

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—Duvivier.

VOL. I.

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Poetry.

THE LABORING MAN.

The man who "earns his bread before he eats," who, while procuring the means of ample subsistence for himself and family, is at the same time benefitting the community in which he lives, will persevere the following, as all readers should do, with an acknowledgement of the well-expressed truths it contains:

"The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Tiew down the woods, and till the soil,
And with thereby a prouder name,
Than follows kings' or warriors' fame."
"The working men, whatever their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the load,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet."
"God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands."

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XV.

Valens and his daughter, having threaded many a crooked, dirty street, and cautiously crept along through piles of black ruins, at length, found themselves, with grateful hearts, safely seated again in their home.

The danger had now become most imminent, and through portions of the city, no one could venture to pass, except at the peril of his life. Not only were they in danger of being arrested as Christians, but the streets were everywhere infested by night, with bands of prowling monsters, whose only object was insult and robbery. Thousands of citizens, for the few last nights, had been knocked down, robbed, and maltreated in the most heartless and shocking manner. In fact, the whole city was now in a state of the most wretched anarchy. Distress prevailed among all classes. No one felt his life secure—though against the poor Christians the wretched storm was directed.—How could it be otherwise? The Emperor was setting before the people the most hideous spectacles of barbarity, large portions of the city lay in ashes, while thousands and tens of thousands of the lower classes were doomed to desperation by suffering and want.

No wonder, therefore, that Valens and his daughter instantly fell upon their knees, on entering the hall, and united in their thanks to God, for their safe return.

Valencia, who had remained at home, in company with one or two neighboring women "of like faith," was also on her knees at their side, with little Varc clasped in her arms.

Soon after this, an event occurred in the family, that was the cause of renewed sorrow.

Valdinus, as already stated, had conceived the idea of a soldier's life, and had thoughts of joining the army. This desire he had expressed soon after he had formed the acquaintance of Marcus, and to whose influence over him it was attributed.

Valens, from the first, had prudently opposed his son's wishes, and had used every means in his power to dissuade him from it. He was his only son, and he wished him to remain at home. Then, knowing the wild, reckless turn of his mind, he knew the consequences of such a life would, in all probability, prove utterly ruinous. Besides, the influence of the principles of the gospel on his mind, had changed his own views in regard to all such things, and he wished his son to seek for honor and glory of another kind.

The prudent counsels of the father seemed, at length, to have prevailed. Valdinus had promised to remain at home. He was frequently absent, however, greater part of the night,—no one knowing where. At home, he was sulky and silent; and although he sometimes spoke feelingly about his sister's death, yet he evidently cherished a deadly hatred towards the Christians as a sect, and seemed to think the slanderous reports circulated about them more than half true.

On a certain evening, a fresh levy of troops was to leave Rome for one of the foreign legions. The next morning Valdinus was missing.

The following day, towards his close, Valens learned to his great sorrow, that his son had enlisted as a common soldier, and left Rome with the levy in question.

The shock came upon the family with sudden, overwhelming violence, and re-opened the wounds which the death of Fiducia had inflicted, with a sad, painful freshness.

None, however, lamented it more than Veritia. It seemed to snap assunder her only remaining earthly tie. They had hitherto been the most loving and congenial spirits,—not only united in heart as brother and sister,

but in taste and disposition. From their childhood they had sported together, admired the same beauties and gazed at the same wonders—together had walked the streets, strolled along the banks of the Tiber, visited the Campus Martius, sat together in the theaters and other places of public amusement.

Then, from the moment of her conversion, her whole soul had set itself upon him with a triple intensity,—with an earnest, settled purpose never to give over in her prayers till he rejoiced with her in the hopes of another life, and in a stroll among the vines and flowers in the pleasure grounds at home, she had unhesitatingly told him of her own happy change, besought him to abandon his idols, and seek after the eternal life of the gospel.

They had just stopped to look at a bunch of flowers, that grew at the side of the walk.—Some of the last years stalks were dead, and rotting on the ground. But from their roots, others were springing forth, fresh and green, while a few had grown up, and expanded into a most beautiful flower, scented, and tinted with many bright, luminous colors.

"How lovely!" said Veritia, as she laid her hand gently on one of the largest.

"Very," said Valdinus, as he rather rudely snatched up one, and held it out before him.

