

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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## Select Poetry.

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,  
Advancing from the west,  
As ends the weary week of toil,  
And comes the day of rest.  
Bright o'er the earth the star of eve  
Her radiant beauty sheds;  
And myriad spheres calmly weave  
Their light around their heads.  
Rest, man, from labor, rest from sin!  
The world's hard contest close;  
The holy hours with God begin—  
Yield thee to sweet repose.  
Bright o'er the earth the morning ray  
Its sacred light will cast,  
Fair emblem of the glorious day  
That evermore shall rest.

## Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]  
**THE MARTIN FAMILY.**

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CHAPTER II.

[Continued from last week.]

The officer, in question, was young, gay, and handsome; and having distinguished himself on several occasions, he had won the favor of the Emperor, and the confidence of his superiors in command. Recently, moreover, he had been promoted in the famous Legion stationed on the banks of the Tiber, within the city walls.

To his dignified and manly form, were united those blandishments that ensure an easy access, and a certain victory over the tender and susceptible heart of the other sex. And then his rank and standing in the army rendered him rather an object of their part, especially to one young, gay, and thoughtless as Vertitia.

Two months before, he had accidentally formed her acquaintance at the Campus Martius, on the occasion of a gladiatorial exhibition; and being the daughter of one of the nobility, he had been anxious to secure her hand in marriage, and had been assiduous in his attentions, and regular in his visits ever since.

These visits had been encouraged by the gay Vertitia, and not disapproved by other members of the family—though Valens, of late, had thought them rather frequent, and felt half inclined to have them stopped. This was not, however, on account of any dislike to Marcus personally, or his military life, for no one more venerated the profession of arms than himself—but his sagacity had enabled him to foresee the gathering storm, and that, possibly, these soldiers of his country, in loyalty to the Emperor, would become the ruthless foes of the weak and defenceless sect to which he belonged. He was desirous, therefore, as a matter of prudence, that neither himself or family should have any special intimacy with any of their class.

Then, he could easily see that his visits had already had their influence on his daughter—in rendering her less attentive to his instructions, and more disposed to uphold the mysteries of Paganism, to which she knew Marcus was devotedly attached.

Besides, Valens, of late had talked much of the glory of a military life, and of joining the army. This new inclination, on the part of his son, Valens could only account for, on the ground of his intimacy with Marcus.

Hence, all things considered, he felt it his duty henceforth to discourage his visits, however painful to his own feelings, or against the wishes of his family. He also resolved henceforth to be more watchful, and earnest and pointed in his counsels; and, if possible, induce his two erring children to renounce the pleasures of the world.

This purpose, he was expressing in a mild but decided voice, as Valens and Vertitia, at an unusually late hour, hastily entered.

Vertitia flung herself quickly on a seat not far from her sister, pale and breathless; while Valens, walking slowly across the apartment, quietly took his seat in an opposite corner.

"What has happened, my daughter?" at length inquired Valens; "you look pale and excited."

"Nothing," said she, "except that the city is on fire in several places, and no one extinguishes the flames."

"That's matter enough—sufficient reason for alarm," said he; "nor would I think it strange should the city, with all her wealth and grandeur, be laid in ashes. Her sins call for such vengeance."

while Valens was boyishly curling his ample locks through his fingers.

"Besides," he continued, "duty compels me to apprise you that the visits of Marcus can be no longer countenanced by myself, nor with my approbation, by any members of my family. My reasons for this are connected with our personal safety."

Valens said this in a kind, affectionate manner; but with more than ordinary firmness.

The effect was instantly perceptible in the sudden rush of blood from Vertitia's face, and in her hurried, embarrassed movements. One of the rings was dropped on the floor; the other, half disengaged, was left dangling in the ear—while, quickly snatching up a small article of dress that lay on the seat by her side, she rushed wildly out, and hastened to her chamber.

Valens, after remaining seated a few moments, cast a scornful glance around him; and rising, left the apartment in no very ceremonious or respectful manner.

Fiducia looked sorrowfully after, while Valencia, sighing, wiped the fast-falling tears from her eyes.

It is proper here to state that the Nazarenes—a term applied to the early Christians as a reproach, had hitherto been allowed to enjoy their faith, and practice the few simple rites of their religion, with some measure of toleration. True, they were everywhere spoken against, and traduced and calumniated; but these things their religion taught them to expect, and enabled them to endure. Recently, however, the Emperor, had passed an edict which regarded them as monstrous and outlaws, and left them at the mercy of all who chose to lift up their hand against them.

