

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## OH GIVE NOT UP TO SORROW.

Oh give not up to sorrow,  
And never know despair—  
Let hope light up the morrow,  
With all its holy cheer.  
Why should we mar the moments  
That pass us swiftly by,  
By cruel, dark forebodings,  
When joy itself is nigh?  
Though dark misfortunes meet us,  
And friends and fortune fail,  
And many objects greet us,  
To tell the sudden tale—  
Let's view it as our share of toil,  
That's nobly to be borne—  
And light will be the burden,  
How'er the heart was torn.  
Oh give not up to sorrow,  
And never know despair—  
Let hope light up the morrow,  
With all its holy cheer.  
He who can light the darkness  
Will every care disarm—  
The storm of life will rage to-day;  
To-morrow brings it calm.

## OUR DUTY IN PERILOUS TIMES.

Sabbath before last for a very large congregation, in the church in Asburton Place, Boston, Rev. Dr. Kirk delivered a deeply interesting sermon, in allusion partly to the present state of affairs in our country and our duty in relation thereto. The morning lesson, which preceded it, the 21 chapter of Lamentations, was very appropriate to the occasion. Dr. Kirk selected for his text—Joel, chapter 11, verses 16 to 18,—“Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly; Gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts; let the bridegroom go forth out of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them; wherefore should they say among the people, where is their God? Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people.” Joel's ministry, he showed in the outset, was mainly a message to a guilty people calling them to repentance—in a time of man's degeneracy and God's vengeance—a day of darkness—gloominess.” Our own day he compared to that, passing thus from the Jewish theocracy to the American Republic, and he believed we were called to the same course as was then prescribed for them.

God had a fearful controversy with this nation, as was evidenced in our sins and embarrassments. And there was a sufficient reason for the divine indignation against us. To whom much was given, much was expected. Our trust was the highest of all committed to nations, and the very denial or ignorance of it was among our greatest sins.

Ours was from the very beginning, in its very origin a religious history; it abounded in wonderful interventions of providence; ours was an untrammelled religion; and a position of security from all the political agitations and military despotism of Europe. Ordinary sins became with us aggravated and extraordinary sins; even as God bore with the heathen of old, but when the Jew did wrong he became liable to divine vengeance. We had, if ever a nation had, a holy, inestimable trust for other nations, for posterity, for mankind. No people could ever have done so much, from their circumstances, for the world's advancement in holiness. Yet where God had looked for grapes he had found wild grapes—he had found us boastful, haughty, self-complacent and independent before him, when we should have cherished benevolence and humility, and looked at ourselves as the almoners of his bounty.

But probably our greatest sin, was our Atheism; most of us had a correct theory, yet had put the divine being under foot, by not acknowledging him in all the affairs of life.

What a trial of God's patience must our conduct be. But we ought to notice, in the second place, that His judgments had begun among us. The father of our country clearly saw the intention of Providence, and had counselled us to live at peace with other nations, having none but a peaceable connection with them. But God had suffered the contrary to take place, and no human sagacity could predict the result. We were making treaties with Persia to the satisfaction of Russia and the alarm of England; we were constantly in friction with England, and tempting her, with France and Spain, to turn their arms against us.

“And in what condition,” said Dr. Kirk, “are our affairs at home? A glance at them is all we may undertake. But two powers are now at work in the midst of us, as antagonistic, as terrific in their convulsive encounter as the northwest hurricane rushing down upon a south-eastern swell of the Atlantic Ocean. If you can to-day strangle Hercules in the cradle with your feeble hand, the day is coming when no human power can withstand him. I wonder that any American citizen should doubt whether we have reached a crisis in advance of all the critical periods of our former history.”

“There lies on the statute-book of each of fifteen of our States, a peculiar doctrine, which is expanded into various enactments. There exists at the same time, in the minds of the majority, probably seven-tenths of the citizens of the thirty-one States, a belief that that doctrine is unsound.

“It will corrupt the community that believes and practices it; it will corrupt legislation; grow in audacity; gradually wield all the powers of the executive and judiciary to its own ends, and finally, turn the United States into a despotism, not only toward the African race, but a tyranny of the slave power over the friends of human freedom.”

