

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
Or when he leaves the lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business,
If a lady has a beau?
Is it anybody's business,
When a gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary,
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?
Is it anybody's business,
But the lady's, if she bean
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?
Is a person on the sidewalk,
Whether greater whether small—
Is it any person's business,
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
As he's calling any where,
Is it any of your business,
What his business may there?
The substance of our query,
Simply stated would be this:
Is it anybody's business,
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so!
If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the nobler part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who through the public mart,
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each mediator learns,
It were better in the future,
To mind his own concerns!

THE TORY PREACHER, AND THE YOUNG MAJOR:

OR CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN OLDEN TIME.
It was a warm, sultry day in August—one of those quiet, happy days, when even the grasshopper and butterfly seem weary of play, and take an afternoon nap under some green leaf, or enjoy their golden dreams in the fragrant cup of some summer flower.
The high road of travel is worn and dusty, and every shrub and bush by the wayside seems weary of the heat, and drooping beneath the weight of dust. Naught looks cool, save the dark woods in the distance, and the weary pedestrian lags to turn aside, across the little rustic bridge which spans the brook, and rest awhile under those wide spread elms, which stand like sentinels at the entrance of the wood. But the cares of life call him away, and he must plod on amid the toil and dust and fever-thirst of this world, until evening brings its darkness and rest.
Not far from those trees, at the end of a green lane, stands Father Morris's Cottage. It is plastered and whitewashed upon the outside. The fragrant hop, with its luxuriant foliage, and light green blossoms, has covered the gable end of the house, and ambitiously climbed to the very roof, while the little door yard in front is filled with flowers and vines. They look as if tended by some more tasteful hand than that of Father Morris, who has spent a great part of his time in the tent and battle field. Ah, there is the little fairy who presides over the garden. She has just wheeled her grandfather's arm chair under the shade of the grapey, and is now sitting herself on a stool by his side. How carelessly she brushes those rich brown curls from her forehead, and how coaxingly she looks up into the old gentleman's face.
"Now, grandpa, I've done spinning, and put all things in order; grandpa is asleep in the bedroom, and Aunt Sally has gone to the sewing society, now won't you tell me a story of old times?"
Father Morris sat leaning upon his ivory-headed cane, his white hair so long that it almost touched his shoulders, and his mild, blue eye full of quiet enjoyment, as he gazed upon the pet of his old age—his favorite granddaughter. He patted her gently on the head, and was about to comply with her request, when the sound of the village bell was heard, and its slow and monotonous tones told of death. Alice stopped, the smile passed from her countenance—and turning her head in the direction whence the sounds came, she raised her fore-finger towards her grandfather, as if to say, "don't speak," and commenced counting the strokes of the bell. It was a long time she thus stood, while the old gentleman, who was deaf, sat watching her countenance attentively. Turning towards him at length, she said—"ninty-eight! It must be old Major Safford."
"Grandpa—Grandpa!" she repeated, in a louder tone, "it must be old Major—for there is no one else in town so old."
But the old gentleman had fallen into a reverie. From the length of time which the bell tolled, he knew for whom it rung those sad notes, and his mind was now busy with the past. Memories of other days, of days when the blood circulated swiftly through his youthful limbs, and he could boast of health, strength and vigor—scenes of strife and tumult, of battle fields and council chambers, of tyranny resisted, and independence achieved. All these were connected with thoughts of his friend, who had just passed from earth. What a depository of relics must an old man's heart be! Not buried Pompeii or Herculaneum present more subjects of thought than one human heart, could we look beneath the lava,

