

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUTY.

VOL. I.

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Poetry.

WHITTIER.

Blackwood, after having read a tragedy, purporting to emanate from Shakespeare's spirit, has heard of another drama, which Shakespeare has also lately promulgated, and which is called "The Two Leaders of Arkansas." The following extract is given:

Tarnation seize me, if I hear the name
Of this young loofoco!—skin a coon?
(Two easy, Ay, and ask me to do more—
To whip my weight in with cats, or to drive
For legislators in the turbid stream,
And having taken them by the ragged throats,
To wrench their entrails from their jagged jaws,
And fling them on the bank—Ay, that were but
A summer evening's play! There's not a boy
Within Arkansas but might do the same,
And offer chamber to the squirrel's nest,
And rob it of its nuts, shall the boss leader
Than when the dancing which the night-hawk
Is in creation greater of account. [cracks]
Chaw me so eatawampussy? Away—
'Tis night—be red, my bowie-knife, ere day!

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE MARRY FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"Hast the man?" said the Emperor, in a low, quivering voice.

Valens stood before him, bold, fearless, and undimmed. But what a shocking, horrid spectacle! His ears are out, and his limbs are severed from his hands. There, however, he stands—pale, it is true; but with his dark eyes glaringly fixed on the bloody tyrant, whose tortures and flatteries have all proved of no avail.

The next day after the rescue of his daughter, Valens had been brought into the hall of the court for trial. Never before had there been such an august assemblage present. Many of the nobility, senators, and officers of the army crowded the Forum. The rank of Valens, in connection with the exalted virtues of his ancestors, will account for this.

Not did the Emperor feel himself in quite such a critical situation before. With all the obtuseness of his senses, he had not failed to observe a slight change in public feeling. The masses were no longer so lavish of their praises upon him, in his zeal to exterminate the heinous sect. His ears were no longer greeted with the same long, loud shouts of applause from the great square; while the looks of not few in the crowd before him, bore evidence of a deep, thoughtful sorrow. Why was this? He could not be mistaken. There was a leaven of dissatisfaction at work; and although his thirst for blood remained unquenched, yet he must proceed in the work of death a little more cautiously.

Then, so long as it was only the poorer classes that were sent to the flames, and burnt with as little ceremony as a stick of wood, there was nothing to fear. They could not resent their own wrongs, and no one cared much whether they were dead or alive. But, now that he was about to ascend the ladder, and strike a blow among the higher classes,—to consign to the flames men of rank and influence,—he must needs be a little more circumspect. There must be something like a little fairness shown; lest he should rouse the indignation of the people against him.

We cheerfully accord to our Emperor that much sagacity. And for those reasons, perhaps, he had not sent Valens at once to the flames, as he would most gladly have done, and as he had sent thousands of others. He must give him a hearing; and, at least, feign an effort to induce him to renounce the faith, and save his life.

Therefore it is, that we find Valens before him a second time, and in this maimed, suffering state.

"Are you a Nazarene?" inquired the Emperor.

"I am," was the cool, bold reply.
"You deserve to be burnt."
"I'm not afraid to die."
"You may save your life."
"I've no wish to live."
"Your rank entitles you to mercy;—how to the Gods before you," said the Emperor, pointing, as usual, at the images.

"I shall not bow; and I claim no mercy on the ground of my rank. I'm no more than my poor brethren, thousands of whom you have put to death, and for a crime of which you are the guilty perpetrator. I have something against your majesty, and I shall not die, heaven willing, till I have exposed you and your acts before this august assemblage of the Roman people."

Valens said this in a clear, firm voice; and while the Emperor shrunk before the keen, searching glance of his eyes, there was an anxious, breathless silence throughout the hall, that seemed to say, "We wish to hear; go on."

The quaking, trembling Emperor, however, sprung to his feet; ordered his soldiers to car-

ry him back to prison; and, in the midst of the confusion that ensued, his orders were executed.

This was Valens' first appearance before the Emperor, the day after his arrest.

It is night—just 12 o'clock. Let us take a peep into the little cell, with its damp, black, mouldy walls.

Valens is standing, proudly erect. His breast is heaving with its smothered fires.—There is a curl of indignation on his lips, and yet a look of pity in his dark, gleaming eyes.