Some might counsel silence upon this subject. Mr. Kirk believed, for one, the day of silence passed forever; and that the cautious and conservative will soon discover it. The introduction of Missouri as a slave State, the base violation of the very compact formed at her admission, the history of Kansas, and present condition of affairs, were connected together, and traceable to the same fountain.—The river has not yet reached its mouth; it might be forded here; but soon it would sweep away, in its terrific current, Constitution, enactments and every human barrier, and undermine the republic itself. No man could resist the corrupting influence, and fierce temptations, and the tremendous impulse of absolute, irresponsible power over our fellow men, having accepted it. That slave-owners should aim to control the mighty forces of our general government, he did not wonder; nor did he question that they were doing it.

Thus he only pointed to the thunder-cloud that hung over us. “God,” said he, “may avert it. Man can not. Coaxing, compromise, letting alone, are all too late. Mr. Brooks is nothing in this matter. Mr. Douglas is nothing in this matter. The doctrine that a negro is not a man and the doctrine that the negro is a man have now come to the death-struggle of the contest. Neither will yield until a continent has been swept with the deluge of civil war.” The murders, dells, the false sense of honor, the carrying of arms, were a natural growth of that institution, and when the Southern chivalry comes to form the customs of Freedom's metropolis, and gutta percha bludgeons take the place of candid discussion, free men will bear it no longer.

Men might talk of dissolution of the Union; but he believed that when it came, it would be a moral dissolution, and not a territorial one; and when men were weary of fanatical and protracted war, some Napoleon the I. or III. would take the reins of power, and as many white men and as many negroes as would be left would be the slave population of America.

When brothers fight, they fight to the death, and when the Union is dissolved, Freedom bids the world farewell; the hopes of our fathers, and the hopes of the oppressed, the hopes of the best spirits in Europe sink for the present century. A civil war in America will be a war of the world; the despotic powers of Europe, the Catholic powers, will take the side of the Cavaliers against the Puritans. Our present duty was to penitentially seek forgiveness for the sins of the past. Our only hope was in repentance. He did not mean to say we must not act; that, perhaps, we must not fight. But no action would be wise or safe until God should have forgiven us. God could deliver us, and would, in answer to prayer.—We learned this from God's commands and promises, and from the recorded examples of men and communities.

He did not believe that praying was all we had to do; but nothing would be effectual, until a portion of the people, at least humbled themselves before the offended majesty of God. It was easy to counsel violence; it was easy to counsel inaction; neither of these remedies would meet the case. “But our God will show the remedy, when we shall have returned to him with contrite hearts. Until then we know not what to do.”

We should recognize our perils and painful condition, and should see the hand of God in it, permitting the punishment of our sins; we should turn unto the hand that was smiting us and seek forgiveness for the past and strength and guidance for the future. In concluding Dr. Kirk referred Christians for their watchword to the 46th Psalm of David.

## A POISONED VALLEY.

A poisoned Valley has been discovered in Batten, in Japan. Mr. A. Loudon visited it last July, and states that when within a few yards of the valley, a strong and suffocating smell was experienced, but this ceased as the margin was approached.

The bottom of it appears to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion.—The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation.

It was proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party with their watches in their hands observed the effect.

At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs; without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the company and went to his companion. On reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven

minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, and died in a minute and a quarter. And another, was thrown in after, and died in the space of a minute and a half.

A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited lay a human skeleton. The head was resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel, hunted towards the valley, who had taken shelter there unconscious of its character.

## CAN WOMEN KEEP A SECRET?

OR HOW MR. PODKINS GOT HIS COAT MENDED.  
“Pshaw? a woman keep a secret? Who ever knew one to keep anything twenty-four hours?”

“That's a libel upon the sex, Mr. Podkins—invented, I'll be bound, by some thrice rejected bachelor, who could think of no other mode of revenge. Let anybody put a secret in my possession, and if I can't keep it till the day of judgment, then I wasn't christened Laura, that's all.”

“Guess I will try you sometime,” said Podkins, as he applied a match to his cigar, and walked out.

