

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DEVIL.

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The Wind's Love.
There's a language in the winds that sigh,
Through the branches of the trees,
I pause to list as they wander by,
The spirits of the breeze
And often in my saddest mood,
I turn from the world away,
Alone in the dim wood's solitude,
Where the wild winds are at play,
And as they murmur pleasantly,
From the depths of the greenwood lone,
I deem their voices speak to me
Of my own, my mountain home!
It tells of the haunts of our happier hours,
Of the meadows green and fair,
Where the dew drops glisten upon the flowers,
As they sleep in the cool night air;
I hear "blue Junonia's" wail,
With their never ceasing flow,
And see where the drooping willow leaves
Its boughs in the depths below,
There summer skies the fairest seem,
And dew the softest fall,
The hallow'd spot of life's early dream,
The first, best home of all.
There's sadness in the plaintive moan
Of the wind in the hush of night,
When the light of beauty's smile has flown,
And the echoes of delight,
Then from the forest's deep recess,
These viewless heralds come,
And speak to the soul in its loneliness,
From their cool, sequestered home;
And there's sadness in the tales they bring
From memory's silent shore,
Of the blossoms of youth's happy spring,
Whose sweetness now is o'er.
'Tis strange that o'er the chords which lie
Within, so deep and still,
The wandering wind as it passes by,
Should awaken what notes it will!
The memories that have slept for years,
The hopes, save to us unknown,
These, as the present disappears,
Make all the past our own.
Then woe! I welcome thee,
Who canst the past restore,
Which, as it fades recedes from me,
I cherish more and more.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.
Snakes and Snake-Charms.
To new-comers in Hindostan, and particularly those of nervous temperament, snakes of various kinds constitute a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in a morning, after a feverish night perhaps languidly you reach for your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes, and on turning it upside down, and giving it a shake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe—as they are called probably from their domestic propensities—wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night's quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you should be musically inclined; you take your flute from its resting place, and proceed to screw it together, but find, on making an attempt to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there sought and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your endeavor to give it breath with your mouth, make Mr. Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably cold, and ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.
Such incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who have been long resident in it, might only smile at the new-comer's uneasiness, and tell him that these little intruders were perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact, it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable under their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known, that all these creatures are not innocuous. Well do I remember, the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had possibly been indulging too freely over night; at least when he rose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most volitionally, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluid in the East. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be

but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and spectacled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturber's nose.—"O murder!" cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin, and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake, and all to the ground, and took to his heels, not stopping until he was a full hundred yars from the spot. Here he told his story in safety; and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of firearms.
Very different from the conduct of this fellow, was that of one of his comrades in the barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jack Hall, a Scotchman, belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jack had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honorable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house-furnishing, however, Jack Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy, reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jack; and, therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when, he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment, he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore, lay still, and in another minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jack did neither, he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavored to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jack held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile his horrible bed-fellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and, lustily, over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl, backward and forward, over Jack's body and face, as if satisfying, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jack cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of the cell, where there lay a pretty large stone.—This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jack then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow, for the first time, breathed freely.
When the hour for breakfast came, Jack who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of opening the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in

the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter.
"When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he.
"About nine o'clock last night," was Jack's reply.
"Why didn't you call to the guard?" asked the officer.
"I thought the guard would hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't, so I just lay still."
"But you might have been bit. Did you know that you would have died instantly?"
"I kent that very well," said Jack; "but they say that snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them; see I just let it crawl as it liked."
"Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all; but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done."
When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jack, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bed-fellow.
It has frequently been asserted, that the most tremendous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, does not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time.
This statement is to be taken with some reservation. When our Anglo-Indian army were cilled in the field a few years ago, to teach a lesson to an obstinate native potentate, two of our soldiers left a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to indulge in a bath. They had a portion of jungle to cross, and in doing so, the foot of one of them slipped into a sort of hole. This proved to be an elephant-trap; that is so say, a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks, and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see whether his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight, which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot, he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up, and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with fire-arms. The creature was still there and in bed, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals: great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan-shot, both used at once, brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin for holding the regimental colors, and would have been large enough for the purpose; but it was entrusted to unskillful hands, and got withered, and wasted in the preparation.
The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity; to make them come and go at a call, and in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in riddling private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. One of these serpent-charmers will assert to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and partly from motives of fear, and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man reward, if he succeeds in showing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India is that the snakes and their charmers are old friends; that he hid them there, and of course knew where to find them, and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shock by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth; this, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening, he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the

stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man!" he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse!
I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the envenomed bite which had killed him. "No, no," he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras.
Snake charming is not confined to India.—There are some of the natives of Africa and America, who possess the power of what is called "charming," or producing a benumbing or stupefying effect on poisonous serpents and scorpions, by handling them. This power is in some natural and hereditary, while in others it is acquired by chewing the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing them in their hands, or bathing their bodies in water containing an infusion of them. In that part of Africa which lies northward of the great desert of Sahara, there was formerly a tribe called the Psylli, who seem to have possessed this power, either from nature or art, in a degree that occasioned the name of Psylli to be given to all persons capable of producing similar effects. Plutarch informs us that Cato, in his march through the desert, took with him a number of these Psylli, to suck out the poisons from the wounds of such of his soldiers as might be bitten by the numerous serpents which infested that region. It was then ignorantly believed that this power of subduing the poison was the effect of magic, and the Psylli, to confirm this belief, always, when in the exercise of this fascination, muttered spells or charmed verses over the person whom they were in the act of curing. Many have ventured to doubt the existence of the power being possessed by any class of people, but the concurrent testimony of the best accredited travellers seem to confirm the fact. Mr. Bruce distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that all the blacks in the Kingdom of Senaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper.
They take the horned snake—there the most common, and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe—in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at each other, as children do apples and balls, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and if they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, he observes, have not by nature this protective power, but generally acquire it, by the use of certain plants. The artificial means of rendering the person invulnerable to the bite of snakes, seems also to be practised in South America.
It is said that the cobra is fond of milk, and that a knowledge of this fact has sometimes saved the lives of persons who were on the point of being bitten. An anecdote is related of a party of gentlemen sitting at a table in India, when one of them fell a cobra coiling itself round his leg. Appalled at his situation, he desired his companions, in a whisper, not to speak or make any noise, if they would save his life. All were immediately silent.—He next, in a low tone, requested a servant to bring a jug of milk, and pour it cautiously on the floor near his foot. This being done, the cobra in a short time uncoiled itself, and descended to partake of the milk, when, as may be supposed, little ceremony was used in despatching it. An exemption from reptiles of this deadly class is surely one of England's greatest blessings.
Show us a lady's bonnet, and we will tell you what sort of an institution she is.—If it is showered over with ribbons, cupids, bows, &c., she is as full of love and poetry, as a country inn full of politicians and loafers. If it goes in for simple wrinkle, plain colors and a couple of modest knots, she is a perfect jewel, sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a freshly nursed kitten. If it is stuck all over with a paradise of clover, three story ostrich feathers, wax holly-hocks and juniper berries, put it square down that the calico is a single establishment, and will never see her fourth birth day. Bonnets are a true index of women.