Before him are standing two men of rank—tributed Senators of the Emperor—with smooth, oily tongues, but black, bloody hearts. They are trying all their arts to induce him to renounce his faith.

"The Emperor promises you promotion."
"The promotion I desire is neither in the Emperor's power to bestow or withhold."
"You shall be made Governor of one of his Provinces."

"A martyr's death is the honor to which I aspire."
"The two Senators grit their teeth, and looked at each other."
"Such a death becomes a fool,—not a man of rank," said one of the Senators.

"You will do me a favor to leave me alone," said Valens, kindly. "The little time I have to live, I wish to myself."
"You'll cut a figure before the Emperor, to-morrow,—won't you?" said the other Senator, tauntingly, and with a dry laugh.

"As God wills."
"Come, come now; renounce the cursed faith. Here—worship this!" said the first Senator, whiningly, and, at the same time, unfolding a small plaster image from his robe, set it before him.

Valens could scarce restrain his indignation. He cast a look of scorn at the image; and then fixing his flashing eyes on the Senators, said:

"Begone! I pity you—I forgive you;" and turning aside, bowed his head against the damp, black wall, and thought of Jesus.

"He's a fool," said one of the Senators, as they groped their way from the cell, along the dark, narrow, vaulted passage, to the door of the Tower.

"It's a pity," said the other; "but he deserves it, and the Emperor's orders shall be obeyed."
"Yes; certainly," said the other.

As they reached the door, they spoke a few words in a low voice, to four ruffian-looking soldiers, who stood directly inside the passage, and whose countenances glowed demagogically in the dim glare of the lamp which one of them held in his hand.

"See that you execute his orders exactly," said one of the Senators.

"Without flinching, too," said the other.

"Yes—sartilly," growled the soldiers, as the two senators closed the door behind them, and went their way.

Horrid! The blood is streaming from his hands, and down over his neck and shoulders. The thumbs and ears are completely severed, and lie in the corner of the cell. The four soldiers had obeyed orders—done their work speedily and well, half an hour ago.

Poor Valens! The old, oily lamp is burning dimly in the cell. The air of the place is filled with a damp, sickening stench. There is no kind, pitying hand to staunch the blood, and bind up the fresh wounds,—no loving Valenciana, to bend her light, graceful form over him,—to minister with her soft, ready hands,—to smooth back the black-curling hair from the broad, sweaty forehead, or bathe the throbbing temples.

No—no; but see!—the poor man, has torn a broad strip from the skirt of his robe, and, with his trembling, bleeding hands is binding it tightly around his wounded head. It is done; and the blood has ceased to flow. Other strips are torn off, and with these he is carefully trying up his hands, so that the strips several times cross the lacerated stumps; and although the blood is gradually widening its circle on the outside of the folds, yet it is not flowing so freely.

Ah! Valenciana; couldst thou see,—didst thou know. Happy thing, that we were not made with omnipotence! And thou, Veritina! couldst thou now see that poor, dear, loving father! But thine own trials are full enough for heart and flesh.

But, see again! Valens is on his knees.—His eyes are up-lifted. His hands are stretched out towards heaven. His face is pale and spotted with blood; but there is a bright, joyous smile playing over his features. Visions of glory are passing before him. Fiducia's light, transparent form is at his side, and her tender, loving arms encircle his neck. Angels are ministering unto him; and Jesus with a crown of thorns on his head, is transfigured before him; and the joyous exclamation has just fallen from the lips of Valens:

"I rejoice, that I am counted worthy to suffer for thy sake."

On the morrow, Valens was a second time brought before the Emperor. If any thing, the hall of the court was more densely filled, and the sprinkling of Senators and nobility greater.

The Emperor has an uneasy, anxious look; but in the glances of his gray, bleary eyes there is more fiendish cruelty visible. In fact, there might be read in his looks a notion

doom. But he must be a little cautious. The fate of preceding Emperors told him so; and he shuddered that day before the fixed, silent, deathful gaze of so many of the nobility and people of Rome.

