

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME—DUVIVIER.

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Poetry.

THE STARS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Those burning stars! what are they? I have dreamt
That they were blossoms on the Tree of Life,
Or glory flags back from the outspread wings
Of God's archangel—or that you blue skies,
With all their gorgeous blazony of gems,
Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
From the fair wall of Heaven!—And I have sat
And drank their sparkling glory, till I felt
Their flash of electric trembling with the deep
And strong vibrations down the living wire
Of countless passion—and my every pulse
Was beating high as if a spring were there
To buoy me up where I might ever roam
Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky.
And dwell with those high stars, and see the light
Pouring down upon the blessed earth, like dew
From the bright arms of Naids!

Beautiful stars!
What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts,
A font, that heaves beneath you, like the deep
Beneath the glories of a midnight moon!
And like your Eden tones are lighting now
Around me like an electric fire—
So wildly beautiful, I almost dream
That ye are there the living harp of God,
O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
And wake such tones of mystic melody
As well might wander down to the dim world
To fashion dreams of Heaven!—Deal on—deal on—
Nature's high anthem! For my life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as sweet and glorious tones
Of wild star music!

Blessed, blessed things!
Ye are in Heaven and on earth, My soul,
Even with the whirlwind's rush can wander on
To your immortal realm, but it must fall
Like your angelic light from its height,
To dim its new eld, glories in the dust!
The earth is beautiful—I love
Its wilderness of spring flowers, its bright clouds,
The majesty of mountains, and the dread
Magnificence of seas—for they come
Like visions to my heart—but when I look
On you unfading loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where you repose
Upon your boundless Heaven, like parted souls
On an eternity of blessedness.

Original Moral Cate.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE BARTY FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

For an hour or more, the seats have been rapidly filling up with persons of all ages, sexes and classes; and it is now filled to its utmost capacity. The Emperor, with his magistrates have entered, and occupy the projecting platform, all dressed in the richest regalia of office. The Emperor is seated forward on the front of the platform, conspicuously, and from which his eye can sweep around the entire arena. He is looking somewhat better than he did yesterday in the Forum. But he still has with him the bleary eyes, and the old grin, and the long, yellow teeth. Then, it is easy to see from his quick movements, and the restlessness of the thousands around him, that some scene of more than ordinary attraction has drawn them together, and that they are awaiting its opening with anxious interest.

Suddenly, the entrance door into the arena is thrown open. Every eye is directed towards it. The Emperor leans forward on his seat, grins, and shows his teeth. Two of his guard enter. Between them is a tall, portly man, with a long, loose robe thrown over him, and concealing from view his entire person. They advance slowly to the centre of the arena. Here they stop; when one of the guard, quickly catching hold of the loose, outside robe, snatches it away; and before the immense assemblage, stands the man whose fate has brought them together.

The reader need hardly be told who this man is. It is enough to say, that his head and hands are still bandaged; and that over his manly and dignified person still hangs the black gown, with its torn and tattered skirts.

Now look at him. Poor man! his face is spotted with blood; and is quite pale and blanched with suffering. But there he stands, firm and unmoved, while he is casting his eyes around the vast concourse of his fellow citizens, with an earnest, benevolent, forgiving look.

Then, with a clear, loud, distinct voice, he says: "God bless you all—farewell!" and raising his hand, with a smile, points to the skies.

At length, the Emperor grinned, and raised his long, bony hand. The claps of the men on the dais fall quick and heavily on the bolts, and the doors fly open. In an instant, a score or more wild, ravenous beasts of prey rush out into the arena, causing the very walls of the vast building to tremble with their growls and roars. The shouts of the spectators are almost as loud and terrific.

There is not the slightest change perceptible in the countenance of Valens. It is still white and lustrous, and his lips move on in prayer.

Just at this moment of intense anxiety, a female entered wildly at one of the entrances from the portico, and rushing down a narrow aisle, stood on the verge of the platform that jetted out over the arena. She threw her veil aside, and gazed a moment at the pale, lustrous face of the praying man; and then, throwing out her arms, with a loud scream, bounded into the arena. But, before she reached the illustrious martyr, she was in the jaws of the wild, ravenous animals, and they were both, and the same instant, torn to pieces.

