

# Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIVIER.

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[BY REQUEST.]  
**Is it Anybody's Business?**  
The members of the "Mind-your-own-business Society" propose for consideration the following

**QUERIES.**  
Is it anybody's business  
If a gentleman should choose  
To sit upon a lady,  
Or if he leaves the lady,  
Or, to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning all may know,  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady has a beau?  
Is it anybody's business  
When that gentleman does call,  
Or when he leaves the lady,  
Or if he leaves at all?  
Or is it necessary  
That the curtain should be drawn,  
To save from further trouble  
The outside lookers on?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the lady's, if her beau  
Rides out with other ladies,  
And doesn't let her know?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the gentleman's, if she  
Should accept another escort,  
Where he doesn't chance to be?  
If a person on the side-walk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it anybody's business  
Where that person means to call?  
Or, if you see a person  
As he's calling anywhere,  
Is it any of your business  
What his business may be there?  
The substance of our query,  
Simply stated, would be this—  
Is it anybody's business  
What another's business is?  
If it is, or if it isn't,  
We would really like to know,  
For we're certain if it isn't,  
There are some who make it so  
If it is, we'll join the rabble,  
And act the noble part  
Of the tattlers and defamers  
Who throng the public mart,  
But if not, we'll act the teacher,  
Until everybody learns  
It were better in the future  
To mind his own concerns.

## Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]  
**THE**  
**MARTYR FAMILY.**  
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CHAPTER V.  
[Continued from last week.]

Valencia was completely overpowered, and sat gazing in silent astonishment at the pale face, and wild, glaring eyes of her daughter. "Confound the man! What does he mean?" said Marcus to himself, as he slowly and thoughtfully found his way along the dark streets in the direction of the Tiber, his face swollen with surprise and chagrin. "He thinks, perhaps, I've not enough of noble blood in my veins. But am I not the son of as brave a general as ever commanded the armies of Rome, and on whose brow the Emperor's own hands, more than once, placed the victor's crown. And does not the son inherit the father's virtues? Stop—perhaps now I offend him with what I said about the Christians. But—he's no Christian himself, and must hate them as much as I do. And then, there is Valentinus and Vertitia—zealous worshippers of the Gods, and could see the cursed sect burnt to ashes. And they are a cursed sect, and by the Gods of Rome, this arm of Marcus' shall spend its strength in their annihilation," said he, giving the earth a stamp with his foot. Thus he continued, railing in his thoughts against the Christians, almost forgetting Valencia and his family, till he found himself at the door of his quarters. On the banks of the Tiber, at the distance of quarter-a-mile south of the Campus Martius, stood a low, rude building, a hundred or more feet in length. It was built substantially of unburnt brick, and was destitute of all architectural taste or ornament. Within, it was simply divided into small rooms or apartments, with thin partitions or walls of brick running cross-wise. This was the quarters of the inferior officers belonging to the Roman legion stationed within the walls of the City, and upon the steps in front of one of the doors of which, Marcus now stood, his brows knit, and his lips curled with indignation. Having abruptly entered, and closed the door, he threw himself upon an old oaken bench. After a time he became more composed, but not less indignant. "May be, Valencia is a Christian after all," he muttered to himself; "they're so secret in their meetings, and so reserved in everything, it's hard finding them out. But I'll find them out. And so much the better if he is. Revenge will be so much easier had; and revenge I will

have. Fool! he shall see that rank and blood aint going to shield him from the wrath of a Roman officer who feels himself slighted and insulted."

With feelings of revenge burning, Volcano-like, in his breast, Marcus sprung from his seat, and as though he had his victim already in his clutches, he began pacing his little apartment with a fiendish sort of delight, while the implements of a military life lay in profusion around him.

"But, Vertitia! gay and loving Vertitia!—Can Marcus prove thus recreant to thy plighted love? I know thy heart is mine, though a father's whims may deny me thy hand; and Marcus threw himself again on the old bench and burst into tears.

There is an affection so powerful, that it readily expels all others from the breast, and rules the minds of the sternest men with infinite ease. Though, when absent, the basest and most malignant passions may fill up and occupy its place, yet, soon as it returns, these intruders flee aghast, and resuming its seat in the heart it rules again the whole man with the same mysterious and potent influence as formerly. Its presence in the midst of the unruly passions of the mind, is like oil poured upon the turbulent waters of the deep. This is the affection of a pure and ardent love; and not even the rude, hardened soldier, or the stern commander of armies can resist its allaying, calming power.