"But look at these dead stalks,—they'll soon be gone," said Veritia, raising up the remains of one with her foot.

"Yes,—they're of no more use," said Valdinus, carelessly.

"But see," said Veritia quickly, "how these green ones are growing out of their roots, to flower and bloom again; how strange! O! isn't it, brother?"

"Strange enough!" said Valdinus; "but it's the way they do, you know."

Veritia gazed for a few moments at the large flower, fondling it with her white, delicate hand.

"These things convince me more and more of what the Christians say," at length, said Veritia, looking up earnestly at Valdinus.

"Christians!" said he, reproachfully; "if it wasn't for father and mother, I wish they were all dead as these stalks!"

Veritia trembled, and hung her head.

"But they might live again, brother, if they were like them. Don't you see it's only the stalk that's dead—the root still lives. Now that's just what the Christians say,—what our dear father and mother says."

"I don't want to hear any thing about what they say,—fools!" said Valdinus, abruptly.

"But mayn't it be true, dear brother," looking up with an earnest smile, and speaking very kindly; "may not the body die, and the soul live? It isn't any more strange than for this stalk to die and the root to live,—is it, brother?"

"The soul may live after the body, for any thing I know or care,—fools think so at any rate," said Valdinus, with a short sneer of a laugh.

Veritia felt hurt, and endeavored to conceal the tears which filled her eyes.

"But, oh! brother, suppose it should live forever in another world, and be forever happy there! That's what the Christians think—isn't it a nice thought, too?" said Veritia, her teary eyes sparkling with a sudden emotion of joy.

"What good would that do me, if I were dead? My soul might live and be happy, but that wouldn't be me," said Valdinus, with quite a hearty laugh.

"Yes! yes! brother,—it could be you,—it surely would. The soul is what feels and thinks in us—what joys and sorrows. The body is nothing but dust and earth without it; hence, wherever the soul lives or goes, it is still us, and we're the very same persons."

Valdinus said nothing, but gave one of the old dead stalks a kick with his foot, and dashed the flower from his hand.

"Oh! brother," said Veritia, imploringly; "there is another life—another world, where our souls go at death, and where we will be forever either happy or miserable. Poor, dear sister Fiducia's gone there—gone to be happy forever."

"Well, I suppose every one's got to go where they're sent. If I'm sent there, guess I'll go too,—only you and I'll try to get sent to the same place, that's all,—won't you?"

"To where our dear sister Fiducia is, there let us try to go, brother. But we must give up our idols, and the pleasures of the world, and live like she did."

"Guess, if I've got to go there, I'll take my idols along with me, and my pleasures too. If I'm to be the same person there, I'll need them, you know," said Valdinus, in a half joke.

"No! no! brother; it ain't there like it is here," said Veritia, vexed at his light, inconsiderate remarks.

"Well, I don't care how it is; and I don't want to hear any more of that Nazarene stuff," said Valdinus, angrily, and taking hold of Veritia's arm, started off up the walk.

They walked along for some time in silence. Veritia's eyes were full of tears, and her heart full of sorrows. She struggled hard, however, against her emotions, while she inly prayed for her poor, dear brother.

"Well," at length, said she, "you love me, Valdinus, don't you?"

To be continued.

EASTER IN ROME.

Easter is one of the three great festivals in the church of Rome. It is true, the calendar is nearly all set apart to the commemoration of saints. We have more saints than there are days in the year; still Easter having been a subject of agitation in the church, and the cause of separation between the Latin and the Greek churches, Rome displays more luxury and ecclesiastical splendor in its celebration than in any other festival in the calendar.

The holy week, which precedes Easter, is worthy to be mentioned. Every amateur of music will know something of the far famed "Miserere," which is performed in the Sistine Chapel during the last three evenings of the Holy week. The chapel is in the Vatican, painted by Michel Angelo, fresh as if his master pencil had touched it only to-day. On the right of the altar a throne is erected for the Pope; on both sides the Cardinals are arrayed in purple, each of them assisted by their respective *cardinalato*, and *Maestro di cerimonie*. The patriarchs, and bishops in their pontifical dress; the generals, and chiefs of every religious order in their monastic array. The lodges erected on both sides of the chapel are crowded with foreign ambassadors, their ladies and other distinguished foreigners of both sexes.

