

Raftsmen's Journal.

VOL. I.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1855.

NO. 41.

RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
BY JAMES J. RAFTSMAN.
No. 100 N. 3rd St. Clearfield, Pa.
Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum in advance.
Single copies, 10 cents.
Advertisements, 10 cents per line per week.
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOOKS.
BY REV. JOHN MERRILL HARRIS.
The pen may write the tender thought,
In hues of varied light and shade,
And image out each burning wish,
That in the bosom fondly plays.
The voice sweet instrumental of sound,
The secrets of the soul may tell,
That heart, so delicately strung,
To breathe the loud or low-toned spell.
A listening tear is eloquent—
It speaks a touch of mystery—
While sparkling like a jewel's gleam,
In sorrow's stream and clouded eye.
A sigh mingles on the listening ear,
That speaks when tears have ceased to flow;
It is the heart's fond tribute gem,
The sweet remembrance given to go.
But add the eye that magic power,
Unknown to language, or to sight,
More potent than the burning tear,
That falls from sorrow's melting eye.
It is the transcript of the mind,
Reflected from that hidden well,
Created in the human soul,
To lead or weary some bygone spell.
Give me the inflections of the look,
That silent eloquence divine—
When every other medium fails,
The language of the eye be mine.

Original Moral Cate.

MARTIN FAMILY.
[COPYRIGHT SECURED.]

CHAPTER XXI.
It is an hour past midnight. The old, neglected lamp has burnt low, and is casting only a few feeble rays through the log cabin. On one of the benches in the corner is stretched the pale and emaciated form of the kind woman. Her weary head is resting in the arms of Letta, who is seated on the couch behind her. For several hours she has been passing through a succession of paroxysms, and she can hardly possibly survive another. The extremities are cold, the eyes are set, and the clammy sweat is on the brow. On her knees, at the side of the couch, is Vertilla. With one hand she clasps the attenuated fingers of the poor woman, while her head is bowed on the other, and her thoughts are away on high, on an errand of mercy for the dying. "There!—there!" cried Letta, as she clasped her fond loving mother tightly in her arms. Vertilla sprung to her feet. The woman was in her last struggling agonies. Her arms were thrown up, and her head, with clenched teeth and wild, staring eyes, was set back. But the struggle was brief. Her arms suddenly fell across her breast, and her head dropped lifeless in her daughter's arms. Poor Letta! she is flying wildly through the log cabin, hugging her hands in an agony of grief; while Vertilla is standing at the side of the couch, gazing in sadness at the cold, stony features of her kind benefactress. . . . The evening of the following day, about dusk, two pale, feeble-looking females, passed wearily through one of the city gates. They passed a few moments, first huddled, and spoke a few words, in a low whisper. This was Vertilla and Letta. "Do you really think you can find your brother?" inquired Vertilla. "I was once with him at Rome—I think I can," replied Letta. "God bless you, my dear girl, and guide your steps," said Vertilla, as a tear stole from her eyes. "Here!" said Letta, as she handed Vertilla the scrap of parchment, which she took from a fold of her dress; "that may be of use to you." A fond embrace, and these two desolate hearts separated, and were soon lost in the crowds that pressed along the streets, in the darkness. The Jewess was greatly surprised, as Vertilla hurriedly entered the door. In an instant, she had little Verre in her arms; while the astonished woman stood gazing, as if doubting the reality of the scene. An hour after this, Vertilla was seated in the little anti-chamber, with the Jewess at her side. "She is the silent, motionless picture of grief. Her cheeks are deadly pale, her lips are tightly compressed, and her eyes tearless. Alas! that tears could flow. She has just heard from the Jewess the story of her mother's tragical death. The next day, Vertilla, as she sat alone in the little chamber, in sadness, thought of the parchment, which she had slipped into her bosom. She carelessly took it out, and read as follows: "Be kind to her—ask her no questions—you shall be abundantly rewarded, when I call." "MOTHER!" As her eyes caught the signature, the parchment dropped from her trembling fingers; and, for the first time, her dry, staring eyes were