Hence, at this time, there was a general uneasiness among them, as well as a just indignation against the Emperor, and a necessity, on their part, for the adoption of the most wise and precautionary measures.

But we must return again to the family.

In a few minutes, Fiducia, taking her sleeping child in her arms, followed after her sister.

She found her in her chamber, seated on a couch. In her fit of sudden emotion, she had snatched off her gay, fancy head-dress; and her hair hung in wild disorder over her face, and her cheeks were more flushed, while upon her quivering lips there was a curl of indignation.

Fiducia perceived, at a glance, that there was a strong conflict of feeling, perhaps of duty, on the one hand, to her parent; and, on the other, of that impetuosity of temper, and ardor of attachment, which strongly disposed her to take her own way. She had always been caressed and indulged; and now this first exercise of parental authority, had thrown her into a wild frenzy of passion, and awakened a feeling of resistance, if not actual resentment.

Hence her hurried resolve was to do in this affair, which she alleged concerned no one but herself, as she chose. This determination she had rashly formed even before her sister had entered her chamber.

"This is a matter of more prudence," said Fiducia in a mild soothing voice.

"Prudence!" exclaimed Vertitia, passionately, "I would like to know what prudence there is wounding the feelings of a brave and generous young officer, and in resisting the wishes of one's own child?"

"But it is only for the present," said Fiducia, "the aspect of things may change for the better, and your wishes may all be happily consummated, with father's good will."

"Yes! it's all this new religion," replied Vertitia, sneeringly, "I wish it was all in the moon. I wonder if the Emperor and Senate don't know what God's people ought to serve, I'll think as I please, and do so too," she added, rising quickly from her seat, and beginning to adjust her dishevelled hair.

Fiducia calmly remarked, "that she was sorry to find her so ungrateful, that she hoped to see her think and act otherwise yet; and, with them, rejoicing in the hope of another and better life," saying which, she quietly withdrew to her private chamber, her child still asleep in her arms, and the tears coursing freely down her cheeks.

During this time, Valens and his wife had remained alone in the large, airy apartment. Valens was walking slowly up and down; while Valencia was seated, looking sorrowfully at the floor.

It is evident from the fixed and anxious features, that great and troublous thoughts are revolving in the mind of Valens.

"And, supposing it should be so," said he, suddenly stopping, and addressing himself to Valencia with unusual earnestness, "What is your opinion? I think thy faith would carry thee through?"

"Through what?" inquired Valencia, looking in surprise at Valens.

"Through persecution—through death!" said he.

Valencia cast her eyes upon the floor, and gazed for some time in thoughtful silence. At length raising them and fixing them upon him, she calmly said:

"Death is the passage to life, and I think I could make that passage at any time, and in any way, that might be thought best."

"And then couldst thou, dearest, suffer the loss of all things?"

Valens said this with deep emotion. And no wonder that his thoughts should have turned themselves, now and then, about these future probabilities. As for himself and family, they had much to lose,—valuable friends, large possessions, and many worldly honors—all, perhaps, to dash away in one great sacrifice. But, as already intimated, from these his own heart was not yet entirely weaned.—Though his faith led him to anticipate with confidence a hundred fold in the present, and life everlasting in the future, yet there was a strong blinding of the heart, at times, to the present and visible only. It was a struggle, as thousands besides himself have found it, to relinquish wholly things seen, for things unseen, the temporal, for the eternal.

[To be Continued.]

**An Odd Subject for a Daguerreotype.**

Saturday last was a dull, drizzling day, one of those days when old Sol has the same excuse for non-compliance with his implied engagements with the Daguerreotypist, that his pale sister Cynthia has for a non-fulfillment of her share of the gas contract. In such weather the sun is not expected to take good Daguerreotype, nor is the moon in a condition effectually to light the streets; though we believe she is held to the latter of the almanac, and never excused on account of the weather.

But come to the matter in hand. It was just one of those days more comfortable to imagine than experience, and Mr. C., the Daguerreotypist, a rap was heard at the door.—"Come in," was the prompt response, and they did come in. Two tall, gaunt looking wire-grass boys strode into the middle of the room, where they halted, casting their eyes about the apartment, for a moment in mute curiosity and astonishment.

