

# Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—Duvivier.

VOL. 1. CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1855. NO. 26.

**RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.**  
By J. Jones, Publisher.  
Per annum, (payable in advance), \$1 50  
If paid within 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.

## Poetry.

**THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.**  
When morn'g-bellied on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bested the sky;  
O'er the plain of all the testin',  
Was the Star of Bethlehem.  
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host; from every gem;  
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.  
Once on the raging sea I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely bowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.  
Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.  
It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark foreboding cease;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever, and for ever more,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

**ODE TO TOBACCO.**  
Three precious wares! I love thee well,  
Thy magic virtues who can tell!  
So good you taste, so good you smell—Tobacco!  
How pleasant 'tis to chew the cud,  
To feel all errors, and to feel  
With cheeks distended by the quid—Tobacco!  
The breaks saliva, when it flows  
Fast from the lips and dabs the nose,  
Thy greatest beauty fully shows—Tobacco!  
You make the man appear polite,  
Who chews and spits from morn'g till night,  
Till parlor frowns vanish by their might—Tobacco!  
The boy of sixteen oft appears  
Large as the man of thirty years,  
Thy smoke dark curls round his ears—Tobacco!  
He wears his hose, in sun or shade,  
And puts the fumes high as the gods—Tobacco!  
Ah! yes, and when he comes to die,  
No moth or worm will e'er come nigh;  
They'd snuff the nose and grin and cry—Tobacco!  
Even from the grave, (if it be heard),  
They fly with ash, foreboding fear,  
For worms and snakes can never hear—Tobacco!

## Original Moral Cate.

THE  
**MARTIN FAMILY.**

CHAPTER XII.

Half an hour after this, we find Valens and Verticia alone in the hall. Valens is in their sleeping apartment, endeavoring to quiet little Vare, who had waked out of his sleep, fretting and crying.  
Poor child! Little did it know how near were the days of its orphanage,—little of its mother's approaching end. Happy ignorance! It had missed, however, that sweet, soothing voice, and that plaintive night-song,—that joyous contentment that ever beamed so brightly over it,—that warm bosom on which it had nestled, and that fond, careful arm which had ever encircled it in its evening slumbers; and most of the time, since its mother had been torn from its side, it had been restless and fretful.  
The father and daughter are engaged in an earnest conversation. The latter, listening with eager attention, is looking up with a strange, inquiring interest in the face of the former; while he is endeavoring to communicate something clearly and intelligibly to her mind.  
It is necessary here to state, that the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Fiducia, had from the first, made a deep impression on her sister's mind, and seemed likely to result in her good,—if not, indeed, in a permanent change. Her father had not failed to notice this, with the liveliest interest, and he had recalled himself, as he supposed, of this favorable opportunity of conversing with her about the glory to come, and other kindred subjects.  
Then, that last conversation which he had with her, though unkindly received at the time, had made its impression,—strange, it is true, but, perhaps, natural under the circumstances.  
He had told her, as the reader will remember, of an *invisible agent* which could overcome the stoutest resistance of the soul, and win it over into a hearty and cordial reception of the new faith. This, ever since, had greatly troubled her and given her much uneasiness. She had formed to herself many queer notions concerning it,—as to what it was, how it looked, or whence it came. She had been afraid to go out alone, lest she should meet it, or even to go asleep, lest she should wake up a Christian. She was constantly on the watch, partly from fear and partly through curiosity; and, poor Verticia! she had been anxious to steal, as it were, a conversation from her father about it.  
Hence, after he had described in the most simple and touching language the glories of the life and world to come, and upon which, said he, "your dear sister to-morrow at ten o'clock will enter;" and having kindly exhorted her to give up the sinful pleasures of time for the ever-enduring happiness of the skies—