moistened with her tears. With these came a sudden relief—relief from that parched, scorching bitterness, which was rapidly drying up the very life-blood of her heart. She wept and prayed. She cast her burdens upon her Saviour, and felt that she could be submissive. She felt desolate, however—alone in the world, with no one to care for her, but Jesus, and she prayed earnestly that the might soon be with him. But how strange have been his ways—what a dream has been the recent history of my life, and yet how real; and she picked up the parchment, and read it over and over, and gazed long, with a perplexed, anxious look, at the signature. "It was him, no doubt, no doubt, but if my father's suspicions were just, I hope I may never see his face," said Vertilla, tossing the parchment into the corner, and hid her face in her hands. . . . Weeks rolled away. The storm of persecution still raged. The streets and lanes of the City were strewn with unburied bodies. Vertilla seemed indifferent as to her fate. Indeed she seemed, at times, very anxious to die, though she felt it her duty to live and make herself useful, as long as the Lord willed. She went out indifferently on the streets, spending most of her time in visiting the families of the poor and afflicted. In the evening, she was in the habit of visiting the now desolate and deserted family mansion. She would stroll for hours through the grounds, viewing the flowers, or seated in the little arbor, she would think of the heavenly world, and sing of the New Jerusalem. One evening, as she thus sat, with her eyes raised to heaven, and with visions of glory pictured out before her, she was suddenly startled by a strange voice, as of some one in deep distress. It proceeded from behind a thick cluster of vines not far from the arbor. She listened—it was the voice of someone engaged in prayer, but it was the prayer of a heart in intense, bitter agony. The cry for mercy was mingled with the most bitter self-reproachings. "Who can it be?" thought Vertilla; "of course, it is one of our persecuted sect; but why such bitterness and agony? Does not his blood cleanse from all sin?" She listened again. "There!—there, now that's the prayer of hope—yes, of one who has found the Saviour precious. He has just laid hold of the cross by faith. How strange! Wonder who it is—some one, perhaps, like myself, who has come hither to pray and meditate alone. I'll see." Vertilla rose to her feet, and slowly proceeded up the walk, till she could see behind the thick cluster of vines. Through the dusty shadows, she could observe the outline of a tall form knelt on the earth, the hands clasped tightly across the breast, and the feet turned to the distant skies. For a moment she hesitated what to do—whether to make known her presence, or quietly withdraw from the grounds. But just as she concluded to do the latter, at least the most prudent, the man, with a bitter sigh, rose to his feet. His eyes were instantly upon her. Though fully satisfied that he was a Christian, Vertilla felt much embarrassed, and turned to walk away. "Plee not from me," said the man, imploringly; "you have any word of comfort. I'm a man of nuclear lips—a wretched addone, without the mercy of God in Christ." Vertilla's tenderness and sympathies were waked. She knew the bitter anguish of a soul under conviction. She turned, and walked towards him. As the lightning shadows revealed the features, she threw up her hands, and uttered a faint, trembling cry. "It was Marcus!" The fears of Valens proved unfounded. This noble and generous young officer, though deeply wounded, and carried away by the sudden rush of his feelings, had not, in fact, betrayed the family. A remark, however, which had inadvertently escaped his lips, as he accompanied his eager and excited friend to the great square, had led to their arrest. From the moment Marcus had learned of this, he was the most wretched and unhappy of beings. He resolved at once to do all in his power to save them. He was present in the Forum the night of Vertilla's trial; and with the help of Darius, an inferior officer under his command, has succeeded in rescuing her, as stated, from a worse fate than even death itself. He had likewise made the most daring and determined efforts to save the life of Valens, but without success. He was present at his death, with a faint hope still lingering in his breast; but he was there only to endure the bitter agony of seeing him die, and to witness, with still greater horror, the tragical end of Valens. But God had him there for a purpose of his own. He designed to override the terrible tragedy to the glory of his name. A religion, for which its disciples would thus suffer death, and which could so wonderfully sustain man in his last moments, Marcus justly concluded must be a fact—a reality. From that moment he resolved to embrace it. He had sought an interview with one or two Christian friends, by whom he was instructed in its leading and essential truths. He was still unhappy, however, and, for an evening or two past, had gone to these deserted grounds, that he might there alone pour forth his sorrows, and that