"Can I do anything for you to-day," said Mr. C.

They made no reply, but conversed together for a moment, in an under tone. Presently one of them turned to the questioner, and asked in a loud tone—

"Do you make them what-d'ye-callum—them—the doggerotypes here?"

"Yes, sir, we take daguerreotypes here."

"That's it," remarked the companion of the first speaker—giving his fingers a sudden snap at the same moment. "Them's the things, but don't you let me think of 'em."

"Well," said the first speaker, "what do you ax for making a doggerotype, as you call 'em?"

"That depends on the size, style of case, &c. What size picture do you want?" said the artist; at the same time pointing to the specimens on the table.

The couple consulted together again for a moment, when the first speaker replied—

"I want one of them what shets up in a leather book like, and what a body can toat in their pocket."

"Like this?" said Mr. C., showing him a picture in a case of the ordinary size.

"That's just the thing, stranger; now what do you ax?"

"Our price for that size is three dollars."

Both visitors whistled!

"That's the regular price, and is low enough for a good picture," remarked Mr. C., carelessly.

The two whispered together again for a few seconds.

"Well, stranger, I believe I'll get it. How long will it take now, to make it?"

"In this light it will take us a little longer; but a few minutes will be sufficient. Walk this way to the sitting room?"

"Never mind," said the speaker, "I can just tell you the description of the creeter here, and I'll come back in an over."

"The description!" said the artist with some surprise.

"Yes," said the other, "I want to get a first rate picture of my horse Red Eagle. He's a bright sorrel, with a star in his face, and two white fore-feet, and his tail—"

"Where is your horse?" interrupted Mr. C.

"Down in Montgomery. He's jest a leetle the handsomest piece of horse flesh in them."

"Very likely," said Mr. C., "but I can't take a picture of your horse in Montgomery."

"What!" exclaimed the man, "can't you doggerotype a horse?"

"Yes! I can take a picture of your horse, but I must have him before me."

**A Mistake in the Weight.**

Andrew Wyman was like Lord Byron in one respect. He had a great horror of growing fat. What added to his apprehension on this score was the fact that his father, before he died, attained a degree of rotundity which would have enabled him to fill, respectfully, the office of alderman.

Andrew stood five feet eight in his stockings, and weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds—a very respectable weight—within which he endeavored to keep himself by the free use of vinegar and other acids, which are reported to diminish any tendency to pinguity.

Andrew was in the habit of weighing himself once a fortnight, in order to make sure that he was not transgressing proper bounds.

He had been absent from home rather more than a week, and just stepped out of the cars into the depot, when his attention was arrested by an instrument for determining the weight.

Mechanically he placed himself on the platform, and adjusted the weight to one hundred and forty-five. To his surprise he found this not sufficient.

With an air of alarm he advanced it five pounds—still ineffectual. Imagine his consternation when the scales fell at the hundred and seventy-five.

"Good heavens!" said he to himself. There can't be any mistake about it—I've gained thirty pounds within the last fortnight! I was afraid it would be so. It was so with my father before me. At this rate I shall go beyond him in a few weeks."

He entered the house with an air of settled melancholy upon his face, which excited the fears of his wife who had come forward to greet him after his absence.

"Why, Andrew—Mr. Wyman—what's the matter?" she asked.

"Matter enough!" he groaned. "I weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds! Gained thirty pounds within a fortnight—or at the rate of fifteen per week. Suppose I should go on at this rate, or even ten pounds a week, in three months I shall be a perfect monster. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"I am sure you don't look any larger," said Mrs. Wyman.

"Why, no."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Wyman," said his wife, struck with a sudden idea: "are you sure you didn't have your valise in your hand, when you were weighed?"

Andrew's face brightened up.

"Wait a minute," said he.

He sped out of the house like an arrow—flew to the depot and renewed the experiment.

A moment after he entered the house again, his face glowing with joy.

"You've hit it, wife," he exclaimed. "I've weighed myself again, and only weigh one hundred and forty-three."

Mr. Wyman was so elated by the altered state of the case, that he at once gave his wife money enough to purchase a "love of a collar" that she had seen at Mr. Leask's the day before.

"It's an ill wind that does nobody any good."

**FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.**—I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duelist, who has lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot; challenged Col. D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.

"Well he replied, it 'can't sink me lower than a bullet can!"

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty newspapers than fill a coffin!"

No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

**FLEX POWDER.**—A man went about the country towns, selling Flex Powder. It was done up in very neat little packages; and on each was a label, "directions" inside. He passed along, selling at each house; and then made a sudden exit. All bought because it was so "cheap"—only 64 cents per paper! Some bought a half dozen papers, so as not to "get out." Then they opened the "directions." They read as follows:

1st. Catch the flea.

2d. Tickle him with a fine needle under his ribs.

3d. He will open his mouth.

4th. Throw in a small quantity of the powder.

5th. If you get the least possible quantity down his throat, he is as dead as a smoked herring.

**All About Kissing.**

Kisses are an acknowledged institution. It is as natural for "folks" to like them as it is for water to run down hill, except when it is so cold that it freezes and can't run at all. Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are hot as coal-fire, some sweet as honey, some mild as milk, some tasteless as long drawn soda.

Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than other sorts. As to proposed kisses, they are not liked at all. We have made it our business to inquire among our friends, and they agree with us, that a stolen kiss is made by the right person. Talk of shyness and struggling; no wonder! when some bipeds approach, it is miraculous that ladies do go into convulsions. We do not speak altogether from experience, but from what we have heard others say. We have been kissed a few times, and as we are not very old we hope to receive many more.

A clean mouth and handsome teeth are indispensable requisites, but they are seldom to be found. Most men would contaminate the cheek or brow of the lady (her lips they must let alone) with the odious incense of champagne, tobacco, or seeds—which are worse than all, even though they do conceal the perfume of the two first mentioned; for certainly that is what they are eaten for. We expect gentlemen think we are entirely innocent of understanding their use, but they are mistaken.

The very idea of one who professes to be an elegant gentleman, to appear in the presence of ladies with his pockets well stored with these abominable seeds, is absurd. If you wish to kiss a lady without her blushing and struggling, dispense with these disagreeable articles, and we'll guarantee you will have no unnecessary trouble.—*Ladies' Enterprise.*

**A FOUL SLANDER.**—Old Guzzle of Hornby, was a great drinker of cider—an excessive cider bibber. He would drink more of the stuff than any two men in town, and yet was desirous of being thought temperate. He would denounce rum drinkers in round terms, and preach about the wickedness and folly of toddy drinkers by the hour. One day it came to his ears that an old soaker had said he had drunk a barrel of cider in a week, and straightway his anger was kindled. Guzzle sought the fellow and accosted him with, "Hallo! you tipple!"

"What he was accused of," replied Guzzle, "you have been telling that I drank a barrel of cider a week."

"It's a darn'd lie," said Tiddle, "I never said so—I never said you drank a barrel of cider a week."

"Well, what did you say?" demanded Guzzle angrily.

"Why," replied the loafer, "I said you drank a hocksit!"

Mr. Guzzle frowned upon the laughing crowd, and went home to his cider-al reflections.

**ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."**—The death of Samuel Wilson, an aged, worthy and formerly enterprising citizen of Troy, New York, will remind those who are familiar with incidents of the war of 1812, of the origin of the popular sobriquet for the United States. Mr. Wilson, who was an extensive packer, had the contract for supplying the Northern army with beef and pork. He was everywhere known and spoken of as "Uncle Sam" and the "U. S." branded on the heads of barrels for the army were at first taken to be the initials for "Uncle Sam Wilson," but finally lost their local significance and became throughout the army, the familiar term for "United States."

**HOMEOPATHETIC SOUP.**—A great many good jokes have been cracked at the expense of the Homeopaths; but we do not recollect one more telling than the following recipe for making Homeopathic soup, attributed by the Brooklyn Advertiser to the late Dr. Post, of New York.

"Take two starved pigeons, hang them by a string in the kitchen window so that the sun will cast the shadow of the pigeons into an iron pot already on the fire, and which will hold ten gallons of water, boil the shadows over a slow fire for ten hours, and then give the patient one drop in a glass of water every ten days."

**RIVER WIT.**—Here is the latest joke from the river:

"Halloo, Captain! what's your passage to New Orleans?"

"Eight dollars, and we will make you comfortable."

"I've got eight mules; what'll you take them for?"