So we see in the case of Marcus. The idol of his heart had been lost sight of in the tumultuous emotions that agitated his soul, but the moment it returned again to his view, he is subdued by its strange influence, and lies weeping like a child, ashamed, yea, even alarmed at his own cruel and perfidious thoughts.

"But," said he, again springing to his feet, "does not my honor as an officer in the army demand it?"

Just at this moment an intimate friend, and an officer of the same rank with himself, hurriedly entered. His face was red and glowing, and large drops of sweat were standing profusely on his forehead, while over his features played a secret, heart-felt delight.

"Come, come!" said he to Marcus, "come quickly."

"Why; what's the matter?"

"O, the best sport that's ever been seen in Rome."

"What! burning Christians?"

"Yes; and I have just been helping for an hour to pitch them into the flames. Only to see how they writhe and torture, and scream, and tumble about, and spring up and down, and some of them leaping clean out again! And then the fun of catching them, and pitching them back! O, it's worth all the gladiatorial shows and fights you ever seen."

For the life of him, Marcus could not help frowning, and casting a look of indignation at his friend. Much as he thought the cursed sect deserved death, yet he could not bear of such a wholesale destruction of life without the most painful feelings. Hence turning round and deliberately seating himself, he said:

"All burnt without ceremony, I reckon?"

"No, no!" said his friend, "the Emperor graciously condescends to give them a trial.—He is now in the Forum hearing their cases; and as soon as half-a-dozen or so are found guilty, they are handed over to his officers and guards, who drag them out, and pitch them into the flames."

"But come; make haste! It's grand sport, I assure you," said his friend, growing rather impatient.

"Rather monstrous sport," said Marcus, drily.

"But how does the Emperor find out that they are Christians," he inquired.

"Confess, or not confess; all the same thing," replied his friend.

In a few moments Marcus, having put on his officer's visor, and girt his short sword at his side, was hurrying up the banks of the Tiber with his eager and excited friend.

We shall not attempt at present to describe the monstrous spectacle which these young officers had gone to witness, and participate in. It must suffice to say, that in the great square in front of the Roman Forum, several large fires had been kindled, and were kept amply supplied with fuel by the Emperor's slaves.

Around these were congregated thousands of boisterous, drunken citizens, with hearts hardened into steel, and destitute of all the tender feelings of a common humanity.

Every few minutes a company of soldiers were seen forcing their way through the jeering, laughing crowd, dragging after them men and women of all ages, and with horrid oaths and curses, hurling them indiscriminately into the flames, while their fervent prayers and dying groans were drowned by the shouts of the rabble multitude.

That night about one hundred of God's people were consigned to the flames, and their bodies burnt to ashes; while their spirits, released from their frail tenements of clay, fled away to that bright world of which they had often dreamed, to be dressed in robes of white and to join with the souls under the Altar in the cry, "How long; O Lord, how long?"

But we must return again to Valencia and his family.

"Why! what's the matter here?" said Valencia, as he re-entered the hall, and observed Vertitia imploringly at her mother's feet.

"I guess she heard you say something to Marcus that has distressed her," said Valencia; at the same time turning away her head, she burst into tears.

"I have only," said Valencia, "exercised the rights and duties of a Roman parent and Christian man. I supposed I had been sufficiently explicit in stating my wishes a few evenings ago, and that I should not have been under the painful necessity of recurring to this matter again."

"I wish my daughter to rise," he added, "and listen to the counsels of a father who only consults her happiness and the safety of his family;" saying which he took Vertitia affectionately by the hand, and seated her at his side.

"I trust," said Valencia, after a few moments' silence, "my daughter sufficiently understands me in this affair. In a union so lasting and intimate as that which you now propose to yourself, there should be a perfect harmony of feeling, a oneness of sentiment as well as of heart, in every thing pertaining either to the present life or the life to come. Otherwise, such a union must necessarily be productive of discord and misery. A house divided against itself cannot stand, or be the abode of domestic joys. Now Marcus is a Pagan, and worships at the altars of her Gods; you, my daughter, if not now, I trust ere long, in answer to my own and your mother's prayers, will worship the God of heaven, and rejoice with us in the glory to come."

"Do you mean by that that I will become one of your faith—a Nazarene?" said Vertitia quickly.

"It's our heart's desire—our earnest, constant prayer," said Valencia, with deep emotion.

"Never! no, never!" exclaimed the indulgent Vertitia, looking indignantly at her father, "I'm of the same mind with Marcus, and I'll worship with him at the same altars; and if that's your reason for opposing my wishes, it's a needless one."

"My daughter will remember the respect due to a parent," said Valencia kindly, and yet in a tone of voice that conveyed a smart reproof.