and dust which years and intercourse with the world have covered it. The crust is often deep and hard to be penetrated, but now and then an opening is made, and we have a glance at the depths beneath. It was thus now with Father Morris, and the wise man, had he been there, and looked at the shattered hopes, which, like beautiful ruins were scattered over that life, and at the standard wrecks upon the shore, would have exclaimed anew, "all is vanity and vexation of the spirit."
But poor Alice thought only of losing her story. Seeing the mood of her grandfather, she sat down by his side and leaned her head upon his knee. The trembling hand was by the power of habit involuntarily laid upon it—but the touch recalled his wandering thoughts, and he said:
"I must follow soon, Ally. My old companions in arms are almost all dead. My armor is worn and rusty, and I must soon lay it aside, but I will not disturb your young heart with sad thoughts. Go bring my pipe, and I will tell you a story of old times, but it will be about this same Major Safford—I can think of no one else this afternoon."
"I'd rather hear about something else," thought Alice, but she never thwarted her grandfather's wishes.
So lighting his pipe from the embers of the kitchen fire, she returned with her knitting work, and resumed her seat.
"You see Ally," said the old man, after taking a few whiffs from his pipe, and knocking the ashes therefrom, holding it in his hand a moment, and glancing at his snug little cottage and garden which rustled amid the shrubbery like a bird's nest in the green leaves of a tree; "You see, Ally, matters were not always as pleasant and peaceful as now. In the early settlement of Vermont there were stirring times amid these green hills, and it was not without many a bloody fray and fierce battle that we settled down so quietly under our own vines and fig trees," as the minister says in his prayer.
"You had to fight the Indians, I suppose," said Ally.
"Ten times worse than that, dear child, we had to fight the York Tories. I cannot explain it all to you, for it is a long story, and would puzzle your little head, but to make it short, ye see, the folks over the Hudson thought they had a claim to the lands this side, and they sent out to England and obtained, as they said, royal authority to the claim. They then sent officers here with parchment rolls, and papers they called deeds, and threatened to turn us out of our homes, and from the lands we had with so much labor cleared.
Well, the Green mountain boys, with Ethan Allen at their head, determined to resist, and you know, for you have often heard me tell how they fought.
But speaking of those times reminds me of what I meant to tell you when I began, that is a sort of love story, in which the major and myself were interested."
At these words Alice dropped her knitting work, though it was not in the seam needle, and looked up with much interest, "in which you were interested, did you say, grandpa?"
"Yes, child, when I was young and foolish, and easily taken with a pretty face; and the love part would not be worth repeating now only as connected with the courage of the major."
"Oh, tell the whole, grandpa, I don't like half stories."
"Well, well, don't interrupt me, and I will proceed. I said the courage of the old major. It requires some courage to enter a battle, and stand there as a mark to be shot at by the enemy, and feel that your body may be food for carrion, but to defy the minister in his pulpit, with all his church to back him, requires more still."
"I thought it was a love story, grandpa."
"Have patience, child, and I'll come to the point at last. Well, you see, our minister was a Tory, and though he didn't say so in plain words, I've no doubt but what he believed in the divine right of kings. At any rate, he had a great deal to say about the "powers that be, being ordained of God," and he always prayed for our lawful sovereign, as he termed King George, and that "we might be his true and loyal subjects." But Safford was a staunch Republican, and would have fought the old king, any day, could he have a chance. So there grew up a mortal enmity between the parson and the young man, and when the former, with all his dignity and dignities, viz: powdered wig, three cornered hat, and silver knee buckles, walked the streets, Safford never bowed but walked straight along, as if he scorned obedience to one who would bend the knee to an earthly king. But he still continued to go to meeting, and would sit as patiently through the long sermons and loyal prayers, as good old deacon Burr, himself. The truth was, this same deacon had one daughter, and a prettier girl than Polly Burr, never entered a village church; or, I might say, graced a palace. She had a roguish black eye, and her hair curled naturally; you never saw it in paper, even in the morning, and then she was so neat and trim in her gingham short gown and white petticoat, and at meeting she looked pretty enough to make a young man's heart ache.
"She was the belle of the village, and at quiltings, and paring-bees, and dances, she

was the life of the company. I had long had my eye upon her as the choice of my heart, but there were so many that went to see her on Sunday evenings, it was but seldom that I could find a chance to speak with her. But I was industrious and prudent, saving all I could earn, that I might have a pleasant home to offer. The deacon, too, favored me, and seeing I was of a steady turn of mind, often invited me to his house. But young Safford, it seems, all unbeknown to the deacon, loved her also; but he was such a wild, bold youth, and moreover, so at sword's point with the minister, that he never dared to reveal his feelings, save by sundry little attentions, noticed only by Polly herself. Now it happened that the deacon had, with great labor, cleared a patch and planted it with corn. It was growing finely on the new, rich land, and the young ears were already formed and promised a fine harvest, but for several successive Sundays there was great destruction in his corn field. In vain he made scare-crows and set traps, and even put one of his old coats on a pole, a sight that would frighten the worst boy in the village, for he was the tithing man, that terror of rogues. But the next Sunday the mischief was repeated, till the patience of the old gentleman was nearly worn out. But he belonged to a church remarkable for the rigidity of its tenets, and the strictness of its discipline; to have permitted any one to stay at home to watch a corn-field, would have been considered a heinous offence.
"I declare," said the old deacon one Sunday after sundown, we shall lose all our corn unless we catch those rascally thieves; who knows but they are Indians?"
As he spoke he accidentally glanced at Polly. She sat in the corner of the great oak settee which stood before the fire, watching the puffing steam from the tea kettle, and looking somewhat sad.
"Why, Polly," said the deacon, with more animation than usual, "among all the rest of my troubles lately, I have been bothered by two or three young men who want you for a wife. Now I have a mind to say, that whoever will shoot or take prisoner the thief that steals my corn, shall have you for a wife."
Polly looked up in surprise at this novel mode of disposing of her hand; but the next instant there was a roguish twinkle in her black eye, and turning to her father, she said gaily, "a bargain, if you please."
She very well knew who would be first upon the field, and whose courage and perseverance would be the most likely to hold out the longest.
"But you will keep your promise, father?"
"I wouldn't have it said that the deacon of the church ever told a lie; so I say it now—whoever will shoot or take prisoner the thief, shall have Polly Burr for a wife."
This conversation was overheard by the hired boy, and soon circulated through the village. Great was the commotion among the young men of the place. As for myself, I rode far and near; I examined the cornfield by night, and devised every way in my power to ascertain the offender. Indeed, one whole night I watched behind the stump of an old tree. But it was of no avail.
But the very next Sunday, when Parson Goodman was saying, "the ninth head of my discourse," the congregation were startled by the report of a gun. There was a general rising and great commotion among the women. Our first thoughts were of Indians or Tories. There was a rush for the door, a tumbling over of children, and screaming of their mothers. But what was our surprise when fairly landed upon the green, to see young Safford dragging with all his strength a huge bear that to all appearance had just breathed her last.
"I've caught her, deacon!" he shouted; "I've caught the rascal at last!" he repeated, "and caught her in the very act, you can see for yourself," he added, pointing to the distended mouth, full filled with yet unchewed corn. The poor deacon stood mute with astonishment, for he recollected that, Jephtha like, he had made a rash vow.
The minister was first to break silence. His indignation at being disturbed in his discourse, and his anger at such an open violation of holy time were at boiling point. He exclaimed in his loudest tones, "Young man, who are you, that you should disturb the worship of the sanctuary! Know you not that you are breaking the laws of God and man! Constable Chapman, arrest this man and hold him prisoner until further disposal can be made of his person."
Poor Safford was thunderstruck; he had intended no harm, but in his eagerness to display his prize, and supposing service over, he had hastened toward the village. It had not once occurred to him that he was a church member, and as such liable to censure.
He knew it was wrong to absent himself from meeting, but he thought the offence would be pardoned, because of the benefit conferred. Seeing he was about to be taken prisoner, he at first resisted, but recollecting that he was in the hands of a legal officer, he thought best to submit quietly. His confinement, however, was short, and another mode of punishment proposed.
During the week a church meeting was called, and young Safford cited to appear thereat and give reasons why he should not be excommunicated from the church for his high-hand-

ed wickedness. The deacon was present, but Polly was nowhere to be seen. When her father proposed so summarily to dispose of her hand, her first thought was of Safford, and knowing his bold and daring spirit, she felt sure that he would win. Poor girl! She little thought of such a sad termination of the affair. To be excommunicated from the church, was in the eyes of that little community a most grievous infliction. Such unfortunate were considered as losing caste, and were ranked among pagans and infidels.
Safford pleaded his own case with all the eloquence he could command. "In vain did he contend that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, he spoke before the judges determined to condemn."
He was accordingly commanded to be present on the next Sabbath, when the sentence would be read. In the mean time the lovers had an interview. Poor Polly could do little else but weep. Her father said nothing but looked stern and displeased.
"But you say, Polly," repeated Safford, "that if I am not excommunicated, your father will consent?"
"He cannot help doing so," she answered, "but he thinks the Bible condemns church members marrying non-professors, and he would not dare to give his consent to our marriage if they turn you out of church."
"But I tell you I am not going to leave the church; that tory minister will find that he cannot manage me so easily."
"But it is already decided," said Polly, "the papers are already made out, and to-morrow it will be read."
"They will not read it, trust me, Polly," and thus they parted.
Sunday came, and with it the whole congregation to meeting. The whole, did I say? All except young Safford. But when the afternoon service was about half over, he entered, his gun loaded with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge box on his side, and his knapsack on his back with six days' provisions in it. He marched into a corner and there took up his position. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, parson Goodman began to read the excommunication, but he had not proceeded far when Safford entered the aisle in his martial array, cocked and levelled his pistol, exclaiming, "Proceed if you dare! Proceed, and you are a dead man!" The poor man, overwhelmed with astonishment and fear, shrunk behind his pulpit, and handed the paper to one of his deacons. He trembling from head to foot endeavored to obey; the same threat was repeated, and Safford added, "Desist and march, or you are all dead men! I will not leave this house in shame." Not many minutes elapsed before the house was cleared, and the daring young man left its sole occupant. He locked the door, put the keys into his pocket, and sent them, the next day, with his respects, to the minister. He thus remained a member of the church, in "good and regular standing," until the day of his death! Deacon Burr received such evidence of the perseverance of his self-elected son, that he dared not refuse his consent to the marriage.
"And, grandpa, didn't you feel sadly," said little Alice.
"There's your Aunt Sally, coming up the walk, from the sewing society; she'll have a batch of news all fresh from the manufactory," he replied, "run and meet her."
A GOSPIRING CLUB is said to have been framed down East, for the purpose of more effectually ascertaining the business of other people generally. It has already attained a large membership, and promises to become a flourishing institution. The following are some of its rules:—
Any member of the society who shall be convicted of knowing more of his own business than of any other's shall be expelled from the society without a hearing.
No member shall sit down to his own table, until he has ascertained to a certainty what his neighbors, within three doors of each side of his house, shall have to eat—whether they have paid for the same, and if not, if they expect to.
Every member who shall see two or three persons engaged in conversation, shall place himself between them until he has heard all they have to say, and report the same accordingly.
Every gentleman visiting a young lady more than twice, shall circulate the news that they are going to be married, and said members are required to report all manners of things about the lady to the gentleman. This will break up matches, and afford much gossip.
"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "which keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession and from the church service, Peter Murphy?" "A sad matter it is, your honor—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, oh how!" "Och, Peter," said the curate, "is't Deism?" "Worse, ye may depend," replied the worthy clerk. "Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed his pastor. "Worse." "And what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister. "By the powers, and it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "and so it is."
Little wit will serve a fortunate man.

NAUVOO.

Correspondence of the "Raftsmen's Journal."
NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, June 29, 1857.

FRIEND ROW:—After a safe and very pleasant journey, I arrived in Nauvoo, a city that once boasted of a prophet and a large population—a city whose splendor and prosperity departed with its notorious founder.
A description of the once celebrated city of Nauvoo, may be interesting to some of the readers of the Journal, as it is the first place where the adherents to Mormonism concentrated their forces, where their power and influence was wielded to so dangerous an extent, and where they first became formidable to the community in which they resided.
The city is beautifully situated on the east side of the Mississippi, and surrounded on two sides by that noble river. The upper part of the city stands on an eminence which rises gently and gradually to the height of about one hundred feet above the bed of the river. From there, the "Valley of the Mississippi," with its gentle hills and sparkling waters, is spread out before you. From there, both up and down, you have a full and extended view of the Father of Rivers. Steamboats, in their mighty efforts to stem the rapid current they have to contend against, add beauty and interest to the view. On the Iowa side of the river, opposite to Nauvoo, is situated the thriving village of Montrose. That, also, is in full view, and is seen to advantage, both from the upper and lower City.
The grand Mormon Temple, which was erected under the control and superintendence of the celebrated Joseph Smith, the great modern saint and prophet, founder of the church of Latter-day Saints, &c., &c., soon after its completion, gave way, not to the effacing hand of time, but to the strong hand that "slew Joseph;" and now that wonderful structure, the fruit of master workmanship, the pride and boast of its celebrated projector, lies mouldering in ruins. Enough of the building remains standing, however, to show its former splendor and magnificence. The edifice was probably one hundred and fifty feet long, about eighty or ninety broad, and fifty or sixty in height. The entire west end is yet standing. The exterior is of polished white limestone, and has various figures on it carved or chiseled out of the solid stone. Wherever there are any projections or holes among the stones, the swallows have taken possession of them, under the "squatter sovereign law," for places to build their nests and rear their young; and they are the only inmates, the only tenants of that monument of Morian folly.
The City, when in the height of its prosperity, contained, it is said, between fifteen and twenty thousand inhabitants. Now it does not contain exceeding six thousand. The place is full of torn down and demolished buildings, which evidence the degree of violence with which the enraged multitude acted when the city was "sacked."
The wife of the prophet, and a number of his children are yet residing in and about Nauvoo. One of the sons, Joseph Smith, Jr., a fine, intelligent lad, about 18 or 19 years of age, is now in the next room to me, playing very much to my edification, on the world-renowned instrument called the "Banjo."
A great number of the old Mormons here, it is said, privately adhere to "the faith given to the saints" by Joseph, but renounce it openly, on account of its extreme unpopularity.
The city is made up of a strange kind of population. It comprises, within its limits, all kinds, colors, classes, grades and occupations. Nearly every-civilized nation has its representatives here, either in the capacity of professional men, mechanics, laboring men, beggars or thieves.
I will now speak of the French Icarian community, and then my "chapter" on Nauvoo will close. This community is composed principally of French—recognize no individual rights in and to property, but hold every thing in common for the common and joint benefit of all its members. The community was long under the presidency of M. Cabot, and so long as he managed its affairs it seemed to prosper. Some twelve or fifteen months since, it numbered six or seven hundred members. The community then defeated M. Cabot, for President, who, after his defeat, bid adieu to his beloved brethren and then left, and soon after died with a "broken heart." A number of the faithful adhered to their worthy President, followed him into his retreat, and sustained him to the last. That blow weakened them almost beyond recovery. This spring another stampede took place among them—they separated; a part remained in Nauvoo, and a part of them have gone into Iowa to form a settlement there. I arrived in Nauvoo just in time to see the last of the dissatisfied decamping. There are now but two or three hundred of them left. They will, I think, in a short time be entirely disbanded and broken up. Time has well tested their theory of government and proved its utter inutility. They must, sooner or later, see their errors and their folly, and profit by the wisdom learned from past experience. They adhere to none of the religious sects, and profess no religion, I believe, of any kind.
Last week I was up in the interior of Iowa, looking around to "see what I could see, and hear what I could hear." As far as I travelled the country looked beautiful and the soil rich,

fertile and productive. The wheat crop looks very well; indeed, I might say I never saw it look better. The corn is rather backward, but it is now growing very nicely, and a good crop is confidently expected by the farmers. The hard winter has done a great deal of injury to the meadows generally, in this vicinity. Many of them will not be mowed at all this season. Marketing here, of all kinds, is very high, but the prices do not come up to the Clearfield prices.
I think of nothing more that would be either interesting or amusing to you or your readers, and will, therefore, close before I weary your patience any more.
Yours, &c.,
E. S. DENBY.
THE FOOD OF MAN.—The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru and Monte Video. In its native state the roots are small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native. Maize or Indian corn is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The bread-fruit tree is a native of south Sea islands, particularly Otaheite. Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from which country the world is supplied. The coccoanut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing, and shelter, are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread into both the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about fourteen million of pounds are annually exported. St. Domingo furnishes from sixty to seventy millions of pounds yearly. All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab apple which is found native in most parts of the world. The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately one species has been found in new Holland. Tobacco was first introduced into England from North Carolina, in 1586, by Raleigh. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; horse-radish from China; rice from Ethiopia; beans from the East Indies; onions and garlics are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa. The sugar cane is a native of China, and thence is derived the art of making sugar from it.
The lawyers are likely to have a fat bone to pick at Chicago. Suit is to be instituted against the Illinois Central Railroad Companies, for the recovery of fifteen acres of ground on the bank of Lake Michigan, south of the river, upon which the freight and passenger depots of these Companies are built. The contestants claim this ground by what they believe to a valid title derived years ago from the Government, before the channel of the Chicago river altered. The land in dispute, for a long period under water and now covered the great depots, was once a split of land, and was laid out in town lots, then owned by the Kinzies.
SLIGHTLY CELTIC.—An Englishman yesterday chased a small john of whiskey. Being a member of the "fourteen years' standing" society, he undertook to disguise the disguise in a bag. But the bag not being long enough to cover the neck of the bottle, an Irishman, who happened to be present, suggested as a means of reducing the size of the package, "to take a few drinks out of it."
The following is Prentice's last and best squib. An old woman up in Henry is collecting all the Democratic papers she can lay her hands on, to make soap of. She says they are desput sight better than ashes—they are most as good as clear "lie."
"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins. "The doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek!" "Ah!" said the old lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."
We read in the Sheffield paper that "the last polish to a new piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." The same may be said of human cutlery; that "the last polish to a young blade is given by mixing with female society."
The graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, from Massachusetts, are in the Granary Burial Ground, in Boston, without monuments to mark them.
It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose, will restore him to sight—so much for the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him at the pocket.
The velocity of light according to Herschel, is a million of miles in five seconds, requiring 40,000 years to reach the earth.
The Roman forum is now a cow market, the Tarpeian rock a cabbage garden, and the palace of the Caesars a rope walk. Such is human glory.
Why is a Jackass like an Illinois corn field? Because he's some on oats.