

# Raftsmen's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOP.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1855.

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(For the Raftsmen's Journal.)  
TO  
BY

I saw thee in beauty, radiantly fair,  
Brilliantly gleamed thy sparkling eye,  
Glossy the folds of thy silken hair,  
In their clustering richness, and ebon dye.  
Light wavy step, and thy smile all glad,  
Gleamed thy voice as it lightly sang,  
I knew that thy heart had never been sad,  
Had no'er by sorrow and pain been wrung.  
No furrows were made on thy forehead fair  
By Time—as he bleasted thee with happy hours,  
Ne'er hadst thou known either sorrow or care,  
Thy life-path had been but a pathway of flowers.  
Long years have passed—how sadly I gaze,  
But I see thee all changed, how sadly I gaze,  
A victim of sorrow, a martyr to pain,  
Alas! how the care-clouds have darkened thy  
Thy form has wasted—thy sunken eye  
Is dim with the tears of a broken heart,  
Deep traces of care on thy forehead lie,  
Of what thou once was—a shadow thou art.  
Slow is thy step that once was free,  
And light as the graceful gazelle of the plain;  
And is the voice that once with glee,  
Ever was warbling some joyous refrain.  
Yet, why should I weep—I know that thy trust  
Is fixed on the God who for Lazarus wept,  
And though we consign thy frail form to the dust,  
We know that thy soul by that God will be kept.  
GILES MARK, Nov. 18, 1855.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret pledged his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

BY MACAULAY.

In the meantime the preparations for his trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sitting of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, thro' many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to the forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Stratford for a moment averted, and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain.—The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated around the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassador of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There, Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, Clerk of the Court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company, and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—

"My lords," said he, "these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons, 'I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.' 'I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.' 'I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.' 'I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.' 'I impeach him in the name, and by virtue, of those eternal laws of justice, which he has violated.' 'I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.'"

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.—A writer illustrating the fact, that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need to be treated with wholesome doses of contempt and ridicule, observes that all the blows inflicted by the herculean club of certain logicians, are not half so effective as a box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of a beauty. Having preached in vain to a circle of ladies, he attempted to revenge himself by saying, "Pardon, my error, ladies; I did not imagine that in a house where wit vies with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in God." "You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house, "my horses, my dog, my cat, share this honor with you; only those poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

This reminds us of what occurred a few years ago, on one of our western rivers. A thing in the shape of a man, was gliding in his alms, avowing that the present life was all of a man; that he had no soul and no hereafter. "And so you have no soul?" asked a gentleman in the group, evidently desirous to reason with him on the subject. "No," replied the atheist, "not a whit more than a pig." The gentleman was about to enter on an argument with him, when an elderly Scotch lady spoke up smartly. "Sir, I hope you will not spend your breath reasoning with the creature; by his ain confession, he has nae more soul than a pig; and ye wad nae argue wi a pig."

The Detroit Democrat relates the following amusing incident which it says, occurred in that city recently. A clergyman came into Detroit yesterday, from the north, and on coming out from tea, found his umbrella gone, and another similar one in its place, which he took, and walked up Woodward Avenue. He stood talking in the street, with his umbrella spread, with one of his neighbors whom he chanced to meet, who looking at the umbrella, remarked, "Well, Parson, I always took you for a candid man, who would be free to confess a fault if one were committed, but I think you are carrying that virtue to extremes," and he pointed to the line displayed in large white letters on the black umbrella.

"I stole this umbrella from—"  
The parson took a look at the clouds, and concluded the rain was about over, shut up his umbrageous convenience, and started on, with a countenance disclosing more chagrin than humility.

