

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUTY.

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Poetry.

THE SPRING—THE WAKING.
[We find the following beautiful and seasonable poem in an exchange. Its personification of Spring is pretty and our readers will read it with pleasure.]

A lady came to a snow-white bier,
Where a youth lay pale and dead,
And she took the veil from her widowed head,
And bending low, in his ear she said—
Awaken! for I am here.

She passed, with a smile, to a wild-wood near,
Where the boughs were barren and bare;
And she tapped on the bark with her fingers fair,
And she called to the leaves that were buried there—
Awaken! for I am here.

The birds beheld her without fear,
As she walked through the deepening dells;
As she breathed on their downy citadels,
And she said to the young in their ivory shells—
Awaken! for I am here.

On the grass of the flowers she dropped a tear,
But with hope and joy like us;
And, even as the Lord to Lazarus,
She called on the slumbering sweet flower thus—
Awaken! for I am here.

To the lilies that lay in the silver mere,
To the weeds by the golden pond;
To the moss that rounded the marge beyond,
She spoke, in a voice so soft and fond,
Awaken! for I am here.

The violet peeped with its blue eye clear,
From under its own grave-stone;
For the blessed tidings around had flown,
And before she spoke, the mandate was known—
Awaken! for I am here.

The pale grass lay with its long locks sore,
On the breast of the open plain;
She loosened the matted hair of the slain,
And cried as she filed each juicy vein—
Awaken! for I am here.

The rush rose up with its pointed spear,
The flag with its falchion broad;
The dock uplifted its shield unawed,
As the voice rang clear thro' the thickening wood—
Awaken! for I am here.

The red blood ran through the clover near,
And the health on the hills o'er head;
The daisy's fingers were tipped with red
As she started to life, as the lady said—
Awaken! for I am here.

And the young year rose from his snow-white fear,
And the flowers from their green retreat;
And they came and knelt at the lady's feet,
Saying all their mingled voices sweet—
O lady! behold us here.

Original Moral Tale.
[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]
THE
MARTIN FAMILY.
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CHAPTER XX.

Veritia gradually revived, and, in a few days, had so far regained her strength, that she was able to walk about. Into kinder hands, she could not possibly have fallen; and her rapid recovery was not a little owing to the unremitting attentions of the mother and her daughter.

She was very weak, however, for several days, and could not endure the least undue exertion. She had a constant pain and dizziness in her head, and her mind, at times, was very much unsettled. She could not fix her thoughts, for any length of time, upon any subject at all. There was a dreamy listlessness about all her thoughts, and she seemed to herself to be living in some strange, visionary sort of state, from which every thing real and tangible was excluded.

And may we not perceive in this the beneficent hand of Providence. Had the reality of her situation, with her recent trials, been suddenly presented to the mind, it might have been beyond the power of endurance. But heaven is merciful; and the memory is allowed to recall the past, only when there is strength of mind and body to bear it.

That memory, however, was faithful to its trust. The scenes of the past were too vividly impressed upon it to be forgotten. There were images there that no time nor adventure could possibly efface. They had been engraved, perhaps, for eternity's endurance. And though veiled over for a brief season, yet the veil after a little is removed, and there they are, in bold and living reality.

One afternoon she felt almost well. The pain, in a measure, had left her head, and she felt stronger. In the cool of the evening, for the first time, she ventured a walk into the garden; although from the door of the cabin, she had frequently gazed at the flower-beds, and out upon the dark forest. But every thing hitherto seemed to have a strange haziness about it, and presented itself to the eye in some queer distorted form. This evening, however, things had a new and more life-like appearance. The flowers looked natural, and emitted their usual odors; the birds sang again their old favorite songs; the trees had the same dress of living green; and the sun, whose declining rays were shooting, arrow-like, through the tops of the tall forest, looked like the same whose setting glories she had so often admired.