"Well, it's just as I tell you; I'll never be a Christian."

"There is an invisible agent," said Valencia, "goes along with our faith, and subdues the will into a glad and cordial reception of it. It brooded over the chaotic masses of an unfinished world, and by its omnipotent touch formed them into order and beauty; so doth it come at its own pleasure, or at the request of importunate prayer, and renew the disordered elements of the soul, and spread over it the beauty and freshness of a new creation. In the readiness, and the irrestible, effectual working of this divine agency, is our hope."

"But if I am not willing; what then?" inquired Vertitia.

"Thou mayest be made willing," said Valencia.

Vertitia seemed greatly alarmed at this, and even terrified. Her feelings were all averse to the new faith, and the thought of a power that could subdue her into a willing reception of it, caused her to tremble. And then the known antipathy of Marcus to the Christians, in connection with her own fondness for the pleasures and gaieties of the world, had determined her to turn a deaf ear to all the counsels of her parents, and persevere that course of life which she had inconsiderately marked out for herself.

"But will not my daughter, in this affair, regard our personal safety. As I intimated before a danger threatens us, and in fact, is now upon us. I am a Christian, and your mother and sister are the same. Because of our faith we are vilified, proscribed, and charged with the most monstrous crimes; and even to-night hundreds are suffering death, ostensibly at least, for an act of which they are innocent before heaven. Should our faith be discovered, nothing can save us. Marcus might betray us; and shall Vertitia, by her persistence in this matter, be concerned in bringing upon us such a calamity?"

Valencia made these remarks in a moving, melting tone of voice, and with tears in his eyes.

Vertitia sat for some minutes in silence at his side, evidently in a great mental agony; when suddenly throwing her arms around his neck, she impressed a fond kiss upon his cheek and burst into tears.

They all wept. Nothing was heard for some time but their sobs and sighs. Valencia's eyes were up-turned to heaven at length, in earnest fervent supplication; while Vertitia's arms still continued to encircle his neck in their embrace.

[To be Continued.]

One way to get on is to put up your modesty and sell it to the lowest bidder. If no one will buy it, give it away,—send it as a gift to some asylum—do anything with it but keep it.

Whiskey drinking was never known to conduct wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character. Therefore, whiskey is a non-conductor and it is better to be poor than to be drunk.

### The Printer Boy and the Ambassador.

BY THE LATE GEORGE LIPPARD.

Genius in its glory—genius on its eagle wings—genius soaring away there in the clouds! This is a sight we often see!

But genius in its work shop—genius in its cell—genius digging away in the dark mines of poverty— toil in the brain and toil in the heart—this is an everyday fact, yet a sight we do not often see!

Let us for a moment look at the strange contrast between Intellect standing there, in the sunlight of Fame, with the shouts of millions ringing in its ears, the Intellect down there in cold and night, crouching in the work shop or in the garret, neglected, unpitied and alone!

Let us for a moment behold two pictures, illustrating *The Great Facts*—Intellect in its rage, and Intellect in its glory.

The first picture has not much in it to strike out fancy; here are no dim cathedral aisles, grand with fretted arch and towering pillars; here no scenes of nature in her sublimity, where deep lakes, bosomed in colossal cliffs, dawn on your eye—or yet, of nature's repose when quiet dells, musical with the lull of waterfalls, breaking through the purple twilight, steal gently in dream-glimpses upon your soul.

No! Here is but a picture of plain, rude toil—yes, hot, tired, dusty toil!

The morning sunshine is stealing thro' the dim panes of an old window; yes, stealing and struggling through those dim panes into the recesses of yonder room. It is a strange old room, the walls, cracked in an hundred places, are hung with cobwebs; the floors, dark as ink, are stained with dismal black blotches; and all around are scattered the evidences of some plain workman's craft—heaps of paper, little pieces of anatomy are scattered over the floor; and there in the light of the morning sun, beside that window, stands a young man of some twenty years—quite a boy—his coat thrown aside, his faded garments covered with patches, while his right hand grasps several of those small pieces of anatomy.

Why this is but a dull picture; a plain, sober everyday fact.

Yet look again on that boy standing there in the full light of the morning sun—there is meaning in that massive brow shaded by locks of dark brown hair; there is meaning in that full gray eye, now dilating as that young man stands there alone in the old room.

But what is this grim monster on which that young man leans? This thing of uncouth shape, built of massy iron, full of springs and screws, and bolts; tell us the name of this strange uncouth monster, on which that young man rests his hand?

Ah! that grim old monster is a terrible thing; a horrid phantom for disobedient priests or traitor kings! Yes, that uncouth shape, every now and then, speaks out words that shake the world—for it is a Printing Press!