A Picture of our Country.  
America, as she now stands, is a striking fact. The Western clearings, the immense farmers of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the foreign immigration, tolling Africa chained to the car of commerce, gorgeous and reckless New York, and sudden San Francisco, excite imagination, by all that they imply and foreshadow. They represent many ideas, and embody many a wonderful and moving story; for business has its danger and daring, its suffering and endurance, and the changes of fortune, in this new world of boundless resources and free activity, are more marvellous than the tales of the Arabian Nights. This bold enterprise that stretches to the Pacific, this skilled and thoughtful race grasping a vast empire like a homestead, to cultivate and plant, and adorn; this brave army of worshippers, marching on irresistibly to the conquest of nature, form a grand spectacle. Though their weapons—the axe, the plough, and the steam engine—have not the lustre of poetry that gleams from the point of the sword; though the heroes of the farm, the workshop, and the counting-house, like village Hamptons, die unsung, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble fields of man's effort, and their labors found nations, as those of the coral insect lift the basis of an island above the sea, to the light and air of Heaven.

But the picture has its dark side. The eager desire for wealth, the incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of it, has become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money which is the root of all evil; and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the love of knowledge and art, of truth, and virtue, and beauty, withers and dies. "In posterity no alters smoke," the curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, our aspirations, are all turned into gold, and we are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the material, not the spiritual; the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal. We are practical, not intellectual; and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the reason, imagination and taste. We are smitten with "the lust of flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and our only morality is cash-payment. Truly has it been said, that "he who makes haste to get rich shall not be innocent." If intemperance drinking be the degrading vice of one portion of our people, intemperate money making is the basest sin of another, and much larger portion, and it is difficult to say which is the more pernicious. One is a vice of the senses, destroying the mind; the other a delusion of the mind, and a selfish passion, blasting the moral sentiments, and playing the higher powers of the intellect. The poor drunkard cannot resist the "baseful cup," which benumbs the soul, "unmoulding reason's misting," and transforming him

"Into the inglorious likeness of a beast," and the infatuated worshiper of Mammon deliberately uses his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the pure and high, and shuts out the light of Heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gains, rank, prosperity, without counteracting causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced already, in this new country, luxury, venality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures; and sneering indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. Hence the vulgar ostentation of our cities; hence the general want of literary taste and culture; hence the deplorable frauds of business; hence much of the baseness of our politics.—North American Review.

Signs and Wonders.  
When will signs and wonders cease? Not till the destroying angel shall clip the thread of time, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but we see good and bad signs, as the following will show:

It's a good sign to have a man enter your office with a friendly greeting—"Here's two dollars for my paper."

It's a bad sign to hear a man say he's too poor to take a paper—ten to one he carries home a jug of "red eye" that costs him half a dollar.

It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity.

It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It's a good sign to see the flash of health in a man's face.

It's a bad sign to see it concentrating in his nose.

It's a good sign to see an honest man wear old clothes.

It's a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows.

It's a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow.

It's a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of a saloon.

It's a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness.

It's a bad sign to see her husband sued for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry.

It's a good sign to see a man or woman advertise in the paper.

It's a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for them.

Spain as She Was and as She Is.  
Nations, like individuals, are liable to extraordinary changes in power and fortune. This is clearly palpable to all who glance back at the ancient nations, to Rome and Greece in their names of glory; and who then turn to their present comparatively powerless condition and ruin. But the history of Spain affords another striking instance of the decline of nations. Macaulay, in one of his admirable essays, forcibly remarks, that whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great States may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. He says the empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed, in the world. In Europe he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, France, Comte, Roussillon, the Milanese, any the two Sicilies, Tuscany, Parma, and the other small States of Italy were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Benar now are on the East India Company. In Asia the King of Spain was master of the Philippines, and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted in the season of his greatest power, to four millions sterling; a sum eight times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand, excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England. At the same time Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain—ships, colonies and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her.

But how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst weaken the nations!

If we overlook a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Martin and Cæsar.