Then, she seemed herself again. She could realize her individuality. But where was she? She looked at the old gray, mouldering walls; at the low, grassy-roofed cabin; at the surrounding forest; at the flower-beds—at the clusters of vines; and then she turned her eyes up to the blue, distant skies. But all

was strange; she had never seen the place before. Not a dream of her life had ever realized it. Then, how did she get there? She sat down under the shadow of an overhanging vine, and thought and thought; but all to no purpose. See could recall the faint image of a chariot, and a tall man, with a coarse husky voice. With a little more distinctness, she could recollect how she had entered the cabin; and how the tall man had put a small sloop of parchment into the hand of the strange woman, just as he wheeled round, and hastily passed out of the door.

As she sat musing about these things, her thoughts, all of a sudden, were in Rome. The city, with its burnt, black districts, lay before her. Then the shouts and imprecations of the soldiers—the blazing, crackling fires—and the shrieks and wailings of the dying, fell with a sad, awful distinctness upon her ears. Then too, from out the misty depths of the past, rose up the home of her youth, with the recent history of its sorrows. Her sister's death—the sudden disappearance of Valdinus—the arrest of herself and father, and the forlorn condition of her poor, dear mother, did her memory, at that moment, recall, with a most painful accuracy. But where she was, or how she got there, she could not conjecture. This seemed the strangest thing of all; and she resolved, if possible, to find out something, at least, about it.

But, at present, another thought was in her mind—the thought of her dear father and mother. Ere that, she doubted not, her father had gone to his joy and reward. But where was her mother—that mother, whose sparkling eyes, peering fondly into her own, had first waked her into childhood's dreams; and which, like two unsetting orbs, had brightened and cheered her girlish days, and watched over her inexperienced steps, in the dangerous walks of youth. Had she been put to death or did she still live? And as the anxious thought pressed more heavily on her mind, she bowed her head forward on her hand, and burst into tears. She wept sore for some minutes; and then, with her golden ringlets falling about her pale face, and a last, lingering ray of the setting sun falling on her moist, dewy cheek, she went on her knees, and prayed earnestly to the great, good Shepherd.—And then, again reseating herself, and bowing her head on her hand as before, she sighed out:

"Oh! mother! mother!"
Just at this moment, she felt the gentle tap of a hand on the shoulder. She started—looked round: there was the light, fairy form, and the wild, staring eyes of Letta.

"Mother says—come in; she don't want you out too long."
"Yes, kind girl," and Veritia quickly wiped away her tears, rose to her feet, and followed Letta into the cabin.

She found the good mother seated just inside the door, looking out upon the dark forest, pale and thoughtful, and with a deeper melancholy than usual in her countenance.—As now appeared, she was subject to sudden paroxysms, and during the absence of Veritia, had had one of her spells. She soon recovered, however, and had thus seated herself at the door.

"Guess, you think it lonely here; we used to think it so, too," she remarked, as Veritia took a seat at her side, while Letta, throwing aside her thick, matty hair from her thin, pale face, sat down on the door step.

"You needn't think," she added, looking pitifully at Veritia, whose moist eyes betrayed the sadness of her heart; "we'll be kind, you see, and do all we can to make it home-like."
At the mention of home, Veritia burst into tears.

Letta looked up, and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Ah! now—poor thing," said the good mother, sympathizingly, "she's got a home—I see that. I shouldn't have named it. I know how it is."

Letta then, rising quickly, and in her kind artless way, began smoothing back the soft, wavy tresses of Veritia's hair, which had fallen over her face, and upon which her tears were pouring in profusion.

"This is a weakness," thought Veritia. "I must not yield to it. My master calls me to such a time as this. He doeth all things well. Then it is unworthy such kindness;" and with an effort, she suppressed her emotions, and said:

"Yes, good mother, this is my home now.—I think I shall like it. I love the solitude of the forest, the wild flowers, the sweet song of the birds, and seclusion from the follies and pleasures of the world. My tastes have changed with my hopes. I think I shall be quite happy here. Then you're so kind."

Letta looked round into Veritia's face, as she said this, with a most kindly smile; and, fingering and smoothing back her curls a moment, again seated herself in the door, with a glad, bright countenance.