Verticia, who had been affected to tears, said, imploringly:  
"O do tell me about that invisible agent,—it troubles me so!"  
"It's the Holy Spirit, my daughter; and, like the one God, it is everywhere and invisible."  
"And can't I see it,—feel it?"  
"Only in the heart—you may feel it there."  
"How?" inquired Verticia, quickly, and casting an anxious, searching look in her father's face.  
"By the fruit of its operations, my daughter. It makes sin bitter, and destroys our relish for its pleasures,—makes it a heavy, galling load upon the conscience; and hence as I told you, makes us willing to fly to the cross—to the dear, blessed Saviour, whose blood alone cleanseth from sin."  
Verticia looked amazed at her father, and sat for a few moments in thoughtful silence at his side. At length, raising her eyes, she fixed them full upon him, and said:  
"O, father, I feel it; yes I do! I feel that burden, and I think it's my sins. Then every thing seems so changed—I think the change is in myself. O, I feel so sad—so miserable!—Things don't look like they did. I cannot eat nor sleep; I cannot enjoy the flowers nor the sweet singing of the birds. The world—every thing has lost its charms; and I sometimes feel as if I would like to die, I am so unhappy. Is this the spirit?—Is it my sins, father?"  
Valens could not reply. His heart was too full. He leaned his head forward on his hand, while the tears fell fast from his eyes. They were the tears, however, of an over-joy, for he saw that his child was seriously impressed, and that the prayer of years was about to be answered.  
"The Lord bless you, my daughter," at length said he, raising his hand, and wiping away the tears; "you must go to Jesus; he'll have mercy on you."  
"How can I go?—I'd like to go, father."  
"Pray to him—for pardon—for mercy. He'll hear you anywhere,—everywhere, my child. Give up all for his sake—for the world to come," said Valens, rising from his seat, and leaving the hall—at the call of Valens.  
Verticia sat for some time alone, thinking how strange all these things were,—thinking of her sins—thinking how happy her poor, dear sister would soon be, and feeling as if she would like to go with her to the heavenly world, if she was only good enough.  
After a time, she rose and went to her chamber, and falling on her knees at the side of her couch, for the first time—prayed—prayed to Jesus.  
The morning was charming. Not a cloud floated in the skies. The sun rose in unusual splendor, flinging over the hills a drapery of gold, and filling the valleys with oceans of soft, mellow light.  
The groves, vineyards, pleasure grounds, every tree and shrub, were enlivened with the morning songs of the birds, varied into every conceivable melody, and rising to the skies in one great, grand chorus. In truth, nature never seemed more lovely, nor God praised more fervently and rapturously in the inferior works of his hand.  
A sad contrast this, to the doings of man during the night, to the black, wasted, burnt city;—greater still, to the sad spectacle which that glorious sun must witness ere it sets.  
How true, alas! it seemed on that fair and beautiful morn', as nature paid her early devotions with such a full, swelling heart—how it seemed, that "only man was vile." But, no—not all. There were some, very many indeed, even in Rome, whose souls had been washed in that crimson fountain, and who were around their alters as early and fervently. The world, however, beheld them not. They were immured in dungeons, in secret places, in the dens and caves of the earth. God was their witness, and he was glorified in his smitten, afflicted, and persecuted ones. Ah! yes, there were those that morning upon whom the sun of righteousness had arisen, throwing around them a halo of glory; to brighten and expand into the exceeding and incomprehensible glory of eternity.  
A faithful, trusty, and confidential old servant, formerly in the employ of Valens, was to be entrusted with little Vare; and, at the appointed hour, carry him to the sad scene of his mother's sufferings and death.  
The hour was at hand. The dial, in front of the mansion had been watched with sorrowful interest, as the shadow seemed to fly over it with untold rapidity.  
At length, it was just half an hour; and little Vare, full of childish glee, and richly dressed, with chubby cheeks, and his mother's eyes, and ringlets of jet black hair curling naturally around the face—was in the arms of the faithful old servant, on his way to the great square.  
The old servant, entrusted with the sacred treasure, was an Egyptian, and had always been marked for his honesty and fidelity. He had served in the family of Valens when Fiducia was a child, and at different times afterwards. He, therefore, knew her,—though ignorant of the cause of her death; or any of the circumstances connected with it except so far as had been necessarily confided to him.  
He was now very old, wrinkled, and bent forward. His skin was shining black, and his hair, white as wool, hung in thick, matted masses over his forehead and shoulders. His

