

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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## DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

How little we think as we travel  
Thro' life's ups and downs, day by day.  
What good each might do for his neighbor,  
Did all of us go the right way;  
How many a poor fellow, whose talents  
To elevate science would tend,  
Is lost to the world's gaze forever,  
And all through the want of a friend.  
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,  
For remember that life's but a span;  
'Tis our duty to help one another,  
And do a good turn when we can.

Some boast of their wealth and connexions,  
And look with contempt upon those  
Of lower degree—quite forgetting  
The means by which they perhaps rose.  
So be kind to the poor and the lowly,  
Ne'er utter a word that's untrue;  
Prize the maxim which says, "Act to others  
As you would they should act unto you."  
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,  
Since life's after all but a span;  
Let us try to assist one another,  
And do a good turn when we can.

## GUS' MISTAKE.

"For me, I adore,  
Some twenty or more,  
And love them all most dearly."  
Such was the light air hummed by a young man one evening in the month of September, between the hour of seven and eight, as he turned into a court leading out of Washington street, in the City of New York, in which his boarding house was located.

The character of the air suited well the appearance of the aforesaid young blade, for, we saw him as he turned into the court, the light of the lamp illuminating him, he was tall and slender, but finely formed, and his pale, handsome features, and large bright eyes, with large circles around them, told of late hours and excitement.

His frock coat buttoned to the top by a single button, pairs of small colored hose, with vest, with a chain attached to its lowermost button, fastened to the ducal knave with in his vest pocket; boots, hat and dickey of the latest fashion, and a switch cane, completed the tout ensemble of our hero.

As we said before, he was humming a tune as he went into the court. Passing up, he ceased, and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would have run something like this: "Some forty or fifty more, I should have said. Byron was a hard case; one of the boys decidedly; langed if he was not the personification of his Don Juan. He went on the principle of 'go it while you're young,' and he did go it with a vengeance.

During these cogitations, he reached, as he supposed, his boarding house. Ascending the steps, he sent his hands on an exploring expedition in his pocket and extricated an instrument resembling a portable poker with a jointed handle. Inserting this instrument into a round hole in the door, he affected an entrance to the house.

On entering he was somewhat surprised at the disappearance of the hat tree and a table in its place.

"Where the deuce has that hat tree gone to now, I should like to know," he mentally exclaimed, throwing off his hat, "how awful quiet it is just now," he continued proceeding to the parlour.

Finding it in total darkness, he was still more surprised.

"Juno! is everybody dead, I wonder? I'll have light on the subject, anyhow," and with that determination, he crossed the room in search of a match. He placed his hand on something that made him utter an exclamation of surprise.

"By every thing that's blue it's a lady's shoe. Extraordinary events have been transpiring in my absence, a sofa here, striking against one placed near the mantelpiece. They have been scattering the personal property about at a terrible rate. Ah! a baby's shoe. O! mein Gott! as the Dutchman would say."

"Charles, is that you?" whispered a soft voice at that moment.

"Whew! what the deuce is to pay now?" he almost ejaculated in surprise, but recovering himself, he answered in a whisper, "Yes, dearest, it is me—over the left," he said to himself.

"I see now how it is. I'm in the wrong house, and this damsel thinks I'm her Charles; no matter, I'm in for it now, and might as well see this queer affair through."

So thinking he seated himself on the sofa, by her side, with one hand clasped in hers.

"Charles," said she, "what made you stay so late! I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"The deuce you have," thought he. "Indeed I'm very sorry, but positively could not get here any sooner."

"The folks have all gone away this evening, and we'll make the most of our time," she said.

"Yes, by jove we will," was the reply, as he embraced her and imprinted several kisses on her lips.

"I wonder who I'm kissing in the dark," thought he, during the operation.

"Why Charles I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you never did so before."

"Charles must be a modest youth," thought our hero.

"Charles," you must not do so; what do you mean?"

"I'm making the best of my time," was the reply.

"You remember the last time I saw you, you said you would tell me to-night when we should be married," the damsel said.

A whistle nearly escaped the lips of Gus,

(such was the abbreviated sponsorial of our hero) "I should say immediately," he thought, "but she might mistrust that and would be no go."