his associations with the spot, might wring out a deeper repentance from his soul. Marcus and Vertilla, with emotions which it were in vain to attempt to describe, arose on their way to the house of the Jewess. The street along which they are rapidly passing, is very dark and narrow, as well as crooked. Just as they hastily turned one of these angles, several soldiers, with ferocious looks and horrid oaths, sprung out before them, from behind an old, decayed building. Marcus drew his sword. Vertilla threw her slender form in before him, and staying his raised arm with her trembling hand, implored him to desist. The next instant they were seized; and, being rudely dragged along narrow streets and filthy alleys, they were thrown into the Tower, along with some dozen or more of the persecuted sect. . . . There was a strange, unaccountable stillness that night through the City, and the more so as the night advanced. Now and then a solitary individual or two might have been seen hastening along in silence, with their eyes on their feet, and a marked, peculiar anxiety in the features. Something was brewing—though no one pretended to know what. The Emperor, as usual, had spent the early part of the night in the Forum; and an almost incredible number of Christians had been committed to the flames, and many deeds of horror committed upon their persons. He had retired, however, to his Palace, at a late hour. About midnight, Galba stood with his army before the gates of the city. Distinguished by his wisdom and courage, at the loud call of humanity, he had come with his Legions, to rid the earth of a monster. The Emperor received the intelligence as he sat at supper. He turned ghastly pale with terror, and, in his fright, overturned the table, and strewn the dishes on the floor. He then fell into a violent fit of sneezing, and finally swooned away. Soon recovering, however, he cried out—"I'm undone!" He then rushed madly into the street, and ran from house to house, but the doors were shut against him. He called for some one to despatch him, but his servants, who still followed him, refusing to do so, he cried out—"alas! have I neither friend nor enemy?" At length, setting a dagger to his throat, with the assistance of one of his servants, he gave himself a mortal wound. With his eyes fixed, and frightfully staring, he expired; "exhibiting," in the words of the historian, "even after death, a ghastly spectacle of immoderate tyranny." Galba was proclaimed Emperor. The persecution was at an end. The prison doors were thrown open, and hundreds of poor, emaciated Christians were set at liberty—to breathe again the free air of heaven, to sing their hymns, and enjoy the rites of their faith, with none to molest or make afraid. More than one hundred thousand, however, had sealed their testimony to the truth, and gone to the skies. Time sped away. The old family mansion of the Valens was again tenanted. Its deserted halls were lighted up, and its grounds adorned with a fresh beauty. Marcus and Vertilla, united for many years in hand, as well as faith, are blessed and happy. Most pleasantly and profitably did their days glide away, in contemplations of the glory to be revealed, and in their mutual and unceasing efforts, to bless and be blessed. They both lived to be old, and were honored, with a martyr's death, in the next general persecution, under the Roman Emperors—along with Valentinus, who many years before had returned to Rome; and who had been converted to Christianity during his absence. Little Vars had suddenly died, shortly after the persecution ceased; while the Jewess, with her bright, blue-eyed boy, whose life had been saved by a most singular providence, had soon after set out on a pilgrimage to their father-land; and were never heard of again. . . . Eight hundred years, with their told and untold changes, have rolled away. That long, the MARTIN FAMILY has been mingling with the pure spirits of another world, underneath unclouded skies, and in the midst of joys, such as no mortal eye had seen, nor heart of man conceived. (THE END.)

Miscellaneous.

Written for the Raftsmen's Journal.
KISSING IN THE DARK.