And as the animals snarled, and growled, and trotted round the arena, with limbs and portions of their bodies in their mouths, the Emperor shouted and clapped his hands, and cheered lustily. And then, turning round to the magistrates, declared the sight was worth half his Empire. "It cost him his life."

Valencia, the evening Valens and his daughter were arrested, hearing the latter scream, had rushed to the door, but only in time to catch a glimpse of their fading forms, as they were hurried over the crumbling wall. She comprehended at once the truth, as well as the horror of her own trying and forlorn condition.

She quickly passed to her chamber, and clasping little Vera in her arms, fled, in the dusk, to the house of a family of poor Christians on an adjacent street, where she remained during the night.

The next morning, she went to the house of the Jewess, in a more retired and safe part of the City. Here she met with Prynne, who had come to console with the poor woman, on the loss of her boy; and who, by his skill in administering the comforts of the gospel, done much to alleviate their sorrows, and lessen the burden of their afflictions.

She had left a short time before the hour set for the martyrdom of her husband. Whether she had premeditated her death is unknown. Possibly, arriving just in the midst of the intense excitement,—when the amphitheatre was filled with the roarings of the wild beasts, and the shouts of the spectators, and seeing the situation of her husband, the shock was too great for her tender, loving heart, and she flung herself into the arms of death, as related.

We now turn to pursue the fortunes of Vertitia.

To be continued.

SENSE.—Spring!—sweet spring—among all the seasons of the year, none has a name that calls up such bright fancies and warm hopes as spring. Even the pale cheek of the invalid assumes, for the moment, a glow of delighted hope, as the fresh flowers and green fields of the merry spring-time come over his thoughts. While Nature is putting on the mantle of health and joy, decay and mourning find no fitting place for their dark train of shadows and sadness. We know that spring is here, and that

She will steal into the shadowed recesses
Where the timid young violet lies,
Till it wakes to her playful caresses,
And with her dainty blue eyes
She will whisper within the green woods,
Till the birds catch her tones and rejoice;
And the holy and far-solitudes,
Shall echo her musical voice.

A Quakeress being jealous of her husband, took occasion to watching his movements rather closely, and one morning actually discovered the trunk hanging and, kissing the pretty servant maid, whilst seated on the sofa by her side. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife as she peeped through the half open door; and rising with the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Betty, my wife, thee had better quit thy peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family." The effect was electrical.

NATURE CURES DISEASES.—A truth known to every really intelligent physician; and worthy to be known to all men and women, was declared by Dr. Campbell, physician-in-chief to the Philadelphia Hospital, in a lecture delivered to medical students. "Nature," said he, "nature cures diseases, gentlemen. Never forget that. When you get into practice, and begin to prescribe largely, you will begin to overlook that fact, and to think that you, yourselves and your medicines cure. As soon as you do so, you begin to kill."

PARVIZAS' TOAST.—At the Franklin Festival at Lowell the following was among the toasts or sentiments proposed and heartily applauded:

The Printer, the Master of all Trades.—He beats the farmer with his fast hoe, the carpenter with his rales, and the mason in setting up tall columns, he surpasses the Lawyer and Doctor in attending to his case, and beats the Parson in his management of the Decr.

Miscellaneous.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

The wood fire burned cheerfully in the little Franklin stove, and the polished brasses reflected its bright light. Not a shred was to be seen on the rag carpet. The plain table was covered with neat cloth and strewn with books. The muslin curtains were snowy white, and the plants that stood on the little stand were thrifty and well cared for. On a small lounge, covered with carmine calico, sat a lady who might have been twenty-five. She was not beautiful, but her soft chestnut hair was braided so becomingly, there was so much expression in her dark eye, with its long lashes, such a simplicity and neatness in her attire, that one could scarce behold her without pronouncing her a lovely woman. By her side sat a plain but intellectual looking man, some five years her senior. One arm encircled her waist, and his brown hand clasped hers as he bent towards her, and his tones were low and tender while ever and anon those eyes looked up to his fondly.

The twilight deepened, and the flickering flames cast but a faint light; still the lovers, for such they really were, thought twelve months had passed since they took the vows that united them; noted not the coming shadows.

