

# Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIVIER.

VOL. 1.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1854.

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## Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

### THE MARYA FAMILY.

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#### CHAPTER III.

There is a luxury in doing good—in conferring some real benefit on man, and thus blessing the world. Who will doubt, that a Howard, or Willerforce, in their self-denying efforts to alleviate the sorrows, and lessen the miseries of their fellow mortals, found flowing into their own breasts an incessant stream of enjoyment, full and delicious, and which they had not had dried up for a thousand lives.

The painter or sculptor may please the eye and charm the fancy, with the brilliant productions of their genius; and thus add to the stores of intellectual enjoyment; but the pleasure their efforts yield, either to themselves or others, must necessarily be imperfect, and short in duration.

It is only those who confer some actual benefit on man—who rectify the evils of his nature, or smooth his passage to the grave—have a real present as well as a future and abiding happiness.

So you would have thought, reader, had you been allowed to look into the little chamber of Prytheus, a few evenings after his conversation with Valens.

A number of his proscribed sect had come together, to solemnize the few simple rites of their faith, and to be instructed more fully in its mysteries.

The sage and saint-like old man is seated, and is leaning slightly forward—one hand clasping his knee, and the other half raised.—There is a slight tremulousness in his frame, and in the deep, solemn tones of his voice; arising, however, not so much from any bodily weakness, as the intensity of his emotions. Then his eyes are sparkling with an inner joyousness, while his countenance is lighted up with a more than earthly radiance; and his only loss is to find words to express the great and glorious thoughts which fill his soul.

Around him are seated a dozen or more individuals—some quite youthful, and others, like himself, beyond their three-score and ten. From the eyes of many the tears are falling fast, while all are gazing upon him with that marked stare which indicates a mind, at once filled with wonder and absorbed with interest.

But, then, there is something in all their looks—not excepting Prytheus himself—strange, and which an observer would have failed to notice on any former occasion of the kind. There is a palor on the countenance—an anxiety in the features, indicative of some fresh and overwhelming sorrow. Their city had been visited with an awful calamity. The flames had swept over it, and large districts of it lay in charred piles and smouldering masses; and while some present had been left without a shelter for themselves or families, they all share in the despair and consternation which had seized on all classes of her citizens.

Prytheus, rising from his seat, has taken from a sort of vault in the wall a well-used roll of parchment; and having resumed his seat, he is reading, in a clear, measured voice; the following words:

"To them who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality—eternal life."

Having twice read the passage, in the same tone of voice, he has replaced the roll in the vault, and is seated with his pale, anxious hearers around him, as stated.

"Immortality!" said he; "yes, and eternal life! What a glorious destiny for man! What a sublime faith!"

Here, however, he was interrupted by the involuntary exclamations of gratitude and praise which burst from the hearts and lips of those around him, and it was several minutes before sufficient quiet was restored to allow him to proceed. But, at length, he continued—expatiating full twenty minutes on the soul's immortality, in a strain of the most impassioned eloquence.

There was one, however, who all the time had remained in silence, seated in a remote corner of the apartment. His wild, staring eyes were riveted on Prytheus, and he seemed afraid to move, or even breathe. He was an old man, frail, and decrepit.

Prytheus did not fail to notice him, and the effect of his remarks upon him. He saw, in his fixed stare and breathless silence, that he was most deeply interested in what he had heard. Hence, turning himself partially round in his seat, he said:

"The future of the soul hath hitherto been a great mystery. The teachings of our poets and philosophers have been little else than dreamy speculations. If, at any time, they

ventured to suggest the possibility of the soul surviving the body—yet they were unable to give a satisfactory explanation of the mode or manner of its existence. A long and cheerless night of repose, where the soul, at most, could enjoy but the relish of a profound sleep, was the only advantage it was likely to gain."

"But our faith," he continued, "teaches us better. It assigns to the disembodied spirit a living, moving, conscious existence. It heals the blindness, and rectifies the mistakes of all by-gone ages. It evolves into light the soul's future; and discovers it in a measureless eternity, basking, and strengthening, and brightening in immortal youth and vigor."

"Blessed faith! transporting thought!" at last exclaimed the old man, no longer able to restrain his feelings; his words, at the same instant, being caught up, and repeated by several others.

That the soul's immortality, in connexion with a future state of happiness, should have produced such a transporting effect upon the old man, and indeed upon the masses generally, it is not to be wondered at. Very few, if any of them, had anything like accurate notions upon these wonders of revelation. On the contrary, the future loomed up before them in shadowy and ghostly silence; and whether the soul survived the body at all, or perished along with it—was a question even of doubt.

