

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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## RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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## Poetry.

### A SUMMER MORNING.

FROM THE NEW PASTORAL OF T. BUCHANAN READ.  
"Day dawns,  
And with it swells the sounds, afar and near,  
Of lowing cattle and of crowing cocks,  
From farm to farm the waking signals run,  
And the blue smoke ascends, the sheep released,  
Leap the low bars and, following their bell,  
Go bleating to the pasture. And anon,  
The ploughman drives his team into the field,  
And treats the furrow, till the horn recalls,  
Meanwhile the kite their generous sunders yield,  
And fill the sounding path till it o'erruns,  
And drips the path with foam. Then, at the spring,  
The snowy liquid poured in careful rows,  
And on wicker slabs arranged to cool,  
Meanwhile the kite their generous sunders yield,  
The giant forge, at labor 'mid the hills,  
Throws sudden thunder from its iron heart,  
And 'neath yon poplar, bursting into bloom,  
The lesser avil rings. While from the east,  
Which on the broozy upland greets the east,  
The windows blazing with the morning red,  
The loom makes answer with its busy beat."

"Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees,  
Sing like a wind among the snowy flocks,  
The buzz of neighboring garden flies  
Are there, in full communities, to mine  
The odoriferous Eldorado; and the wisp,  
Creeping his long legs, like a flying crane,  
Lights on the flower, and, with his ready sting,  
Threats the intruder. There the humbler bee,  
Come beaming, and departs with laden thighs.  
The yellow-jacket, small and full of spite,  
Buckled in liver of golden lace,  
Comes with the feeble arrogance of one  
Who plays the master, though himself a slave;  
And over all, the tyrant of the hour,  
The king-bird, hovers, darting on his prey;  
And takes the venturous prey of crows,  
Then boasts his conquest on the adjacent branch,  
Where, like a pirate hauled against the wind,  
He waits another sail. From limb to limb,  
The birds which here delight to build their nest—  
The blue bird, and the robin and the small,  
Gray wood-pecker—now fit among the flowers,  
Until the air is full of life and song,  
As it is full of perfume."

## Original Moral Tale.

### MARVIN FAMILY.

CHAPTER XIX.

The thunder broke in tremendous crashes over the city, preceeded by vivid, blinding flashes of lightning; while the rain poured in streams from the angling arcs, and flowed in maddly torrents along the streets.

But whirl—whirl—whirl went the wheels of the chariot; splash and clatter the hoofs of the horses. In a few moments, the gate at the termination of the street had been cleared; and the vehicle, with the railroad velocity of modern times, was making its way into the country, through darkness and tempest.

And now, that we have a moments leisure, we may take a peep at the fair creature—at the awestruck, fainting Vertitia, snatched from an untimely death, and, what is worse, the pleasure of a lustful, brutal soldiery.

The rattling and jolting have roused her into a somewhat of consciousness, though still in a dreamy, bewildered state. She has no recollection of any thing that had taken place for the last hour, nor has she the least idea of her present situation. She is trying hard, however, to think—to realize, if possible, where she is. But, an occasional gleam of lightning, angling the small, rude enclosure in which she is lying, is the only thing she can see; while the rattling of wheels, and the clattering noise outside, and the swaying, jolting motion, at length convinced her, that she was in something, at least, that moved, and moved with amazing velocity.

After a while, her thoughts becoming more settled, and her mind more tranquil, with an effort, she raised herself up on a rough sort of seat, which she had felt with her hand. But her head ached, and her temples throbbled; as a faintness, accompanied with a great thirst, seized her, and she again lay down.

Soon, however, reviving, and feeling quite a relief from pain, she once more made an effort to recall, if possible, the past. Her recollections, however, were all dim and confused. The black, damp cell, and her father's bowed form at her side—the blazing fires in the square—the Emperor, and his guard, and the crowded hall, she could remember only dreamingly. Then, she had some recollection of grim-visaged looking men peering in her face; but that memory became a blank—a blank, unwritten page.