"It is so pleasant to be at our own home again," said Ellen.

"And it is quite pleasant to have you here once more," answered her husband: "I can never consent to have you leave home for a whole week again. There has been a shadow upon everything. Ah, Ellen, you are the light of my home. But say dearest, and a slight shade passed over his open brow, "did you not sometimes sigh amid the splendor of your cousin's dwelling, when you thought of your plain home, and still plainer husband? And when you reflected that his splendid mansion might have been yours, but for your girlish recklessness, to prefer a plodding farmer to a city merchant?"

"Oh, Edward!" answered his wife, a tear dimming her eye, "how can you speak so? You know I never loved William Spence—you know I gave you my whole heart and have never repented it."

"No, my love," answered her husband, soothingly: "I did not mean that I have never for a moment doubted your affection. But when you saw your cousin surrounded with all the luxuries and elegance of life, with servants to do her bidding, and her husband dressed to the best advantage—and then thought of your own low roof, with its simple furniture, with only your own self to be the mind of all work, when you saw Isabella always at leisure, or only employed about some pretty piece of finery, did you not think of the scrubbing the cooking, the patching, the darning, and all the other cares that engrossed your time? And then your laborious husband with his work-day attire—did not one sigh escape you? And he looked half playful, half earnest, and her face.

"No, Edward, never. I never loved William, and of course could not have been happy with him in any situation. Isabella does love him dearly, and her husband does on her, yet I doubt whether they have half the real happiness we enjoy. Isabella is a little, a very little, the fruitful, and her servants often vex her. Then cousin William is so particular about his food, and an overdone beefsteak is no more palatable from a silver fork, and heavy cake is no nicer from a silver basket. I am glad you are not annoyed at trifles, Edward. I shall know how to appreciate you now."

"And are you quite sure that I am not annoyed by trifles?" asked her husband archly.

"Certainly, have I not proved it by two years' experience?"

"I am not so sure of that Ellen. You have never tried me with such trifles. Let me have my food half cooked and ill-seasoned from the hands of a shatterly girl instead of the plain, well-cooked dishes prepared by my neat handed wife, and see them—but I interrupted you unintentionally. I am sure Isabella must be very happy all the day, in the splendid parlor, with a carpet so dainty that it seems a breach of propriety to step on it, those enormous mirrors that betray all one's awkward movements, then those antique chairs,—I believe you call them—covered with rich velvet, and the lounges, the sofas, the wrought ottomans, and the other elegant things of which your humble husband does not even know the names."

"No, no, Edward," said Ellen, "you are not quite so ignorant as you profess, but it is of no consequence, for it will be but a little while before the fashionable world will be obliged to have a new style of furniture, because we country people have learned the names, and are beginning to imitate the style—but we were speaking of Isabella. I think she is not as happy in the midst of splendor as I am, because I am always busy. It is not necessary for Isabella to labor, and it requires considerable decision of character to keep one's self employed, where there is no incentive."

"I set my pantry in order, I have no one to disarrange it, and I am more than repaid by the pleasure I take in seeing it tidy. If I stitch the wristband, or darn the stockings, I know that this will add to the comfort of him I love—if I weed and water my flowers, they always smile upon me in return. Even in

cooking, which so many count a drudgery, I am always thinking how I can make the best article with the least expense and trouble. At cousin Isabella's, the servants do all this, and she takes no interest except to scold them occasionally, when things are too bad. When in company Isabella is the personification of gaiety, but I suspect there are many hours when she sits alone in her splendid apartment, and sighs, though she cannot tell why. I am far more inclined to pity than envy her, I am sure."

"But you say they love each other. Surely when evening comes, when the brilliant chandelier is lighted in the hall, and the parlor is illuminated—when the heated air is diffused so softly, when they draw around the splendid centre table, covered with engravings and periodicals, then Isabella must be happy."

"Yes, her dreamy eyes light up; and as William puts on his embroidered slippers and seats himself beside her, kisses her cheek, and plays with her jewelled fingers, and calls her all sorts of fond names, she looks perfectly happy, but after a short time he takes a newspaper (the only reading he seems to have any taste for,) and she looks over the last magazine, or does a little fancy work, and so the evening passes, varied perhaps occasionally by some trifling conversation, or a dish of fondling."