It is true, among the Romans as well as Greeks, the soul was believed to be immortal—that virtue would be rewarded and vice punished after death. But as to the mode of its existence, or in what its happiness or misery would consist, there was a general uncertainty, and many discordant opinions.

The popular, or general belief appears to have been, that the spirit, as soon as separated from the body, became a sort of ghost, with a thin misty form, shadowy limbs, and somewhat larger than life—that sometimes it continued to wander about on the earth, but more generally passed into a common receptacle in the interior of the globe, called Hades, or the world of shades, and there remained.

Any more correct and rational views appear to have been confined to their poets and philosophers, and the better and more learned classes. The masses held to the popular belief just stated; and there is every reason to apprehend, that a majority even of these, had scarce any ideas whatever upon the subject.—They sacrificed to their deities, and paid homage to their household gods, to propitiate present favors; but beyond death, they had none to expect—none to crave.

Hence the doctrine of a future state was as new, as it was novel and exciting. They were electrified by it into a new life, and rejoiced with exceeding joy; while they laid hold of it with the faith and earnestness of dying men.

"Of how little value, then," added Prytheus, "is the present life, except as a preparative to that to come? What are earth's treasures—her stores of wealth—her courtly titles—her deeds of arms and her victor's crowns? All bubbles indeed—to be left floating on the ocean of time, and perhaps to be remembered only with regret. But, behold before you—eternal life. Lay hold of that. Enter through faith in our Master's blood."

"Be that life mine!" again exclaimed the old man, the tears flowing down his furrowed cheeks.

"I perceive," said Prytheus, "thou art rightly exercised. He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into thy heart."

"Let me be one of thy society; let my name be enrolled among the Nazarenes," said the old man, meekly.

"And canst thou believe in our Lord and Master?"

"It is my desire—my prayer," said he.

"Who, then, can forbid water, that thou mayest be baptized," said Prytheus, casting his eyes inquiringly around him.

During this time a youth had quickly entered the apartment, and quietly seated himself not far from the old man. He had been noticed by Prytheus, when he entered, with evident satisfaction; and he had been directed to the seat he occupied, by a motion of his hand.

The eyes of all present, moreover, had been, more or less, fixed upon him. His youthful appearance—his beautiful form, and the deep interest he manifested in what was going on, had arrested their attention.

The youth has now risen to his feet. There is a breathless silence. His cheeks are slightly flushed with modest diffidence, and his eyes are set on the man of God.

"I wish to be baptized, too," said he; "I want to go to the happy land," saying which, he sat down, and wiped the tears from his eyes with his hand.

"My son," said Prytheus, scarcely able to refrain himself from tears, thy desire shall not be denied. I know thou art not a stranger to our faith and hopes; and, by the holy rite of baptism, thou shalt have a name in our master's kingdom."

In a few moments, he was standing by the side of the old man, and both were baptized in the name of the Trinity.

[To be Continued.]

## THE JOURNAL.



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1854.

As this is the last paper before the election, we are compelled to devote more space to politics than usual. After that event our readers shall have more than the usual variety. We will try to make the Journal one of the best country papers in the State.

### AMERICANS BEWARE!

Let every AMERICAN be on his guard against "last appeals" and other like documents, circulated by our adversaries on the eve of the election, when it is too late to reply to them. This is an old trick of the Locofocos, and let no Whig be deceived. Remember that throughout this whole contest not a single charge has been made against the marked ability, or the high character of Judge POLLOCK, who is an AMERICAN, pledged to support AMERICAN PRINCIPLES and AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS, and should therefore receive the support of every true AMERICAN CITIZEN.

### GO TO THE POLLS EARLY!

As this is the last paper many of our subscribers will see before the election, we would urge upon them the necessity of GOING EARLY TO THE POLLS. Vote yourself, and see that your neighbor does likewise. Remember that no effort will be spared, and no means will be left untried by the Democrats to carry the day. Be vigilant, and guard the BALLOT BOX with jealous care. See that no vote gets in, unless strictly authorized by law. Challenge every vote you have just cause to suspect, and see that all NATURALIZATION PAPERS are PROPERLY AUTHENTICATED. Fight every inch of ground, remembering that it is an AMERICAN STRUGGLE, and that the result will be hailed as an AMERICAN VICTORY, or an AMERICAN DEFEAT!