The Lifetime of Man.
When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live? "Thirty years," replied Nature: "will that be agreeable to thee?" "Alas! (answered the ass, it is a long while! Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corp sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time I pray." Nature was moved with compassion, and presented 18 years. The ass went away and the dog came forth. "How long dost thou require to live. Thirty years were too many for the ass, but will that be contented with thee?" "Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I will have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl?" Nature thought he was right and gave him but twelve years.—The ape then appeared. "Thou wilt doubtless live the thirty years, (said Nature,) thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee." "Ah! no, (cried he) so it may seem to others, but will not be. Should puddings ever rain down, I shall have no spoon. I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years." Nature was gracious and gave him but ten. At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days. "Will thirty years content thee?" "How short a time!" (exclaimed man) "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my hearth; when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit when life to me shall seem most desirable, I shall die! Oh! Nature, grant me a longer period!" "Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass beside." "That is not enough, replied man. "Take likewise the twelve years of the dog." "It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more." "I give thee ten years of the ape, in vain will you claim more! Men departed unsatisfied. Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy—he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth and lies in the corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.
"I Did as the Bee Did"
This tame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.
A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."
A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this and that, and he indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."
This poor mother strived hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do,—to paint, to sing, to play to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."
The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."
THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS HOG.—Der teufel in de poeste, and no goot—tis even von contrary animal as my wife Deborah Tump my wife you time she tump too, tump her twice time she tump against, tump her tree times, and she walk more quiet as she was fast asleep. But de teufel nothing can satisfy to pig—fen I tump von vey, he runs head away after his tail, ten ven I tumps him to oter way he runs tail way after his head, and mine Got! after foller in each oterish half hour here ve ish as nearer to place ve cum from ven ve set out.
A droll fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. "Why," said he, "my father had one and so had my grand-father before him; it runs in the blood."

Amsterdam.
It is not easy to give the reader an idea of this remarkable city crossed and crossed by canals in all directions—a city half water and half land—in which the canals are the streets and highways, leading towards the open sea, which seems to hold the city in its arms. It is only by means of expensive and most substantial dykes and sluices, elaborately constructed and carefully repaired, and guarded, that the sea is kept back, and but for these, this city, containing upwards of two hundred thousand inhabitants, would inevitably be submerged and destroyed. Four great canals run across the city in parallel curved lines, and, crossing these, are a series of other canals, converging in the harbor like the lines of a fan. Large basins occur here and there at intervals. The buildings in the best part of the city are magnificent—many of them of great age, bearing rich and grotesque ornaments work on their fronts. You would scarcely believe that the soil under these majestic buildings was only loose sand and soft mud! Yet it is so: and it is only by means of piles of wood driven far down through the sand into the solid stratum beneath, that a foundation has been gained. Hence Erasmus said of Amsterdam, that the inhabitants like crows, lived on the tops of trees. Any one who merely pays a passing visit to Amsterdam, as I did, cannot fail to be thrown into a state of perplexity and amaze, by the apparent intricate complexity of the city; its innumerable bridges; its endless succession of canals, and its interminable brick streets. The canals and bridges so much resemble each other, that the stranger without a guide feels as if he were wandering in a labyrinth; he loses all recollection of the points of the compass; and, as I did, he will soon probably lose his way. The most interesting public building in Amsterdam is now used as a royal palace. The great feature of its interior is its grand hall, lined with white Italian marble, said to be the finest hall of the kind in the world. The smallest apartments in the palace contain some fine modern Dutch paintings, to which the public are freely admitted. One painting, representing the hero, Van Speyk, applying the match to blow up his vessel, at Antwerp, rather than allow it to be taken by the Belgians, is one that lives long in the memory of him who has seen it. To those who have leisure, the Museum, or National Picture Gallery, is well worthy of a visit. But pictures can be seen at home and are no novelty. The real interest of Amsterdam is in its streets, quays its bustle and commerce, its bridges and canals, and the many striking and peculiar features of this city of the sea—features which are nowhere to be found characteristic of any city in Europe, north of Venice.
The old tree at home.
"Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't have another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer and it will stay all winter."
"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of summer, and we planted bright flowers in the garden where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree."
"Well I don't see as we can live anything.—Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love that would not die."
"Geor, let us go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."
The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying, but at evening as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds that had been from day to day gathering the remembrance of their tree came upon them.
"Mother," said Mary, "you may give those seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."
"Yes," added George, "you give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?"
"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."
"A real garden, mother?"
"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side is the Tree of Life—a tree that never fades. The garden is Heaven. There you may live and love forever. There will be no death—no fading there. Love the Saviour here, and He will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."
Mrs. Harris says that foreigners resemble one another so much that she can't more than half the time tell an orang-outang from a Frenchman. The old lady is getting not only impatient but personal.
If marriages be made in Heaven—some people have few friends there.
When is an ox not an ox? When he is turned into a meadow.
Fashionable modes of death—duelling and tight lacing.