

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIER.

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Poetry.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

BY BRUNER ELLIOT.
Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still thou art a welcome day,
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.
Sun walked forth!
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute unpurpled moor!
Throstle's song that stream like flower!
Wind, that over dew-drop goes!
Welcome now the woe worn poor!
Little river,
Young forever!
Cloud, gold bright with thankful glee!
Happy woodbine gladly weeping!
Gnat within the wild rose keeping!
Oh, that they were blessed, as ye!
Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Faint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affliction's sons and daughters,
Did thy mountains, woods and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God.
Pale young mother!
Gasping brother!
Sister toiling in despair!
Grief-bowed sire, that life long diest!
White-lipped child that sleeping sighest!
Come and drink the light and air.
Still God liveth!
Still He giveth
What no law can take away;
And, oh Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day!"

Original Moral Tale.

THE MARTIN FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The interior of the cabin, with its earthen floor, was remarkably neat and clean; and considerable taste was displayed in the arrangement of flowers, stuck in handfulls around the rough walls. Two old, rickety couches occupied the opposite corners. A broad, circular block of wood, with ones of smaller dimensions, and lower, served for table and chairs.

The whole occupied a gentle eminence, which sloped gradually into a dark hollow—along which flowed a stream of pure, fresh water, its banks being lined with low, overhanging ever-greens, and wild flowers.

Imagine this spot, in the midst of a forest, many miles in extent, and you have the place before you.

Soon after the giant-man, with coarse branny features, and bass voice, closed the door of the cabin behind him, the person who had been asleep on the couch began to stir; and, yawning once or twice, soon had her eyes on the pale, delicate stranger, in bewildered amazement. Then, quickly rising, and throwing a loose gown over the shoulders, stealthily crept toward the fire; when Vertitia, looking up, saw a pair of black, wild eyes fixed full upon her.

These eyes belonged to an exceedingly romantic creature—a young girl about fourteen—with long, jet-black hair, hanging down over the neck and shoulders, in wondrous profusion. Though, at a glance, plainly destitute of much mental culture, yet nature had not been sparing in some of her choicest gifts.—With a neat, fair form, thin, white features, and a kind, good-natured look, the girl made a favorable impression on Vertitia, though she thought she had never before saw such a queer, wild-looking creature.

After her large, black eyes had sufficiently satisfied their curiosity, the quizzical girl made a pretty graceful courtesy, and lit up her countenance with a smile.

The old woman, in the mean time, had sat close by Vertitia's side, looking steadily at the fire, with a thoughtful cast of countenance. She was a tall, lean woman, stooped, sallow complexioned, easy and graceful in her manners, with a tinge of melancholy settled about the features. She was one of those, part of whose history, at least, is written in the face, and who carry to the grave the indelible marks of some sudden, overwhelming sorrow. On the whole, while there was nothing repulsive in either her looks or manners, like her wild, romantic daughter, Letta, her countenance gave proofs of a disposition, at least, to be kind and good-natured.

"The poor thing may want to lie down a bit," said she, looking at Letta, who still stood with her eyes fixed wonderingly on the stranger.

"Spect she's had a long, merry ride," she continued.

with her large, blue eyes set, her lips dry and parched, and her temples throbbing, it required no very experienced eye to see that her condition was critical, and required attention.

"Yes, my dear, good mother—quick—where shall I lie?" said Vertitia, with a fluttering voice, her lips turning blue, and her face assuming a deadly palor.

"There," said the old woman, pointing at one of the rickety couches.

Vertitia attempted to rise to her feet, staggered, and would have fallen, but for the friendly arms of the woman and daughter, simultaneously thrown around her slender form.

They laid her quickly and gently on the couch. She had fainted away.

In a few moments, however, she revived; and, casting her sunken, misty blue eyes around her, she at length fixed them wildly on the woman and her daughter; then, closing them, clasped her hands across her breast, with a deep, heavy sigh.

"Poor thing!" said the kind woman. A tear stole down Letta's cheek.

