

Raftsmen's Journal

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIER.

VOL. I.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1854.

NO. 17.

Select Poetry.

PAT'S RETURN FROM THE POLLS.

Butcher. Come Patrick, me honey, what makes ye so sad?
Ye always come home from the Seventh Ward glad.
Pat. Ah! Bridget, me darlint, how can I look gay,
When the bloody 'Know Nothings' have carried the day?
They have taken the country from Airlend away,
And O'Leary and Bigler no longer will sway.
Butcher. Oh! cheer up, me Pat, what yeasy can't be there,
But what makes yer face all over so blue?
From yer head till yer heels ye are covered with blood,
And yer shirt looks as if ye'd been rowl'd in the mud!
Pat. Ah! ye jabbers, me darlint, the tale is too thur,
And I'll tell ye what makes me face all over blue;
But hurry, me Bridget, and get me some mate—
Some whiskey to drink, and some grates to ate—
And I'll try to relate, while I'm drinkin' an' eatin',
How the Native Americans gave us a battin'.
We marched to the polls with ahillaries in hand,
To drive from the birthing the sons of the land;
But we soon found out that we'd made a mistake,
For the Natives be jabbers' were all wide awake.
They were drawn up in lines, already to mate us,
An' the divils look'd savage enough for to ate us—
An, I couldn't help thinkin' as how we were fools,
To be fightin' for Bigler an' lawin' our mules.
Then we thought we saw 'Bowie' and we turn'd round to fly.
For sure it was better to run than to die.
So we drapt our Shillalies an' took hasty leave—
We jump'd thro' the windies our bacon to save.
And as we went out we duced new Irish reels,
For the Natives be jabbers' pitched us head over heels.
An' I never was sure that we wasn't all dead,
Till I lifed me hand an' felt roun' for me head.
By the holy Saint Patrick! on next 'lection day,
Instead of the polls I will stick to me dray,
For the mules I can drive, an' 'em bate as I please,
But the bloody sowl'd Natives Shillalies can't face!

Original Moral Tale.

MARCUS FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.

The storm had abated. The great black cloud, which had hung frowningly over the city for several days, had passed away, and lay in piled-up masses along the eastern horizon. Vivid lightnings, however, were still frisking along its thick voluminous edges, and the voice of the rumbling thunders were still occasionally audible.

The bright stars were again twinkling in the clear Italian skies—save that the air was rapidly filling with smoke, which, notwithstanding the drenching torrents, still continued to rise, here and there, from some black pile of ruins, imparting to the surrounding darkness a more gloomy and frightful aspect.

Valens, sad and thoughtful, was hurrying cautiously along the narrow tortuous streets, through a part of the city which had escaped the flames.

Presently, turning a corner, he entered a wide and regular street, with a burnt district on his right. He had proceeded, however, but a short distance along it, till he was startled by the quick clatter of horses' hoofs. They were coming up towards him at full gallop, though on account of the smoky darkness, he could see neither horses nor their riders.

In a moment, however, they merged into view. A glance was enough to tell him who they were, and as little time was sufficient to enable him to comprehend their business.

"They are scouring the city in search of christians!"

But scarce had he thought passed his mind, when the eye of one of them caught a glimpse of his form in the darkness. Suddenly checking the speed of his horse, and turning round, he rudely demanded:

"Art thou a cursed Nazarene?"

Valens, for a moment, was speechless with fright. He knew not what reply to make. He would not deny his faith. That would be denying his Maker, and piercing his own soul.—At length, however, he said with a faltering, trembling voice:

"I pity the Emperor, and mourn over the ruins of our city."

"Then," said the rude, swaggering soldier, "avenge her ruin on the cursed sect that fired it, and despite her Gods!" saying which he gave his short sword a flourish in the air, and dashed on after his companions, muttering threats and curses on the heads of the Nazarenes.

What an iron rule is that of the despot! Having gained an unlimited control over the physical nature of his subjects, he readily quenches their moral instincts, and rules their minds with the same ease that he rules their bodies.

These very soldiers, in connexion with the Emperor's slaves, at his own bidding, fired the city, and well did they know the wretched author of her calamities. Now, at the bidding of the same unprincipled monster, they are dashing through her dusky streets, seeking the arrest of a people whom they know in their

hearts are innocent, and charged with a crime which their own hands had committed. But they were slaves—such in soul and body; and then, as now, the business of such is to obey, not to inquire into the right or wrong of actions, or stop to listen to the voice of conscience.

Seeing his danger, a much shorter time than usual sufficed to bring Valens in front of his residence. Hastily ascending the steps he entered, and took his seat in the large hall, where he found the members of his family assembled. He had not recovered from the effects of his fright, and Valens quickly perceived that he was more than usually pale and excited; and though she could not avoid fastening her eyes upon him, yet she forbore, at present, making any inquiries.