arms were long, lean, and bony, but trusty, and never did mortal arms encircle a child with more care and tenderness; and to have seen him, bent nearly double, and yet with head erect and eager eye, hurrying along with the child would have been curious enough.  
Crowds were moving along the streets in the same direction, a few thoughtful and sullen, but the masses as full of mirth and laughter, as if going to witness the sports of the Campus Martius.  
When the servant arrived at the square, he found the preparations rapidly advancing. A large stake had been firmly planted in the earth, and the Emperor's slaves were busily engaged in piling around it various kinds of dry combustible material.  
Pushing his way through the crowd, he succeeded, with difficulty, in gaining a position quite convenient, and in full view of the pile. At length, he observed the circular door of the Tower directly opposite suddenly open, and a guard of soldiers issuing instantly from it, surrounding a female, veiled, and clad in a coarse black dress.  
Amid the shouts of the immense concourse of spectators, she was conducted towards the stake. Though the servant could not see her face, yet he could observe that her step was firm and unhesitating.  
Arriving at the pile, she was rudely seized by two of the soldiers, and lifted up on it, while two others tied her to the stake, her hand and arms alone being left free.  
Instantly, she threw aside her long flowing veil, and raised her eyes a few moments to heaven, her lips moving in prayer. She then cast them anxiously around her, over the dense crowd. In a moment they were on the servant—fixed earnestly, intently on little Vare.  
At the same instant almost the child's attention was directed towards its poor mother, partly through the efforts of the servant, and in part of its own accord.  
At first the child stared as if affrighted,—then smiled,—then immediately began springing up and down in the servant's arms, and stretched out its little hands towards her. Strange! it had evidently recognized its mother.  
The pile is now lighted, but her eyes are still riveted upon the child, while it continues holding out its little hands.  
The smoke is curling up, and she seems in a state of suffocation. Presently a gust of air drives it off in another direction, but there are the same round, dark eyes gazing as fixedly as ever, only more wild-looking.  
Now the flames are bursting out here and there over the pile. Now they have reached the extremities, but still the eyes are unmoved. Now they are crackling and roaring, and the entire pile is sending up a red-hot volume of flame which is whirling and dashing around its victim, as if anxious to put an end to all suffering as speedily as possible.  
A faint, hollow shriek was heard, and all was silent. In a few minutes, the flames lowering, exposed a black, frying, burning mass.  
The child, all this while, having ceased its smiling, clung around the neck of the old servant, looking askance at the flaming pile; then, suddenly turning its head away, began fretting and crying, while the servant, overcome with horror, hurried with it from the shocking scene.  
We shall here let the curtain fall over this part of our story, except to say, that the faithful old servant on his return was met at the door by Valens. The poor creature's eyes were fixed with a wild stare in his head, and the mark of his tears were fresh on his lean, wrinkled cheeks.  
"O, ma'st," said he, the moment Valens met him, "Missis died awful!—clean burnt up! Did'n't seem to mind it much,—jist kept lookin' all the time at me and the child here,—think Missis never did'n't do no harm," he added, thoughtfully.  
Valens, too full to speak, hastily took the little orphan in his arms, and putting a piece of coin in the poor old man's hand, closed the door.  
*To be continued.*