"The time, dearest," he answered, "will be when most convenient to yourself."

"Oh! how glad I am!"

"What a pickle I would be in if the folks would pop in all of a sudden," he thought at that moment; and as the thought passed thro' his mind a latch fumbled in the door.

At this ominous sound, his lady companion sprang to her feet, greatly frightened.

"O, dear, what shall I do?" was her exclamation. "Here comes the folks."

"What shall I do?" asked Gus, springing up.

"O, dear! O, dear!" she exclaimed, "where shall I hide you? There is no closet, and you cannot get out of the room before the folks will see you. O, mercy, I shall lose my place. There, the door is opening—quick—hurry hide under the sofa."

He didn't think of a better place, but popped down on the floor, and commenced crawling underneath. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied most vigorously to his ribs.

"Thunder! what a plantation she has got," said Gus, as she came in contact with his side.

He found the space under the sofa very narrow, so much so that he had to lay flat on his face.

"Hist! there they come—one—two—three daughters, the old man and woman and two gents, friends of the ladies, I suppose. Here they are down on the sofa. How I would like to grasp that delicate little foot. I wonder how long I have got to stay here? I hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts ran for the space of an hour. By that time he felt his situation anything but pleasant, not being able to move an inch. There were no signs of their departure, judging by their lively talk; and not knowing how long he would have to stay in such quarters, caused him to anesthetize them severely; and he got worn to such a pitch that he let an oath slip accidentally thro' his lips.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed one, but the others heard nothing.

"Jesu Maria!" thought Gus, "what a narrow escape. If any of the rest had heard it, I should have been discovered; then a pretty plight I would have been in. I should have been taken for a burglar."

While thus congratulating himself on his escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies, which hung over the back of the sofa, slipped behind. It was soon missed, and a search was commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," said the owner.

"I'll ascertain," said one of the young men rising from the sofa. Seizing one end, he whirled it into the middle of the room.

What a scream! The young ladies nearly fainted away at the sight of Gus on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" cried the head of the family, retreating toward the door.

"Very complimentary," said Gus, looking up.

The two young men seized and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself. How came you here?" said one of them.

"Thieves! robber! watch!" screamed the ladies.

"Stop your noise!" shouted the old man as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you have found me concealed under the sofa in a burlesque manner, but upon my soul it was for a very different purpose."

He then went on and gave a lucid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the whole company in a roar of laughter.

The girl was then called and questioned in regard to the matter.

"I shall now see at any rate what I've been skylarking with," thought Gus, as he heard her steps coming towards the room.

A moment more and a daughter of Ham, as black as the ace of spades, strode into the room.

Such an apparition of darkness struck our hero dumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement, but a roar restored his shattered senses and he then became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where is my hat?" he faintly articulated, and rushed quickly from the room.

Until sleep closed his eyes, did that roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when sound asleep the vision of a "niggeress" flitted before him.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—The following is the latest joke upon John Bull:

John was travelling on some Western railroad, when a tremendous explosion took place, the cars at the same time coming to a sudden halt. The passengers sprang up in terror, and rushed out to acquaint themselves with the mischief—all but Mr. Bull, who continued reading his newspaper. In a moment somebody rushed back and informed him that the boiler had burst.

"Awe!" muttered the Englishman.

"Yes," continued his informant, "and sixteen persons have been killed."

"Awe?" granted the Englishman again.

"And—"

"And—"

## A DESCENT INTO THE CATACOMBS.

The catacombs are underground passages, where the ancient Egyptians buried their dead. The crocodile was regarded by them as sacred, or rather, perhaps, they had sacred crocodiles, and these, like the bodies of the Egyptians themselves, were embalmed and deposited in the caverns used for burial places.