### BUCKLE ON YOUR ARMOUR!

AMERICANS AROUSE! The struggle is fast approaching, when your sacred cause is to achieve an unparalleled victory, or meet with a most disastrous defeat? Remember that BIGLER'S election is an AMERICAN OVERTHROW! That he stands as the candidate of the ANTI-AMERICAN PARTY. That he has truckled and traded for the ANTI-AMERICAN VOTE! And that he disregarded the POPULAR WILL, by appointing JAMES CAMPBELL to office, after he had been rejected by his OWN PARTY!

Rally then around POLLOCK, and the AMERICAN FLAG. Remember the he is the AMERICAN CANDIDATE, and that his OFFICIAL ACTS AND SPEECHES IN CONGRESS PROVE IT! He has not avowed American sentiments since the beginning of this contest to catch your votes. His public life, and the record of our country, shows that for the last ten years his sentiments have been the same. He is the AMERICAN STANDARD BEARER, the candidate of the AMERICAN PARTY, and he stands upon the broadest platform of AMERICAN PRINCIPLES! Come up, then, to the struggle, determined to succeed, and on next Tuesday Pennsylvania, in the language of Gen. Jackson, will be "AMERICANIZED."

The Philadelphia News asserts that the disorganization existing among the Whigs of Union county will lead to the election of a Democratic member of the Legislature! This is one of the strong Whig counties of the State!

The above we copy from the Bedford Gazette, whose editor has long since acquired for himself the unenviable reputation of being an unmitigated liar, which renders it unnecessary to say anything further, than that we never made any such assertions.—Daily News.

### A PROHIBITORY LAW.

Every voter this fall will deposit a ballot for or against a Prohibitory Law. The question will at length be decided by the people, whether our country shall be flooded with crimes, whether our prosperity shall be blighted, and the very pillars of our National edifice destroyed, by this hellish traffic, which is fast surrounding up with the darkness of an endless night!

Let every citizen pause and reflect upon the consequences to ensue from the vote he is about to deposit. And as he venerates the institution founded in the blood of his forefathers, as he desires to diminish the onerous burthen of taxation that now oppresses all classes of the community, as he hopes to preserve the liberty he now enjoys, and as he looks for happiness for this world as well as the next, let him exercise aright the power placed in his hands, and demand of the Legislature that something shall be done to stay the river of destruction sweeping broadcast over our land, and extending around as an atmosphere of devastation, ruin, and death!

As a patriot, vote to preserve the wealth, honor, and liberty of your country,—as a philanthropist, vote to advance that cause, which, like the good Samaritan, pours healing oil and balm into the bruises of the mind bowed down with the shackles of ignorance and crime, and, above all, as a PARENT, who ardently desires the best interest of his offspring, vote for that law which may prevent you from going down, heart broken, and mourning over the fate of your intemperate child, to the dark bosom of the tomb!

### DISORGANIZATION IN BERKS.

The following article from the Berks County Press, the regular Democratic organ of "Old Berks," for the last fifteen years, and which, we believe, has never before wavered in its support of the Democratic ticket, shows the state of feeling there to be anything but auspicious for Gov. Bigler. "The Democracy are rent and torn—dissension and disaffection prevail," in "Old Berks," which was never before known to falter.

The Saturday organ says, the Ticket meets with the undivided and entire approbation of the Democratic party! If that is not the declaration of desperation in despair, then "the signs of the times" mean just the opposite of their aspect? Unanimity in the Democratic party of Berks? The idea is purely preposterous! No, no, you of "the clique." On the contrary, the Democracy are rent and torn—dissension and disaffection prevail; and all because of the depraved, dishonest and over-reaching course of "the clique." "The hand writing is on the wall," the untrammelled and unbought portion, and we rejoice to know that they comprise a very large majority of the true democrats have resolved to "clean the Augean stable." It is useless for the demagogues to strive to believe otherwise. The flat—the People's flat has gone forth; and we advise all who wish to escape amingling with the wreck, to take heed while it is yet time.—Stand firm under!

### Contemptible Dodging.

Gov. Bigler, at a Democratic meeting in Montrose, speaking of the Nebraska Bill, said, "He did not intend to bear the responsibility, for this was the work of members of Congress." Do not intend to, eh? That is if you can help it, Gov. Bigler! But the people of Pennsylvania are disposed to hold you to account, for your acts of omission on this question if not for your acts of commission. If you had shown a commendable spirit of opposition to the measure, and by a straightforward message to the Legislature, urged them to enter their protest against it, the iniquity would not have been accomplished, or if it had, your skirts would be clear. But you dodged the responsibility then, and you are trying to dodge it now, by a miserable attempt to shuffle the responsibility. On this and the temperance question you are dodging to "carry water on both shoulders," and the people believing you to be a mere dodger, will shuffle you out of the Governor's chair on the second Tuesday of October.—Crawford Journal.