**Miscellaneous.**  
**DOESTICKS SEES THE MILLERITES.**  
New York, November 13.  
Seventy Hundred and One, Narrow St.  
My friend Damphool lately became convinced that according to the comfortable prediction of Mr. Miller, the "end of the Earth" would become speedily visible to the naked eye, as that amiable gentleman had advertised the world to burn on the fifteenth. According to the programme, the entertainment was to commence with a trumpet solo by Gabriel, (not the one of City Hall celebrity,) to be followed by a general "gittin' up stairs," and grand mass meeting of the illustrious defunct—after which the elect were to start for Paradise in special conveyances provided for their accommodation—the whole to conclude with a splendid display of fireworks in the evening. Damphool had done nothing but sing songs for a week. Bull Doggie, who was also a convert, had packed up his wardrobe in a hat box, and left the city; saying that he owned forty shares in a Kentucky coal mine, and was going to take possession of his property; and he offered to bet us the drinks that if he stood on a vein of that coal, he would be the last man shored.  
Damphool squared off his board bill, and paid his washerwoman, which left him dead broke; sold his watch to a "blaspheming Jew" to raise money with which to procure an ascension robe, in order to do honor to the occasion; he got one made of linen cambric; it was a trifle too long, and cut him malignantly under the arms, but he bore it like a martyr; he got shaved, took a bath, put on his robe, bid me farewell, and got ready to go up. I discovered the place from which they were going to start, and went up myself to see the operation—in a vacant lot, where there were no trees to catch their skirts in their anticipated flight; very large crowd on the ground; one maiden lady in a long white gown, had also dressed her lap dog in a similar manner; a man with a family Bible in his hand, had forgotten his robe, and come in his shirt-sleeves; ancient wench in a white night-gown, with red shoes and a yellow handkerchief around her head, knelt down in a small puddle of rain-water, and prayed to take her up easy, and not hurt her sore ankle; lady from East Broadway, come in a robe cut low in the neck, and trimmed with five founces; red-haired woman made her appearance with a crying baby; to the consternation of the company who expected to go to Heaven, and had no relish for a preliminary taste of the other place; careful old lady bro't her overshoes in her work basket, to wear home in case the performance should be postponed; little girl had her doll, and her three year old brother had a hoop, a tin whistle, and a painted horn; poor washerwoman came, but she had only a cotton robe and scant pattern at that, the more aristocratic ladies moved farther away, and smelt their cologne, while the poor woman knelt down in the corner, with her face to the fence; Sixth Avenue lady came in a white satin robe, and a boy to hold up her train and she had her own hands full of visiting cards; an African brunette carried a cushion for her mistress to kneel upon, and a man followed behind with her basket containing her certificate of church membership, a gilt-edged prayer book, two mince pies and some ham sandwiches; old cripple hobbled up, and as he was devoutly saying his prayers, a bad boy, [who had not made any preparation for aerial traveling,] stole his crutch to make a ball club. Crowd began to separate into knots, according to different beliefs; Unitarian, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists, clustering round their respective ministers. I noticed that one old lady, evidently believing in the perfect sanctity of her darling preacher, and desiring to insure her own passage, had tied herself to his left leg with a fish line. Baptist man preaching close communion. Presbyterian man was desecrating the accountability of infants, and asserting that a child three years old can commit sin sufficient to doom it to the lowest hell.  
Sunrise—all knelt down to pray; east wind blew and it began to rain. I noticed that Damphool had found a dry place on the lee side of a cedar barrel. Methodist man took off his coat, and made a stump prayer, while all his congregation yelled "Glory!" Baptist man inserted a special clause in his supplication, that he and his crowd might go up in a separate boat. Ministers all prayed at each other, and for nobody. Know Nothing clergyman addressed a long-winded political prayer to the Almighty, detailing the latest election returns, deploring the choice of the opposite candidate, imploring his blessing on the next Governor, (if the world should stand,) insinuated that he expected the nomination himself, and concluded by advising Him to exclude from heaven all foreigners, or they would refuse to live up to regulations, and would certainly kick up another row among the celestials. Down-torn man on hand, ready to go up; tried to pray, but from want of practice, could only utter some disjointed sentences about "uncurrent funds," "money market," "Eric down to 38;" (Damphool whispered that if that man ever got to heaven he would melt down the golden harp into coin, and let it out at two per cent. a month,) began to rain harder; wind decidedly chilly; their teeth chattered with cold, and they began to wish for the confagration to commence. Naughty boys on the fence began to throw stones—promiscuous praying