The following thrilling account of a descent into the Catacombs is from William C. Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia":

The descent into the cavern was by sitting on the edge, swinging off with one hand on each side of the hole, and dropping into the depths below, where a soft bed of sand received us, in a chamber just large enough to hold the eight persons of whom the party consisted—all standing in a stooping posture, while we lighted our candles and arranged for progress. I tossed my turban and took up my dragonian, Abdel-Atti, and left my head bare. Then—following the principal guide, I lay down flat on my face, holding my candle before me, and began to advance with as close a resemblance to a snake's motion as human vertebrae will admit of. My own guide and Abdallah followed me; the English gentleman next, and the dragonian and guide bringing up the rear. I progressed slowly and with great difficulty, constantly bruising my back on the sharp points of the rock above me, some five or six yards. Legh calls it eight, but I think it is not so much. We were now able to stand up again in a stooping posture, the ceiling being a little over four feet high, and thus advanced eight or ten yards further until we reached the chamber of which Mr. Legh speaks. I am of the opinion that we had now arrived just under the bed of the torrent I have spoken of, and that the entire cavern which I afterwards explored, is a natural fissure in the rock, running under the point of meeting of two hills, and following the line of the valley between them. This is, of course, a conjecture, as I did not take a compass with me to determine the course. The chamber was a small, irregular, cavernous room, the floor of which was covered with shapeless masses of stone that had fallen from the roof. Over these we stepped with some difficulty. I need not remark that the darkness was profound, and the air so close that our candles burned but dimly, so that each man was obliged to hold his own at his feet to determine where to set them. Crossing the room, we stepped over a chasm between a mass of rock and the wall of the chamber, to a point in the wall which presented a rugged edge, and from this into a narrow doorway, about four feet high. I call it a doorway, for it resembles one, though I could find no signs of artificial origin about it. It was almost square, and opened into a sort of gallery, the floor of which was covered with broken rock, and interrupted by huge, deep fissures. A ledge at the side afforded tolerable walking for some distance, in a stooping posture; and then we again lay down on our faces, and crawled through a passage twenty feet in length, entering the largest chamber in the pit.

It was a very irregular cham, perhaps seventy or a hundred feet in diameter. Entrance to it was almost forbidden by clouds of bats, that met me in the narrow passage through which I was crawling, dashed into my face, wounding my face and cheeks, clinging by scores to my hair and beard, like so many thousand devils disputing the entrance to hell. I can give no adequate idea of the chamber of horrors in which I now found myself. Profoundly silent, we had crawled along, each man having a fast beating heart, and listening to its throbs; and now as I emerged into this room, the loud whirr of the myriads of bats was like the sound of another world into which I had penetrated. I staggered to a rock, and sat down, when a piercing yell started me to my feet. It rang through the cavern as if the arch fiend himself were there, tormenting some poor soul. But it was only one of my poor friends, who were making their first entrance to an Egyptian catacomb, and had never before encountered the bats, with whom I was thoroughly familiar. The man who was in advance was overwhelmed by the army that met him as he approached the room.

"What is it?" I shouted.

"These bats; they are devouring me."

"Push on; they'll not harm you."

"My light is gone, and I can see nothing."

"Here is my light—come toward it." I had relit my candle, which had been put out as his was, and was now seated in the centre of the cavern, on a black rock, holding it up before my face. As he emerged into the room, and caught sight of me, he uttered a howl of mingled astonishment and terror.

"Pluto or Sathana, by all the Gods!" said his friend, coming up behind him and looking at me. My appearance must have been picturesque, in my primitive costume, now begrimed with dirt, and seven bats (they counted them) hanging on my beard, with a perfect network and Medusa coil of them in my hair. I was very little disturbed by the harmless little fellows, although before coming to Egypt, I scarcely knew of an animal in the world so disgusting to my mind. But the atmosphere, if it may be so called, of this chamber, was beyond all description horrible. It was not an air to faint in—there was too much ammonia for that. It was foul, vile, terrible. I confess, that as I found myself panting for breath, and drawing long, deep inspirations, to very choking, without "reaching the right place" in my

lungs (I think every one understands that) I trembled for an instant at the thought of going further. It was but an instant, however, and the desire to see the great repository of the sacred animals overpowered the momentary terror.

"Abdallah?"

"-Ya, Howajji."