The other day while chatting with a friend from an adjoining County, whose good nature and rich fund of anecdote make him a very pleasant companion, our conversation happened to turn upon the sportive adventures of our youthful days in general, and our courting experience in particular. After recounting some exploits, humble ones of course, in which we had participated, our old friend said:— "Jim, I'll tell you one of my courting adventures, which I know you'll acknowledge eclipses any of yours." We admitted we had no doubt of the truth of his assertion, although at one time we were considered some in that line, and requested him to proceed with his story, which we would endeavor to lay before the reader in his own words: "I came to this country from Germany," said he, "when I was about eleven years old, and shortly after my arrival was apprenticed to a gentleman in —, to learn the tanning business. My master was as kind to me as I could desire, much more so than I deserved; and when I arrived at the age of eighteen, was considered, almost as one of the family,—was genteelly clad, and looked upon by the community as quite a smart active, and promising youth; in which opinion, I, of course, fully concurred. "Across the way, and nearly opposite our residence, lived an elderly gentleman, whose family consisted of a wife and an only daughter, named Julia, who was about two years my junior. I had contracted an acquaintance with Miss Julia by occasionally meeting her at the gatherings of young people, to which we were invited, and from which I was some times permitted to escort her to her residence; and on such occasions she would, from motives of pure civility invite me to enter. The old folks being in tolerably good circumstances, their aristocratic feelings would not brook the idea of their daughter being escorted by a tanner's apprentice, and they accordingly, very much to the regret of the fair Julia, and the indignation of my friend, forbid me the freedom of the premises, intimating, in addition, that my presence on any future occasion might lead to disagreeable consequences. "As it usually the result in such cases, we considered ourselves very harshly treated, and like disappointed lovers, (which this interdiction made us, if we were not before,) we commenced plotting to elude the vigilance of the incensed parents, in which we succeeded so far as to be able to see each other occasionally. One afternoon as Miss Julia was passing our house, she made the usual telegraphic signal, (carrying a white handkerchief negligently in her left hand,) for me to meet her at the neighboring pump, where she was going to "draw" water, as the damsels of old used to do, but in this instance, with a very different result. I accordingly repaired to the trysting place, when my Dulcinea informed me that her parents intended leaving home that afternoon, to be absent until the next day, which would afford me an excellent opportunity of spending the evening with her at her own house. You may imagine that I was overjoyed at the intelligence, and promised to avail myself of such a piece of good fortune without fail. Having waited with the greatest impatience, for the appointed hour (about dusk in the evening,) I betook myself to the dwelling of my Dulcinea. I am a little near sighted you know, and, although the shadows of evening were closing around, and the bowery my Julia was enveloped in the luxuriant foliage of some fine shade trees which surrounded it; and it is possible, although I cannot declare with certainty, as more important matters continued to occupy my undivided attention from my entrance until the moment of my departure, the blinds may have been closed, yet the candles had not been lighted; and as I entered the apartment, which I did very softly, I could discern only the dim outlines of a female form at the farther end of it, whom, under the impression that all the rest of the family were absent, I very naturally concluded could be no other than the fair object of my adoration; and wishing to give her an agreeable surprise, ahem! I stepped quietly on tiptoe to where she stood with her face turned in the opposite direction. I cautiously, and unperceived, stole into one arm around her waist, keeping the other in a position to be brought up as a "corps de reserve" in case of a more desperate resistance than I anticipated. I inclined my head forward and leaning over I kissed—no my charming Julia, but, (begging that young lady's pardon,) her old vixen of a mother! The surprise was as complete on her part as it was on mine; and as she sprang with a scream from my now unwilling embrace, (for her features had been revealed to me at about the interesting moment when my lips came in contact with hers,) she was as perfect a specimen of the exasperated and indignant matron, perhaps, as was ever beheld. Her first impulse was to rush for the "mop handle," that most effective of all weapons when wielded by a woman, (the tongue excepted,) which stood in a distant part of the room, and if I had obeyed my first impulse, it would have been to beat a precipitate retreat from so dangerous a proximity; but my terror

