

THE RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Popular Song.

DINA'S WEDDING.
From "Lame and full Chorus."
Hurr! hurr! the day is come
To have us, and dat's a fact!
Cheer along she's married,
Bring out de wine, do hot-cake, too—
De gambo and de cream.
An' don't forget de wedding-cake,
On which de darkeys dream.

Salo.—For we will dance and sing away—
Full Chorus.—Hurr! hurr! hurr! hurr!
Salo.—And on the band play so gay—
Full Chorus.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Salo.—Well dance and sing like every thing—
Full Chorus.—Hurr! hurr! hurr!

Chorus.
Hurr! hurr! the day is come, ha!
Salo.

Whil'dina de finest gal dat ever you did see,
And dar was a time she frowed her eyes at me;
But dat am past and gone, and dis poor dar's forgotten.

Aha! tickle-dee!

Spoiled by another Voice.

You, Pomp, retch back dat basso.

Solo.

Just hear dat darkey dr! shut up dat monff!
What wed, will you, my Dina dear—my Wenna
From de Souf!

Put come, let me laugh and sing, dance and be jolly,
For Dina, dat handsome gal—

Spoiled by another Voice.

Has married Cum by today.

A Festival sketch of Madame Jumel Wife of Aaron Burr.

In Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution there is a picture of a house, that was erected one hundred and fifteen years ago, and which was at one time the head quarters of Genl. Washington. It is situated near the High Bridge, over the Harlem River, and though really within the city limits, is surrounded by forests and dels giving it a wild and rural aspect. The ground is beautifully improved, the gardens laid out with taste, and everything around the establishment bears the marks of refinement and wealth.

On this historical spot lives a venerable woman, whose history has been varied as the changes in the country's progress have been rapid. Madame Jumel, is native of Providence, Rhode Island. Her maiden name was Miss Bowen. She came to this city about the year 1798, and in 1804 was married to Major St. Domingo, a native of France, but then from the bloody Massacre of St. Domingo. They did not live long together from incompatibility of temper, or some other cause. He soon afterwards died, leaving her three million of francs in France.

She frequently visits France, always living in a style commensurate with her husband's pretensions and wealth. She moved in the highest circles, both in this country and in France of that day, and received the court and homage of the most distinguished men of the times. She subsequently married Aaron Burr, somewhereabout the year 1815; but they too, soon separated. After his death she lived in seclusion at her stately residence in this island with the exception of occasional visits to Paris.

She was there soon after Louis Napoleon became Emperor, and was at the Tuilleries on the occasion of a great ball, where the Emperor recognised her as the widow of his old friend (which one tradition does not state.) A friend of mine visited Madame Jumel, a few days ago, and this has brought freshly to my recollection the romantic incidents of her chequered career.

Her residence is described as an earthly paradise minus the angels.

Everything that art can achieve, or taste desire, or money procure, may be found there. Costly paintings (and among them a genuine Rubens) articles of vermeil, presents of noble and distinguished persons, and autographs and everything that is considered rare and costly, and curious, may be seen in lavish profusion.

Madame Jumel lives the life of a recluse. She knows nothing of what will have nothing to do with her neighbors around Fort Washington, with very few exceptions. Even the boys have a judicious fear of her, and trouble neither her orchards nor her flower gardens, nor even that is hers.

Every evening a gun is fired off on her premises to warn intruders. Very few persons ever solicit permission to view her grounds, and only a favored minority of those ever have their petition granted.

This old lady, now nearly eighty years of age, has one peculiar, and that is for gathering up her refugees from Europe. She is always taking care of a flock of them, and makes herself useful whenever a good man can come along, she gets him the instrument with which he is most familiar and in this way she picks up a pleasant band of music which entertains her by their repeated performances.

Dr. Borchard, the great revivalist, once passing near a reunion with a theological pupil, stopped and gazed into the white heat of the melted iron. Said he, in his deep, solemn, musical voice: "Do you wish to know how hot hell is? I'll tell you. Hell is so much hotter than that fiery furnace, that suppose a being who could live in hell should jump into it, he would freeze to death in five minutes."

The Verdict delivered at Rome, Ga., in the case of Abel Johnson vs. Thomas Chapman. "We the jury chosen and sworn, agree that John Chapman must pay the sum of \$20 five cents, that the plaintiff pay over the sum of \$20 five cents, for the benefit of the jury, and costs will be ruled out."

The following, worked out by a blind angel, is given as the arithmetic of love:

After introduction, 4 compliments make one blush; 8 blashes make one tender look; 4 tender looks make one blushing; 2 blushing make one proposal; 2 proposals (1 to pa) makes one wedding.

There is a woman in Cincinnati, says the Times, who keeps a grocery, attends faithfully to a fat pair of twins, does her own house work, and yet finds time to give her lazy husband a sound thrashing three or four times a week.

Wit and Humor.

Anecdotes of a Physician.

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned by many who still laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. It was hard to say which did his patients the most good, and as he always gave his best of both at the same time, they probably helped each other. Just as it happened when one of his patients revolved at a monstrous dose of physic, and said: "Why, Doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for a gentleman?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, "it's for a gentleman."

And a good laugh is often as good as a medicine. With him the pleasure was certain as the opportunity. Even so evident it would come out of him. He was walking in the street, and a huckster's cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The huckster stopped suddenly, and just in time to spite the Doctor, who took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed, "You are the best *broadway* in town."