"If anything happens, if I fall down, give out, or faint, don't you run. Tell the guides that I have ordered Ab-del-Atti to shoot them, man by man, as they come out, if one of them appears without me. Do you pour this down my throat, and drag me out of the entrance. You understand?"

"Aiowah, Ya Howajji. Fear not; I will do it."

"Recollect that if I die, you all die, that is arranged for, as surely as you, one of you, attempt the entrance without me, Ab-del-Atti is ready for you."

The guides had listened attentively, and having seen me hand my pistols to my trusty dragonian before coming down, they believed every word of it, although it never occurred to me until this moment.

The guides were all at fault here, precisely as they were in Mr. Legh's time, and that of every traveller since. This chamber had been the end of most attempts to explore the pits. The intense darkness is some excuse for this, since our eight candles wholly failed to show a wall anywhere around or above us. The men proposed that we should sit still, while they tried various passages opening out of the room. To this I objected, much preferring to trust myself at a juncture like this. In that intense blackness it was not easy to find the way, we had come in; for, of course, there was no guide north or south, except my recollection of the shape of the rock on which I was seated, and its bearings as I approached it. The reader will bear in mind that the whole floor of the room was covered with immense masses of rock, among which we moved about in search of outlets, leaving a man on that rock to mark its locality. After trying three passages that led nowhere, I bit on that one which the guides pronounced correct, and the party advanced. For the benefit of future explorers, if any such there be, I may explain that it is the first passage which goes out of the chamber to the right, as you enter it. That is to say, keeping the right hand wall will bring you to it, leaping a chasm at its entrance. This is the chasm of which Legh speaks. I found it only about six feet.

The passage which we now entered was so low that I found it necessary to creep on my hands and knees, and sometimes to crawl, snake fashion, full length. It continued for a distance that I hesitate to estimate. It is wholly impossible to guess at the progress one is making in such postures. Hennifer, I think, makes it four hundred yards. I should think a thousand feet was a large estimate, but it may be as much. The air was now worse, lacking the ammonia. It seemed to be pure nitrogen. The lungs operated freely, but took no benefit or refreshment from it, while the heat was awful, and perspiration rolled down our faces and bodies, soaking our clothes, and making mud on our features and hands with the fine dust that filled the atmosphere. At length the passage became so narrow that my progress was entirely blocked. My broad shoulders would not go through, and I paused to consider the matter. The hole was about eighteen inches wide, and a little more than two feet high. Evidently, Mr. Legh did not pass beyond this. I was obliged to lay over on my right side, presenting my body to it narrow way, up and down, and pushing with all the strength of my feet, as well as pulling with my hands on the floor and rocky projections, I forced myself along about eight feet. In this struggle my brandy flask, which was in my trousers pocket, being under me, was broken to pieces, and my sole hope, in the event of a giving out of my faculties, was gone. At the time, I thought little of it, laughing at the occurrence, as I called out to those who followed me; but afterwards I remembered the accident with a shudder. The only argument that had allowed me to persuade myself to attempt this exploration, was a promise that I would take brandy with me, which no one else had done, and, if necessary, secure artificial strength thereby. It was gone now, and I was more than a thousand feet from light or air, in a passage that did not average four feet by two its entire length.

A vigorous push sent me out into a more open passage, and a sort of doorway opened into a gallery on a level two feet lower. Jumping down this step, I was, for the first time in nearly a half hour, where I could stand upright. My English friend shouted for help behind me. His light was gone out, and he was literally stuck in the hole. I returned, touched my candle to his, and gave him a hand to drag him through, and in a few moments we were all standing together. We now advanced some hundred feet, in a stooping posture mostly, but occasionally crawling as before, and at length, as we crept, the rough and very low parts of the gallery and the roof began to lift, and I found I was actually crawling over mummies. There was just here a sort of blind passage, at the side of the chief passage, in which the French expedition had carried their names. The wall was covered with a jet black substance like the purest lampblack, which the point of

a knife would scrape off, exposing the white rock. Numerous stalactites hung from the ceilings, all jet black, and some grotesque stalagmites at the sides of the passage startled me at first with the idea that they were sculptures. This black, sooty matter I cannot account for, unless it be the exhalations in ancient times from the crocodiles which were laid here, for we are at last in the depository.