Presently Vertitia opened her eyes languidly, and, raising her trembling hand, waved the woman and daughter from her side. She then lay easy, and after a little, fell into a doze.—She sighed, however, heavily—would start up frequently, as if terrified at something—muttered—talked incoherently. But, finally, her sleep became more sound, and she rested quietly, except, now and then, fetching a heavy sigh or moan.

"Poor thing," said the old woman to her daughter, who had shied off into the corner, "she's got some great trouble on her."

"Who in the world is she, mother?" inquired Letta quickly, tip-toeing up close to her mother's side, with her eyes staring.

"I don't know, any more than yourself."

"When did she come?"

"Little spell ago; 'bout break of day. I'd got up, and was settin' here at the fire, not thinkin' of any thing; when, first thing I knew, in steps Danna, and told me he'd got a pretty girl at the door; and that he wanted me and you to take good care of her."

"Lawful hearts! was brother here?" exclaimed Letta, in utter amazement.

"Deed was he, and brought that poor thing with him; drove all night, too, I guess, through rain and thunder, and every thing."

"And, did n't he tell you a hate of who she was, and what he brought her here to us for?"

"No,—just brought her in, wheeled about, and was off."

"Just like brother; he's so queer,—always at something; but, I'll know, next time I see him."

"He gave me this, as he left—we must do as it says," said the mother, handing, at the same time, Letta the scrap of parchment.

Letta reads slowly.

"Must n't ask her any questions!—that'll be hard enough for me. But, we can be kind—that'll be easy."

"Marcus!—who's that?" inquired Letta, in a low voice, as she deciphered the signature.

"Somebody, I reckon, Danna knows."

Miscellaneous.

WEQUASH. A TALE OF THE COLONIES.

CHAPTER I.

'Tho' born in this desert and doom'd by my birth, To pain and affliction, to darkness and death. Like some rude bird, that fix'd on earth, Still looks for the light from the sky.'

The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, may be ranked among the most interesting events recorded in the annals of history. Their sufferings and privations were many; but disregarding danger and personal privation, these proscribed people commenced the great work, and succeeded in establishing colonies in various parts of New England. In the year 1630 the governor and company of the Massachusetts Bay, in London, deemed it advisable that the governor himself should reside among the colonists; and the then officer, Mr. Craddock, not being willing to undertake the voyage, they chose John Winthrop, Esq., in his place, and Mr. Thomas Dudley his deputy, with several worthy and competent persons as his council, who embarked with their families for New England, with a fleet of ten sail of ships, whereof the admiral was called the Arabella, in honor of the lady Arabella Johnson, who with her husband, Isaac Johnson, Esq., were on board of her. With them embarked Sir Richard Salonsal, Theopolus Eaton, and John Vern, Esqrs., with several other gentlemen and ministers, and about two hundred passengers, whom the heat of persecution forced out of their native land. The fleet arrived at Salem in the month of July, in a very sickly condition. Lady Arabella Johnson died soon after she came on shore, and her husband who deated on her, followed a month after; thus were the words of the poet Garth, emphatically realized:—

"To die in landing on some silent shore."

The greater portion established themselves in a place which they called Charlestown, on the north side of the river, which still goes by that name. Here they suffered intensely, which added to the threatening posture assumed by the Indians, rendered their situation far from agreeable. A powerful chief called Wequash, who headed a portion of the Narraganset tribe, was the most dreaded. He never shed unnecessary blood, his hatchet was never raised, or the war-whoop sounded, while the whites kept away from his hunting grounds, and the graves of his fathers, over which the lone willow wept, and the tall cypress sighed their requiem.

In consequence of this chief's resolve to maintain his ground and power, a part of the colony of Charlestown removed to a peninsula which lies at the extreme end of the Massachusetts Bay, and is the most commodious for trade and commerce of any place in that section of the country. Here they built the town of Boston. Wequash viewed their departure in silent astonishment, their every movement indicated a thorough knowledge of the best ground, and when he ascertained that they had actually settled down at the bottom of the bay, he began to think that their object was to monopolize the waters of his country to themselves. For the purpose of establishing the truth of his surmises he started with a portion of his tribe to pay them a friendly visit. His appearance boded no good; yet his general peaceful character secured for him, and his attendants a warm and cordial reception; for it was the object of the colonists to secure the friendship of the Indians by acts of benevolence, and honest, upright transaction in dealing.

