

# Raftsmann's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIVIER.

VOL. 1.

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## Poetry.

### THE HOLY NIGHTS.

Some say that 'gainst the time that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
The spirits of the dead are wak'd to sing.  
The nights are wholier than no planets strike,  
No fairy takes or wileth power to charm—  
So hollowed and so gracious is the time.—HAWK.

Hushed be the voice of misgivings,  
And stilled be the plaintive tones of care,  
That free too many a heart recess.

Go forth to float on the midnight air;  
It is no time for the wild excess.

No time for the loose unbridles reign  
That passion gives to her votaries.

When they sever away the golden chain.

Stilled on the ears of the seraph choir  
Let the lingering hymns of the season go  
As they sweep their hands o'er the golden wire.

To the anthem of love and peace below;

And let us keep in a holy mood.

The coming hours of that sacred time  
When the word went forth for the hush of blood

And the passing knell for the soul of crime!

When the hosts of the upper region stirred  
That another star came forth to shine,

And the rush of an angel's wing was heard  
O'er the moonlit plains of Palestine.

And a softer hush o'er the earth was hung  
And the pale stars waked no longer dim,

And forth on a thousand harps entwined

The singing notes of the angels' hymn.

The same bright stars that then looked down  
On a guardian watch o'er hill and plain,

Unfolded gently in the crystal firmament.

Glistened on in the blue canopy.

And the solemn awe that crept them round

As they watched their decks that holy time

An awe with no to-night has found.

In the new-born light of another clime.

It has been fast this many a year.

The sacred spell of the season's death,

And brighter glow of the starry sphere.

As it came that time with the angel's breath,

For brighter yet the stars gleam out.

As the noisome vapors shrink away

From the open glade that I hush about.

Darkened and deep this many a day.

Lid low the spirit-breathing some.

Upon our ears from the voice sublimes

Of him who ruled in the spirits' home.

Who wrote and sang for the end of time!

Mark how he tells when the time is near,

The bird of the dawn sings all night long

And the fairy legions disappear.

Whence he comes abroad with his matin song.

No spirit forth, nor the rank compound

That glows with the witches' midnight toil,

No face of the fiendish regard

With the scowl of the Pandorid hell.

No phoebe still the warm hearted blood

With the mockery of a demon fire,

No rapt cell with a sickly slant

The moss-grown top of the old church spire,

For he who stood in that dreadful watch

On the way marked of sinners

Told how he went from their royal seat

And their reign at the Christmas time was o'er;

We tell it now, as he left it then,

That the sky is full of holiness.

The passing hours of that sacred time

When the word went forth for the hush of blood

And the passing knell for the soul of crime!

### Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE

### MARTYR FAMILY.

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#### CHAPTER XII.

As the Emperor left the Forum, Fiducia, throwing her veil hastily over her face, had sat down on the marble block. She had heard her sentence without the least apparent trepidation, and sat motionless as the block underneath her.

And yet was ever a helpless and unprotected female seen occupying a situation more truly affecting, or more trying to all the feelings of nature? What else than the arm of omnipotence could possibly have sustained her in it?

And then as the soldiers led her from the hall of the court, the crowd of spectators followed rudely after. They conducted themselves, however, with as much decorum as could possibly have been expected. Only one of them, thrusting himself forward, caught her veil and partly tore it from her face, but for which he paid dearly by receiving a severe cut in the hand from a dexterously wielded sword. Indeed there seemed a disposition on the part of the crowd, for some cause or other, to protect rather than insult this victim of merciless tyranny.

Valens, at first, threw himself carelessly into the midst of the crowd, and made himself as much as possible one of them. He even seemed to take a mirthful part in the scene, or, at least, to be in nowise moved or affected by it.

As soon as they had passed out of the door, however, and entered the great square, the soldiers as well as rabble became more mischievous and noisy, and less attentive to the person in charge. Several of the soldiers separated from her, and mingled with the crowd, leaving such as choose to occupy their places.

This was Valens' opportunity. Pressing forward, with an anxious, bleeding heart, he succeeded in getting a place quite at her side.

At length, stooping forward, he said, in a low whisper:

"My daughter."

"Father!" said she, in a low, melting voice, as she cast her eyes up in his face from under her veil.

"God bless you, my child!" said he, in a stifled voice.

"I rejoice! I'm happy,—only one request."

"Speak—quickly."

"That my child be brought on to-morrow, that I may see its sweet, dear face once more;—see it from the flames!" said she.

"Thou shalt see it. God bless thee, my daughter—farewell—we'll meet again."

This conversation, no one had either heard or noticed, and, in a moment, Valens was lost in the crowd.