And that young man standing there in a rude garb, with the warm sunshine streaming over his bold brow—that young man standing there alone—neglected—unknown—is a printer boy; yes, an earnest son of toil, thinking deep thoughts there in that old room, with its dusty floor, and cobweb-hung walls.

Those thoughts will one day shake the world!

Now let us look upon the other picture—Ah! here is a scene full of Light, and Music, and romance.

We stand in a magnificent garden, musical with waterfalls, and yonder, far thro' those arcades of towering trees, a massive palace breaks up into the deep azure of night.

Let us approach that palace, with its thousand windows flashing with lights—hark! how the music of a full band comes stealing along this garden; mingled with the hum of fountains—gathering in one burst up into the dark concave of heaven.

Let us enter this palace. Up wide stairways where heavy carpet give no echo to the footfall—up wide stairways—through long corridors, adorned with statues—into this splendid saloon.

Yes, a splendid saloon. Yon chandelier flinging a shower of light over this array of noble lords and beautiful women; on every side the flash of jewelry, the glitter of embroidery; the soft mile gleam of pearls, raising into light with the pulsation of fair bosoms—ah! this is indeed a most splendid scene.

And yonder—far through the crowd of nobility and beauty—yonder, under folds of purple tapestry, dotted with gold, stands the throne, and on that throne is the King.

That King, these courtiers, noble lords, and proud dames, are all awaiting a strange spectacle. The appearance of an Ambassador from an unknown Republic, far over the waters. They are all anxious to look upon this strange man, whose fame goes before him—Hark to those whispers; it is even said this strange Ambassador of an unknown Republic has called down the lightning from God's eternal sky.

No but this Ambassador will be something very uncouth, yet it must be plain he will try to veil his uncouthness in a splendid court dress.

The King, the courtiers are all on the tiptoe of expectation. Why does not this magician

from the new world, this chainer of thunder-bolts, appear?

Suddenly there is a murmur, the tinselled crowd part on either side—look!—he comes the Magician, the Ambassador.

He comes walking through that lane, whose walls are beautiful women. Is he decked out in a court dress? Is he abashed by the presence of the King?

Ah no! Look there, how the King stares in surprise, as that plain man comes forward.—That plain man with the bold brow, the curling locks behind his ears, and such odious home made blue stockings upon his limbs.

Look there, and in that Magician—that chainer of the lightnings—behold the Printer Boy, of the dusty room, stout hearted, true soled, common sense, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

And shall we leave these two pictures without looking at the deep moral they inculcate? Without the slightest disrespect to the professions called learned, I stand here to-night to confess that the great truth of Franklin's life is the sanctity of toil.

Yes, that your true noblemen of God's creation, is not your lawyer, digging away among musty parchments, not even your white cravatted divine—but this man clad in coarse garments of toil, comes out from the work shop, and stands with the noonday sun upon his brow, not ashamed to own himself a mechanic!

Ah! my friends, there is a world of meaning in those pictures. They speak to the heart of the universal man forever.

Here, the unknown Printer Boy standing at his labor neglected, unknown; clad in a patched garb, with the laborer's sweat upon his brow; there, the man whom nations are proud to claim as their own, standing as the Ambassador of a free people, standing as a prophet of the rights of man—unawed in the presence of Royalty and gold!

Benjamin Franklin, in his brown coat, blue stockings; mocking to shame the pomp of these courtiers—the glittering robes of yonder King.

### The Indian Story.

The rapid growth of northern Illinois commenced at the conclusion of the war of 1812. The log huts of the Indians suddenly disappeared, the smoke of the wigwags no longer ascended towards the heavens.

The rapid improvements commenced by the white man, had driven them into the prairies, and their wigwags were no longer pitched in the vicinity of the towns, except when they came to barter their furs for goods. The music of the saw, axe and hammer had driven the game far away.

The Indian's land east of the Mississippi had already been ceded to government by treaty, and the red men only dwell there, by the consent of government. When the Indians went away, I went with them. I took up my quarters at the head waters of the Wisconsin, at the junction of two important streams, tributaries to the great father of waters, and opened my store for trade.

After exposing my goods, in all their Indian varieties, for some days, without any success in selling, I became almost discouraged, and nearly concluded to give it up. The Indians would come into my store by dozens, and after examining my goods, go away without purchasing. They had plenty of shunah (money) and furs, but bought no goods, and the reason was a mystery to me.

