

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME—DEUVIER.

VOL. 1.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1854.

NO. 19.

RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED BY
JES. JONES, Publisher.
Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1 00
If paid within the year 1 50
After the expiration of the year 2 00
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.
GENTLE BLUE-EYED HAIDEE.
BY J. L. CIST.

Way down in Sangamon county,
Where Sangamon river flows—
When summer comes in all her bounty,
Ripe with each fruit and flower that blows—
All up and down the wild, wild prairie,
Ten thousand blossoms scent the air,
Twas there I loved a charming fairy,
Herself the sweetest flower there,
Gentle blue-eyed Haidee,
Loved Nature's child—
No flower so sweet and fair you'll meet
In all the prairie wild.

Straight as an arrow, tall an slender,
All lithe and graceful was her form—
Meek as a child's her spirit tender,
Her soul with rich reflections warm—
Bright as an angel's wing her beauty,
"Fair as the round full moon her face,"
To her a pleasure seemed each duty,
And every motion was a grace.
Gentle, graceful Haidee,
Fair Nature's child:
No flower you'll meet that's half so sweet
In all the prairie wild.

Thus, through the summer brightly blooming,
Gladning the sunshine and the air,
How could I dream of frosts embowing
Her, sweet wild wood blossom fair?
But when the flowers sh'd loved and cherished,
Touched by chill autumn, drooped and died,
With their last fading bloom she perished,
And there I laid her by her side!
Loved and parted Haidee,
Dear Nature's child:
You'll never meet with a flower more sweet
In all the prairie wild.

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE

MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER VI.

Among the remains with which the site of ancient Rome abounds at the present day, not the least curious and exciting are the baring places of her dead. Hence, there are few strangers who do not find it convenient to spend at least a day among her tombs.

These are mostly found outside the walls, as few were allowed the honor of being buried within the city. Their tombs line the sides of the great roads beyond, thus greeting the stranger as he enters, or leaves this vast museum of departed magnificence and glory; and impress his mind, at once, with the mortality of man, and the vanity of earth.

The most celebrated of these are found along the Appian way—lying it, on either side, for a great distance. Here, the stranger is seen wandering along in thoughtful silence; or gazing, with a strange and melancholy interest, upon the decayed receptacles of the ashes of a once great and magnificent people.

As he passes along, his curiosity, perhaps, leads him to enter a labyrinth of winding passages cut out of the soft tuff rock. Following closely his guide, with a dim taper in his hand, he observes here and there a number of recesses, in which reposed the bodies of the dead. This is the tomb of the Scipios. It is now, however, tenantless—the bones and ashes of its illustrious sleepers having long since been dug up and removed.

Emerging from this, the stranger passes family vaults, insular tombs, strange looking circular towers, and decayed masses of brick-work, till, at length, he arrives at the Church of St. Sebastian.

Here, perhaps guided by an old monk, carrying a tall wax candle in his hand, he descends a long flight of steps, leading abruptly into the bowels of the earth. His heart beats and his limbs tremble as he slowly and cautiously finds his way, from step to step. At length he finds himself at the foot of the rude earthen stair-way, many feet under ground.

Here pausing, and casting his eyes around him, he sees a series of dark, winding passages cut horizontally in the rock, branching and running off in all directions, and just high and wide enough to admit the passage of the body.

These are the Catacombs. When, or for what purpose, these immense subterranean excavations were made is uncertain. It is well known, however, that they were used by the early Christians, in times of persecution, for the purpose of solemnizing the rites of their religion, and also as a place for depositing the dead bodies or ashes of their martyred brethren.

It is credibly stated that their altars remain to this day, and that the rough, rocky walls around and above are still black with the smoke of their lamps, while in the recesses of the walls have been found the remains of one hundred and eighty thousand martyrs.

Their extent, says a recent tourist, almost exceeds belief. One is said to extend as far as Ostia, a distance of sixteen miles; and the circuit of the whole to exceed sixty miles.

Many an adventurous stranger, moreover, has entered them, but never found his way out again; and hence, to prevent the recurrence of such calamities, most of the passages have been blocked up, a few only of the more direct and accessible being left open.

This brief sketch of these gloomy subterranean caverns was necessary to our narrative; and the reader must now go back, in imagination, to the period when they were used by the Christians for the purposes stated.

Half a mile from the city on the Appian way, stood an old temple, which, for several centuries, had been dedicated to the manes of the dead. At the time, however, to which we refer, its roof had fallen in, and nothing remained but its decayed and gloomy walls. All around and over these grew thick clusters of wild ivy and vines; and a few old cypress trees stood close by, concealing it almost from view, and casting over the ruins a peculiar dreary and sombre shade.

It was in fact one of those places which few felt inclined to visit, and which the benighted traveler hurried by with a quick and trembling step. Indeed, the superstitions and timid minds of the old Roman matrons had connected with it many a frightful ghost-story, which, to say the least, had long served to protect it from the intrusion of even the most resolute and daring. Besides, in one corner of the interior there was said to be a small hole or entrance, which led down to the regions of the dead, and that their thin, misty forms could be seen passing in and out, at all hours—a sight, however, which, few it seems, had the hardihood even to covet, much less witness.

It is now dark. The citizens have gathered themselves within the walls. Thousands are seated in groups along the banks of the Tiber, looking madly at the yellow waters reflecting the dim star-light; while others, with looks little less angry and despairing, have entered their flimsy tents which had begun to spring up here and there thro' the burnt, black districts.

Now and then, however, a solitary individual or two, passing through the gate, might have been observed hurrying along the Appian way in the darkness. Their dress is slightly disguised; and their short, quick step, and their eyes glancing to the right and left, indicate that their minds are not entirely clear from anxiety and fear.

Arriving opposite the old dilapidated temple, they suddenly direct their course towards it; and pushing the entangled vines aside, and clambering over piles of rubbish, one after another, they quickly disappeared.

These are the poor, persecuted Christians entering the Catacombs, to enjoy the rites of their religion, at the peril of their lives.

At the bottom of the long, rocky stair-way, a guide or sentinel is stationed. He holds in his hand a lantern, and as his brethren descend, and the sound of their feet is heard, feeling their way, cautiously from step to step, he greets them as soon as possible with his pale light.

"This way," says the guide, in a low, hurried voice; and entering one of the dark tortuous passages, he conducts them to the place selected for solemnizing the rites of their faith.

This is a recess or widening in the passage, some ten or twelve feet in diameter, and capable of containing a number of persons in either a sitting or standing posture. For what purpose it was originally designed no one knows, and to divine an end would only be to throw around the whole subject of these wonderful excavations a greater mystery.

In one corner of the cavern in question lay a mass of rock, tolerably square, and about four feet in height. It was easy to see that it had fallen from the rough, craggy ceiling—possibly dislocated by some great convulsion of nature.

This answered very well for an altar. And indeed who will say that a forecast of providence had not provided it for this very end. That mysterious and incomprehensible Being, before whose fixed gaze all time, past, present and to come, is concentrated in one single, glowing point, here had in readiness a place, with its altar dedicated by his own all-pervading breath; and where his wronged and afflicted children might, in after ages, enjoy their simple and unostentatious rites, unseen by the eye of mortal, and free from the molestations of their enemies. At least, for this end it was used, and the emblems of a mighty faith were dispensed from its unchiseled surface.

In a niche directly behind it, stood an old lamp, casting a dim light over it, and upon the surrounding walls—imparting, however, to the cavern a strange, spectral gloominess.

Upon it stood a small earthen goblet of wine, and by it lay a few pieces of unleavened bread, wrapped in a clean, white linen napkin. Along side of these lay a soiled parchment, containing a portion of the records of a faith, destined, in the providence of God, to go forth from these dark, gloomy caverns, and encompass the length and breadth of the whole earth.

At the side of the altar stood an old man, at present, who had passed his three-score and ten. His venerable form, inclining forward, was stooping over it, and his down-cast eyes, were gazing thoughtfully, while he has just stretched forth his long, bony, trembling hand, and is unrolling the linen napkin.

Around him are some two or three dozen of Christians, of both sexes. Some are standing,

while others are seated on the hard, earthen floor, or on some projecting crag of rock. Their countenances are glistening with a strange, unearthly whiteness, while their features are marked by the lines of a deep, anxious sorrow. And yet there is not wanting in their looks the evidences of an inner joyousness, and the workings of a resolute and uncompromising faith.

Nor is it at all to be wondered at, that amid these blending emotions, there should be, so strangely visibly, the lines of a deep, natural sorrow. In the mysteries of providence, they had been, in common with others, brought to mourn over a great national calamity; and in their own case, as a helpless and inoffensive religious sect, to lament an act of the most perfidious injustice, and the most barbarous cruelty. And though their faith had taught them to expect and endure the vilest wrongs, yet, as citizens of Rome, they could not but greatly bewail the degeneracy of the times, and the loss of that ancient virtue which had imparted such a lustre to the Roman name.

Then, too, the hundreds of their brethren who had already fallen victims, and whose ashes lay in piles in front of the Forum, had rushed with a loud, horrible appeal to their hearts, "be ye also ready." The great cry had not been unheeded. The last few days and nights had been spent in constant prayer and watching. And they had been weighing themselves in the scales of eternal justice; and they had talked together of the glory to come—of the bright crowns, and the white robes, and the golden harps, and the new songs—till, even in this gloomy cavern, in many of their looks, and in the bright, lustrous, swimming of their eyes, there was that mysteriousness which marks a soul about to throw aside its earthly fetters, and bound away into the unfathomable depths of the skies.

And to-night, at the imminent peril of their lives, they had come hither, to commemorate the death of their Master, in the emblems of his broken body and shed blood, to add vigor to their faith, quickening to their souls, strength to overcome the world, and a readiness to enter the gates of glory through the lighted fires of martyrdom.

It was a sublime sight, worthy indeed the noblest efforts of the painter or sculptor—were it possible to portray on canvass, or chisel in marble, this subterranean group, as, standing around the gloomy walls of the cavern, they received from the hand of the old man the emblems of their faith.

Reader, this old man was Pryntheus; and the old lamp in the niche is the same that burned dimly, many a long night in the little chamber within the walls of the city. Hither it has been transferred, with its sainted owner, to perform its mission in this gloomy and lonely cavern.

As stated, Pryntheus is unrolling the linen napkin; and now he has just taken up a piece of the unleavened bread in his hand.

"Receive this emblem of your Master's body," said he, raising his eyes, and casting an earnest, benevolent look on those around him.

One after another, they came devoutly to the altar and received the bread from his hand.

"Receive this emblem of your Master's blood," he again said, after a few minutes' silence; when, coming forward in like-manner, they each took a sup of the wine from the earthen goblet.

Having resumed their former places, there was a long, profound silence. Pryntheus, kneeling at the side of the stone altar, has his hands clasped and resting upon it, while his eyes are raised to heaven, and his soul is going forth in the silent, earnest breathings of prayer. The rest, some seated and others reclining against the walls, are similarly engaged. The thoughts of all are upon the great atoning sacrifice of the cross, and its blood-giving blessings; and as the cross with its priceless victim rises to their view, and as the agony, and groans, and bloody sweat is recalled to their minds, each one feels an unearthly life thrill through his soul, and a readiness to suffer the loss of all things, that they may share in their Master's glory.

At length one of their number, a female, rose to her feet, and in a calm, resigned voice, said: "I rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer for the sake of him who suffered and died for me, though my sorrows are almost beyond the endurance of a mother's heart," saying which she leaned her head against the rude wall, and burst into tears.

"Thou dost not well to conceal the sorrows of thy soul," said Pryntheus, having rose up quickly from his knees.

"Ah!" said she, "the hearts of many mothers in Rome, weep, and bleed as mine own—weep, and yet rejoice."

"Conceal not thy sorrow, woman," said Pryntheus, let us enjoy at least the pleasure of sympathizing with a Christian mother, as I know thou art."