Proceeding to a confectioner's, he purchased a mammoth sugar heart and two smaller ones. These he took to his shop, and cut a piece of shingle the exact size of the large heart, and placed the wooden counterfeit in the paper with the small ones, that the packages might look as near alike as possible.

Nearly tea time Podkins entered the sitting room where Laura and her friend Mary were busily plying their needles. Seating himself near by, he drew from his coat pocket two small bundles, and presenting one to each of the girls, remarked that he had long contemplated making them some presents, but hoped as an especial favor to himself that they would not tell each other what the paper contained. Laura and Mary promised obedience, the same time casting uneasy glances at the mysterious gifts.

“Remember, the first who breaks her promise will forfeit her claim to the title of secret keeper, and mend my coat in the way of penalty,” added Podkins, rising to exhibit more fully a most sorrowful-looking garment so “tattered and torn,” that a tailor would have been puzzled to decide what was its original shape.

The girls considered themselves safe concerning the coat, and chided the wearer for being so skeptical in regard to their ability to keep a secret. Curiosity was only half satisfied, however, after ascertaining that Podkins' generosity bestowed a heart. It was not long ere the donor overheard Mary and Laura in the kitchen, teasing one another to reveal, by some sign, at least, the forbidden fruit. But each stood their ground wonderfully, and Podkins feared his coat would remain tattered.—The girls' sleeping apartment was contiguous to the one occupied by Podkins and his friend Barlow. As only a thin partition separated the rooms, it was easy to hear ordinary conversation from one to the other without the folly of listening. The two women were snugly ensconced in bed, when Mary and Laura entered the adjoining bed-room. The door had scarce been closed, when the former exclaimed: “Now, Laura, do tell me what was in your paper. It looked just like mine, and I verily believe it is the same thing. I shall not sleep a wink to-night if you don't. Come, do tell, that's a good girl, and then I will tell you what is in mine.”

“Well,” replied Laura, “there were two sugar hearts in mine.”

“And there was only one in mine,” said Mary, in a disappointed tone.

At this point a respectable portion of the bolster went into Barlow's mouth, while Podkins took refuge beneath the bed-clothes to smother his laughter as best he might.

At breakfast the next morning, while Laura was pouring out the coffee, Podkins, turning towards Barlow, said very gravely: “Well, there were two sugar hearts in mine.”

“And there was only one in mine,” responded Barlow, so exactly imitating Mary's tone that she almost fancied herself speaking.

The coffee-pot dropped, to the great confusion of sundry cups and saucers, and then came a burst of laughter from the four that fairly made the dishes dance.

“I will take that coat after breakfast, if you please, Mr. Podkins,” said Laura, quietly, after the mirth had somewhat subsided.

## A WAY TO KEEP EGGS.

—During a long voyage to South America it was noticed how fresh the eggs continued to be. The steward was called upon for his secret. He said as he purchased his stock, he packed it down in small boxes—ratin boxes—and afterwards, about once a week, turned every box but the one out of which he was using. That was all. The reason of his success is, that by turning the eggs over he keeps the yolks about the middle of the albumen. If still, the yolk will after a while find its way through the white to the shell, and when it does so, the egg will spoil. Hens understand this fact, for they, as is well known, turn over the eggs upon which they set at least daily.

## THE CAMELS.

The camels which were recently brought to New Orleans from the East, excite much curiosity. A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who was on board the transport Fashion, in which they were brought on shore from the ship Supply, gives the following account:—

Towards evening, the dreary mud banks of the mouth came in view, the land all the time sinking lower and lower. The camels were on board the United States storeship Supply, by the side of which we were soon fastened, and ready to receive the animals. It being late we did not transfer any of them that day. We went aboard the ship Supply, however, impelled by curiosity to see the wonderful beasts. They were lodged below, well sheltered from the bad weather, and had three Arabs and two Turks to attend to their wants. The ship had brought them a long voyage from Smyrna, consequently the poor animals had been confined in a very narrow place for over three months. They numbered thirty-five, including several young ones, one of which was born on the voyage, in the vicinity of the Trade Winds, in consequence of which the jolly Jack tars called it “Trade Wind.” The others had various Arabic cognomens, but it is intended to name them after the States of the Union, which would be highly appropriate.