THE LAGER BEER BILL VETOED.—We learn from the Wilkesbarre "Record of the Times," that Gov. Bigler, in his recent speech at that place, came out boldly and said that the lager beer bill was not in his breeches pocket, but that he had already vetoed it.—This bill which Governor Bigler says he has vetoed, provided that lager beer sellers should obtain their licences from the Courts, in the same manner and under the same regulations that hotel keepers are obliged to do—that their petitions should be signed by twelve reputable citizens, certifying them (the lager beer sellers) to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that their establishments are necessary for the public accommodation.

### The Know Nothings.

This mysterious order seems destined to obtain great and enviable notoriety. The Washington Union, the retailer of all the small thunder of Pierce and Douglas, has devoted on an average for the last month two columns a day to the poor Know Nothings. Some of the articles have been as interesting as the advertisements which are generally found on the outside of that paper, always commencing as follows:

"In pursuance of law, I, Franklin Pierce, &c., do hereby declare that public sales will be held at the land office in Sagtown."

Taking their cue from this valuable paper, we have every day from the locofoco presses in Philadelphia, long and soporific treatises about these terrible proscribers, these assassins that stab in the dark, these blasphemers that carry a Bible in their hand and a revolver in their breeches pocket, that tear up their neighbors beans, and tangle their pumpkin vines, and play his satanic majesty generally and particularly "all about the town." These furious homilies are relished and served up to the readers of the country presses. Where do our cotemporaries get so many brilliant ideas in relation to their proceedings. Why does not our afflicted neighbor who complained so eloquently about their ravages a few days since, appeal to the police?

Now do tell us, are they really the dangerous fellows they are reported to be? Do they stab men in the dark and is there an article in their creed in favor of the destruction of garden "sass"? We esteem such proceedings entirely unconstitutional, and hereby protest against them in unapologetic terms. They are injuring the public morals by keeping men out late at night, and carrying open Bibles in their hands through our streets. All this is unconstitutional.

But we never have seen any body that knew anything about these dangerous fellows. We have gathered a few hints about them from the papers that pretend to tell their secrets. The above hints include all the information we have been able to collect. We often hear that they are nominating somebody for something or electing somebody, in a way that nobody knows anything about, but even these reports are so vague that it really would do to depend upon them.—Independent Press.

### Fruits of the Nebraska Bill.

When Mr. Douglas moved and Gen. Pierce seconded the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, all they intended to do was to commend themselves to the good graces of slavery, by extending its empire. But what they have actually brought about is a very different, and altogether unexpected state of things. Here is the record.

A Whig Senator from Maine.  
The overthrow of the President's best friends in his own State of New Hampshire.  
The conversion of the Administration party into an Anti-Administration Free Soil party in Vermont.

A Free Soil Whig Senator from Massachusetts.

The substitution of a Whig for a "Democratic" State Government in Rhode Island.

Two Whig Senators, a Whig Legislature and Whig State officers in Connecticut.

Annihilation of the President's party in New York.

Ditto in New Jersey.

The same in Pennsylvania.

Consolidation of a great Republican party opposed to the Administration in the previously "Democratic" State of Ohio.

A second edition of the same work in Michigan.

A third one in Indiana.

A fourth one in Wisconsin.

A choice between defeat and withdrawal of all the Douglas candidates in Douglas' own State of Illinois.

A Whig Legislature, Whig Congressmen, and two Whig Senators in the "Democratic" slaveholding State of Missouri.

And lastly, a Whig and Free Soil Governor, Legislature, Senator and Congressmen in Iowa, where the reign of "Democracy" has hitherto been unbroken.

Who will say, after this, that Douglas and Pierce have done nothing for their country?—Clinton Tribune.