and confusion were so overwhelming at a moment so contrary to my expectations, as to entirely deprive me, for the moment, of the power of locomotion. Meanwhile, as if fate had determined that I should have nothing undone to excite the rage of the already infuriated mother, to the utmost pitch, I commenced an explanation and most humble apology: "Indeed Mrs. —, I was entirely mistaken. I would not have done it but I thought it was Julia! Indeed! Indeed! Mrs. —, I wouldn't. Before I had made this unlucky confession, I fancied I saw something like a relenting twinkle in her hitherto malignantly dilated orbs, produced no doubt by the appearance of my ruddy cheeks and not ungainly person, together with the ludicrous position of affairs as they stood, which rather encouraged me to do so. Whether the knowledge which my confession conveyed; that I would dare take such a liberty with her daughter, enraged her more than taking it with herself, or whether with woman's instinct, she detected the slight to her own attractions inadvertently conveyed in it, I know not; but certain it is from that moment her fury seemed to be redoubled. She flew at me with the ferocity of a tigress, exclaiming— "You thought it was Julia, did you? I'll learn you to kiss people, you nasty, ugly, good for nothing young rascal! You came here to kiss Julia, did you? I'll teach you how to conduct yourself," accompanying each ejaculation with a vigorous stroke of the aforesaid weapon. "I was not long in recovering the use of my legs. One bound carried me to the door, which, however, seemed to have become hermetically sealed since it afforded me ingress, as though it had been deprived of its office, for having participated in so nefarious a transaction. However, after having explored its entire surface in trying to discover the latch, and being accelerated in my search by my impatient antagonist; and the insatiable mop handle, I finally succeeded in finding it, in the very last place, that I had supposed it to be; and just as I was on the point of giving up the search in despair, intending to throw myself upon the mercy of my exasperated foe, I threw open the door, and reached the street with a second bound, not however, without receiving a final and parting admonition from the mop handle never to kiss an old woman in a mistake, by stealth again, and then attempt to rectify the error by telling her I thought it was some one else. Finding myself at last beyond the reach of danger, I cut stick for home like a quarter-horse; and ensconcing myself on my arrival behind the kitchen stove as the most secure and secluded spot on the premises, I commenced a retrospective glance, after having taken breath, at the imminent peril from which I had just escaped; not, however, without serious misgivings that it would not terminate with my hasty exit from the premises of the parents of Julia. Nor were my apprehensions entirely groundless, for I had been but a very short time in my place of refuge, before the old lady burst into the apartment in a state of the most intense excitement, exclaiming at the top of her voice, at the outrage that had been committed upon her, and showering the most violent invectives upon the head of the innocent and unfortunate perpetrator of it. My master, as soon as he could get a word in edgeways, inquired the cause of so unusual a disturbance; and became almost convulsed with suppressed laughter, as she proceeded to relate the occurrence. She concluded by enjoining him, in language of the most forcible and decided character, to keep that graceless young scamp of an apprentice of his at home in future. An injunction which he very readily promised to observe, no doubt doing so the more readily from the fact that he did not apprehend any very serious opposition on my part. He assured her that she should not be subjected to any further annoyances of the same kind from the same quarter, at least; to which I silently, but most heartily responded! With sundry wincing looks, and gestures from its bearer, the dreaded mop handle made its exit, to my very great relief; for I assure you that during the time of the conference, I was in momentary expectation of a renewal of the application. "When the object of my apprehension had disappeared, my master indulged in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, at my discomfiture; and even my mistress, staid, quiet creature as she was, gave expression to considerable mirth; though she evidently viewed the affair in a much more serious light than her husband, perhaps thinking that, as she had some daughters of her own approaching womanhood, she might some day be the victim of a similar catastrophe. "The story was too good to be kept secret, and before many weeks all the boys in the village had it at their tongue's end that I had kissed old Mrs. —, and had been broom-sticked therefore—an act which should rather have merited reward, than chastisement. The big boys soon began to taunt me about it in company, and the smaller boys to halloo at me on the street, and I concluded that I would rather forsake my kind master than remain to be a subject of ridicule for the whole village, which I accordingly did. "I never knew exactly how Julia came to make such an unfortunate mistake; unless her parents altered their arrangement so that she