The next day the camels were installed in their new home, but not without some difficulty, for their natural timidity rendered them difficult to manage. The animals being all safely on board, and everything in perfect order, we bade adieu to the ship Supply, both fired a salute, and our ponderous wheels striking the water bore us out into the open sea, in full speed for Matagorda Bay.

The weather, with very little exception, continued pleasant and the sea smooth, a very fortunate thing for the camels. They are a very patient animal, scarcely ever uttering a sound, but are extremely belligerent among themselves, it requiring all the watching and care that can be bestowed on them to prevent them from biting each other.

They will carry without stopping, except at long intervals, immense weights of baggage and stores, under a hot, broiling sun, the fatigue of which would soon kill a horse. By importing a great many, the United States will soon have a considerable breed of camels on the Western Continent. It may be said to Columbia's honor, that she has taken the lead in introducing these powerful aids to civilization among us, for the conquests of peace surpass those of war. We arrived at the bay of Matagorda on Monday evening, May 12. The next morning the animals were taken ashore, and at last regained their liberty. The inhabitants crowded around them, with pardonable curiosity, to behold the huge, uncouth animals, and many were the sensible comparisons given vent to on the occasion. The Arabs and Turks, who had dressed themselves in rich Oriental costume, were kept busy explaining to the inquisitive crowd. Now and then a camel, in the full excess of joy, would run with a terrible leaping and kicking among the people, who would consequently give it full room to gambol in. That evening, they all started for their destination, in regular Eastern order, as for a distant caravan.

## SAGACITY OF A DOG.

We take the following from the Trinity, California, Times. It certainly records one of the most remarkable instances we have ever heard of, of canine ‘sagacity’ as it is called, but which, in this instance seems more like the exercise of the same reason with which man is gifted, but the exclusive possession of which he arrogates to himself.

Wm. Dredge lives about five miles from town, at the base of the mountains which tower north of us. A short time after midnight on the morning of Wednesday last, he was aroused from his slumbers by the mournful howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal moaning and howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself and unbolted the door, when a large mastiff rushed within. The dog at once caught hold of his pants and employed every gentle means to induce the gentleman to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was that the animal was mad, and yet so peculiar and earnest were the dumb entreaties, that he finally yielded and proceeded with

out the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute now capering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and pants, induced Dredge to follow him.

Their course was up the precipitous sides of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow drift that had settled in one of its numerous abrasures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in the embraces of death. But what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child about two years of age, still warm and living. A little inspection, aided by the pale starlight and the brightness of the snow, enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly naked. With a mother's affection she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self sacrifice and immolation.

Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from attack of wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman. Her body was buried the next day. The child and dog have been adopted by this good Samaritan. But as yet he has been unable to obtain any light as to the name of the woman, or how she happened to stray on the dismal mountain side at such an unfortunate hour. The child is doing well, and is truly a handsome boy.

## BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the brilliant stucco whitewash on the east end of the President's house at Washington. The following is a receipt for making it, as gleaned from the National Intelligencer, with some additional improvements learned by experiment:—

Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime; slake it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep it in the strainer, and add to it a pound of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied.

Brushes more or less small may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade you like.

Spanish brown stirred in will make red or pink more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, before it is stirred into the mixture, makes a lilac color. Lamp-black in moderate quantities makes a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Lamp-black and Spanish brown mixed together produce a reddish stone color.

Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash; but chrome goes farther, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases, darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring used. It is difficult to make a rule, because tastes are very different; it would be best to try experiments upon a shingle and let it dry. We have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash, which makes it crack and peel.

When walls have been badly smoked, and when you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use, before it is stirred in the whole mixture.

If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same proportions should be observed.