Though faint from loss of blood, Valens stood up bold and fearless as before. His noble and manly form, and his pale, blood-stained face, had found a way to many hearts.—Some, far back, and out of view of the Emperor and his soldiers, wept; others sat with their faces buried in their hands; while others, as usual, laughed and jeered.

For an hour, the poor, suffering man spoke in a strain of the most moving, touching eloquence. He spoke of the wrongs of his brethren—vindicated them from the false rumors and aspersions that had been circulated about them—defended their faith, and pictured out its glorious rewards, and, turning round, exhorted the Roman people, to abandon their idolatry, and seek after the eternal life of the gospel.

"Fool! wretch! wretch!" shouted the Emperor, but a fit of sneezing brought him to his seat; while the breathless silence and the eager looks of the people said—"we will hear the more of this matter."

He then turned round to the Emperor, and fastening his eyes upon him, with a solemn, earnest gaze, he said:

"In the name of the Senate, and the Roman people, I charge the burning of the city upon your majesty. Your orders laid it in ashes, and thousands of witnesses are anxious to crowd these halls," saying which, Valens deliberately seated himself on one of the blocks. The Emperor trembled—turned pale—sunk back in his seat. The vast assemblage stared at Valens—at the Emperor. There was the stillness of death.

At length, the affrighted Emperor, staggered on to his feet, and stammered out—"Soldiers! your duty—back to his cell—to-morrow, he shall die."

And as Valens quickly rose from his seat, and hastily followed the soldiers along the broad aisle—the Emperor said,

"Blast, the man."

To be continued.

LITERATURE, LADIES, AND LOVE.

A SKETCH.

Literature in America—Ladies everywhere—and Love mysterious; but to treat the three-prophetic subject scientifically, each point had better be considered separately, and then all mingled together in confusion. Literature in America!—ay, the soil and climate here, it is contended, are as fit for the growth of authors as any part of Europe; and what is more, (and fatal), it is the best for the production of cotton and tobacco. It is the nature of the brute (man) to erect for himself a pedestal, on which to stand and overlook his fellows, if possible; and as every one who has a nose, and erect form, to indicate the genus homo, may inherit or otherwise manœuvre his way into the possession of an estate, so each can build up a platform on his own premises, and exchange signals with all brother nabobs, and easily look with contempt on interloping philosophers and poets, who may be dragging through the mucky swamp, in common with the sleek-faced digger of potatoes. They have their carriages, champagne, and ruffled shirts, (alluding exclusively to males,) they have their etiquette, cards, and bowie knives. They ship their cotton and tobacco, get their drafts cashed, and stand the lords of creation. Five hundred in every thousand may, in some measure, attain this distinction; whereas, in literature, not more than one in two thousand can work his way to eminence. Therefore, the rich planter and opulent merchant, prefer horticulture, and adventure to literature. The world is a race slow, as well as a stage; the strife is not only for conspicuous parts, but grand displays. Any fool may get enough to eat, all the rest for exhibition. Of course, then every one embraces the best chance of success that offers; and he who would cast away the gold which the labor of his hands has acquired, to contend for the palm of literature, for which he has no brains, would be a double fool.—Americans have more sense.

Philip was a fair faced fellow, fancy struck, and poor. He had no vine to drink, and he read the poets; no carriage and servants, and he trudged along the margin of the Schuylkill, on foot, meditating mighty things and scribbling poetry. He printed, but still found himself on foot, and what was worse, a hole in his boot. Yet his dreams were bright, he laughed at his rags, and might long have remained well pleased, had it not been for him from his host, that his board must be paid. Phil thought it was not only disagreeable, but also degrading to be dunned; still the heartless host pertinaciously persisted, and poor Phil perceived that his condition was really perplexing, inasmuch as he had no stock in pocket, howsoever much fancy teemed in his head. He threw his promethian pen in the fire, and took up a mercantile one; his master was a millionaire, a legitimate aristocrat; as things go, his niche was furrowed round with beavers, and his badge, a badger's tail. Phil sorrowed over his humiliating predicament, and with a sigh, commenced posting the books.