On the opposite side of the square, there was a low, black building, built of rough, unheven stone, and destitute of all architectural taste or ornament. It had no windows in front, and but a single door or entrance, of a low circular shape, and which opened into a dark, narrow, vaulted passage.

As the soldiers approached, the circular door was suddenly thrown open from within, and a fierce, savage looking monster, with a pale blue light in his hand, stood in the vaulted passage. Seizing Fiducia roughly by the hand, he dragged her hastily along it, the soldiers following closely after.

The passage abruptly terminated in a flight of black damp stone steps, leading into an under-ground apartment, consisting of rows of cells or dungeons, dismal and filthy beyond conception.

Into one of these Fiducia was thrown, and secured around the body by a fastning on the wall, there to await.—Ghosts who can tell with what emotions,—the fatal hour.

Who, however, will say that a radiant glory did not fill the doomed one's cell,—that the weary head of the poor captive did not that night rest on the soft, warm bosom of some angel visitor; or that, had some midnight ear bent at the barred, massive door, the sweet praises of God had not been heard sung in glad, joyful strains?

Fiducia had remained lingering outside till the soldiers returned, and he saw the inmates secure, and the crowd dispersed. Then, with a quick step and a sad, sorrowful heart, he turned in the direction of his home.

It is hardly necessary to say, that his family had been waiting his return with the utmost anxiety. Since he left, Valencia had been in her private apartment, while Valdinus and Vertilia were in the hall, in the greatest possible distress.

Of course, he had periled his life, and ten chances to one would fall into the hands of his enemies. Hence his return was awaited with an intense, breathless interest, especially by his poor, dear wife, who, as we have said, was all the while in her chamber,—now on her knees in prayer, and now pacing the floor in a state of mind almost bordering on distraction. But if he succeeded in the object of his perilous adventure, and could only bring back with him any tidings of the "lost one," good or evil, it would be some consolation. So thought the distracted mother—so thought the sorrowing brother and sister.

"There! there!" exclaimed Vertilia, springing from her seat; "there's his father," as the sound of footsteps was heard at the door.

Instantly it opened, and Valens entered, with a strange pallor spread over his manly features, and an evident struggle to conceal his emotions.

Valencia, hearing the door open, had rushed from her chamber, and, almost frantic, threw her arms around his neck, while Valdinus and Vertilia, standing before him, gazed into his face with inquiring, sorrowful looks.

"Fiducia! Fiducia!" exclaimed Valencia, wildly, and scarce knowing what she said.

"Heaven is merciful," said Valens, bursting into tears.

"Quickly! O, tell me, quickly!" again exclaimed the impatient, almost demented mother.

"God be praised! saw her—talked with her—but his choking grief would allow him to say no more.

"She yet lives then?" said Valencia, more calmly.

"To-morrow at ten o'clock she will cease from all her earthly sorrows, and rest in Jesus' arms," said Valens, with a brightened countenance.

"Oh! my daughter!—my dearest Fiducia!" sobbed Valencia, her head reclining on the shoulder of her husband.

In the Forum did mine eyes see her,—saw her receive her sentence without a murmur or a tear. God be praised for such a child," said he with a look of resignation.

"Where, to-night?" said Vertilia, whose eyes all the while had been fixed on her father, with a strange wildness.

"In the old Tower. Oh, God have mercy!" said Valens, again bursting into tears.

"Then I shall see my poor, dear sister no more!" said she, turning away in an agony of grief.

Damphool took courage, and sung out for his father to come and talk to him—(when the old gentleman was alive he was one of them)—on demand, the father came—interesting conversation—old man in trouble—lost all his money betting on a horse race, and had just pawned his coat and a spare shirt to set him up in business again, as a pop-corn merchant.—Damphool sat down exhausted, and borrowed the brandy bottle.) Disconsolate widow gets a communication from her husband that he is a great deal happier now than formerly—don't want to come back to her—no thank you—would rather not. Old maid inquires if husbands are plenty—to her great joy is informed the prospect is good. Little boy asks if when he gets into the other world he can have a long tailed coat—mother tells him to shut up—small boy whispers, and says that he has always wore a short jacket, and he expects when he gets to Heaven he'll be a booted Angel.

Damphool's attention to the bottle has reassured his spirits, (he easily effected by brandy—one glass made him want to treat all his friends—when he has two bumpers in him he becomes a deal of real estate and glass.) No. 3 makes him rich enough to buy the Custom House, and he now ventures another inquiry of his relative, who slaps him up, by telling him as

To be continued.

### Miscellaneous.

DOESTICKS SEE THE SPIRIT RAPPERS.