"You do not disapprove of affectionate manners altogether, do you, Mrs. Howell?" said the gentleman, with mock gravity.

"No, you know I do not," said the wife, smiling; "but it is like rich cake; a little mingled with plainer food, is delicious; but were I to live upon it I should soon get cloyed. No, Edward, when, after having been busy all day, the evening comes, and we sit down in our own little sitting room, and read together, occasionally laying aside the book to interchange thoughts, and give expression to ideas and feelings we might never have had, if the reading had not given rise to them, I am sure I enjoy a more exalted happiness than Isabella ever knew."

"But look it has grown quite dark since we have been idling here. Let me go till I bring lights, and then I will take my knitting work, which I have scarcely dared to show to cousin Isabella's, and you will read to me from those charming Miscellanies of Macaulay's once more."

The next morning, when Mr. Howell saw his wife in a neat morning dress, tripping lightly about the house, and heard her musical voice singing—

"Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er the loved ones dwell,"
he felt quite sure the heart contained a wealth of happiness, which money could never have bestowed.

AIM HIGH.

It is said that when one of the ex-presidents was a young man, and about leaving college, some of his classmates, who were settling their plans for life, asked him—

"What do you mean to do?"

"President of the United States," was the proud reply.

They went their ways, and in time his resolve was accomplished; the young collegian stood at the head of the nation.

The *Manchester Guardian* tells the following story of D'Israeli, a popular English author and statesman—

"When Mr. D'Israeli was a boy at school, he was asked by a companion, who is now a respectable tradesman at High Wycombe, what course of action he meant to adopt in order to make his way in society. The young aspirant promptly replied—

"I mean to write a book which will make me famous. When I have purchased fame, I mean to get a seat in Parliament; and when once in Parliament, I shall be determined to become a right honorable."

"All this has been fulfilled. And we believe the anecdote we have recorded solves any mystery which may cling to Mr. D'Israeli's public career."

Aim high, boys; but, remember, the top of the ladder is not to be reached by one mighty jump some fine day after you have become men. The path of the hill of science begins just where you now are—in your school-room, and every lesson well-learned is a step. Do you see that little blue-eyed fellow, in the corner, looking so quietly and steadily upon his book? His body is still, but his soul, if you could only see it, is taking steps along an unseen but real path which leads through the broad and beautiful fields of knowledge, and up to the heights of fame and wealth and honor. Perhaps he is on his way, even now, to Congress; ay! just as fast now as when, twenty years hence, thousands shall be delighted at his wisdom and eloquence, and vote for him as their representative in the national council.

In Salem, Massachusetts, after the heavy snow-fall, a man was found sticking sticks into a huge "winter bank of snow." On being asked why he amused himself thus, "Amuse!" said he, with a voice that betrayed the deepest anxiety of mind: "Fine amusement! I have lost my shop—it used to stand somewhere near this spot."

Dirty Suits.—Counselor Rudd, of the Irish bar, was equally remarkable for his love of whist and the dingy color of his linen.

"My dear Dick," said Curran to him one day, "you can't think how puzzled we are to know where you buy all your dirty shirts."

Stemarian.

—Cunning and treachery are sure evidence of want of brains.

—The head is always the dupe of the heart.

—To study men is more necessary than to study books.

—The area of Clearfield County is 1200 square miles.

—Clearfield town was laid out in 1805, and incorporated in 1849.

—You must command by example, rather than by authority.

—When is a lady's neck not a neck? When it is a little bare, (boar.)

—Tattlers and hypocrites are twins—their father, the devil.

—The first school in Pennsylvania, was established in 1633.

—Why is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Because they have both ceased to quack.

—When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

—No man was ever ruined by being liberal. There is a vast difference between liberality and prodigality.

—Thomas Mifflin was the first Governor of Pennsylvania, under the state Constitution which was adopted in 1790.

—Men of genius are frequently dull and inert in society. The blazing meteor when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

—In Kansas it costs a man only fifty dollars to have a city named after him; towns and villages in proportion.