One sultry afternoon, Mr. Otter returned earlier than usual from his daily peregrinations on "change, whence he was wont to repair,

to glean intelligence; and the twinkle of his little opussum eyes, indicated that he had learned something of more than ordinary import. Phil heeded it not, but ever looked up to him, and down on his occupation, with utter, though concealed contempt. Phil poured over the ledger, and checked off entries on the ponderous journal, with something like an indignant frown on his brow. Otter walked softly up behind him, and stood looking over his shoulder.

"Oh, that such a fate should be mine!" sighed Phil.

"What's that?" demanded Otter.

"Hem!—hem! I have a cough—and was thinking I might be doomed to the consumption." Phil replied, trembling, for on turning, he perceived a displeased expression on the swarthy features of Otter.

"You do look rather pale," said Otter.

"True, sir; see how nervous I am—see how my pen shakes."

"I see—and keeping my books might soon kill you."

"Oh, no! I was ever so—I have been with you a week to-morrow, and I assure you I feel none the worse for it!"

"But I have observed a change in your complexion, and thought to speak to you this very day on the subject. No doubt you can do much better than keeping my books. I think I know a friend who will give you an easier employment."

"Do you? I should be glad—when will he want me?"

"He is not positively certain about it—he will know in a few weeks."

"His name?"

"He does not wish his name mentioned until he concludes to take you."

"Oh, it's all an uncertainty, then! Never mind it, Mr. Otter, I'll make up my mind to be content where I am. Though I am pale, and have a slight cough, there is no pain in my breast, but one—"

"What one's that?"

"I'll tell you in confidence—but I don't wish the boys about the store to know it. It's this: I have a consciousness within, that I was designed for better things—"

"Designed for better things!" iterated Mr. Otter, in tones of thunder. "I was told this very morning by Mr. Sligg, over the way, that you are in the habit of writing poetry! Now, sir—look at that ledger; do you think I'll have my books kept in that manner? You don't write a business hand! it might do for sonnets—a lady's album!—Get out, sir—go."

—And poor Phil found himself standing on the pavement—and thus, soliloquized: "Is literature encouraged in America. Though Otter can't dictate an intelligible sentence himself, yet he is rich, and thus spurs a poet! Farewell to your coon peltry, and muskrat odor! I shall not contaminate myself in any of your counting rooms! No—I will leave the city—I will sojourn in the country villages, as Goldsmith did. Ha, ha, ha! I have it—yes, I'll instantly pawn my watch, pay my board, and set out, without receiving a cent from Otter for my week's labor." And the flighty fellow kept his word.

Phil next found himself tramping along the margin of a bright bay—the green leaves of the forest trees quivering in the fresh breeze, and the happy birds pealing out their inspiring notes from every bough. Phil resolved to become a country schoolmaster; his education was good, and he bore with him a few letters of introduction to the most influential farmers. He chuckled with the thoughts of a rural life, and determined to write poetry every Saturday.

"I'm glad to see you, young man," said Colonel—after glancing over his letter, about my friend states, that you have a decided taste for literature."

"Yes; and every one to his taste," as the saying goes," responded Phil.

"But," continued the Colonel, shaking his head, "writing is a poor business—all poets are poor—"

"What of that, my dear sir? Wealth is not heaven, nor poverty hell. You are the lord of these broad lands, and that swarm of negroes singing in the barn yard, and in these consistent your happiness; now, I am of a different cast and enjoy more exquisite pleasure, in the contemplation of the beautiful wild flower in your umbrageous dell, through which I just passed, than all your wealth could—"

"Stop, sir!" interrupted the Colonel, "you are an impertinent fool! Go, then, into the dell, and enjoy your pretty blossom! We won't crack brains scribbled in our neighborhood!"—Phil slept in the barn that night, his only companion a brindle cur, which wagged his tail, and laid down beside him.

