretty time to seek your home;
I'm sure its twelve o'clock or more,
These midnight revels will not do.
Shame on you Snob—for acting so!
Where have you been—I ask again,"
Says he "dear wife—I do not know."
"A pretty plight your hat is in!"
And see your coat is muddied o'er;
Your nose is like a to-ma-to.
And you can scarcely reach the door.
How came you so—you naughty man.
Say Mr. Snob—how came you so?"
"My dearest wife—don't bother me,
You've heard me say that I don't know."

"I don't know how I met the boys,
Ahd how I made my maiden speech;
I don't know what it was all about,
Or whether 'twas a growl or screech.
I don't know if 'twas pop we drank,
Or whiskey, lager beer or rum,
I don't know how I broke my nose,
Or how I navigated hum."

"I see it all—you cruel man!"
Cried Mrs. Snob excited quite.
"You've joined the men who nothing know,
And you've been meeting them to-night.
Well I'll forgive you if you'll tell
Why they do meet in secret so?
Say Mr. Snob—what do you do?"
"Why, Mrs. Snob—I do not know!"

Heaven.
Whittier, speaking of Heaven, says:
"We naturally enough transfer to our idea of Heaven whatever we like and reverence on earth. Thither the Catholic carries on, in his fancy, the imposing rites and time honored solemnities of his worship. There the Methodist sees his love feast and camp-meetings, in the groves, and by the still waters and green pastures of the Blessed Abode. The Quaker, in the stillness of his self-communion, remembers that there was 'silence in Heaven,' The Churchman, listening to the solemn chant of vocal music, or the deep tones of the organ, thinks of the song of the Elders, and the golden harps of the New Jerusalem."

"The Heaven of the northern nations of Europe was a gross and sensual reflection of the earthly life of a barbarous and brutal people.—The Indians or North America had a vague notion of a Sunset Land—a beautiful Paradise far in the West—mountains and forests swarmed with deer and buffalo—lakes and streams filled with fish—the happy hunting grounds of Souls.

A venerable and worthy New England clergyman on his death-bed, just before the close of his life, declared he was only conscious of an awfully solemn and intense curiosity to know the great secret of Death and Eternity.

Yet we should not forget that the Kingdom of Heaven is within; that it is the state of the affections of the soul, the sense of a good conscience, the sense of harmony with God; a condition of Time and Eternity.

Napoleon's Prophecy.
"In the course of a few years" said that extraordinary man "Russia will have Constantinople, part of Turkey, and all of Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if already taken place. Almost all the cajolery and flattery that Alexander practised against me was to gain my consent to that object. I would not give it, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things Turkey must fall to Russia. The powers it would injure, and who would oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria.—Now as to Austria, it would be very easy for Russia to gain her assistance, by giving her Serbia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis, that France and England will ever be allied with anything like sincerity will be to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England and Prussia, united, cannot prevent it.—Russia and Austria can at any time effect it.—Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, and becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen."

This remarkable prediction is in the first stage of its accomplishment.

The Celestial State.
Old Ricketts was a man of labor, devoted to his occupation. He was wital rather uncouth in the use of language.
One day, while engaged in stopping up hog holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.
"What's this all about?" demanded Ricketts.
"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.
"Celestial State," said Ricketts, "where the deuce is that?"
"My worthy friend, I fear you have not—
"Well never mind," interrupted Ricketts "I don't want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here if I can only keep them darned hogs out!"

"I would advise you to put your head in a dye tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy girl.
"I would advise you to put your's into an oven, it's rather soft," said Nancy.

"Every seven minutes a child is born in London, and every nine one dies."

The Truth in a Nutshell.
It was but seventy eight years ago since Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful seventy eight years they have been! Seventy eight years ago the United States was a remote circumstance; they now compose the second commercial nation in the world.—In three quarters of a century they have revolutionized the world, built up an empire, licked our mother, and fenced in a continent.—In less time than it took Methuselah to get out of swaddling clothes, we have made more canals, tamed more lightning, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenue of the world could have paid for, the day he got out of his time.

In seventy five years we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but its wearing apparel, cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States, as ballot-boxes and Democracy. Since the fourth of July 1776, the whole world has been to school, and what is better, has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years. The problem of self government has been solved, and its truth made immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adaptation to all the wants of the more aspiring nation has been made most signally manifest. Under its harmonious working, a Republic has grown up in an ordinary lifetime, that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less time than it takes some green-house plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a nation that has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans, planted more telegraph poles, and owned more steamboats, than any other nation that ever lived, or ever will live.

Anecdote.
It was on the morning of the twenty-second, at Buena Vista, writes a Kentucky friend, that our regiment was lying upon a little hill that the men subsequently christened "Mount Dodge," waiting for the ball to open. Santa Anna's morning compliment soon came in the form of a thirteen inch shell, which passed a few yards above our heads, and buried itself in the earth behind us.
"Howdy mother," exclaimed old Mike S—, "if the born devil is'n shootin' his dinner pots at us?"

On the twenty-fifth after the battle was over and while Santa Anna was still lingering at Agua Nueva, 12 miles distant, with his shattered forces, divers were the rumors of another battle, and many were the discussions of its probability among the men. I happened to overhear one of these debates, in which this same Mike S—, participated and had, as the lawyers say the conclusion. Some half dozen men had already expressed their views and wishes: some were very anxious for another fight; others, and they, too, the men who had behaved the best under fire, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with such glimpses of the "elephant" as they had been able to obtain on the twenty-second and twenty-third.

"Well boys," said Mike "I'll tell you my sentiments about the auld wooden legged devil—if I had but a quart of whiskey in the world, and no money to buy any more, and no more in the country to sell, sure I'd give him half of it if he'd stay!"

LEGAL ANECDOTE.—May it please the court, said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch Justice, the other day this is a case of the greatest importance. While the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty Republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the rocky chain of West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"Sitop dare! shtop, I say! vat has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dis has notin to do mit de wild bird. It ish von sheep," exclaimed the Justice.

"True, your Honor, but my client has his rights!"
"Your client has no right to the eagle!"
"Of course, not, but the laws of language!"
"What cares I for de laws of de language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and that is enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case" is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"Dat will do! dat will do! Your client is charged mit shteating a sheep, just nine shill. lin." De Court will adjourn to Bill Verguons to drink.

"Dear me exclaimed Mrs. Cabbage, as she returned from church last Sunday; "degn me, this is an age of conventions. When I was a girl organs were in their infancy. A forrunner used to turn the crank, and a little monkey take the pennies. But now an organizer presides over the estimate, while the deacon takes up the constitution. Oh! you should hear the fellow perform one of his closing voluptuaries, when he pulls out all the stopples, and plays on the pedlars base, so loud as to jar the conflagration as they pass out of their respective places of abodement."

"Sambo, why am a locomotive bulgine like a bed-bug?"
"I gib dat up for you ax it!"
"Coss it runs on sleepers."