Wequash as usual encamped in the wilds of the surrounding country, and occasionally come to the town of Boston to watch the progress the whites made in building and extending their power foot by foot on his own ground. Although these proceedings stirred up the feelings of the savage, they were easily subdued by some new act of kindness on the part of the colonists. If he could have raised up the curtain of the future, and in the dim perspective, traced the outlines of our present greatness, rivers of blood would have flowed, and the savage king would have ruled still: the war-whoop would echo on the shores of the Delaware and Hudson, and in the valleys of the Mississippi—where now is heard the puff of steam, and the glad voices of civilized men. It was so destined.

As an instance of Wequash's friendly disposition toward the colonists, we will relate a circumstance which occurred while on a visit to the town of Boston. A body of Pequots, consisting of nearly three hundred men, came down the Massachusetts Bay, in canoes, and menaced the colony by threats, loud whoops, and shouts peculiar to that bloody and vindictive tribe. They showered poisonous arrows into the town, to the great alarm and consternation of the inhabitants. Wequash appeared on a rock, over looking their feet of canoes, and intimated to them by wild gestures, his resolve to protect the "pale faces;" inasmuch as they were his friends, and had petitioned the great Manateo to avert a dire calamity from his people, (the small pox.) No sooner did the Pequots hear this, than the heads of their canoes were turned, and they sent a messenger for the prophet, (the doctor), who had satisfied the angry spirit, and made him, a valuable present, consisting of fur and silver. They then retired into two strong forts higher up the

Bay. The prophet—(Dr. Mason,) accompanied them, and their chief, Sassacres, said—"he was only one, a god and nobody," which means that he was under the protection of the great Spirit. The Doctor remained with them several days. His visit effected much good towards establishing the safety of the colony.

The next summer several ships arrived, filled with passengers. Among them was Christopher Gardiner, a knight of Jerusalem, and of the family of the famous bishop of that name, in queen Mary's reign. He was a Cosmopolite, and had travelled over the greatest part of the known world. He had been at Jerusalem the city of the world! he had fought the Saracen on his own ground, and gained honors and renown. He came to the new country to spend the remainder of his days in retirement. He was accompanied by an only daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty, whose sylph-like form and sparkling eyes were calculated to brighten up the sombre looks of the colonists, whose stern and unremitting exertions in the cause of Christianity and civilization, had nearly dried up all those streams of affection and love, which, in "days of yore" were wont to lighten the heart and shed the beams of its sunshine on the face. The fire of truth had gone out—fanaticism stirred its ashes—the age had become insane on matters of religion.—Poetry and romance were only to be found among the Indians. They were nature's children!

The sky was bright—the birds sung sweetly in the grove, there was music in the land. The breeze breathed its Eolian strains over the waters, and the howl of the far off wolf, was less harsh to the ear. It was a day of loveliness, for beauty was abroad.

Wequash was standing at the water's edge, when the noble vessel heve in sight. His eye rested on the ship, and he scrutinized every face as the passengers stepped, one by one, on the shore of the new world! Curiosity alone attracted the stern, proud chief. No emotion was visible on his manly countenance until the beautiful Sapphina appeared. It was then the chief's eyes became fixed; they rested on the gem of the earth, a lovely woman. Her's in return fell upon the noble form of the Narraganset's chief, for a moment there was a pause—Wequash made one step towards her—the father placed his hand on the handle of his sword—the motion was involuntary, and they passed on: "Wompanoag—is she not a spirit?" asked the chief of a follower.

"No, mighty chief—she is only a white rose, transplanted—she will fade."

"Never! Wompanoag—the bud of such a flower is immortal—it will blossom—its leaves may fall, but that, the source of all, will still remain—like the bright sun, Wompanoag—it will shine on my soil forever!"

"Chief?—Wompanoag?—do you follow the white fawn to her wigwam, and when the tall shadow's stretch over the plain, meet me at the Eagle rock."