on every side. Methodist man stopped in the midst of a long, touching supplication to cuff the ears of a little boy who hit with a brick;—hours slipped away; began to think the entertainment was postponed on account of the weather. Noon came; folks not half so sacred as they were in the morning; ministers had got too hoarse to talk, and were passing the time kissing the sisters. Damphool looked so chilly that I got him a glass of hot whiskey punch; he looked at me with holy horror, and went on with his prayer, but before he got to *amen*, the punch had disappeared; husband of red-haired woman came and ordered her to go home and wash the breakfast dishes and mend his Sunday pantaloons. One o'clock; zeal began to cool off; at two the enthusiasm was below par; at three rain poured so that I thought an alteration in the Litany would be necessary, to make it read, "Have mercy on us poor miserable swimmers." Small boy threw a handful of gravel at a long Methodist man, which hit him in the face, and made him look like a mulatto with the small pox. Long Methodist man punched small boy with a fence rail. Four o'clock; Gabriel hadn't come yet. Damphool much disappointed, muttered something about being "sold;" people evidently getting hungry; no loaves or fishes on the ground; woman with two children said she was going home to put them in trundle bed; long man looked round to see that no one was looking, then tucked his robe under his arm, got over the fence, and started for home on a dog trot. Dark; no signs of fireworks yet; pyrotechnic exhibition not likely to commence for some time. Crowd impatient. (I here missed Damphool, and found him an hour afterwards paying his devotions to an 18 penny oyster stew and a mug of ale.) Staid an hour longer, when the crowd to disperse, with their ascension robes so bedraggled that if they had received a second summons to go, would have taken an extra quantity of soap suds to make them presentable among decent angels.  
Appointed myself a committee of five to look into the matter; offered the following resolution, which I unanimously adopted:  
*Resolved*, That putting on a clean shirt to go to heaven in, don't always result in getting there even though the tails be of extra length; and that the creed that teaches such a mode of procedure is a farcical theology, fully worthy to be ranked among the many other excellent "sells" of that veteran joker of world-wide celebrity.—*For Miller.* Damply yours,  
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

**A LOVER'S STRATAGEM.**—A marriage was consummated out West, recently, under very peculiar circumstances. The father of the bride was violently opposed to the marriage; and on the day appointed for its celebration posted "No admittance" on the gateway leading to his house, and stationed a young man with a musket to enforce attention to the ordinance from the expectant bridegroom. Finding he could not accomplish his object without resorting to force or stratagem, and remembering that his lady love had a ring of his in her possession, he got out a warrant for her on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences, had her brought before a magistrate, who, after the lover had withdrawn his complaint and paid the costs, soon united them in the "holy bands of matrimony."

**TEMPERANCE.**—An old Dutchman, who had recently joined the temperance society, was taken sick, and sent for the doctor to prescribe for him, who ordered him to take an ounce of brandy per day. The old chap overhauled his arithmetic, and found in the table of apothecaries' weight that eight drachms make one ounce.  
"Mine Cot," says the Dutchman, "that is the temperance society for me; I did not take but six drams before, now I gets eight."  
The consequence was that his complaint went off and took him with it.

**A HARD STORY.**—The Louisville Courier tell some tough yarns. It says that a fishing party in Kentucky got out of "bait," and no worms were to be found. At last a young lady suggested the following:  
"That a physician who was present should despatch a messenger to his office to procure a vial of vermicelli, which should be administered to a certain tallow-faced young man who had been affecting some attentions to her during the morning, and if the worms were not forthcoming she would pay the expense of the medicine!"

There is nothing that takes the starch out of an aristocrat so soon as to nominate him to some office that comes before the people. He's as fawning as a dog, and as polite and neighborly as a French dancing master.—Elections, after all, by the people, do more to take the starch out of the ruffled shirt gentry than any thing else.

An exchange mentions bearing an address from one of the "strong-minded." "She made some good hits, but not a very strong case, and tipped over all her arguments for woman's independence of the other sex, by passing a man's hat to take up the collection."

A lady in St. Louis has hooks fixed on her garters, and visiting shoe stores, courtives to carry off a dozen pairs of garters without the disgrace of being seen with a bundle, and without the knowledge of their owner.