**A WHOLESOME DRINK.**—The excessive use of cold water during the sweltering heat of summer, often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted for it, of which those oppressed with thirst can partake with safety. For this purpose I am aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following:—

Take of the best white Jamaica ginger root, carefully bruised, two ounces; cream of tartar one ounce; water, six quarts, to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained; to the strained liquor add one pound of the best white sugar, and again place it over the fire; keep it well stirred till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you previously put two drachms of tartaric acid, and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature. Then add a

table spoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drinks will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results even in the hottest weather. Those who make use of old cider, will find this much superior as common field beverage. —*Germanstown Telegraph.*

## A WOMAN IN MAN'S CLOTHES.

(From the Pittsburg Dispatch.)  
We notice in the papers mention of a young woman having been recently detected in the garb of a man among the workmen employed in Smith's whip factory in Westfield, Mass., and, now that it can do no injury to expose her secret, we shall throw a little light upon her previous history, at least during her three years' residence in this vicinity.

The young woman first made her appearance in the West in 1851, when she sought and obtained employment as a workman in the whip factory of Mr. Underwood, then engaged in the business in our city. After working some three months for him, she complained of ill health, and thought a more active life would suit her better—and engaged as a cabin boy, running a whole season on our rivers in that capacity, without the slightest suspicion that she was other than a smart but rather delicate lad. In the summer of 1852 she appeared in her river garb, in the warehouse of Mr. John W. Tim, the well known whip manufacturer on Wood street, and asked work as a “finisher” in his shop, which she obtained, filling the situation creditably for two years, and endearing herself to all her fellow workmen by her amiable and obliging disposition, none of whom suspected, when joking with her of her penchant for female society, and gallanting the girls, that they were conversing with one of the fair sex.

In the summer of 1854 she worked less steadily, devoting several days in the week to buying peaches, which she sold again in the market; this led to dissatisfaction on the part of her employer, and she left the shop, engaging for a few months in the fruit and confectionary business in a little shop she opened on Penn street, in the Fifth Ward. This was finally closed, and she left the city a year or eighteen months ago to turn up again in the Westfield Whip Factory. All we can learn of her history is that she sailed from Rochester, New York, and during her residence in this city was several times visited by a man named D— who was represented by her as an uncle. She had with her a little girl, some six or eight years old—probably her daughter—but who passed as her deceased brother's orphan child. She boarded on Boyd's Hill, behaved herself commendably, had no vices but sear smoking joined a Methodist church in Allegheny, and never was spoken evil of—except in regard to her intimacy with a young Irish widow, an acquaintance she made after leaving the whip factory, and with whom she finally left our city; but this charge did not effect her much, as she assured her old acquaintances that she had married the widow!

During her residence of nearly three years in Pittsburg, the only one who suspected her sex was the woman who kept the boarding house, and who had better opportunities of observation than others—but she said nothing of her suspicions until the girl had left town.—Her employer reposed every confidence in her, and during a portion of her stay with him employed her in the out door business of the establishment. After leaving Pittsburg, her acquaintances here heard nothing of her for some time—not, indeed, until some accident revealed her sex, at Westfield, Mass., when Mr. Tim received a letter of inquiry from a manufacturer in that place; and a brother in the church another, from the Methodist minister at Westfield, enquiring as to her conduct and reputation here—of which they could give no other than a favorable report.

The most charitable construction we can put upon her adventures is that she is a widow; who, having ascertained that men command a much higher compensation than her own sex, for the same amount of work, had determined to assume the male garb, to earn a living for herself and child. It may be, however, that for one fault society had expelled and friends abandoned her—and that, with more than the usual energy of her sex, instead of falling still lower victim to man's passion she betook herself to the coat and pantaloons as a protection against the scorn of one sex and the wiles of the other. Whatever is the solution of her strange conduct, she deserves credit for her energy and determination, and we regret that her secret has become known, affording as it did a safe asylum.

Since the above was written we learn that the lady was married some twelve years ago, in Rochester, where she and her husband opened a small confectionary, and not succeeding very well in business, they abandoned it and engaged as waiters in a hotel. After being in the hotel sometime, her husband became jealous of the attentions of another man, and had her arrested and confined in jail about three months. She is Irish, or of Irish parentage; her real name is Connelly, but she passed in this city by the name of Win. J. Dally. She came to work for Mr. Tim in June, 1852, with whom she remained until August, 1853.