At the great gathering in Philadelphia of the Medical Society of the United States, the literary and distinguished Dr. Francis and Dr. Chapman met, as they had done a thousand times before, having been friends for half a century. At a large dinner party, a pompos little Dr. Mann, presuming that these gentlemen were strangers, said to Dr. Francis: "Let me introduce you to Dr. Chapman, the head of our profession in Philadelphia." It was too much for Dr. Chapman, who retorted: "Dr. Francis, let me introduce you to Dr. Mann, the *tail* of our profession in Philadelphia." Little Mann is the *bombe* alone after that.

Very much against his will, the doctor was made a vestryman in the parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gravity to the gentleman who was at the pew nearest the pulpit, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed, at if he would urge him to fling the mitter over and give something, a little something, and refused to go on till he had seen his silver on the plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the pew nearest the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me!" said the astonished Doctor, "you must be a *Guisenagger!*" They never troubled the doctor to go around with the plate after that.

Dr. Chapman was a delegate to the convention of the church, which was to hold its annual session at Pittsburg. A party spirit ran high, and the members both clerical and lay, being men of like passions with other men, became more excited and violent in word and tone than was becoming so reverend and grave a body. When things had gone on at this rate for two days, and were nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, one of the most venerable members arose and said, that, "he thought these scenes were highly indecorous, especially as they were enacted in the presence of God, whose servants we profess to be."

Dr. Chapman for the first time now stood up, and with a peculiar twisting of his words, and the profound attention of the whole convention, remarked: "Mr. President, I think so too. It is too bad. The members out not to go on so. But I do not feel so forced of that last remark. The gentleman says we ought not to conduct in this manner in the presence of God. Now sir, to my certain knowledge, he has not been in this place since we came together."

The round was no just so pertinent, that priests and people took sides, and the business of the convention was conducted with a feverish heat.

He always a flashy waistcoat on the night when first we met, with a flaming pair of whiskers and imperial of fat. His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone of a gentleman, worth forty thousand dollars, all his own! I saw him but a moment but I thought I see him now, with a very flashy waistcoat, and a beaver on his brow! And once again I say that now—no fat tail was there, but a shocking bad un-washable hat and mattock was his hair. However a week within his tail—the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him to the street. I saw him but a moment, methinks I see him now, changed by these worthy officers with kicking up a row.

A SAILOR'S RILLIGION.—At a judicial investigation at Balaklava a witness, a sailor, was asked what I rilligion was. His reply was—

"I'm blowed if I know."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked the examiner.

"Oh, no," was the response. "I'm a——sure I'm not that, for I hate the Pope like blazes and I delights in the stakes on Friday."

Rores of laughter. The judges declared he was a Protestant.

STEAM.—At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompously looking gentleman who was talking about steam, communication.

"Pray, sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is ah! steam is—ah! steam is—steam!"

His tail contains liquors of the first quality, and his tail will always be supplied with the best in market.

He especially wants his friends and others to give him a pull.

W. R. FLEMING.

A COMMON CASE.—Doctor! said a man to a physician, my daughter had a fit this morning and continued half an hour without knowledge or understanding?

"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that—many people continue so all their lives."

COURTROOMS.—Girls with hollow cheeks and full bosoms. Such kind of things never come together naturally. Make a note, and don't mistake cotton for plumpness.

JAMES CROWTHER.—JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Curwenville, Pa. Office opposite the Good Intent Hotel.

(June 13, '54—1y.)

IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS!

WHOLESALE TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

Manufacturers.—The subscriber having increased his facilities for manufacturing ware, is now prepared to furnish all who may favor him with their orders. *Note but the best workmen are employed, and superior articles of stock used.* For the good quality of his Wares, he can refer to his large number of customers in Clearfield and adjoining counties, who have purchased from him for many years.

Every article to which he turns his hands is well made.

Price lists furnished on post paid application.

LYMAN GILBERT, No. 16 Market St.,

Clearfield, Pa.

June 31, '54.—1y.

THE UNION SAFE!—THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA!—The CHEAP CORNER INN, Clearfield, Pa.—We take this method of informing the public in general, and the citizens of Curwenville and vicinity in particular, that we have received a very large and varied selection of Fall and Winter Goods suited to the wants of every man, woman and child in this country, and, that we have no help but in saying, that purchases will be made directly to the manufacturer to call and examine.

Our stock consists in part of English Dress Goods in great variety such as plain black, fancy silks, Turk's tailings, orange calicos, black and fancy ribbons, plain and plaid chintz, Manchester and Domestic Ginghams, Calicoes of every style and quality, at prices ranging from 15c up to 100c.

Black, blue, green, red, and English chintz, blue, black, double, and fancy cambric, blue, brown and green satins, etc.

Check, ticking, damask, muslin, crepe, heavy, light, pleated shirts, ready-made clothing, etc.

Clothing and bedding, and all kinds of hardware.

Books, papers, and stationery, etc.

Large assortment of American and English Hardware.

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Large assortment of American and English Linen.

Large assortment of American and English Household Goods.

Large assortment of American and English Furniture.

Large assortment of American and English Bedding.

Large assortment of American and English Bedding.