In the middle of the chapel is a reading desk of a triangular form, upon which thirteen candles are burning, as a symbol of the candelabrum in the temple of Jerusalem; others, however, say of our Saviour, and his twelve disciples. Every eye is directed towards the throne; the Pope giving the signal, the "Miserere" is commenced, and at once the chapel is rendered vocal by a hundred voices. To describe the effect, and impression which it produces upon the senses, is beyond the power of human language. Ecclesiastical splendor flashing on every side in a thousand forms, military and diplomatic decorations of all the courts of Europe, the display of the ladies, and other fascinations beggar all description. In addition to this, the paintings of the most renowned masters of Italy, the best performers of the theatrical artists, and chorists, and the most unrivalled voices of ensembles, are too overpowering to be depicted. After every psalm a candle is extinguished, with the last, which remains the only one burning in the whole chapel. We can see the colors gradually darken, and the figures of the paintings by degrees lose their form, a striking symbol of the papal power, which is losing its influence, and gradually fading away like the twilight of the evening.

Saturday before Easter, at twelve o'clock the bells are heard from every steeple, the clouds are rent by their sounds, and the earth trembles from the roaring of the cannon from *Fort St. Angelo*; the ears are deafened by the merry clamors of the children in the streets, and the reports of pistols fired nearly in every house.

Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, P. M., every dwelling, where an image of a Madonna, or any saint, is stationed, for the houses are illuminated, altars are erected, hymns are sung; and prayers upon bended knees are offered to those saints, all these in the middle of the streets. In the meantime the multitude of the (so called) better class of the inhabitants of Rome are directed toward St. Peter's, where the grandest and most imposing spectacle is to be seen. But at the same time the most revolting to every moral sense and religious feeling.

A cross (covered with brass, symmetrically illuminated with thousands of lamps,) is suspended in the middle of the church. The reader may form some kind of an idea of the colossal height of that cross, when he is informed that its magnitude does apparently, not diminish, even after being suspended at a tremendous height above the heads of the people. Round that cross you can see, promeneading arm in arm, the *lover* with his *dulcinea*, as though promeneading in a dancing saloon; chatting laughing, and indulging in most irreverent acts, which would be considered an offence in a respectable hotel; these are committed publicly in the sanctuary, under the cross of Christ. As the church is entirely dark, except the light which the cross reflects in it, there are sometimes *lovers* of darkness rather than of light, who often lose their way in the adjacent colonnades and chapels, where they perpetrate the most wicked acts, of which every honest man would blush, except the adorers of the cross in the church of St. Peter's. The spectacle lasts until eleven o'clock in the night; decency forbids me to say more, and constrains me to relinquish the subject of the adoration of the cross in St. Peter's at Rome.

Easter morning. The roaring of the cannon announces the ushering in of the morn; the harmonious sounds from the thousand steeples mitigate the roughness of the first, and invite the slumbering beauty to leave her couch, and prepare for the rendezvous given the last night under the illuminated cross.

Nine o'clock, A. M. The square of St. Peter's presents the most varied and interesting spectacle. State carriages of all descriptions; the Cardinals in their full dress, and suit; the ambassadors of all the foreign courts, with all the particular characteristics of their nations; carriages of the innumerable prelates, bishops, and chiefs of the monastic orders; two regiments of soldiers in arms; martial music, the spouting of the gigantic fountains; thousands and tens of thousands of pedestrians of every sex and class, dressed in their best garments, take their posts under the colonnade, or other

spots, as they think the most convenient; this lasts until one o'clock, P. M., so that the whole square is thronged with people. One o'clock is usually the time of the appearance of the Pope on the balcony of the church; a dead silence prevails throughout the whole mass of people; every eye is directed to the spot, with watches in the hand, the minutes are counted; in the mean time the balcony is filling with cardinals, bishops, and monks; the attention becomes so riveted, that a sigh might be heard, at length the Pope appears in an arm chair, carried upon the shoulders of eight persons between two gigantic fans. Then the deafening shouts of the people, the sonorous martial music, the roaring of the cannon rend the clouds.

"*Padre la santa benedizine*," (father the holy blessing,) bursts from every mouth; the handkerchiefs are waved by the ladies, and the hats by the men. All prostrate themselves upon the ground, they receive the blessing from the Pope; a prelate then reads the so called "*Bulla Casu Domini*," in which the most horrible curses against the heretics and infidels are pronounced, and a blessing upon all the faithful. Thus ends the spectacle for this time.