Ours is a sketch of events, and not a tale of romance, therefore the loves of Wequash and Sapphina must be anticipated, imagined, not painted—how they met, how the savage won the maiden must remain unnoted, unuttered.

He won her.—About a month after the arrival of the fleet, already mentioned, Wequash was on his way to Plymouth, where another portion of tribe was placed to protect the interior part of the country, from further spoliation by the whites. His departure from Boston, caused other complaints than those arising from loss of cattle, and household goods which the curiosity of the natives appropriated without leave, to themselves.

The knight of Jerusalem, Sir Christopher Gardiner, was observed in great agitation to enter the house of the governor, of whom he demanded instant audience. Astonishment was depicted on the countenance of the governor, when he heard the knight's story.—"Your daughter stolen by Wequash! impossible! she may have strayed into the woods and—"

"No!" exclaimed the knight—"No, my friend, would to Heaven she had, my account is true—a recreant Indian is even now here to prove it: he says that she was seized by four chiefs, and carried to the mountains."

"And one of them?"

"Was Wequash—give me fifty men and I will hunt this savage through his native wilds!"

"But sir knight, you are not acquainted with his mode of warfare, and this Wequash is a wary and a mighty warrior."

"My wrongs will teach me them, and my injuries sustain me in the conflict, these are the best tactics in war."

The governor immediately issued proclamation promising large rewards to those who should apprehend the ravisher, and restore the maiden to the colony. Many of the Pequots, actuated by the promised reward, love of adventure, and a spirit of revenge, willingly joined those who started in pursuit. Sir Christopher headed his fifty selected men, among them several Indians, whom he took as spies, and to act as guides. They immediately took the route which they ascertained had been taken by Wequash.

On the heights of Plymouth, Wequash had encamped, and it was suggested to the exasperated knight, to save unnecessary shedding of blood, that a messenger should be dispatched demanding from the chief, the restoration of

the maiden. This he promptly refused to do, and commenced his preparations for an immediate attack, but to their astonishment, Wequash showed an inclination to avoid the contest. While the contending parties were thus situated, the one making arrangements for battle, and the other to retreat, the distressed father stood upon the banks of a small stream which washed the base of the height, his eyes were fixed upon the chief's strong hold, and he fancied he could trace the outline of his child in one of the many forms which passed before them. His head fell upon his swelling breast, and he was in the act of moving away, when he noticed a canoe putting off from the shore, and make directly toward the point on the opposite side. A Pequot Indian pointed to the canoe, and, making a gesture, gave the knight to understand that the rower was Wequash himself. "Ah! he has been among us."—The knight immediately jumped into another boat, followed by five or six of his followers, and pursued the fugitive, who as soon as he reached the shore presented his rifle. This deadly weapon, in the hands of a determined foe, had no effect upon the enraged father, who rushed upon Wequash with all the fury of a madman. The chief stood calmly on the defensive, having thrown aside his gun, he seized the tomahawk; and shaking off his powerful enemy, raised it in a threatening posture over his assailant's head—when at the instant a female rushee from behind a projecting rock and flung herself upon the neck of Wequash—exclaiming—"Save, Oh! save my father!"—turning to her father, she in the same emphatic manner, cried—"Oh! save my husband!"—"Fear not, white rose of the mountain, he is safe; not a hair of the gray head shall be injured."—The astonished knight gazed upon his daughter, as she clung to him, she called him husband. "Gracious God, what infatuation is this—the daughter of a noble of England wedded to a savage—wedded!—delicacy to its every counterpart? Purity of blood, whose source can be traced to kings, mingled with that of the polluted tribes of no country—no name—no ancestry! preposterous! the girl is mad.—She has tasted of the insane root—give her back chief!"