—Byron was born on the 22nd of January 1788 in London. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, on the 19th of April 1824.

—A gentleman never pries into other people's business. He always pays the postage on his letters and pays in advance in good money, for his papers.

—Pan taught the Thracian Shepherd to carve his love notes on the invisible air, and fill the summer night with soft, flute like melody.

—The cost of the extra inch on the tall shirt collars of our young men is equal to the sum necessary to put the Bible into the hands of every one of the Patagonians.

—There are about seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size. If these were joined lengthwise, a tube would be formed twenty-eight miles long!

—Richard Henry Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia on the 20th of January 1732. He died on the 19th of June 1794, aged sixty three years.

—It is said our County and town derive their names from certain *clear fields*, apparently old Indian corn-fields found in different parts of the county by the first settlers.

—Money is so scarce in this neighborhood that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other, that the fortunate possessor has to give them an introduction.

—How does it happen that whenever you chance to stop out late, upon your retirement as quietly as possible, every door creaks ten times as much as usual, and the stairs go off like parks of artillery?

—An editor "out West" says, that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death, as original matter for his columns, but a thimble broke up the wedding, and the doctor fell sick, so the patient recovered!

—A certain newly-elected Irish Mayor speaking of certain articles in a vivacious newspaper, observed, "I despise those underhand attacks. When I write an anonymous letter I always sign my name to it."

—A philosopher who is fond of diving to the bottom of things, thinks that when a young lady is offended with a kiss, the only remedy is to give her another, according to the theory, similar-but-never-entirely-very-likely.

—Cash helps along courting amazingly. Astonishing what oyster suppers, bracelets, "love of a bonnet," suburban rides and balls will do towards expanding the feminine heart and getting into the parson's house.

—The men of '76" have gone down to the grave, but to their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the deeply graven lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of all mankind.

—A witness being requested to give in his testimony, at court, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave it in thus: "Mother said that Ruth said that Nel said that Polly told her that she seen a man that seen a boy ran through the street with a striped flannel shirt, all crooked, and our gals won't lie, for mother has licked them more than a hundred times for it!"

—The following paragraph we clip from the regular report of the Connecticut Legislature:—"Bill to tax geese, cats and bachelors."

Mr. Harrison was opposed to the bill taxing bachelors. There was a tax already laid upon a goose, and any man who had lived twenty-five years without getting married could be taken under that section.

Sabbath Reading.

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has believed such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idolatry—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of women—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing a Christian home—and caused its other triumph by causing benevolent institutions (open and expensive) to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wild waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed;—many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leaving society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—Dr. McCullough.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

"Charity (or love) never faileth."—Cor. xiii. 8.
Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficiency, divine, unspeakable efficiency in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animals into subjection.—Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will faithfully return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your hand into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast, unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far more cheering, far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible of this divine influence. The bud and flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral Garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom and the solitary place be made glad.—Dr. Upham.

Watch.—Who of all men in the world most needs this exhortation? The Christian. Why? 1. Because he is a Soldier surrounded by enemies who are waiting to destroy his soul. They are ready to take advantage of his carelessness or neglect of duty; they are vigilant; they are numerous; they are subtle. Therefore he should watch.

2. Because he is a Pilgrim traveling through a hostile land. There may be snares in his way; stones over which he may stumble; pits into which he may fall; enemies, who would strive to make him linger on his way and lure him from his heavenly home. Therefore he should watch.

3. Because he is a Steward. He has precious treasures to take care of—his own soul; his talents; his time; his Master's honor. He must take care that he does not lose the first; misuse the second; waste the third; and endanger the fourth. Therefore he need watch.

4. Because he is a servant. His Lord is absent; his return uncertain; it may be years hence, but it may be to night. When he comes back he will expect all to be in readiness for his reception—each one at his post; each one looking out for him. Therefore the Christian must watch.

It is a great mistake in the preacher to misce his text or his subject too small, by a great number of subdivisions; for it necessarily occasions great confusion to the understanding. When we sit under such preaching, we fancy ourself brought into the valley of Ezekiel's vision, it was full of bones, and behold there were very many in the valley, and lo, they were very dry.

Go no further than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed, and never perplex yourself about those you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.