"Yes, yes," observed the good mother, with a sigh, "we should be kind to one another; we all have our troubles. I've mine."
As she said this, a deeper shade of melancholy spread over her features, while her pale, thin lips quivered, and her bent frame trembled.

An unaccountable curiosity came over Veritia, at this moment, to know something of

the woman's history. It was quite evident, that she had seen more of the world, than her present abode could possibly admit; and then, her refined, courteous manners, as well as the remains of what was once a neat, graceful form, rendered her highly probably, as Veritia thought, that she had once moved in the higher circles of society. But any inquiry upon the subject just then, she felt might be out of place, if not, perhaps, an intrusion upon the treasured memories of a heart, which she would not for the world purposely wound.—She was soon, however, relieved; for the woman herself, as if in anticipation of her desire, broached the subject, as follows:

"You may think it queer, pretty stranger, that we live in this wild, lonely place. But I'm as happy here as I would be anywhere else. It's not the place, you know, that makes one feel right. Sorrow is in the heart, and we cannot leave that behind us. Darius, and Letta, past, rose up the home of her youth, with the recent history of its sorrows. Her sister's death—the sudden disappearance of Valdinus—the arrest of herself and father, and the forlorn condition of her poor, dear mother, did her memory, at that moment, recall, with a most painful accuracy. But where she was, or how she got there, she could not conjecture. This seemed the strangest thing of all; and she resolved, if possible, to find out something, at least, about it.

Here the woman shuddered, and her eyes lit up with a strange wildness. Veritia felt alarmed, and earnestly begged her to desist from saying any thing more.

"Yes, yes; I must tell you. It's no harder, you know, to speak of one's troubles, than to think of them. And so I must tell you all."

Veritia assented, by casting her eyes anxiously around her a moment, and then fixing them silently on the earthen floor; while Letta sat, with tearful eyes, gazing into the gathering shades of night.

"My family," she continued, "resided in Rome. My parents both died when I was young, and left me an heir to a large estate. I was their only child. At 18 years of age I was married to a young man of rank and fortune, and the person of my earliest love. He was thought to be the handsomest man in Rome, and myself the most fortunate of women. And so I was, for a kinder husband and more affectionate father, never was. My years glided away smoothly and happily. I knew no want—no care—no sorrow.

My husband had long held a high and responsible office under his sovereign, the duties of which he had ever discharged with the utmost fidelity. At length, however, a plot was discovered against the Emperor's life, in which my husband, though innocent, became, by a most singular circumstance, implicated. I say he was innocent, and his innocence was proved, and the Senate, to wipe away the stain from his family, had it publicly announced in the Forum. But it was too late—yes, too late! With several of the nobility, he had been arrested, tried, and condemned to death.

My son—it was him brought you here—gained access into the Tower in which his father was confined, the night before his death. In what way he managed to get into that black, horrid place, I cannot tell; for I can never get him to speak about it. But about the middle of the night, he came home, carrying his father in his arms. He could not walk, for his feet and hands were tied. In a moment, however, the fetters with which he was bound were lying on the floor, and my husband caught me up in his arms. I cannot tell you any more of what happened just then, nor for a long time after, for my senses had left me. About day-light, when my senses returned, I found myself in my son's arms, and my husband at his side. They were going at almost a run.—But I knew not where we were. The country and every thing looked strange.

About this time, I observed they left the road, and struck into the forest. There was no path, and in many places it was hard getting through, so dense were the bushes and trees. My son, however, still bore me along, sometimes resting me in one arm, while, with the other, he parted the thick, matted branches, to open up a way. My husband, I observed, by this time, was barely able to support himself, and get along.

We travelled on a long time, till, at last, I was set down in the midst of these old ruins.—My son then immediately left, but returned again during the night, bringing with him some food, and some other things. The next day they set about erecting this cabin, and which was soon completed, just as you see it.

I felt happy; for I was happy with that husband and son anywhere. Letta there wasn't born then—not for three or four months after. But, oh! my happiness was brief, and my joy at my husband's deliverance was soon cut short. My son had returned to Rome one day, to bring away, if possible, some of our things. In the meantime, the place of our retreat had, in some way, been discovered. I know not how. But I was setting just where I am now, with my poor, dear husband at my side; when the first thing we knew, a company of soldiers stood right there before the door. It was just getting dark like it is now. My husband sprang to his feet; I screamed and fell down there. I still had my senses, however, but was unable to speak or move. The soldiers rushed in, and seized my husband, and dragged him out there, and then round the corner there. Just as he passed out of the door, he turned his head round, and gave me that look; and, O, horrid!

the next instant almost, I heard their swords cutting and heaving him to pieces, and my husband give a deep, heavy moan.

Here the woman quickly rose to her feet; and, approaching one of the couches, drew out from under it, a large, veiled, earthen urn.

"See here, pretty stranger," said she.

Veritia, with great difficulty, rose and stepped forward to her side; when the woman, lifting the veil from off it, said, with a faltering, sinking voice,

"There are his ashes."
The next moment, she was lying insensible on the couch. She had another of her spells.

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIGANDS' FATE.

The Governor of a city in Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, wishing to repress the depredations of a numerous band of robbers, drew out from under it, a large, veiled, earthen urn.

"See here, pretty stranger," said she.

Veritia, with great difficulty, rose and stepped forward to her side; when the woman, lifting the veil from off it, said, with a faltering, sinking voice,

"There are his ashes."
The next moment, she was lying insensible on the couch. She had another of her spells.

Upon hearing the decree read the brigands started up, and grasped their weapons in indignation at the governor who could believe them capable of purchasing their liberty and a few pieces of gold, at the price of treason and infamy. The lieutenant, especially, could not overcome his boiling fury; for although he had grown gray in crime, he possessed that species of honor which revolts at the idea of a meanness, and he swore he would punish the governor or for having treated them so contemptuously.

The captain alone expressed neither indignation nor anger; he was heard to murmur these words: "The governor does his duty. Do we not merit the contempt of mankind, as well as their hatred? Are not they worthy of every species of affront, every kind of punishment, who daily outrage every law, human and divine, by committing depredations upon their fellow beings?"

Guisardi, such was the lieutenant's name, entertained a violent hatred towards the captain; for this young man had disputed the command with him, which was due to his long services, and had proved successful. Deeds skillfully achieved, calmness and daring courage, united with a mental superiority, which imposed upon these ferocious but simple minded men, had quickly obtained from Paola the title of their captain, and with the title the confidence and blind obedience of the whole troop.

This enmity towards the young commander operated very powerfully in the unregulated mind of Guisardi, and was augmented by jealousy, for he had become enamored of Floretta, the young girl whom we represented dressing the arm of the young chief.—Floretta had accompanied this young man upon his joining the troop, and ever since she had constantly shared with the devotion of love, the fatigues and dangers of his new condition, repulsing the addresses of Guisardi with just abhorrence. He was, however, in possession of an important secret.

The brigands had entered their mountain cave in order to take some necessary repose, and once more count over their treasure ere they gave themselves up to sleep. The captain remained alone, but soon retired to take his customary ramble among the recesses of the mountains. Guisardi followed his step at a distance, when he suddenly took a winding road, and placing himself at the turn of a defile, awaited the arrival of Paola. As soon as he approached, Guisardi, with a stroke of his poniard, extended him dead at his feet; he then severed the head from the body, and placing it in an iron casket, immediately set off to the town where the governor resided.

Upon Guisardi's arrival at the governor's palace, everything wore a joyous aspect; it was a day of festivity, for they were celebrating the marriage of one of the governor's daughters. Before admitting him the guards demanded his name and business; he made himself known, pronouncing a name which was the terror of the whole country, adding that, taking advantage of the amnesty, he had brought the head of his chief, the famous Paola, a name no less famous than his own.

He was introduced into the saloon where the governor was seated, surrounded by his courtiers and family. The governor's daughter's, horrified, would have retired from the apartment, had not their father prevented them. "This man," said he, "is guilty, but repentant, and has avenged society with his own hand. Remain, my children, and endeavor to overcome this weakness. Give, added he to the attendants, a seat to our new guest, and some

refreshments. Lieutenant Guisardi repose yourself awhile; here is wine, and when I rise from table, we will open your casket, for I am curious to behold the head of this famous captain who has caused us so much alarm, and in exchange for this present, you will receive liberty and the promised reward.

The feast continued amid songs and rejoicing, when at length the governor rising from table, and approaching the brigand, silently seated near his casket; he opens it. What does he behold? The head of his own son,—of that son whose wild youth and ungovernable passions had long affected his family, and who the previous year, had disappeared from the paternal home, without leaving any traces of his flight, at the moment of contracting a brilliant alliance, which would have fulfilled, but his own wishes, but the hopes and ambition of his father. The unfortunate father subdued his grief, and presented the robber the promised reward. "Keep your gold," said the man haughtily. "I wished to punish you for believing us capable of such infamous treachery. The evil you wished to cause us, falls on your own head. I am revenged! I am satisfied! I am free! Adieu!"

Mrs. Partington on the Market.

"I don't understand the bill," says Mrs. Partington, as she wipes off her specks to read over a second time the market returns. "They say the market is firm; well, so it ought to be, for they've newly paved it with granite.—And I wonder what they mean by a better feeling in the market. I am sure I don't feel any better there; and I don't believe anybody does but the butchers, and that's when they're pocketing the money—things are so dear. Then it says that the trade embraces ten hog-heads of tobacco; I should like to have seen that; it must have been a real *teaching* sight—Why do they say 'coffee is a drug'? I always thought coffee was a *regulation*; but perhaps that's before it undergoes the necessary *profession*. Tallow, it says, was 'firm; well, I'm glad of that; let's hope now that our candles won't *ignite* away so dreadful fast. The tea market, I find, was 'dull; that must have been before it was *lit up*. In wheat and barley there was *no alteration*; I should think not—indeed, how should there be? But 'on the whole, the trade ruled *brisk* at last; 'quotations; why, what quotations could there be to make the farmers so *brisk*? We hear that in the potato district the diseased produce does not exceed one potato in a bushel.' 'Why, it's *easy* to breed a famine. 'Hay was *stationary*; well that must have been a topographical error, unless they have found out the way of making paper out of *fibers*. 'There was a *liberal supply of flour*; ah, that must have been the work of some flimfluffers who cared for the poor. Heaven bless 'em!—And last week's *rates* were readily obtained; well that's a good hearing; considering how bad the times are, it's a wonder to me how *rates* and *taxes* can be readily obtained. Bless thee, Dame Partington, for thy simple and honest criticism upon market returns! Evidently thou art not deeply versed in technicalities.

AMUSING.—The editor of the Albany Register,

having been disturbed by an assemblage of cats under his window, thus gives vent to his indignation:

"But those cats, in our opinion, are in danger, and we warn all who have any interest in them, either present or expectant, to look to them. We have been constrained to watch for hours, when we ought to have been asleep. We have heard the clock strike twelve, one, two, at intervals in their performances, and have been tempted to the use of terms not to be found in any religious work, or any of the standard sermons of the day. We have dropped many brickbats among them, wasted more wood upon them than we are able to spare, have taken cold by exposure to the night air, and become hoarse by hollering 'Scat.' We have exhausted our loose pieces of brick, the smaller sticks of our wood pile, and our patience. In view of all these facts we submit that there is nothing left for us but to move ourselves, or move those cats, and we shall not move. We have prepared a double-barreled gun, a full supply of powder and percussion caps, and in our opinion, somebody's cats will go home some moon-light night complaining of feeling unwell. If they do, we must be held harmless.

TRUST IN GOD.—We cannot lift the curtain that veils the future. But God does not leave us in the dark. Encouraging our faith, and cheering us on, and inviting our trust in and confidence, he condescendingly meets us in time of greatest need, as he does in every emergency when we seek his aid, and offers to us, in kindest terms, his promises.

TRUST IN GOD is inscribed in living letters, on this side of the veil that hides futurity; and God, faithful to his promises—according as his creatures comply with their conditions—distributes every little rill of comfort that flows into the soul to cheer and sustain it, in each hour and moment of its pilgrimage.

David, acknowledging this truth, stretches out his hands unto God, as the author of all his happiness; and, with that grateful affection which is more than anything else acceptable to the Father of mercies from his creatures, says, "All my springs are in Thee."

From the School Journal.

Decisions of State Superintendent.

1. Non-residents not to be Directors: No person can serve as Director, who does not reside in the District for which he was elected.

2. Vacancies by Removal from District to be filled by appointment: When a Director has removed from the district, it is the duty of the Board to fill the vacancy by appointment, until the next regular election.

3. Last adjusted valuation not to be modified or enlarged: In levying school tax, Directors are limited, in their assessment, under the 23rd section of the school law, to the "last adjusted valuation," furnished by the County Commissioners, and cannot modify it, to make up for either real or supposed omission and mistakes on the part of assessors.

4. Ordinary school tax not to be applied to Building: The tax levied under the 30th section of the School Law should be appropriated solely to the support and maintenance of the schools, and to defray their ordinary expenses, including repairs; and Directors cannot legally use any portion of it as a building fund.

5. Building tax limited and to be kept separate: The special tax for building purposes under the 33rd section of the Law, cannot exceed the "amount of the regular annual tax" for the current school year, levied under the 30th section. A careful account should be kept of each fund separately.

6. Treasurer not to get any per centage on balance: An out-going School Treasurer is not entitled to percentage on the unexpended balance in the District Treasury, handed over to his successor in office.

7. Number of days in a Teacher's month: To ascertain the exact number days in a Teacher's month, first deduct all the Sabbaths from each calendar month taught, then deduct every alternate Saturday, or the latter half of every Saturday; and the remaining time, but no more, should be exacted of the Teacher. The better policy would be to have no school at all on Saturday; and whenever this is done, the days thus vacated should not be charged to the Teacher.

8. Teachers' Certificates not in force out of the county: County Superintendents' certificates to teachers are not of authority out of the county for which they were issued. A change of location to another county, would require a re-examination by the Superintendent of the proper county, and a fresh certificate.

HOPE.—The anchor of the soul is Hope.—Were it not for hope the heart would oftentimes break under the heavy weight of woe it is doomed to bear. It is the sun and moon of this world, the day star of existence. Ever are we living in hope. When tossed on beds of sickness we hope to recover—when sad and weary of life we hope to be again happy—when in trouble, we hope the cause will be removed—when separated from friends, we hope soon to meet them. The weary soldier, worn with incessant toil and privations, is cheered by the hope of being soon restored to home and friends—the hope of a plentiful harvest encourages the husbandman to till the soil—the hope of finding "the buried spoil its wealthy furrows yield," sustains the scholar as he ploughs the field of "classic lore"—the hope of acquittal, pardon, or escape sustains the prisoner in the gloomy cell, as he tosses restlessly on his pallet of straw, or pines in agony the cold damp floor. But the Christian's hope! It is the hope of hopes! Every other hope fades before that as the stars before the sun in his rising from the ocean. That is the only hope which extends beyond the gloomy portals of the grave. All other hopes are earthly, and soon, alas! they fade away. This hope enables us to bear the bitter disappointments, cares, and sorrows of this dark world with fortitude, and how truly blessed is he who possesses that glorious hope which fadeth not away but brightens through eternity.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirit as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that of which you will never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaken the ground is ready for the sickle, when the fruit is ripe it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven when our heart is before us.

Let us adopt the love of peace, that Christ may recognize his own, even as we recognize him to be the teacher of peace.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

An Ohio Editor, in announcing that he had seen a Bloomer, says: "she looked remarkably well as far as he could see!"