"Talk not of ancestry, proud man," exclaimed Wequash. "Who can boast of nobler, prouder ancestry than he who stands before you? He is descended from a long line of kings, linking the present to those who ruled when the sun was young and pale faced, when the moon was weak and feeble in its march through the heavens; he is descended from those who lived before the stars were made. Earth was given to the Indian, it was their paradise, until the evil one made the white men, who have blasted the land, like a pestilence, they have swept over it, tearing up the flowers ere they had bloom'd and perfumed the air—destroying the fair face of creation, with their base and mechanical notions of trade and traffic. This white rose I have taken from its impure bed, and transplanted to a more congenial soil—droop not maiden—fear not."

"Fool! fool!"—responded the proud knight, "what know you of birth and ancestry? Come forth, thou ill fated girl—leave that red faced savage and follow me."

"Your speech is free, proud man, use it—though your life is in my hands—you are free, and the path is clear; and if, with her own free will, the white rose will follow—See! she, too, is free!" he stepped back, and left her between them. She looked first at the father, then at her husband, hesitated a moment, and fell weeping into the arms of the latter—"Tis done," exclaimed the knight—"use her well, chieftian, she is thine—no longer mine,—the link that bound her to me is broken, though I had the power to wrest her from you I would not use it. The high born maiden, educated in the courts of Europe, has made her choice, though it break my heart I leave her—use her well, chief, use her well," and the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. The maiden sobbed aloud, though she was clasped to the bosom of the chief of the Narragansets!

The wigwam of Wequash, was an Eden, in the wilderness. Sapphina, the white rose of the valley, bloomed there in all her loveliness. Her word was law, her smile the sun that gave warmth and feeling to the tribe, they loved her as their queen, and worshipped her as a Spirit from the land of Manateo.

Honolulu is said to enjoy the quietest Sabbath on the face of the whole earth. The penal code of the Sandwich Island declares that the Lord's day is *laboo*; all worldly business, amusements, and recreation are forbidden on that day; and whoever shall keep open his shop, store, warehouse, or workshop, or shall do any manner of labor, business or work, except only works of necessity and charity, or be present at any dancing, public amusement, or taking part in any game, sport, or play on the Lord's day, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars.

A wag once entered a store in London some years ago which had for its sign, "The Two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietor, said:—"I wish to see your partner!"

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you'll excuse the mistake."

"Oh, there's no harm done, but what made you think there was two of us?"

"Your sign—The Two Baboons."

Sabbath Reading.

THE JEWESS. A TRADITION OF THE RABBIS.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of the Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to the bed chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home.

"Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and did not see them there."

She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank and again asked—

"Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat.

He was in a glad and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it thou, my love!" he replied.

"A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them up?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask.—What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She led him to the chamber, and stopping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah! my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons! the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding?—I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said:

"Rabbi did'st thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord?"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written, 'Whosoever hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No institution contributes more to the peace, prosperity, morals and respectability of a community than its Sunday Schools. The law can only punish, while Sunday Schools prevent crime. Colleges and Seminaries and Public Schools, it is true, enlighten the mind and develop mental genius, but the especial objects of Sabbath School instruction are the heart, the life, the destiny, the soul. The natural demand of the soul for a religion of some sort—for a Divinity to do homage to, is far greater than the aspirations after fame or wealth. A kind heart is to be more desired than a wise head, where the two qualities cannot be combined. The conquests of genius are the flashing of vivid lightnings that crack the gloomy thunder cloud and leave the world to wonder at their power. But the heart that feels the thrill of kindness, that is good, and true and pure, beams like the unobstructed rays of mellow moonlight upon the world, imparting pleasure, elevating the desires, subduing the passions, and leading men to imitate its virtues. Not even the family circle is so well calculated to improve the heart of a child as the instruction of the Sabbath School; for here greater truths than ever parent uttered are taught, and the child learns, what many men never learned, "who is my neighbor?" To a faithful teacher there is no more delightful employment than to teach children—susceptible as they always are—the simple truths of the Bible, and when we contemplate the silent influence which these Sabbath School instructions have in forming the future character of the man or woman, the position becomes one of the greatest importance and responsibility.

CHARITY BLEST.—During the retreat of Alfred the Great at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms. The queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success. The king replied, "Give the poor creature one half of the loaf."

He who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two small fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities!" Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned!