

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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For the Journal.

MAGGIE.

Little Maggie full of fun;
Life to her is just begun;
How she laughs for very glee!
Merry may she ever be.
Little Maggie's somewhat shy;
Of she says to me good-bye;
Many years since we first met,
And somehow we seem strangers yet!
Little Maggie little speaks;
Mind and thoughts she closely keeps;
Little says she, but her looks
Speak much more than musty books.
Little Maggie's plump and sleek,
Dimpled chin and rounded cheek;
Features of the Grecian mould;
Mind worth more than sacks of gold.
Little Maggie's full of life;
We hope some day she may be wife
To some one who will make her blest
On earth, as saints in heaven rest.
Little Maggie's somewhat shy;
Of she says to me good-bye;
These lines to her I kindly send,
That she may read, as from a friend.
ALADDIN.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"We Doctors sometimes meet with strange adventures," once said to me a distinguished physician, with whom I was on terms of intimacy.

"I have often thought," I replied, "that the secret history of some of your profession if written out in detail, would make a work of thrilling interest."

"I do not know that I exactly agree with you in regard to detail," rejoined my friend; "for we medical men, like every one else, meet with a great deal that is common place, and therefore not worthy of being recorded; but grant us the privilege of you novelists, to select our characters and scenes, and work them into a kind of plot, with a striking denouement, and I doubt not many of us could give you a romance of real life, comprising only what we have seen, which would equal, if not surpass, anything you ever met with in the way of fiction. By the bye, I believe I never told you of the most strange and romantic adventure of my life?"

"You never told me of any of your adventures, Doctor," I replied; "but if you have a story to tell, you will find me an eager listener."

"Very well, then, as I have a few minutes to spare I will tell you one more wildly romantic, more incredibly remarkable, if I may so speak, than you probably ever found in a work of fiction."

"Twenty-five years ago," pursued the Doctor, "I entered the medical College at P., as a student. I was then young, inexperienced, and inclined to be timid and sentimental; and well do I remember the horror I experienced, when one of the senior students, under pretence of showing me the beauties of the institution, suddenly thrust me into the dissecting room, among several dead bodies, and closed the door upon me; nor do I forget how many screams of terror, and prayers of release from the awful place, made me the laughing stock of my older companions."

"Ridicule is a hard thing to bear; the coward becomes brave to escape it, and the brave man fears it more than he would a belching cannon. I suffered from it till I could bear it no more; and wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I demanded to know what I might do to redeem my character and gain an honorable footing among my fellow students."

"I will tell you," said one, his eyes sparkling with mischief; "if you will go at the midnight hour, and dig up a subject, and take it to your room and remain alone with it till morning, we will let you off, and never say another word about your womanly fright."

I shuddered, it was a fearful alternative, but it seemed less terrible to suffer all the horrors that might be concentrated into a single night than to bear, day after day, the jeers of my companions."

"Where shall I go? and when?" was my timid inquiry, and the very thought of such an adventure made my blood run cold."

"To the Eastern Cemetery to-night, at 12 o'clock," replied my tormentor, fixing his keen, black eyes upon me, and allowing his thin lips to curl with a smile of contempt. "But what is the use of asking such a coward as you to perform such a manly feat?" he added deridingly.

His words stung me to the quick; and without further reflection, and scarcely aware of what I was saying, I rejoined, boldly:

"I am no coward, sir, as I will prove to you by performing what you call a manly feat."

"You will go?" he asked quickly.

"I will."

"Bravely said, my lad!" he rejoined, in a tone of approval, and changing his expression of contempt for one of surprise and admiration. "Do this, Morris, and the first who insults you afterward makes an enemy of me."

Again I felt a cold shudder pass through my frame, at the thought of what was before me, but I had accepted his challenge in the presence of many witnesses—for this conversation occurred as we were leaving the hall, after listening to an evening lecture—and I was resolved to make my word good, should it even cost me my life; in fact, I knew I could not do otherwise now, without the risk of being driven in disgrace from the college.

I should here observe, that in those days there were no professional resurrectionists; and as it was absolutely necessary to have sub-

jects for dissection, the unpleasant business of procuring them devolved upon the students, who, in consequence, watched every funeral eagerly, and calculated the chances of cheating the sexton of his charge and the grave of its victim.

There had been a funeral that day, of a poor orphan girl, who had been followed to the grave by very few friends, and was considered a favorable chance for the party whose turn it was to procure the next subject, as the graves of the poor and friendless were never watched with such keen vigilance as those of the rich and influential. Still it was no trifling risk to attempt to exhume the bodies of the poorest and humblest—for not unfrequently persons were found on the watch even over these; and only the year before, one student, while at his midnight work, had been mortally wounded by a rifle ball; and another, a month or two subsequently, had been rendered a cripple for life by the same means.

All this was explained to me by a party of six or eight, who accompanied me to my room—which was in a building belonging to the college, and rented by apartments to such of the students as preferred bachelor's hall to regular boarding—and they took a care to add several terrifying stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, by way of calming my excited nerves, but as I have before observed old women stand around a weak, feverish patient, and croak out their experience in seeing awful fatal terminations of just such maladies as the one with which their helpless victim was then afflicted.

"Is it expected that I should go alone?" I inquired in a tone that trembled in spite of me, while my knees almost knocked together, and I felt as if my very lips were white.

"Well, no," replied Benson, my most dreaded tormentor; "it would be hardly fair to send you alone, for one individual could not succeed in getting the body from the grave quick enough, and you, a mere youth, without experience, would be sure to fall altogether. No, we will go with you, some three or four of us, and help to dig up the corpse; but then you must take it on your back, bring it up to your room here, and spend the night alone with it!"

It was some relief to me to find I was to have company during the first part of my awful undertaking; and chancing to look into a mirror, as the time drew near for setting out, I fairly started at beholding the ghastly object I saw reflected therein.

"Come boys," said Benson, who was always by general consent, the leader of whatever frolic, expedition or undertaking he was to have a hand in—"Come, boys, it is time to be on the move. A glorious night for us!" he added, throwing up the window, and letting in a fierce gust of wind and rain; "the d—l himself would hardly venture out in such a storm!"

He lit a dark lantern, then drew on his long, heavy cloak, took up a spade, and led the way down stairs; and the rest of us, three besides my timid self, threw on our cloaks also, took each a spade, and followed him.

We took a roundabout course, to avoid being seen by any person that might chance to be stirring, and in something less than an hour we reached the Cemetery, scaled the wall without difficulty, and stealthily searched for the grave, till we found it, in the pitchy darkness—the wind and rain sweeping past us with dismal howls and moans, that to me, trembling as I was with terror, seemed to be the unearthly wailings of the spirits of the damned.

"Here we are," whispered Benson to me, as we at length stopped at a mound of fresh earth over which one of the party had stumbled.

"Come, feel round, Morris, and strike in your spade, and let us see if you will make as good a hand at exhuming a dead body as you will some day at killing a living one with physic."

I did as directed, trembling in every limb; but the first spade full threw up, I started back with a yell of horror, that, on any other but a howling, stormy night would have betrayed us. It appeared to me as if I had thrust my spade into a buried lake of fire—for the first dirt was all a glow like living coals; and as I had fancied the moaning of the storm the wailings of tormented spirits, I now fancied I had uncovered a small portion of the bottomless pit itself.

"Fool!" hissed Benson, grasping my arm with the gripe of a vice, as I stood leaning on my spade for support, my very teeth chattering with terror; "another yell like that and I'll make a subject of you! Are you not ashamed of yourself to be scared out of your wits, if you ever had any, by a little phosphoric earth? Don't you know that it is often found in graveyards?"

His explanation re-assured me, though I was too weak from my late fright, to be of any assistance to the party, who all fell to with a will, secretly laughing at me, and soon they reached the coffin. Splitting the lid with a hatchet, which had been brought for the purpose, they quickly lifted out the corpse and then Benson and another of the party taking hold of it, one at the head and another at the feet, they hurried it away, bidding me follow, and leaving the others to fill up the grave, that it might not be suspected that the body had been exhumed.

Having got the body safely over the walls of the Cemetery, Benson now called upon me to perform my part of the horrible business.

"Here, you quaking simpleton," he said, "I want you to take this on your back and make the best of your way to your room, and remain alone with it all night. If you do this bravely, we will claim you as one of us to-morrow; and the first man that dares to say a word against your courage after that shall find a foe in me. But hark you! If you make any blunder on the way and lose our prize, it will be better for you to quit this place before I set my eyes upon you again. Do you understand me?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes!" I stammered, with chattering teeth.

"Are you ready?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes," I gasped.

"Well, come here; where are you?"

All this time it was so dark that I could not see anything but a faint line of white, which I knew to be the shroud of the corpse; but I felt carefully around till I got hold of Benson, who told me to take off my cloak; and then rearing the cold dead body up against my back, he began fixing the cold arms about my neck—bidding me take hold of them and draw them well over, and keep them concealed, and be sure and not let go of them, on any consideration whatever, as I valued my life.

Ah! the torturing horror I experienced as I mechanically followed his directions! Tongue could not describe it!

At length, having adjusted the corpse so that I might bear it off with comparative ease, he threw my long black cloak over my arms, and fastened it with a cord about my neck, and then inquired:

"Now, Morris, do you think you can find the way to your room?"

"I-I do-do-not know," I gasped, feeling as if I should sink to the earth at the first step.

"Well, you cannot lose your way if you go straight ahead," he replied. "Keep in the middle of the road and it will take you to College Green, and then you are all right. Come, come, push on before your burden grows too heavy; the distance is only a good half mile!"

I set forward with trembling nerves, expecting to sink to the ground at every step; but gradually my terror, instead of weakening me, gave me strength; and I was soon on the run—splashing through mud and water—with the storm howling me to fury, and the cold corpse as I fancied, clinging to me like a hideous vampire.

How I reached my room I do not know—but probably by a sort of instinct; for I only remember of my brain being in a feverish whirl, with ghostly phantoms all about me, as one sometimes sees them in a dyspeptic dream.

But reach my room I did, with my dead burden on my back; and I was afterwards told that I made wonderful time; for Benson and his fellow student, fearing the loss of their subject—which on account of the difficulty of getting bodies, was very valuable—followed close behind me, and were obliged to run at the top of their speed to keep me within hail of the distance.

The first I remember distinctly, after getting to my room, was finding myself awake in bed, with a dim consciousness of something horrible having happened—though what, for some minutes, I could not for the life of me recollect. Gradually however the truth dawned upon me; and then I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, at the thought that perhaps I was occupying a room alone with a corpse. The room was not dark; there were a few embers in the grate which threw out a ruddy light; and fearfully raising my head, I glanced quickly and timidly around.

And there—there on the floor, against the right hand wall, but a few feet from me—there, sure enough, lay the cold still corpse, with a gleam of freight resting upon its ghastly face, which to my excited fancy seemed to move. Did it move? I was gazing upon it, thrilled and fascinated with an indescribable terror, when, as sure as I see you now, I saw the lids of its eyes unclose, and saw its breast heave, and heard a low stifled moan.

"Great God!" I shrieked, and fell back into a swoon. How long I lay unconscious I do not know, but when I came to myself again, it is a marvel to me that, in my excited state, I did not lose my senses altogether, and become the inmate of a madhouse—for there—right before me—standing up in its white shroud—with its eyes wide open and staring upon me—and its features thin, hollow and death-bued—was the corpse I had brought from the cemetery.

"In God's name, avaunt!" I gasped. "Go back to your grave and rest in peace! I will never disturb you again."

The large, hollow eyes looked more wildly upon me—the head moved—the lips parted—and a voice in a somewhat sepulchral tone said: "Where am I? Where am I? Who are you? Which world am I in? Am I living or dead?"

"You were dead," I said, sitting up in bed and feeling as if my brain would burst with a pressure of unspeakable horror; "you were dead and buried, and I was one of the guilty wretches who this night disturbed you in your peaceful rest. But go back, poor ghost, in Heaven's name, and no mortal power shall ever induce me to come nigh you again!"

"Oh, I feel faint!" said the corpse, gradually sinking down upon the floor with a groan. "Where am I? Oh, where am I?"

"Great God!" I shouted, as the startling

truth suddenly flashed upon me; "perhaps this poor girl was buried alive, and is now living!"

I bounded from the bed and grasped a hand of the prostrate body. It was not warm—but it was not cold. I put my trembling fingers upon the pulse. Did it beat—or was it the pulse in my fingers? I thrust my hand upon the heart. It was warm—there was life there. The breast heaved; she breathed; but the eyes were now closed, and the features had the look of death. Still it was a living body, or else I myself was insane.

I sprang to the door, tore it open, and shouted for help.

"Quick! quick!" cried I, "the dead is alive!—the dead is alive!"

Several of the students, sleeping in adjoining rooms, came hurrying to mine, thinking I had gone mad with terror, as some of them had heard my voice before, and all knew to what a fearful ordeal I had been subjected.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed one in a tone of sympathy; "I predicted this."

"It is too bad," said another; "it was too much for his nervous system."

"I am not mad," said I, comprehending their suspicions, "but the corpse is alive! hasten and see!"

They hurried into the room, one after another, and the foremost stooping down to what he supposed was a corpse, put his hand upon it, and instantly exclaimed:

"Quick! a light and some brandy. She lives! she lives!"

All was now bustle, confusion and excitement, one proposing one thing, another something else, and all speaking together. They placed her on the bed, and gave her some brandy, when she again revived. I ran for a physician, (one of the faculty,) who came and tended upon her through the night, and by sunrise the next morning she was reported to be in a fair way for recovery.

"Now what do you think of my story so far?" queried the Doctor, with a quiet smile.

"Very remarkable!" I replied; "very remarkable, indeed! But tell me, did the girl finally recover?"

"She did; and turned out to be a most beautiful creature, and only seventeen."

"And I suppose she blessed her resurrectionists all the rest of her life?" I rejoined, with a laugh.

"She certainly held one of them in kind remembrance," returned the Doctor, with a sigh.

"What became of her, Doctor?"

"What should have become of her, according to the well known rules of poetic justice of all you novel writers?" returned my friend, with a peculiar smile.

"Why," said I, laughing, "she should have turned out an heiress, and married you."

"And that is exactly what she did!" rejoined the Doctor.

"Good heavens! You are jesting!"

"No, my friend, no," replied the Doctor, in a faulting voice; "that night of horror only preceded the dawn of my happiness; for that girl—sweet lovely Helen Leroy—in time became my wife, and the mother of my two boys. She sleeps now in death beneath the cold, cold sod," added the Doctor, in a tremulous tone, and brushing a tear away from his eye; "and no human resurrectionists shall ever raise her to life again!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—We were walking home last night, about the witching hours, when we saw an individual in a brown study, and a coat of the same color, standing opposite the door of our domicile. Satisfaction was in his eye, and a small cane in his hand; as we approached him, he stammered:

"Sir—sir—can you tell me where Jo-o-o-o Pinto lives?"

"What a question!" said we, peering into his face; "why, Jo, my old fellow, you are the man yourself!"

"O, ye-ye-yes! I knew th—that," ejaculated he, "but I want to know wh-where he lives?"

"Why, this is your house—this one right under your nose."

"Is it, eh? W-w-well then I'll be kicked if something hasn't changed the door, for it won't fit my key-hole, anyhow!"

"Like the weather, we smizzled incontinently."

A FARMER once hired a Vermonteer to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed: "Always take the butt end." Jonathan was the first of the butt-enders.

A PRETTY RIDDLE.—I will consent to all you desire," said a young lady to her lover, "on condition that you will give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for? A husband.

GETTING READY.—A youngster, not quite 3 years old, said to his sister, while munching gingerbread, "Sis, take half of this cake to keep till afternoon, when I get cross."

STRANGE INCONSISTENCY.—The Democratic papers assert that the Fillmore party had no strength, and yet accuse its members of knocking down the Democrats in Baltimore!

A SKETCH OF JOSEPH SMITH,

THE MORMON PROPHET.

Thirty years ago there lived near Palmyra, Wayne county, New York, an obscure individual, whose name has since become familiar to the world. That individual was Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. A sketch of this person's life is interesting, not because we find anything in his character to admire, but because it presents to our view the origin of Mormonism—one of the most extravagant humbugs that the world has ever witnessed.—The idea of a new religion originating in a person possessing less than ordinary abilities, and rapidly increasing in number till both the Old and New World contain multitudes of proselytes, is a subject of much interest. To give the reader an idea of the origin of this sect is the object of the present essay.

The family of which Joseph was a member was large, remarkable for neither intelligence nor industry. His father possessed a visionary mind, and cherished the notion that a prophet would arise out of his family; it is hard to say why he should arrive at this conclusion, yet the means of accomplishing his wishes were evidently in his own power, for it was soon announced to the world that a brother of Joseph was the expected prophet. It is evident that this appointment was made by Divine authority, else so serious a mistake could not have occurred, for the prophet suddenly died of surfeit—of eating too much raw turnip! The hopes of the ambitious father were not to be blasted by this unfortunate occurrence; for it was soon known to the people of Stafford street, where they resided, that Joseph was the successor of his brother.

In order to obtain a clear idea of the prophet's career, it will be necessary to refer to his early years. The boyhood of Joseph was passed on the farm with his father. During the winter months he attended the district schools where he acquired the little knowledge which he possessed. He is remembered by his school-mates as being idle, and somewhat vicious, and was regarded by all as a very dull scholar. As a young man his prospects were anything but cheering. He was engaged in no steady employment, and might often have been found lounging around the bar-rooms of Palmyra in company with persons as worthless and idle as himself. This was the general character of Joseph Smith up to the time of his prophetic career, and no one would have surmised that he was to become the founder of a new religion, or an inglorious martyr at Nauvoo.

Joseph's prophetic powers were first directed to the acquisition of wealth; money-digging soon engaged the attention of the family, and a part of the neighborhood. Night after night these fanatics labored urged on by visions of untold wealth. Excavations were made in hillside and valley, but Fortune, the fickle goddess, refused to smile upon them.—Their golden visions were fruitless; the prophecy was false.

At this state of affairs a circumstance occurred which retrieved the waning hopes of the prophet, and gave a new direction to his genius. This was the discovery of the Book of Mormon, or Mormon Bible. This event proved to be the origin of Mormonism—the feeble germ which produced the tree of giant proportions, whose branches have extended over a large part of the known world. It was pretended by the prophet that this record was found on a hill, below the surface of the ground written on plates of gold. This being transcribed by a mysterious process, became the work now known as the Mormon Bible. This is the fabulous account of its origin. Its authentic history is as follows:—It was written by a Vermont clergyman named Spalding. It was intended merely as a work of fiction, and was entitled "The Manuscript Found." The author died before its circulation and, after various fortunes, it fell into the hands of Joe Smith, who at once made it necessary to his ambitious schemes.

It is probable that this book owes its origin to that sentiment which prompts us to venerate old manuscripts which contain an account of men and times long since passed away. It professed to be the history of a people which had its origin at the time of the confusion of tongues, and whose prophet's name was Mormon. The style of the book is in imitation of the Holy Bible, but in point of beauty of diction, sublimity of character, and divinity of its Author, it holds no comparison. The only work with which the Mormon Bible can be compared is the Koran. Each is the oracle of a false religion, and the author of each was an impostor.

Well may Mormonism blush at its parentage. The life of its founder exhibits no feature worthy of imitation, and his character is associated with all that is vicious and immoral. Mormonism itself is but a specious humbug, whose vital principle is polygamy.—Such is the man—such the religion of which he was the founder.

OUR Democratic Friends are exceedingly well dressed, about these times, and sport any quantity of new suits, hats, boots, &c., won upon the election. Out in Indiana, Hon. C. L. Dunham wore at one time thirteen overcoats, with five more over each arm; ten hats on his head, and fourteen pairs of boots on his feet, all trophies of the victory achieved!

COLD.—For every mile that we leave the surface of the earth, the temperature falls five degrees. About forty-five miles distance from the globe, we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero, and here cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating, that the greatest cold observed in the Arctic Circle, is from forty to sixty degrees below zero; and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce, is about one hundred and fifty degrees below zero. At this temperature, carbonic acid gas becomes a solid substance like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect upon the skin as a red-hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver or mercury freezes forty degrees below zero, that is, seventy-two degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid mercury may then be treated as other metals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would, however, melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with, would become solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like rock; oil which in reality is "as hard as rock;" pure spirit which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a lathe like a piece of ivory, and the fragrant odors of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield perfume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.—Sci. J.

NEW SURVEYING INSTRUMENT.—The Quincy Whig states that Mr. W. L. Hervey, of that city, has recently procured a patent for a very ingenious instrument called "The Surveyor." This instrument is designed to accomplish the labor of a surveyor and chainman. It is stationary, and surveys any space of which the bounds may be distinctly seen. It has been examined by practical surveyors, who pronounce it an excellent invention. The Whig says by this instrument all the intricate calculations are made mechanically, thus saving the time and trouble of the engineer in this department, and which he must necessarily spend when the usual method is employed. The new invention enables the surveyor to run his lines directly over rivers, swamps and other inaccessible places. By it a field or coast can be surveyed, without moving the instrument, if all the points to be made can be seen distinctly from the starting place.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.—The New Hampshire Telegraph is of opinion that an editor who cannot stop one of the finest trains of thought, that he is putting on paper, to minute the dimensions of a large pumpkin, write an advertisement for a hog lost, enter the name of a new subscriber, or receive pay for an old one, or to take a cowhiding for something he has said, and after all resume the thread of his discourse, and carry out the idea in its original force and beauty, is next to no editor at all.

HOW TO BE A WOMAN OF FASHION.—To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world; a late writer thus describes it: "Buy everything you don't want, pay for nothing you do, smile on all mankind but your husband, be happy everywhere but at home, adore the Broadway dandies, neglect your children, nurse lapdogs, and go to church every time you get a new shawl."

SOME WAG took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could raise it, placed him in a grave yard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright and looking around exclaimed: "Well, I'm the first that's riz! or else I'm confoundedly belated!"

A CHARITABLE MAN.—REV. Mr. Stiggins said:—"I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion—and never cherish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on dear brother Mulberry's head."

FREE AND EASY.—The Princeton (Ind.) Clarion issued a late number, a day in advance to give the boys in the office a chance to go hunting on Saturday. The Clarion says the true state of the case is that its subscribers won't pay, and the boys had to be turned on mast for a day or two to live—they went "hunting" hickory nuts. Hard times in Hoosierdom!

BECOMING REPUBLICAN.—Bills have been introduced in the South Carolina Legislature to give the election of Governor and Presidential Electors to the people.

AN IRISHMAN seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge exclaimed: "Upon my word! if the sea was a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom!"

A FEROUS JOKER.—The New Orleans Crescent says the Democracy have broken into the White House with a Jimmy.