In the afternoon all the promenades are visited, the wine houses filled, the places of amusement enjoyed until the evening, when all again repaired to the square of St. Peter's to enjoy the illumination of the cupola. The cupola is illuminated by three hundred persons, who are stationed with lighted torches within the interior, in order that they should not be seen; and as soon as the first stroke of seven o'clock is heard, they rush forward and light the lamps assigned unto each of them, so that in one minute the whole cupola is illuminated; even the cross on the top has three lights. In addition to this, the reflection of these lights in the spots of the gigantic fountains, where every drop in the air is like a prism, and represents thousands of rainbows, is above all description. When Joseph II. of Austria, visited Rome, the Pope gave an illumination in honor of that august stranger; when he had watched the spouting fountains for a short time, he said: "It is enough." But how much greater was his surprise when he was informed that these were perpetual fountains. And at the first stroke of seven o'clock the Secretary of State asked him for a pinch of snuff, and in the time the emperor of Austria turned to give his snuff-box, the whole cupola appeared in fire.

Joseph was so astonished, that he would not take the snuff-box back, but gave it as a present to the cardinal, Secretary of State.

DON'T CARRY COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—Many people make the grand mistake of endeavoring to adapt themselves to persons distinguished for particular talents or attainments. The fault is in the effort to get into their skin—to be witty with witty people, to tell stories with good story tellers, to discuss deep subjects with learned men, and generally, to be sympathetically sucked into the drift of the nearest current. This is a mistake all round. No man's hobby will carry double. The attempt must fail; for, if you are inferior to the man you pitch into, he sets you down for a bore, and is disgusted; if you clearly excel him, he feels that you are a bully and he hates you.

There are these two good reasons for being easy, natural and yourself with everybody—nothing else suits you and nothing else is asked of you. There are two more reasons for the same thing—persons of good taste dislike anything else; and you are wanted in your own natural shape to fit your company ball and socket of fashion. Nothing packs society together so well as for some one to be hollow just where somebody else bulges. Be receptive, therefore to the man of science; enjoy the joker without struggle for supremacy, and play conductor for the electricity of the wit; then if there is anything in the fellows, you'll get it out of them and contribute best to the enjoyment of the company; and besides, if there is nothing particular in you, (which is barely probable, but still possible) you won't expose yourself and annoy other people.—*Periscopics.*

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?—Always in the child the maiden, the wife, the mother; religion shines with a holy benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar.

Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness in wealth or poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their songs is—*Lo peace is here.*

Could we look into thousands of families today, when discontent fights sullenly with life we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, want of religion in woman.

And in felons' cells—in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance—we should behold, in all its terrible deformities, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion, benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. And there religion points. Art thou weary, it whispers, 'rest—up there forever.' Art thou sorrowing joy? Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy, kings and priests in that home? Art thou poor, the streets before thy mansion shall be of gold? Art thou friendless, the angles shall be thy companions, and God thy friend and Father.

Is religion beautiful? We answer that all is desolation and deformity where religion is not.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT A BALL.

At Madrid, a lady gave a ball, and among the guests were a M. R.— and Mlle. B.—. It was observed that the young man constantly kept close to the young lady, and followed her when she went from one part of the room to the other. It was also noticed that she seemed greatly annoyed by his attentions.

The mother of the young lady wished to interfere, but the mistress of the house, anxious to avoid an unpleasant scene, prevented her.

At a late hour, a lady of high rank and her daughter were announced, and the whole party rose to receive them. M. R.—, taking advantage of the slight confusion which was created, seized Mlle. B.—, by the hand, and whispered in her ear. She turned pale, then blushed, and replied in a low voice.

Thereupon the young man, without saying a word, pulled a poignard from his pocket, and stabbed the young lady in the breast, and then stabbed himself near the heart. Both fell bathed in blood. A surgeon was immediately sent for, and on his arrival he found that the wound of the young lady was not mortal, as the poignard had struck the sternum, but the young man was quite dead.

It is said that M. R.— had long sought Mlle. B.— in marriage, but that she refused to accept him, and that meeting her at the ball, he again pressed her to accept his addresses, but that she again peremptorily refused.