Poor Vertitia she then tried to feel, but could only feel wretched. She tried to weep, but her tears refused to flow. Most swiftly, and all of a sudden, did her thoughts flee away to the skies; and there did she see him whose crown was thorns, and whose drink was vinegar and gall; whose hands were riven with nails, and whose side was pierced with a spear; and then from his eyes came a look of compassion, and from his lips fell the words, "it is I; be not afraid." The blue, languid eyes of the captive girl quickly opened; and, looking up, her lips responded, "my Saviour."

Hour after hour passed away. Whirl—whirl, all the time, went the wheels; and clat-

ter—clatter, incessantly, went the horses' hoofs. Vertitia thought and thought, but all to no purpose. Her thinking furnished no clue to unravel the present mystery. She prayed, but it was as dark as ever. She listened and listened, but she could hear nothing but the whirl and the clatter; no voice of any human being. On—on rolled the chariot; now swaying to the one side, and now to the other; now jolting and pitching, and now flying along without the slightest jar or obstruction. And Vertitia really began to consider seriously whether she was dead or alive, or whether she was not on her way to the bright world of her dreams.

All of a sudden, the chariot stood still.—There was a quick, rustling movement outside, followed by a heavy spring of feet to the earth. "Out," said a low, coarse, sepulchral voice. Vertitia started—trembled. Her head began to swim, and she felt that she could not stir a limb. But instantly almost, a powerful arm was thrust inside the vehicle, and encircled her slender form; and the next moment she was standing outside on the earth, with a man of huge proportions at her side.

"Be easy a little," said the sepulchral voice of the huge man; and, stepping forward, he drove the chariot off to the one side, and secured the jaded, panting horses.

Vertitia cast her eyes around her. They were in the midst of a forest. The tall trees rose in the darkness, like great, black walls, on either side of the road. Directly overhead, she could see a few scattered stars shining out brightly; and, to the East, through an opening in the tops of the trees, she thought she could observe the gray dawn. And then, on the North, up a dark, dismal-looking hollow, or ravine, she fancied she could see a pale, blue sort of light, blinking, and swaying to and fro.

"This way, girl," said the hoarse voice of the man, with an evident effort at kindness; "follow me," and he struck into a path at the side of the road.

Vertitia could neither speak, nor stir a limb. In all probability, could she have done either, she would have pled for mercy, or attempted a flight. But there she stood, speechless—motionless.

"Better of a little help, perhaps;—had considerable of a ride, poor thing," and the next moment, the huge man had her in his arms.

He entered the forest. The path led up the dark hollow, in the direction of the blue light. After some time of toiling up this, and then up a gentle slope, Vertitia felt the powerful arms of the man relaxing their hold; and she was set down in the midst of an old ruin.

"Now, don't be frightened, pretty thing," said the man; "be easy here a bit."

He then threw open the door of a low, small structure, and entering without ceremony, quickly closed it behind him. Vertitia saw, as the door opened, a small fire burning in one corner; and an old woman seated before it, resting her elbows on her knees, and her chin in her hands. She fancied, moreover, she had heard the surprise and congratulations of a mother and her son, followed by a low conversation.

In a few moments, the door again opened, and the man returned; when taking hold of Vertitia's hand, he led her in. Then, handing the old woman a scrap of parchment, with a few words of writing upon it, he turned round; and, kissing the cheek of some one asleep on a couch in the corner, he hastily left.

The old woman, holding up the parchment to the light of the blazing fire, read it, and then carefully put it away in a fold of her dress.

It is now day-light; and the reader may feel curious, perhaps, to take a peep at the place of Vertitia's captivity.

The ruins might date back some two or three centuries, or more—leaving their origin and design wholly unknown. The walls enclosed a considerable space,—half an acre, at least,—and had mostly tumbled down, and lay in mossy heaps. Only on the North, the end wall remained, rent, however, in several places, and looking as if the push of a strong arm might tilt it over. On this side, and under cover of the toppling wall, stood the rude structure in which Vertitia was now seated, and through a small aperture in the side of which, answering instead of a window, she had seen the dim light.

It was simply a rough log cabin, some twelve or fourteen feet square, and one story in height. It was covered with poles, or small quartered timbers, which, being laid close together, were neatly grassed or sodded over. The half-acre of ground enclosed by the decayed and mouldering walls, and which lay before and on the two sides of the cabin, was cultivated as a garden, and bore evidence of no small skill and taste in the art. It was regularly laid off in plots or beds, with neat, clean walks. Almost every species of vegetable then in use, as also several varieties of the vine, were cultivated with the greatest care; while several smaller plots, devoted to flowers, gave evidence of no little taste in that department. Directly in front of the door, there was a small circular bed of this kind, grassed round the sides, and which contained several rare varieties.

To be continued.

## Miscellaneous.

### TO A SICK FRIEND.

They tell me Anaxel's pious dark,  
Are hovering o'er thy pillow,  
That Charon in his gloomy bark  
Awaits thee on his rough billow.

Thine eyes are dimmed with suffering's tears,  
Though pride would quell their flowing,  
And on thy brow and on thy cheek,  
The hectic flush is glowing.

And must thou thus 'mongst strangers lie,  
With none to share thy sighing,  
And must thou thus 'midst strangers die,  
With none to mourn thee dying?

Must thou thus fade—so young in years  
Ere half thy task is finished?  
Must thy bright life be quenched in tears,  
Ere age its light diminishes?

If prayers could stay the grasp of death  
It ne'er could reach thy portal;  
If love could but prolong thy breath  
Thou wouldst, thou be immortal!

Luthersburg, April 9, 1855. H. W. T.

### STORMING OF STONY POINT.

#### A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The night had already settled down gloomy and forbidding, on the evening of the 15th of July, 1779, when the advancing column of a little army whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole dim and shadowy prospect, disclosed to them along the bank of the river opened to the sight.—Far away lay Verplanck's Point, now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the blither side of the river, dark gloomy, and frowning, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except along a narrow road, by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable upon the river; and its capture regarded as almost impossible. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river, and after a silent march of some minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and half of the enemy's line, and halting at the command of their officer, formed into columns for the attack. Beginning again their march they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.

"Hist!" said the low voice of the general from the front, "We are nigh enough now—halt."

The order passed in a whisper down the line, and the column passed on the edge of the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt that in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, and that they would either be cold in death, or the American flag waving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivered, nor a cheek blanched in that crisis. About twenty paces in front of the column, had halted, the forlorn hope of one hundred and fifty men, with unloaded pieces and bayonets fixed, while further on a smaller group of shadowy forms could be seen through the obscurity, accounted with axes, to cut through the abattis. Each man had a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching melee. The pause, was but momentary.

The general had already reconnoitered approaches to the still silent promontory, and waving his sword on high he gave the order. In another instant the dark massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band crossed rapidly over the marsh. As yet the enemy had not discovered them. Even the hearts of the oldest veterans trembled with the eagerness of that moment of suspense. Already had the foremost of the pioneers reached the abattis, and the quick, rapid blows of their axes rang upon the night, when suddenly a shout of alarm broke from the fort, the gun of a sentry flashed through the gloom, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the astonished fortification. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Advance! advance!" shouted Wayne, as he pressed rapidly on towards the abattis, follow in death-like silence by his indomitable troops.

"To arms!" came borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms—to arms," and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire, such as only desperation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of the artillery, the crashing of the grape-shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and streams of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet amid it all the daring assailants steadily advanced; not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the commands of their general though trembling in every limb with eagerness they kept up their silent march, amid the fiery tempest, as if impelled by some god-like power. On—on—on they pressed. The whirlwind of fire from the fort ceased not; yet still they dashed along, charging at the point of the bayonet, over abattis and bulwark, until the enemy, borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them.—

The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death-like silence broken. A sound rung out from the victorious troops over all the thunder of the battle. It was the watch-word of success. It was heard by the head of the column behind, it passed down their line, was caught up by the rear, and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rang out as they dashed to the attack.

The contest was short, but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foes the gallant continentals, headed by Wayne, pressed on, and driving all before them, met the column of their little army, with an enthusiastic cheer, in the very centre of the enemy's works. In another moment the starry flag of America was waving triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of the victors cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell, after resistance had ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them, and sentries posted on all the commanding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet in the river that Stony Point was won.

### AMUSING DUELS.

A work on "Duels and Duelling" has recently been published in Boston, which contains far more amusement than one would expect to find in such a volume. The case of Major Hillas and Fenton, in Ireland, in which the former gentleman was shot, is an illustration. The Judge, in summing up the evidence, said to the jury: "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is murder; therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so; but I tell you, at the same time, a fairer duel than this I never heard of in the whole course of my life!"

Two physicians, by the name of Mead and Woodward, fought in England, and the latter slipping, his opponent exclaimed—"Take your life." To which the prostrate Galen replied, "Anything but your physic."

"Old Put," one of the heroes of our revolution, was very odd also in his ideas of the code. He agreed to meet a British officer at a special place and hour, without seconds. When the Briton repaired to the spot he was greeted by a shot from "Old Put," lying in perdu about thirty rods off. While "Put" was reloading the officer approached and asked, "What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?" "What am I about to do?" replied the General. "A pretty question to put to a man you intend to murder! I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Death to haug a tory, you are a gone dog." The officer fled.

The old Wolf-Hunter accepted another challenge from a British officer. At the appointed time and spot the officer found him seated near a barrel—apparently of gunpowder—smoking a pipe. He asked the Englishman to sit on the other side of the barrel, and remarking that "there was an equal chance for both," set fire to the match. The officer retreated in a hurry, when Old Put laughed at him saying—"You are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions to try you by; but you don't like the smell."

### INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Senator Houston was once asked at a large party given by Mr. Speaker Withrop, why he did not attend the usual places of public amusement as he had been accustomed to do. His reply was this—let it be read and remembered by the mothers and daughters of America— "I make it a point, said the honorable Senator, never to visit a place where my lady, if she were with me, would be unwilling to go. I know it would give her pain, as a christian to attend such places, and I will not go myself where I could not take my wife."

A member of Congress present alluded to his own wife, and added that there was a mutual understanding between him and her, that they should each follow the bent of their own inclination in such matters.

"That may do for you," responded Mr. Houston; "but with me it is different from what it is with many men. My wife has been the making of me. She took me when I was a victim to slavish appetites; she has redeemed and regenerated me, and I will not do that in her absence which I know would give her pain if she were present."

SETTLING AN ARGUMENT.—Two argumentative characters were one day cruelly boring a third party with a prosy discussion upon the philosophical correctness of Pope's famous axiom, which asserts that "whatever is, is right." The debate had been spun to every length imaginable, embracing illustrations "pro and con," derived from the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," and the bountifulness of a benignant Providence, when the individual who was patiently listening to the disputants brought the argument to a close by exclaiming, "Tom, you say that Pope is correct?" "Of course, sir," said Tom, glad to find a new contestant in the arena; "and I will show you ——" "Wait a minute," interrupted his interlocutor, "and tell me, if 'whatever is, is right,' how you came to have a left hand?"

## Stemarian.

— Adversity is the only ballance to weigh friends.

— Never indulge yourself in ridicule on religious subjects.

— Affliction of wisdom often prevents our becoming wise.

— Of all poverty, that of the mind is the most deplorable.

— He who makes an idol of his interest, will make a martyr of his integrity.

— "Capital punishment," as the boy said when the mistress seated him with the girls.

— Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumspectiously these muddy times.

— A Drunkard's nose is like a lighthouse, warning us of the little water passing underneath.

— A rugged countenance oftentimes conceals the warm heart, as the richest pearls sleep in the roughest shell.

— The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this—one goes best when tired and the other don't.

— "If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behavior."

— Laugh and joke after dinner. It helps digestion more than cheese or champagne. Moderate fits of laughter are better than pills.

— The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry, is like a potato,—the only thing good about him 'lies under the ground."

— A letter from Rome says—"There are various rumors that the city of Catania, in Sicily, has been well nigh destroyed by an eruption of Etna."

— When one lady kisses another, what command of the Scriptures does she fulfil? "I do unto others as I would that men should do unto me."

— A man sent a note to a witty friend, requesting the loan of his nose-paper, and concluded in return his friend's marriage certificate.

— King James of England said the itch was too good for his subjects, on account of the pleasure to be derived from scratching the affected parts.

— An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families supplied," over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

— One of the original Mormons affirms that the founder of the creed was opposed to polygamy, and would, if he were alive, denounce it as an infamous doctrine.

— They must dress cool in Lafayette, Ia. A young lady, on being asked if she intended to wear that new bonnet to church, said that she did not intend to wear any thing else!

— Wedlock without love is like a feast of dishes—a mere show and deception. We would sooner wear an ashhouse than a female minus a heart. Well now we would!

— In a late speech, Lucy Stone said: "We know there is cotton in the ears of men. Let us look for hope in the bosom of women." May we not find some cotton there, too, Miss Lucy?

— Sam Slick says that book-learned men seldom know anything but books, and there is one that never was printed yet, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves off, for they don't understand the handwriting—and that book is human nature.

— In one of the towns of Indiana, a short time since, a liquor dealer sold a man brandy, from the effects of which he lost his life. A jury, under the new liquor law, awarded the widow of the deceased \$500 damages against the dealer.

— A distinguished physician writes to a friend who is in delicate health: "Take to yourself a young, healthy, virtuous and amiable wife. It will do you more good in one winter than all the medicine and mineral water in America will do for twenty years."

— One of our Western villages passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any persons except travelers. The next Sunday, every man in town was walking around with a valise in one hand and two saddle-gins and sugar tins.

— One day a little girl about five years old, heard a preacher of the Chadband order praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother and beckoning the maternal ear down to aspeaking distance, she whispered— "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearest to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

— A lady on Jamaica Pond, (a famous and fashionable place in the neighborhood of Boston,) who is very expert on skates, offered the privilege of a kiss to any one who could catch her. The offer was made rather louder than she intended, for when she darted off, dozens started in pursuit. She was captured by a negro, who, however, did not insist upon the forfeit.

## Sabbath Reading.

### THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook, and blows the gale,  
Yet powder hails the quiet mill;  
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,  
How motionless and still.

Six days of toil poor child of Cain,  
Thy strength the slave of Want may be,  
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—  
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender was the law that gave  
This holy respite to thy breast;  
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,  
And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentler glide,  
What image charms to raise thine eyes?  
The spirit reflected on the tide,  
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth,  
This rest from mortal toil is given;  
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,  
And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,  
Of power from old dominion barled,  
When rich and poor, with juster rule,  
Shall share the altered world!

Alas! since time itself began,  
That fabric hath outlived the hour,  
Each age that ripens power in man,  
But subjects man to power.

Yet one day in seven, at least,  
One bright republic shall be known,  
Man's world as it is, surely ceas'd,  
Which God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor,  
Oh! Dives from thy banquet hall!  
The seventh—the Father opens the door,  
And holds his feast to all!

### NATURE'S LESSON OF RELIGION.

The following by J. G. Whittier, is instinct with such lessons of Religion as are patent to every eye in Nature's scenery and audible to every reader.

There is a religion in every thing around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes—it has no terror, no gloom in its approaches. It has nothing to rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of the Author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arch'd sky. It looks out from every star. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth; where the shrillest mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter; or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of heaven. It is this that uplifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks link after link the chain that binds us to mortality; and which opens to imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

### ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if longer spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world frown on them, but amid all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

Give your children fortune without education, and at least one half will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them an education, and they will be a fortune to themselves and their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—they can never spend nor lose it; and through life it ever proves a friend—in death a consolation.

Many promises are scattered in the Bible like the stars in the firmament; and if it were always day we should not have known there was a star in the sky; so many of God's promises only shine, or at least, shine brighter in the night of affliction.

If you survey the earth, every leaf that trembles in the breeze, every blade of grass beneath your feet, is a wonder as absolutely beyond the reach of human art to imitate, as the construction of the universe.

St. Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ—that he might be found in Christ; that he might be with Christ; and that he might magnify Christ.—Luther.

The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principle source of justice and wit; and honest men think nearly always justly.

Sincerity is to speak what we think, to do what we profess, to perform what we promise, and really to be what we would appear, and seem to be.