accompanied the old gentleman instead of her mother. I could find no other solution for the mystery; for I never for a moment suspected the artless Julia of being in any way a party to the proceedings, and I have no doubt she was as much mortified, and grieved about it as I was. I never saw her again. This ended my first love adventure." . . . **INDIAN FIGHT IN TEXAS.** The San Antonio Tri-Week furnishes the following piece of news: On the 27th of March, various citizens of the Medina and Hondo Valleys, assembled at the residence of Mr. Boon, on the Hondo, to take into consideration the numerous depredations committed upon the inhabitants by the Indians, and to devise some means to check them. Resolutions were passed, condemning, in strong terms, the present disposition of the military force of the country, by which our citizens have been left at the mercy of the savages, and the shameful neglect, by those in authority, to secure the inhabitants against their attacks;—and since no provision had been made for the safety of life and property by those from whom protection legitimately comes, that it became the duty of the citizens to protect themselves by every means in their power. It was determined to organize a company of minute men, to hold themselves in readiness to pursue the savages and recover property. On the next day, Indians having been seen, horses stolen, and cattle killed, the company, consisting of eleven men, well armed and mounted, started on a scout up the Hondo. No sign of Indians was discovered until the main right-hand branch of the Hondo was reached, where a trail several days old was found, making in the direction of the settlements, which was pursued several miles and lost, becoming mixed with other trails. After traversing the foot of the mountains which surround the valley, a fresh trail was discovered, leading in the same direction, and was pursued vigorously for seven or eight miles, to where the Indians were encamped. It was a complete surprise to them, as they knew nothing of the vicinity of danger until they were fired upon. Their position was such that they could not be approached without discovery, which rendered them careless. Three out of four were wounded the first fire, but they succeeded in gaining the dense chapparral, where one of the number fell, unable to proceed, when immediately he plucked an arrow from his quiver, and dispatched himself. A number of pistol shots were fired at them before they reached the thicket, many of them taking effect. They had two horses, one of which they had just stolen from Bandera Pass, where they had just killed a beef also. They were well prepared for taking off horses, having four bridles and a number of ropes and other conveniences for such depredations. According to the judgment of a knowing one, they belonged to the Waco tribe. . . . **MURDERER ARRESTED.**—The Newburyport Herald, alluding to the growing extravagance in the United States, says: There is not a country in the world where the people are becoming so extravagant in their mode of dress and living as in the United States. It is one of the worst signs of the times. The habits of this mushroom aristocracy are really disgusting. How it looks to see boys sporting diamonds by the thousand dollars worth at a time, whose fathers were accustomed to wheelbarrows, and whose children are pretty sure to be in the workhouse! And girls, silly simpering things, weighed down with bracelets and jewels, whose mothers broke their backs at the washing tub, scouring floors, and picking oakum. The real substantial aristocracy never indulge in such folleries and fooleries. . . . **GETTING FAMES MIXED.**—We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tuff yarns, tell the following: He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York. "My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which was so close together, that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk around on the top of it anywhere." We suggested that the turkeys might have been small ones. "No sir," continued he, "they were very large ones. I had shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged on the snow behind me!" "Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got parts of two stories mixed!" . . . **PORTLAND ELOQUENCE.**—It was a beautiful criticism made by Longinus upon the effect of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes. He says, the people would go from one of Cicero's orations, exclaiming, "What a beautiful speaker! what a rich fine voice; what an eloquent man Cicero is!" They talked of Cicero; but when they left Demosthenes, they said: "Let us help against Philip!" Losing sight of the speaker they were all absorbed in the subject, they thought not of Demosthenes, but of their country. . . . **Rousseau tells us that to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have said.** . . . **When the heart is out of tune, the tongue seldom plays aright.**