"Ah! yes," said she, "I was a mother once, and my children rejoiced and were happy around me. I was the happy wife, too, of a fond, loving, devoted husband. Six years we lived together in our own sweet, cheerful home, in the greatest earthly bliss, loving and being loved, and cheered by the smiles and prattlings of our four little ones. The last two years especially, were of the sweetest earthly enjoyment; for both myself and husband were Christians, and our joys were mutual, and our

hopes of the coming glory the same. But now I am left all alone in the world, to weep, lament, and die—"

Here her utterance became choked, and she was unable for a few moments, to proceed.

In the meantime, the eyes of all present had become fixed upon her, with an intense, anxious interest, while their sympathy had already begun to manifest itself in a profusion of tears.

At length, suppressing her emotions as well as she could, she continued: "when the flames reached our dwelling, we were all in a sound sleep, my husband in bed by my side, and my babe nestling on my bosom. Our other children were asleep in a small, adjoining room. Their screams awakened us. My poor, dear husband rushed to their assistance, and I saw him no more. I fled into the street, with my babe in my arms, but the thought of my husband and children caused me to enter again in search of them, with my child still in my arms. I knew not what I did, or how I escaped from the flames, but I found myself a few hours after in the house of a Christian friend—my all gone! yes, my all—my husband, my children—even my sweet, dear little babe!"

Again her voice was hushed in the intensity of her grief. Indeed scarcely could it have been heard because of the weeping of those around her. Even Pryntheus found it impossible to restrain his feelings, and he wept sore for several minutes.

"Woman, thou hast indeed suffered the loss of all things; but thou shalt have a hundred fold in the life to come," said Pryntheus.

"Oh! is our separation forever, or shall I see those dear, loved faces again?" eagerly inquired the mother.

"Thou shalt see them again, woman, in un fading youth and beauty; even thy little babe thou shalt nestle again on thy bosom," said Pryntheus.

"O! may it be soon—very soon," said she, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Just at this moment a faint echo was heard proceeding from the mouth of the dark, tortuous passage which led to the cavern.

Instantly, they were on their feet, pale, and trembling with fear, supposing that the place of their retreat had been discovered, and that their enemies were upon them.

Again, the same echo came from the mouth of the passage, strange, and faint as before.

"May be they're brethren," said Pryntheus. The guide, at this suggestion, snatching up his lantern, entered the dark passage with a firm, unhesitating step, and in a few moments was out of sight.

Not a word was spoken. All was still and silent as the grave. It was a fearful moment—a moment of awful suspense.

At length, however, low, suppressed voices were heard issuing from the passage, gradually becoming more and more audible, till, in a few moments, the light of the lantern in the hands of the guide, was seen reflected on the rocky sides a few yards only from its entrance.

Presently, he enters the cavern, followed by two men, who were instantly recognized by Pryntheus and all present, as bold and fearless followers of Christ.

They were carrying between them a large, earthen Urn, which they set down at the side of the altar.

"For what purpose is this?" inquired Pryntheus, laying his trembling hand upon it.

"This Urn contains the ashes of our martyred brethren," said the man.

"Thou hast well done," said Pryntheus, "even the ashes of the Saints are precious in the Master's eyes, and should be preserved with pious care."

"They shall not be lost," said a man of noble bearing, on whose arm leaned a female, both in disguise, yet known to the holy man.

"No! not a particle! not even the smallest atom!" said Pryntheus, raising his eyes, and casting an earnest thoughtful look around him.

"Forth from this frail, earthen Urn, in the last, great day, at the voice of the Arch angel and the sound of the last trumpet, these bodies, now reduced to a black unseemly lump of ashes, will spring again into activity and life, renewed, spiritualized, incorruptible and immortal; and re-possessed again by the Sainted spirit, pass away into the heavens, there, sharing in the joys and participation in the last, long, glorious triumphs of our faith."

"What a mystery! what a mystery!" said a dozen or more voices at once.

"Yes! profound mystery to reason and science, but clearly, glowingly revealed in the records of our faith," said Pryntheus, at the same time taking up the soiled parchment in his hand, and reading as follows:

"Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality," and rolling up the parchment again, he laid it on the altar.

"Peace; peace!" was the only response from those around him.