At the present day the condition of Spain is indeed deplorable. The discoverer of the New World is now deprived of all her mighty possessions on this glorious continent, while even the parent nation is, in a great measure, an instrument in the hands of other European powers. Torn and agitated by domestic convulsions, she has just passed through several fierce and bloody civil wars, and the last advances indicate that she is on the eve of another change. And what is the secret of this deterioration? Macaulay says that all the causes of the decay of Spain resolve themselves into one cause—bad government. What a lesson to nations!

Sarcastic Sentence.  
Old Elias Keys, formerly first Judge of Windsor County, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow convicted of stealing a pair of boots from Gen. Curtis, a man of considerable wealth, in the town of Windsor.

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely, before pronouncing the sentence of the court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before the court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you; and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done to you; all by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you might know you would be condemned. And now you must know that it was a great aggravation that you stole them in that large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, Gen. Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had or could get? and then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great Gen. Curtis, the court sentences you to three months imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat!"

If you earn more than you spend, and save it, don't knuckle down to any man you meet, but hold up your personal dignity to the solidity of starch.

A Teetotal Monkey.  
Dr. Guthrie relates the following amusing anecdote of a domesticated monkey: "Jack," as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, flung half a glass of whiskey left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course to his head. Amid their roars of laughter, he began to skip, hop and dance. Jack was drunk.—Next day, when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay, crouched in a corner. "Come out!" said his master. Afraid to disobey, he came out, walking on three legs—the fore-paw that was laid on his forehead, saying, as plain as words could do, that he had a headache. Having left him some days to get well, and resume his gaiety, they at length carried him off to the second level. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chair, and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook the whip at him. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at this disciple of temperance; he ducked his head, and slipped over to the back of the house, upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than the fire-water, the monkey leaped at a bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into a pipe, held on by his fore-paws. He would rather be singed than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to take another drop of whiskey."

More'n You'll Keep.  
Some years ago, an old sign painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets, in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the close of the second day the pastor of the church came in to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eye over the tablets.

"Eh," said the pastor as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the holy precepts, "why, you careless old fellow, you left a part of one of the commandments entirely out—don't you see?"

"No—no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out—where?"

"Why, there," persisted the pastor, "here look at them in the bible—you have left some of the commandments out!"

"Well, what if I have?" said old obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work—what if I have? There's a damn sight more there now than you'll keep."

Another and a more correct artist was employed next day.

Toasts by the Trades.  
From a list of professional toasts, said to have been made at the New England celebration at Milwaukee, we take the following:

By a Baker—"The Storm of Liberty"—It rose in the yeast—may it continue to give its light until it has leavened the whole world, and prepared for the last baking."

By a Dry Goods Merchant—"Our National Flag"—May we never measure it by yards, nor sell it without a reasonable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance."

By a Painter—"Plymouth Rock"—The imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be a type of their perpetuity."

By a Tailor—"The American Union"—But-tuned up by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its needles of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip it assunder."

By a Miller—"The Mayflower"—Ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no shorts."

By a Forwarder—"The Boston Tea Party"—May its memory be stored away by all who attempt to exact illegal commission."

By a Banker—"The Pilgrim Stock"—Abore par in every market."

Dog Fight.  
"Oh, pa, I've just seen one of the worst dog fights as was ever seen or heard tell of in the world."

"Well Simon, my boy, how was it?"

"Why, father, there was one great big black dog, with white ears and a brass collar, and one little black and green dog, what hadn't no man with him, and as—"

"Come, come, Simon, don't talk so fast; you get everything mixed up; stop and get breath a moment, and not blow so like a porpoise."

"Well, I want to tell you how one dog with white ears got one side of the meeting-house, and the other meeting-house with the yaller green ears, got on one side of the dog, and the other he—no, no, the white and yaller ear, he give a yelp, at the meeting-house, and the dog—oh, dad, I've give all out—there wasn't no dog at all."

A STRICKER FOR RULES.—We are acquainted with a printer who is so enthusiastic in his business that he never sits down to dinner without insisting on seeing a proof of the pudding.