The floor was covered with crocodile bones and mummy clothes. A spark of fire falling into them would have made this a veritable hell. As this idea was suggested by my English friends, whose experience in the narrow hole had been sufficiently alarming, vanished out of sight. They fairly ran. Having seen the mummies, and seized a few small ones in their hands, they hastened out and left me with Abdallah and my two guides. Advancing over the mummies and up the hill which they formed, I found that I was in one of the number of large chambers, of the depth of which it was, of course, impossible to get any idea, as they were piled full of mummied crocodiles to the very ceiling. There was no means of estimating the number of them. When I say there were thousands of them, I shall not be thought to exaggerate, after I describe the manner in which they are packed and laid in.

Climbing to the top of the hill and extinguishing all lights but one, which I made Abdallah hold very carefully, I began to throw down the top of the pile to ascertain what it was composed, and I at length made an opening between the mummies and the ceiling, through which I could go on further, descending a sort of hill of those dead animals, such as I had come up. In this way I progressed some distance, in a gallery or chamber that was not less than thirty feet deep.

The crocodiles were laid in regular layers, head to tail and tail to head. First on the floor was a layer of large crocodiles, side by side, each one mummied and wrapped up in cloths. Then smaller ones were laid between the tails, filling up the hollows between them. Then, and most curious of all, the remaining interstices were packed full of young crocodiles, measuring with remarkable uniformity, about thirteen inches in length, each one stretched out between two slips of palm leaf stem, which were bound to its sides like splints, and then wrapped from head to foot in a slip of cloth, wound round, commencing at the tail and fastened at the head. Then small ones were done up in bundles, usually of eight, and packed in closely wherever they could be stowed. I brought out more than a hundred of them, of which my friends in Egypt seized on the most as curiosities, but I succeeded in getting some twenty or thirty of them to America with me.

This layer completed, a layer of palm branches was carefully laid over it, spread thick and smooth, and then a second and precisely similar layer of crocodiles was made, and another of palm branches, and thus continued to the ceiling. These palm branches, stems and mummies lie here in precisely the state they were two thousand years ago. No leaf of the palm was decayed. There could have been no moisture from the mummies whatever, or if any, it had no effect upon the palm branches.

Among these crocodiles I found the mummies of many men.

Sitting down on the side of the hill, by the dim candle light, I overhauled gods and men with sacrilegious hands. It was a strange, wild and awful scene. Among all the pictures my memory has treasured of wandering life, I have none so fearful and thrilling as this. It was hell—a still, silent, cold hell. All these bodies lay in rooms, in close packages, like so many souls doomed to eternal silence and sorrow in this prison. Five bodies of men that I drew out of the mass lay before me, with their hideous stillness and inaction. I dared them to tell me in words the reproaches of which their silent frowns were so liberal; reproaches for penetrating their abode and disturbing the repose of twenty or forty centuries.

These were of the poorest and most common sort, destitute of any box. Wound in coarse cloth, they had been laid in the grave with the beasts that were sacred to their god. One I found afterwards in a thin plain box, but it contained no indication of its period, and bore no marks of its owner's name or position, much to my disappointment.

"Let us go further," I said to the guide at length. There is no further."

I was satisfied that the entrance we had effected was not by the passage known to the ancients, and that some other outlet lay beyond these chambers. I pushed my way over the piles of mummies to where an other low passage went on, but it was too difficult of exploration to tempt me into it. It may lead to an outlet in the desert hitherto unknown, or that outlet may be long ago covered over by the shifting sands.

What was the object of all this preservation of the Nile monsters, it is not within the scope of this volume to discuss. It is at least a mystery, for we know so little of the Egyptian theory of a hereafter, that we cannot understand what part the birds and beasts were to take part in the resurrection.

I crawled out as I had crawled in. Before I came out from the chamber of horrors (Madam Tussaud's is nothing like it) I laid the wreck of my brandy flask on a projecting shelf of rock, where the next explorer will find it. The chances are that it will turn up in the British or Prussian Museum, as evidence of the bad habits of the ancient Egyptians, just proved to be strong in death.