JUDGE POLLOCK.—The tour of this distinguished gentleman in the border counties of this state has been eminently successful. At all the points designated for his meeting the assemblages have been unusually large, and composed of members of all parties, and he has been listened to with the most marked attention and with the most gratifying results. Judge Pollock, is, indeed, a speaker of very superior abilities. He has been thoroughly educated, and has all the finish which scholastic acquirement can bestow upon naturally fine powers of declamation. But his great merit lies in the thoroughness and earnestness with which he discusses the topics he presents, and the large amount of information he brings to bear upon them. His speech at Pottsburg, which we had the good fortune to hear, was most impressive. It was clear in its method; and, when the occasion admitted of it, it was marked by passage of great beauty and eloquence.—Phil. North American.

### The Administration and the Know Nothings.

Inspector, the Washington correspondent of the New York Courier, says:

A few days since, Thomas Borland, a clerk in the office of the Adjutant General, received notice of his dismissal from office, over the signature of the Hon. Jefferson Davis. Accompanying this notification was a letter from the Adjutant General, informing the clerk that it had been shown to the satisfaction of the Department that he belonged to a "Know Nothing" Association, and "had voted or attempted to vote for Mr. Towers, the candidate of that party for Mayor of Washington." Upon this allegation Mr. Borland, who is a son of the Minister to Central America, was dismissed from public service. His offence, it is thus officially admitted, was the exercise of his right of suffrage according to the dictates of his own judgment and conscience, and without previous consultation with his next official superior.

The case affords a further confirmation of the statement that the Administration has resolved to crush Know-Nothingism by a systematic course of official proscription. This young man was probably selected as a victim, because his punishment would afford a more striking admonition to those democrats in office who favor the schism. It is understood that there are considerable numbers of such in the Departments here, and in the New York, Philadelphia and Boston Custom Houses. Indeed, the names of some of the oldest and most faithful clerks of the Interior and Treasury Departments were on the list of reputed members of some division of the Order, published here a few days since. This is a hazardous experiment for the party in power. Know-Nothingism is simply an exaggerated sentiment of nationality; with the mass of our native born population it passes for a patriotic attachment to country. It must run its course, and if left entirely alone by the government, will probably end in some salutary reforms.—It cannot be suppressed by the denunciations of Executive organs, and will not quail before Executive frowns.

### Another New Political Party.

The New York Herald of Thursday last says, one of the most extraordinary movements of the politicians of this period occurred at Washington last evening. A mass meeting assembled, at which the Postmaster of Washington presided. The organization of the meeting proceeded with decorum. The platform was then announced. It is brief, occupying exactly fourteen lines of our paper.—We have seen such a direct and simple platform. The preamble contains two clauses: first, that the democratic party has ever striven to maintain the guarantees of the constitution; second, that a secret organization has sprung up to curtail the rights of adopted citizens. The resolution—there was but one—pledges the democratic party to wage unceasing war upon the Know Nothings; proposes a union with whigs and all others in forming a democratic association for that purpose; declares unlimited confidence in the wisdom of the President, and recommends the removal of all Know Nothings from office. The last clause we opine, is the most important in the eyes of the promoters of the meeting. On taking the question on the adoption of this remarkable platform the monosyllabic "No!" preponderated largely over the affirmative "Yes!" as we are informed by a disinterested spectator. But the President declared the platform adopted, and there it stands—under the telegraphic head—part of the political history of this republic. Just as this question was decided a horrible din arose. Mr. Florence, of Philadelphia, essayed to speak, but was obliged to surrender, and the meeting adjourned to Friday, when we shall probably hear of a more lively, uproarious and belligerent demonstration.

CENSUS STATISTICS.—According to the census of 1850, the population of the United States was over twenty-three millions, of which eighteen millions were native whites, over two millions were foreign born, thirty-nine thousand were of unknown nationalities, and three millions two hundred thousand were slaves.—From 1840 to 1850, 1,569,850 foreigners came to our shores. From 1820 to 1850 the average number was only 20,000 a year. From 1830 to 1846, about 70,000 a year. The Irish famine and the continental revolutions in 1847, increased the emigration to 240,000 in 1847, and to 300,000 in 1850. The total number of emigrants to the United States since 1790 and living in 1850, together with their descendants, amounted (when the census was taken), to 4,304,416. The emigration this year will probably reach 400,000 souls. What an immense depletion old Europe must undergo.

POST OFFICE DEPREDAATIONS.—The editor of the Trinity (La.) Advocate, who is himself a Postmaster, says that "post office and mail route robberies are becoming almost as common as Railroad collisions, murders or steam boat explosions."

At the late election in Portsmouth, Ohio for Justice of the Peace, the Know Nothing candidate was elected by a majority of 350. The successful candidate was a leading Democrat, and the township usually gave a Whig majority of from 70 to 80.