Now for the ladies. A lady will scream the loudest when a house is on fire; but she will rush the farthest into the flames to save a darling child. A lady goes not to battle herself, but she sends many a gallant hero there; if she braves not the carnage of the field, yet her delicate fingers fashion the silken banner, and her smiles inspire the soldier to defend it. Be the cause what it will, if the ladies espouse it, triumph is its destiny. As the oxen on the tread-wheel is to the miller, so is man obedient to the sex. A secret spring is not touched, and they go, or stand still, as required.—When the monster man is enraged, invoking direct imprecations on all around, the soft silver tone of women is a talisman, and his

wrathful denunciations end with, "The ladies—heaven bless them!" In the darkest hour of distress, they will endure the most, and hope the longest. When our country was endangered, it was a matron who fired her own mansion in its cause; and it inspired more confidence in the drooping soldier, than an ordinary battle gained. A lady saved Rome, when—

—Ay, when Phil found himself turned into the street, and yet standing before Mr. Otter's door, his eye caught the glitter of a ring on his finger, and as he unconsciously put his hand in his pocket in search of coin, the cuff of his sleeve turned up, and he beheld a braid of hair on his wrist; these were keepsakes, from the hands of fair ladies, and he was cheered, and resolved never to immolate his genius on the altar of mammon. Here was another instance of the power of the sex: Phil despised old Otter, and all his thousands lent out and in bank, and cheerfully set off on foot, with a bundle on his back, thinking all the while of the approving smiles of the dear creatures. If he was weary at eye, and somewhat hungry, yet his slumber was peaceful on the sweet straw, and his faithful sentinel kept his feet warm. Heroines in the vicissitudes of literature! In future, it will justly be said that America owes more to the exertions of the ladies for the advancement of letters, than commerce does to all the Otters in the world! Zealous in the cause they espouse, (two or three females excepted) happy success is certain. Whilst plodding merchants are making money, and taunting politicians striving to bamboozle them out of it, ye are erecting a monument in the Republic of Letters, more durable than one of granite. A time will come, when husbands, brothers, and sons, will read the papers and pay for them; will admire the works of native minds, and appreciate the moral of a well written tale—or they may look to have their heads incontinently broken, if there are any broomsticks in the land! And ye will do it! And when their eyes are open to duty and patriotism, and they will prefer a song to a cigar, they will thank the sex for their reformation. When—ay, when the sun rose the next morning, Phil was roused by the tinkling of a guitar, and the beautiful Virginia, the Colonel's lovely daughter, was sitting beside him, like another Miranda!

"Is this a vision? Am I on earth? That song!"—exclaimed Phil, sitting upright, and rubbing his eyes.

"I am your old boarding school acquaintance—you are on the barn straw, and the song is in this magazine, written by yourself," replied the blushing girl, and her fingers again wandered over the strings.

"Then you are yet my friend—even in adversity!" and Phil kissed her hand in spite of resistance.

"Alas!" said she, "my father has ordered the servants not to permit you to come on the premises, and written to the neighbors requesting that you may not be employed to teach their children!"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Phil, in a lively tone, "what care I for his enmity, or the frowns of all the world, so you but smile approvingly! Lady, if you have any commands to be executed—anything whatever you wish to be done—tell me—with pleasure, I can evade it—"

"Die! you look weak and pale!" said she, and continued unrolling her kerchief, "I have brought you this."—And the provident Virginia handed him a leg of chicken, and a large biscuit. Tears came into Phil's eyes, as he partook of the repast, and thought of his humiliating condition. When his breakfast was over, he rose abruptly, kissed the lady's hand once more, and turned away in silence—for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Will you thus depart, without even saying farewell?" inquired the gentle Virginia, in meek tones, her blushes giving way to livid paleness.

Phil did depart without bidding her adieu—but she accompanied him—and the next week the papers gave a long account of a romantic runaway match.

Virginia was the Colonel's only daughter, and there was no one to play the piano, in her absence. Therefore, after storming a little, and laughing with his fox-hunting companions, at the odd affair, he became reconciled, and called the lovers home.

SILENT ELOQUENCE.—We have just read in an "exchange" a notice of an interesting ceremony which recently took place in a Western town—the marriage of two deaf mutes.—No audible response was given, but the eloquence of eyes had it all its own way. A form of the marriage ceremony was placed in the hands of the pair—they read it together and bowed response—and the twain were one. Measurably isolated from the world, they will be all the world to each other. No voice of altercation will ever rise round their hearth—but thought, and memory, and hope, will fill the silence like a speech. Dwelling in a silent world, the beating of hearts will be audible—unable to utter their sentiments with the voice, eyes will beam more eloquent, smiles more expressive, the clasp of hands more cordial and intelligible.