INDIAN CORN.—Maize, or Indian Corn, originated in America, and is not yet, we think, cultivated to any extent on the European continent. Though the people of Great Britain cannot be made to appreciate its merits very fully, the aggregate exports of corn in 1856, in the form of whole grain, meal, corn starch, farina, etc., amounted to between seven and eight million dollars, or about one-fortieth of the whole exports of the country, and 6,700,000 bushels, considerably more than half, went to England alone.

Corn has always been an important article in this country, both of consumption and export. The total amount of this produce exported in 1770 was 578,349 bushels; in 1791, 2,064,935 bushels, of which 351,695 were Indian meal. The value of corn and its manufactures exported from the United States in 1830, was \$597,119; in 1835, \$1,217,665; in 1840, \$1,043,516; in 1845, \$1,053,293; in 1850, \$4,652,804. The export increases more rapidly than the production. The export of corn quadrupled between 1840 and 1850, while the production did not quite double.

The great amount of invention bestowed on corn planters, corn cutters, shellers, cob grinders, etc., tends each year to promote the increase of production. It has been estimated that, as a general rule, seven pounds of corn will produce one pound of pork; so that in localities where through distance from market or from transportation facilities, the cereal cannot be raised at a profit for sale, it is frequently the material used in fattening the more concentrated form of diet, and on which, consequently, the freight is less. Cob meal we believe, is most valuable for animals that chew the cud; horses and hogs, as a general thing, deriving less benefit from the cob-grinding inventions. With all animals, however, we believe, there is a perceptible advantage realized by mixing the cob with the denser meal.—Scientific American.

ORIGIN OF THE NESHANNOCK OR MERCER POTATO.—The annexed interesting information was contributed to the Prairie Farmer, by R. Buchanan, of Cincinnati:

It is a seedling of Western Pennsylvania, from the banks of the Neshannock creek, Mercer county—hence its name. I am a native of Western Pennsylvania, and have been familiar with this potato since my boyhood. It was first made known about fifty years ago, and was so highly valued that many persons took it over the mountains in their saddlebags, for seed. It is that way it was introduced into the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, by the late Wm. Anderson, who took it from the farm where it originated. In the year 1792, a settlement was made on the waters of the Shenango and Mahoning, principally by Scotch and Irish. The soil and climate were favorable to the growth of potatoes, and those from that region soon became celebrated—especially the new seedlings of the Neshannock.

A GREAT NATIONAL CURIOSITY.—An Abingdon, Virginia, paper says there is a natural bridge within 52 miles of that place, in Scott county, Virginia, compared with which the bridge over Cedar Creek is a mere circumstance. The Scott bridge extends across a chasm more than twice 80 feet in width, and is 420 feet deep, at the bottom of which flows a much larger and more rapid stream than Cedar Creek, but it is not less a bridge, with a broad wagon road located upon it. The survey for the Cumberland Gap Railroad passed through the arch of this bridge. It is, perhaps, the wildest and most stupendous curiosity in the United States, and yet is comparatively unknown.

THE OHIO DEFEALCATION is now definitely ascertained by the official examination of the books of the Auditor and Treasurer, at Columbus, to have amounted to \$728,691.01, on the 12th of June, 1857, of which it is proven that John G. Breslin, the former Democratic State Treasurer, was the defaulter, as, of more than one million of dollars which he took from the Treasury, he only returned \$358,009. It is, however, said that, for a portion of the deficit mentioned, Breslin subsequently furnished depreciated bank paper amounting to \$154,636.36, leaving the State loser outright to the tune of \$574,854.65.

Night running is ruinous to the morals of boys in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy state of mind, bad, vulgar and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, and habits and riotous bearing. Indeed it is in the street after night that boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and especially for becoming rowdy, dissolute men.

The grand jury of Prince William county, Virginia, have found a true bill against John Underwood, for maintaining by speaking that an "owner has no right of property in his slave," and he has been held to bail in the sum of \$500 to appear at November Court.

The calendar of crime between 1850 and more horrible. The Chicago papers record the murder in this city of a man nearly 80 years of age, and see and daughter by the murderer.