"Yes; peace be to their ashes," said he, when, assisted by one of the men, he deposited the Urn, with its precious contents, in a small recess in the rocky walls of the cavern; and turning round, he gave them all his parting, closing blessing.

[To be Continued.]

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold barthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moon and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life-path may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single, lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unspitting world pass you with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would exort the last farthing, till you well-nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit, which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

Poor Richard.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes borrowing goes a sorrowing, as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises, and says:

"Pride of dress is sure a very curse. Ere fabric you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more."

But little boats should keep near shore." It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy." And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him, you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuse, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "lying rides upon debt's back; whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.'—Dr. Franklin.

STRAWBERRIES AND GIRLS.—At a debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject was, which is the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry? After continuing the argument for two nights, the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old members going for the strawberries, and the young ones for the girls.

What kin is that which all Yankees love to recognize, and which has always sweet associations connected with it? Why a pumpkin, to be sure.

Not Gen.ry.—A correspondent of the Democratic Courier, from Cincinnati, tells a story of a fellow who was found in the gutter drunk, and taken before the Mayor, when the following dialogue took place:

"David," said his honor, as soon as he laid his eyes on Mr. Jones, "are you here again? Did you not promise me last week that you would not get drunk again if I would let you off?"

"Keep cool, your honor," replied Dave with brazen impudence, "keep cool—and that's what I have been trying to do."

"But you are charged with being beastly drunk, and lying in the gutter."

"Drunk—nor guilty. Lying in the gutter—guilty."

"What were you lying in the gutter for if you were not drunk?"

"You see, your honor," replied Dave, with the air of a lawyer, "was monstrous hot last night—hot as h—l; couldn't sleep—drank three glasses of lemonade and a gallon and a half of pump water—hot yet—jumped into the river—felt nice—but couldn't sleep—then your honor, I came out again—drank another gallon of pump water; pumped a gutter full—laid down in it—felt comfortable—went to sleep—dreamed I was rich, riding in a coach an four 'round the north pole—woke up, found in the 'wretch house—trying to keep cool, that's all."

His honor was somewhat amused at Davy's coolness in making up such a cool lie and let him slide.

A lawyer of Poughkeepsie was applied to during his lifetime, by an indigent neighbor, for his opinion on a question of law in which the interest of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer gave his advice and charged the poor fellow three dollars for it.

"There is the money," said the client, "it is all I have in the world, and my family has been a long time without pork."

"Thank God!" replied the lawyer, "my wife never knew the want of pork since we were married."

"Nor never will," the countryman rejoined, so long as she has such a great hog as you."

The lawyer was so pleased with the smartness of his repartee that he forgave the poor fellow and returned the money.

We believe all but the last part.

THAVING THICKTENTH.—Did you go to Dr.—to have him cure you of lispin'?" said a gentleman in Louisville to a little boy who had been tongue-tied.

"Yeth thir," answered the lad.

"What did he do to you?"

"He cut a little thing there wath under my tongue."

"Did he cure you?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Why, you are lispin' now."

"Am I, thir? Well, I don't perthieve that I lispth, except when I thay thicktenth! Then I alwayth notithe it."

Happy lad! "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

OPPOSITE.—A good wife should be like three things which three things she should not be like:

First—She should be like a snail, to keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail to carry all she has on her back.

Secondly—She should be like an echo, to speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.

Thirdly—She should be like a town clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

"Zeb," said a chap to his chum the other day, "it seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Togger's last night."

"No," was the reply; "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go."

"A hint, Zeb; what sort of a hint?"

"Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

QUITE UNAMIOUS.—A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—

"Are you willing to go my friend?"

"Oh yes," said the sick man.

"I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

RESULT OF FASHION.—We noticed a beautiful poodle dog trotting along our streets yesterday, who had been completely shaven, except two graceful tufts descending from either side of the upper jaw, forming as complete a moustache as the most exquisite could sigh for. The little creature seemed to realize his importance.

"Do you retail things here," asked a green looking specimen of humanity as he poked his head into a store on Main street the other day.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well, I wish you would re-tail my dog—he had it bit off about a week ago."

To remove Ink from Linen.—Jerk a printer out of his shirt.