Being satisfied with the ordinary common place things of every day life, and having heard a great deal about the mysterious communications telegraphed to this our ignorant sphere by wise and benignant spirits of bliss, through the dignified medium of old chairs, washstands and card-tables, we three (who met again) determined to put ourselves in communication with the next world, to find out, if possible, our chances of a favorable reception when business or pleasure calls us in that direction. Up Broadway till we came to an illuminated three cornered transparency, (which made Bull Dogge smack his lips and say "oysters") which informed us that within, a large assortment of spirits were constantly in attendance, ready to answer inquiries, or to run on errands in the spirit world and bring the ghost of anybody's defunct relations that classic spot for controversial purposes, all for the moderate charge of twenty-five cents. (Damphool, who had been there before,) said that those "delicate Angels" were the spirits of departed newsboys who had been thrown out of their legitimate business, and strive to get an honest living by doing these eighteen-penny jobs. Entered the room with becoming gravity and becoming awe. Two old foosies in white neck cloths, and no collars, a returned Californian in an Indian blanket, two peaked-nosed old maids, a good-looking widow, with a little boy, our own trio, and the "medium," composed the whole of the assembled multitude. The "medium," aforesaid was a vinegar complexioned woman, very ruby nose, mouth the exact shape of the sound hole to a violin, who wore green spectacles and petticoat of equivocal purity.

The furniture consisted of several chairs, no carpet, a small stand a large dining table, and, in one corner of the room a bedstead, wash stand, and a bookcase, with writing desk on top. After some remarks by the medium, we formed the magic circle by sitting close together and putting our hand on the table.—Bull Dogge took a big drink before he laid his ponderous fists by the side of the others. After a short length of time the table began to shake its rickety legs, to flap its leaves after the manner of wings; and to utter ominous squeaks from its crazy old joints. Pretty soon, "knock," under Damphool's hand; he trembled and turned pale, but on the whole, stood his ground like a man. Knock, knock, knock in my immediate vicinity—looked under the table, but could not see anybody—knock, knock, knock, KNOCK directly under Bull Dogge's elbow. He frightened jumped from his seat, and prepared to run, but sensible to the last, he took a drink, felt better—took off his hat and said "d—n it!"—and resumed his seat. Knocking became general—medium said the spirits were ready to answer questions—asked if any spirit would talk to me—yes. Come along, I remarked—noisy spirit announced its advent by a series of knocks, which would have done honor to a dozen penny postmen crowded into one.

Asked who it was—ghost of my uncle—(never had an uncle)—inquired if he was happy—tolerably. What are you about?—principal occupations are, hunting wild-boars catching catfish, chopping pine lumber, and making hickory whip stocks. How's your wife?—sober, just at present. Do you have good liquor, up there?—yes, (very emphatically.) What is your comparative situation?—am in the second sphere; hope soon to get promoted to the third, where they only work six hours a day, and have apple pumpkins every day for dinner—good bye—wife wants me to come and spank the baby. One of the old foosies now wanted to talk spirit; was gratified by the remains of his maternal grandmother, who hammered out in a series of forcible raps the gratifying intelligence that she was very well contented, and spent most of her time drinking green tea, and singing Yankee Doodle.

Damphool then took courage, and sung out for his father to come and talk to him—(when the old gentleman was alive he was one of them)—on demand, the father came—interesting conversation—old man in trouble—lost all his money betting on a horse race, and had just pawned his coat and a spare shirt to set him up in business again, as a pop-corn merchant.—Damphool sat down exhausted, and borrowed the brandy bottle.) Disconsolate widow gets a communication from her husband that he is a great deal happier now than formerly—don't want to come back to her—no thank you—would rather not. Old maid inquires if husbands are plenty—to her great joy is informed the prospect is good. Little boy asks if when he gets into the other world he can have a long tailed coat—mother tells him to shut up—small boy whispers, and says that he has always wore a short jacket, and he expects when he gets to Heaven he'll be a booted Angel.

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son—a fast urchin, as he came home from school. "Well, I don't know, boss," was the reply of the young hopeful, "but I guess you'd think one rod made an acre, if you got such a tanning as I did from old Viegar face this afternoon."

To be continued.

soon as he gets sober enough to tell Maiden Lane from a light-house, to go home and go to bed.

Went at myself; inquired all sorts of things from all kinds, "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey." Results as follows: By means of thumps, raps, and spiritual kicks, I learned that Sampson and Hercules have gone into partnership in the millinery business.—Julius Caesar is pedling apples and molasses candy. Tom Paine and Jack Sheppard keep a billiard table. Noah is running a canal boat. Xerxes and Othello are driving opposition stages. George Washington set up a caravan, and is waiting patiently for Kossoff and Barnum to come and go halves. Dow, Junior, is boss of a Methodist camp meeting. Napoleon spends most of his time playing penny "ante" with the