At length the chief of the nation came in company with a crowd of Indians. He instantly exclaimed, "How do, Thomas? Come, show me nice goods. What do you ask for this? I'll take four yards of calico—three coon-skins for one yard—half a dollar exactly—by'm by, to-morrow, I'll pay you."

The next day he came, accompanied by his whole band. His blanket above his waist was stuffed with coon-skins. "American I will pay that bill now," said the Indian.

Suiting the action to the word, he began to pull the skins from his blanket, and counting out twelve, held the thirteenth in his hand, and finally laid it upon the rest, exclaiming, "That's it, exactly." I gave it back to him, telling him he owed but twelve, and the Great Spirit would not let me cheat him. We continued to pass it back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other.

At last he appeared satisfied, and gave me a scrutinizing look; then placing the skin within the folds of his blanket, he stepped to the door, and with a yell cried, "Come!—come in, all of you, and trade with the pale face—he's honest—he will not cheat the Indian, he believes in the Great Spirit—his heart is big, he is an honest trader!"

He then turned to me, and said, "If you had taken that one coon skin, I and my people would have driven you away like a dog; but now I have found that you are like the Indian's friend, and we shall be yours."

The Indians then began flocking into the store, and to trade, and before the sun had gone down, I was waist deep in furs, and had shun-ah in plenty. That one coon-skin saved me.

Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at 4 o'clock and quit at 7. Sure and wouldn't it be as well if I'd commence in the morning at 7 o'clock and leave off at 5 in the evening?"

THE LAST THEFT.—The most impudent and expert achievement in the art of thieving that we have lately heard of, was related to us a few days since as follows:

At a laborer's boarding house, where it is customary, in warm weather, for the men to leave their coats in the entry while at meals, a thief took it into his head to make an incursion one day while all hands were busy at dinner. Accordingly he reconnoitered the passage way, saw a good variety of coats and jackets, some new, some half worn, &c., all of which he gathered into his arms, and carelessly commenced making his exit. Just as he was about to cross the threshold, the man of the house, who was late to dinner, arrived at the door.

"What are you doing with these coats?" cried the landlord.

"I'm taking them to my shop, sir."

"And what for?"

"The gentlemen want to get em scoured, sir," replied the thief.

"O, then, if that's all," said the landlord, "I believe my coat wants scouring, and you may take it along too."

So saying he doffed his garment, handed it over to the thief and proceeded to his dinner. The surprise of the boarders, when they went to don their habiliments, and the confusion of the landlord in giving his statement, may well be imagined.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.—The Bohemians of the middling and the poorer classes have certainly less sincerity and straightforwardness than their neighbours. An anecdote is related illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians, compared with the simple honesty of the German, and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarian. During the late war, three soldiers, of each of these three nations, met in the parlor of a French inn, over the chimney piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone, the German said:

"That is a good watch; I wish I had bought it."

"I am sorry I did not take it" said the Hungarian.

"I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

A LESSON FOR THE GIRLS.—My pretty little dears—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more making puddings and less piano, more frankness and less mock-modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bounding lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady within in the drawing room.—Mrs. Ellis' Lectures.

A GREAT EATER.—When Prague was besieged by the Twedes, under Charles X., a very great glutton eat, in the presence of the king a hog alive!

General Konigsmark was also a spectator: this veteran officer told the king, the fellow was a sorcerer, and that it was by enchantment and description he appeared to eat what in fact, he did not. The operator being nettled at the general's incredulity, told the prince, that "if he would command his officer to take off his boots and spurs, he would eat him," which so terrified Konigsmark, that he retired with great precipitancy, choosing rather to put up with a little confusion, than be convinced, at so dear a price, of the goodness of this fellow's appetite.

Our Jim, of the Boston Post, perpetrated the following on the marriage of Thomas Hawk of Mansfield, to Miss Sarah J. Dove:

It is not often that you see  
So queer a kind of love;  
O what a Savage he must be  
To Tommy-Hawk a Dove.

A GOOD ONE.—"My dear, what shall we name our baby?" said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith the other day.

"Why huz, I've settled on Peter."

"Peter! Good Lord, I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could earn his salt."

"Well, then, we'll call him Salt Peter."

A person afflicted with stammering being advised to take starch, in order that he might be clearly understood, took it in such large quantities that he became so stiff he could neither get his hands into his pockets nor walk round a corner, and was obliged to have his back bone taken out, to enable him to get his boots off.

"My son," said an old lady, "how must Jonah have felt when the whale swallowed him?"

"A little down in the mouth, I suppose," was the young hopeful's reply.

The Boston Bee states that a few drops of peppermint, scattered upon the pillow will drive away mosquitoes.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose—in other words not the power to achieve,