"Six dollars a head."

"Well Captain, will you take me in the lot, as a mule, at the same price?"

"No, but I'll take you as a jack, and charge you ten!"

**A RICH RETORT.**—It is said that a young man engaged in battle saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object and seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, addressed him in a manner to cheer him.

"O," said the young man, "I am not frightened; I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

**Business Transaction.**

"Have you got a haxe to sell?" inquired a cockney, as he entered a Yankee's retail shop in the Queen of the West.

"Axe? well I guess I have."

"Well, I want a 'atchet."

"Hatchet? Oh! well, I can accommodate you I reckon, Mister; you don't want to chop your letters off, nor nothing?" and the Yankee thrust his tongue in one corner of his mouth and grinned.

"Let's see your 'atchets."

"Here's a first chop one, worth a dollar, but seein' its you, you may take it for three shillings and nipeence."

"Ow much be that?"

"Sixty-two and a half cents, 'actly."

"I'll give you fifty, follow."

"Oh, couldn't think on't—cost me sixty cents. No, mister, we can't trade. I must make a little profit," and the shopkeeper was replacing his articles.

"Well, sir, I'll give you sixty-two cents."

"Oh, well, mister, I never stand for a half cent."

The exquisite laid down two quarters and a levy, which the Yankee put into his drawer, and handed him the hatchet.

"I want my 'alf cent," said Bull.

"Well, mister, how on earth can I give you a half-cent—we've no coins of that sort; you'd better buy something else, and I'll make it even."

"No, I must have my 'alf cent."

"Well, mister, if you must have it, you must, that's all but you won't want another, I reckon." Saying this, he took the hatchet from his customers hand, and walking to the door laid a cent on the stone:

"Stop! follow—you'll ruin me 'atchet."

He was not in time, however, the Yankee had already cut the cent on the doorstep in two parts, merely remarking that those determined to have a half cent ought to pay the expense of getting it.

Any one of no vast erudition will find a very instructive moral in the above, and for aught we know, the suggestion contained in it will be of great advantage to the Board of Currency.

**A LAWYER ON LAW.**—Counselor M., after some topic of conversation, he was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed—

"If any man was to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it; lest, in defending my coat, I should, too late, find that I was deprived of my waistcoat also."

**FAIR DEALING.**—Let ancient or modern history be produced to equal the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British Commodore. After the attack upon that place, which was repelled with so much spirit and success, the people were engaged in piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them, "We want balls, will you sell them?" The answer was, "we want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls."

**IN PHILADELPHIA.**—The other day, a gentleman observed a poor woman; of a very wretched appearance, looking wishfully at a basket of vegetables. He put an assortment into her apron, and asked the price of them.

The market woman who owned them replied, with a serious smile, you paid me when you gave them to that poor woman. It did my heart good, and I have yet plenty. A bystander observed, "That woman has a soul—yes, a soul to be saved."

**ARKANSAS INSECTS.**—The last Arkansas Traveller tells a story of a citizen of that State, who while on board a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman, whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended by much difficulty or expense. "Oh, yes, stranger! they suffer much from insects."

"Insects? Why, what kind of insects, pray?"

"Why, bears, catamounts, wolves and such like insects."

**A PARTING GIFT.**—What can I give you for a keepsake, my dearest John, sobbed a sentimental girl to her scapegrace lover, the Hon. Jack V., about to join his ship in warlike times. "Give me, my dearest angel, cried Jack in some confusion, them—why, why, you hav'n't such a thing as a five pound note about you, I suppose?"

**A PEX JUDICIAL.**—The answer of our Chancellor to the complaints of Mr. O'Driscoll's misconduct at Macroom was the subject of conversation a few days ago at the Reform Club. "How would you proceed," said a Whig member of the lower house to a northern Chancellor, "in such a case?" "Why," said Plain John, "I should just proceed to make room for a good magistrate."—*Dublin Monitor.*

**EDMUND BURKE'S** celebrated pun, making 'majesty' a 'jest,' by 'stripping it of its exterior,' is justly admired. Hood makes nearly as good a one in a similar manner. The same word, by the change of a single letter, gives the highest and lowest classes of society, viz: 'nobility' and 'mobility.' The letter 'a' is said to be more valuable than any other to a deaf woman because it makes 'hear'.