NEWSPAPER COMICALITIES.—An advertisement in a country paper, as printed, reads thus: "The second lot took the canary with a pug nose; red face and light overcoat on, is requested to return it immediately to 28 Willow street, as the bird is a valuable one, from whom no questions will be asked." Another is quite as ludicrous: "Lost, a brown milch cow, the property of a farmer with a white spot on the quarters, long straight horns, and the tail tipped with white. Any person having seen such an animal without delay, will please return it to," &c., &c. Tony Gowen is advertised as having lost a pig with a very long tail, and a black spot on the top of its snout that curls up behind." A cow is described as "very difficult to milk, and of no use to any one but the owner, who had one horn much longer than the other." John Hawkins is alluded to as having "a pair of blue eyes, with little or no whiskers, and a Roman nose that has great difficulty in looking any one in the face."

Betsy Waterton is accused of having "succeeded with a chest full of drawers and a cock and hen, has red hair and a broken tooth none of which are her own." The manager of the Savings' Bank at Dunferry, near Goodfowan, is spoken of in these terms: "He had on, when last seen, a pair of corduroy trousers, with a tremendous squint rather the worse for wear."

THE YOUTH THAT WAS HUNG.—The sheriff took out his watch, and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said: "I have to die; I had only one little brother—he had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry at him without cause, and killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until next morning, when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clogged with his blood and brains. It has ruined me; I never was drunk but once. I have but one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people. Never! never! never! touch anything that will intoxicate! As he pronounced these words, he sprang from the box and launched into an endless eternity."

A great and good man, once speaking of politeness, said: "I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners; they may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic. I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is only founded in reason and good sense, and not upon artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous and not studied." I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile upon his face, the same congeering of his body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand.—Give me the (it may be rough) grip of the hand, and the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires the homely salutation, "How are you, my old friend?"

Now girls said our friend Mrs. Partington to her neices the other day, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll all be murdered!"

"Why so, aunt?" inquired one.

"Why, I see by the papers that we've got almost fifteen thousand post-offices, and nearly all of them dispatches made every day—the Lord have mercy on us poor widows," and the old lady winked quickly to the looking glass to put on her new cap.

A celebrated toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself.

"Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friend will not know you."

DAMNING A BIRD.—We find in one of our exchanges a singular instance of "damning a flood" of song. The writer of the anecdote says:

"A friend of ours has had for a long time a very superior Canary bird, which has been celebrated for its excellency as a songster, and for which he has been offered large sums of money. About three weeks ago, our friend, being awakened from a nap by its voice, rose and hastily exclaimed, '—n that bird.' The bird, then at the height of its song, suddenly ceased its note, and from that time to the present has never warbled or even chirped, but has maintained unbroken silence. What philosophy of instinct, or of mutual affection between man and his pet can account for this?"

ANECDOTE.—It is often made a subject of complaint that ministers of the gospel participate in political matters. An anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply. As the reverend gentleman went, at a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it, being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked: "I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here." "Why?" asked Mr. F. "Because," said the officer, "Christ has said that his kingdom was not of this world." "Has no one a right to vote?" asked Mr. Field, unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

QUID PRO QVO.—Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "Oh, dear," said Smith, "show you made my head ring."

"That's a sign it is hollow," says Brown, "Didn't your ring?" says Smith, "No," says Brown.

"Then that's a sign its 'cracked,'" replied his friend.

THE SAME FAULT.—Laura was disconsolate. Henry had long flirted, but never put the question. Henry went his way. Laura's aunt, for consolation, brought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the aunt, "the puppy can do everything but speak." "Why will you agonize me?" says Laura, "that's the only fault I found with the other."

A reversed sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a quaker who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee."

"Why, where would you go?"

"Into thy study."

BITES.—The following sell came off a few days since not many miles from where we now sit:

Two gentlemen fishing—sharp boy appears—
Boy—"Well, sir, give any bites?"
Gent—(unconcerned) "Lots of 'em."
Boy—"Y-a-a-a-s—under your hat!"

A veritable entry, made by the R. S. of a Division of the sons of Temperance, read thus:

"After gwine through the yewzel fawns, there was a colleckshin takin up but nothin' was paid in."

An old lady looking at the curiosities in Barnum's Museum, came to a couple of large sea dogs, and after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near "if they ever barked?" "No madam," replied he, "not now—their bark is on the sea."

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