AN INDUCEMENT.—As an inducement, the Circleville Journal says, that all subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-rate obituary notice in case of death.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE EMINENT.—Some men are acquainted with a good many people; others with a good many wealthy people. But intercourse with the latter does not make them rich, and familiarity with the former does not make them scholars. Extensive and promiscuous intercourse with mankind has few advantages for the man of thought.—Access is not thus to be obtained to what is most valuable in others. Better for the studious, thinking man, to be much alone, cultivating acquaintance with the insides of good books and himself, than with the outsides of other people, however eminent.

No men, although called great, are so full of pearls of thought, as to run over in the presence of ordinary company. To be admitted into familiar intercourse with those who are largely accomplished in knowledge of the world and books and things, is indeed an inestimable privilege. Transmitted property is nothing in comparison with intellect and information, which comes spontaneously, without any effort, by inheritance from parents of broad and finished education. What privilege equals that of possessing a private key in early youth, to the memory of one eminent for talent, scholarship, and professional learning? Equally, if not more to be prized, is the privilege to be admitted to the chamber of the good man ere he meets his fate, as well as where he meets it.

The privation most to be lamented is not only the want of formal instruction in early life, but also that of intelligent daily and hourly-conversation with friends of solid and deep information on some subjects. There is a vast deal which can never be obtained from books, and yet it is necessary to progress. When this is attained with felicity, by the way as it were, advancement is rapid and easy. When not thus acquired, these things so necessary to be known, become serious obstacles in the path of the solitary student, which a few seasonable hints from a learned friend would have immediately removed, if he could have come by such. An acquaintance like that with the great and learned, is of inappreciable value, of which one has a right to be proud. But the sight of a philosopher or sage, or even a frequent position by his side, will not impart any of his knowledge or virtue. One cannot get either by absorption. There are many who revolve through life on the outside of intellectual society, but never have access to its esoteric privileges. They know no more of men of note, than travelers who visit foreign countries and never see parlors, do of its private mansions and domestic life. It is a very petty and comfortable ambition to know just enough of such men, as to enable one to boast of their acquaintance. Generally speaking, the best knowledge of a distinguished orator, for example, may be got from studying his speeches; of a poet, by reading his poems, of an author, by familiarity with his works, and so on. This is the greatest advantage of which they can be to us, unless their friendship and intimacy may be granted; for that is the greatest benefit of all. This great prerogative is reserved, however, to a few, and commonly to those who are able to pay for it by a fair exchange of gifts. To consort with princes, one must be a prince; to have intercourse with a shop-keeper, to any purpose, you must have a change in your pockets to balance against his goods; and to be admitted to the conversation of talent and learning, one must have both, in some respectable degree.

THE GOOD OF CHILDREN.—What would this world be really worth, if it was robbed of the hearty laugh, and merry prattle of little children? What home would be worth the name of "home," if there were taken from it those little vines, which morning and night put out their little arms to climb and kiss the parent stem? What health would look cheerful, if around it were not these little Larks to cheat it of its loneliness and gloom? What a desert is, without an oasis—a forest without a shrub—a garden without a flower—a lute, without a string, so is a home without children. Who does not love little children? Who does not feel happy, when his heart-doors are locked suspiciously against all the rest of the world, in raising its windows and letting these little ones flock in, and rummage every secret drawer and passage from the basement to the attic? Happy is the man who loves little children.—Let him be a stranger in a strange place—let him meet with faces unknown before—let him find no heart which beats sympathetically with his own, and yet the sparkling eyes, the curly locks, the sprightly step, and the happy laughter of children are the same to him there as at home. Their bright faces are like the stars to him, ever twinkling the same wherever he goes; their gay voices are like cheerful whistling rivulets, or like the "happy" song of birds, always sounding the same to his ears.—Let him be sad—let the clouds of sorrow gather their darkness around his years—let the snows of adversity chill his better nature—and yet let him but feel the influence of children, and his soul like a broken instrument, now repaired and newly strung, vibrates with softer and more melodious tones.

Why is the life of an editor like the book of Revelations? Because he is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice like the voice of many waters, ever runs unto him.—Write.