**SIGNS AND OMENTS.**  
From a curious article upon the popular superstitions brought into England by the Saxons, many of which we know to be still alive and vigorous in our day, we clip the following:  
Imagine a man believing that all these little circumstances—the falling of a stone, the tingling of a death-watch, a tingling in the ear, a shivering sensation in the back, or any other similar trivial occurrence—greatly betokened some good or evil fortune, what a strange sort of life he must lead! A stork settles on a gable of his house. Welcome. To kill the bird would be open sacrilege, for the stork is a harbinger of happiness. He receives the visit with a feeling of delight, and hails it as a promise of good luck. When he goes out, a strange dog follows; here again is another sign of prosperous fortune. A strange dog never follows any person without good luck speedily coming on the favored one. Welcome to the dog. When night sets in, the man looks upon the shining points in the heavens, the jewels of the night, and notices a shooting star. Good luck again. He forms a wish before the star has disappeared, and the wish is certain to be gratified. Moreover, our friend is lucky altogether; he was born with a caul, and this is certain to render him remarkably fortunate, besides having the extraordinary effect of preserving anybody who buys it from a watery grave. People now-a-days are short of faith, and prefer life preservers of another sort—such, for instance, as cork jackets. But our lucky friend, besides being born with a caul, having a stork on his house, a strange dog at his heels, and wishing himself good fortune as a shooting star flits over the face of the heavens, has found, unawares, some four-leaved clover, and on this account, as well as all the rest, is entitled to the best of luck all his life long. Fortunately, too, he has been seated, inadvertently, between a married couple at a dinner table, and this ensures a "Home, and in the cup of life." That honey drop, a pleasing wife, and at no distant date—within the twelvemonth, as sure as the zodiac.

We omit, for want of space, the stealing of a potato to cure the rheumatism, the spilling salt as betokening strife, the tingling in the ear as a sign of people talking about you; after which the enumeration continues.

Our friend has been relating a remarkable story, the visitor has been all listening anxiously. "Is it true, is he quite satisfied of its authenticity?" Quite. "Up stands our friend, when his chair falls backward, and falls on the ground with a crash. There is an audible titter. Our friend colors 'trodler than the cherry." What does it mean? The falling of a chair is a sure sign that the person who sat in it has been guilty of an untruth. Our friend is about to present a very choice knife to a fair acquaintance, but he knows very well that it may sever their friendship forever. To give cold steel, scissors or knives, separates friendship between even the dearest friends. Therefore, some money, no matter how small a piece, must be paid—duly paid—and the affair be regarded as a purchase. Salt also must not be given; it must be bought, else unthought of calamity is sure to follow. Our friend has plucked a water lily, that spread its broad leaves and white and yellow cups upon the water. No harm is done by this; but he has unfortunately slipped and fallen while he had it in his hand. What will be the result? Perhaps a bruise or two; nothing of the sort—but he will now be subject to fits. Moreover, he happens to have cut his finger rather deeply, and the manner which he takes to cure the wound is as simple as it is remarkable. He anoints the knife with oil, puts it into a drawer, and allows it to remain there some days. Sympathetically the cut is cured. Our friend, like wise, entertains the notion that if he goes under a ladder he stands the chance of being hanged; that the consequence of such an imprudent act will, in all probability, be a long cold and a short shrift. Then, being once or twice detected talking to himself—like a modern Prince of Denmark—he is confirmed in the idea, for to soliloquize is the precursor of a violent death. And as our friend occasionally feels a cold shivering sensation in his back, he begins to understand that his time is near, and that somebody is walking over his grave.

Such are a few of the odd fancies which our Saxon forefathers left us as a heir-loom. Signs and oments, such as ancient Romans might have gathered from the flight of birds, and ancient Britons from the writhings of a sacrificial victim, our Saxon ancestors detected in every trifling circumstance of daily life. Such fancies are still retained in Holland and in Germany, and here, in England, are not forgotten. It seems strange, indeed, that at any time such notions as "Triles light as air," should have effected the mind of man, but that they have done so is beyond all dispute, and with such folk lore forms an extensive chapter in the delusion of the olden time.

The St. Louis Republican says that a few days ago, a man and his wife, in that city, were engaged in arranging a separation. The principal difficulty was the baby, which the woman tearfully begged to be allowed to keep while the man angrily refused. At length the wife almost threw the child into the husband's arms, and exclaimed, "Take it, I can soon have another!"