After he had hurriedly seated himself, he raised his hand and clasped his forehead, and sat in silence.

In the confused and hurried manner in which he had entered, there was one in the room he had not noticed. He sat in a dimly-lighted corner between Valentinus and Vertitia—while Valens and Fiducia were seated in the opposite end of the hall.

Slowly lowering his hand from his forehead, and folding his arms across his broad, throbbing chest, Valens, glanced his eye in the direction of the stranger. Their eyes met at the same instant, and while a flash of sudden surprise passed over the noble and manly features of the former, there were evident indications of embarrassment in the shifty movements of the latter.

"Ah! I did not observe the presence of a stranger as I entered," said Valens, with an air of slight dissatisfaction; and turning round on his seat, he engaged in conversation with Valentinus.

This was Marcus. He had been in the family an hour, and had been treated by the members of the family who were present with due respect.

He had passed most of the evening in conversation with Valentinus and Vertitia. Nor was he aware that his visits had been interdicted, though he had observed, as he thought, an embarrassment in the family as he entered, for which he felt at a loss to account. The manifest coolness of Valens rather startled him, and feeling uncomfortable he soon found it convenient to leave.

Vertitia followed him to the door, her face deeply flushed, and looking confusedly at the floor. But Valens, rising at the same instant from his seat, passed out immediately after him, leaving Vertitia standing inside of the door, and which was only partially closed.

Valens and Marcus stood on the broad marble platform underneath the columned portico which extended along the entire front of the building. Both were slightly embarrassed, and it was some minutes before either spoke.

"A dreadful calamity has befallen our city," at length said Valens, with a trembling voice.

"Yes; and woe to the cursed dogs of christians. The Emperor has decreed their extermination," said Marcus, rather angrily.

"I trust," said Valens, calmly, "the Emperor will show some clemency even towards the poor and despised sect."

"None!" exclaimed Marcus, "they have despised our Gods, and burnt our city. How can such monsters expect mercy?"

"At all events," said Valens, "they are entitled to a fair trial, and if proved guilty I admit they are deserving the severest punishment within the power of the Roman people."

"Trial!" again exclaimed Marcus, contemptuously; "try dogs, villains, traitors! Let them be hunted like wild beasts! let them be torn to pieces, or burnt to ashes! All too good for them!"

Valens was thunder-struck at this unexpected tirade. He could scarcely restrain his indignation. He did not, however, deem it prudent to say more, lest his sympathy for the poor christians should betray him. Hence, endeavoring to suppress an involuntary sigh, he said firmly:

"Marcus, much as I esteem the memory of your brave father, and your own tried valor, I must request, without assigning my reasons, that your visits to my family be discontinued."

"My visits," said Marcus, with a halting, trembling voice, "were out of respect to yourself, and my love for your daughter."

"I only wish," replied Valens, "for the present to exercise the rights of a Roman parent."

Marcus made no reply, but descending quickly the lofty flight of marble steps, rushed into the street, and disappeared in the darkness.

There had been light enough, however, to reveal to Valens a knit brow, clenched teeth, and compressed lips as the young officer, had abruptly left him.

As Vertitia had remained standing inside of the door, she could distinctly hear most of the conversation going on without, and to which she stood listening for some time with eager and trembling interest.

At length, hearing her father request Marcus to cease his visits to his family, her flushed face had turned instantly pale as death; and she had rushed across the hall and flung herself on her knees at her mother's feet.

"Oh! mother, do intercede with father for me; he has forbid Marcus' returning again," said she, her eyes staring wildly, and her hands clasped tightly across her breast.

[To be Continued.]

A Good Yarn.

NOT A BIT OF DANGER!

A STRAY GAMBOL OF EUREKA.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Courage moral or physical, is a great gift, but presence of mind, in moments of peril, is, in some cases, a superior merit; in nine cases out of ten, discretion is better than valor. A man may guard against, by presence of mind, that which the most obdurate courage cannot successfully combat; but coolness or self-possession, have their drawbacks, as our story indicates.

We have heard of a very eccentric and singular man, who carried on business on Bayou Sara, down in the Mississippi country, some years ago; Tufts was his name, to which the liberal-hearted Mississippians had added Captain—Capt. Tufts.

Capt. Tufts was born on the frontier during the days of Indian fights and border warfare, and lived for years amid scenes of danger and death, in the South. To look at the old man, one need hardly be told that he had seen some pretty hard knocks, and no doubt indulged in as many "scrimmages" as most folks could boast of out there; as his face, head, hands, &c., exhibited as many cuts, thrusts, bumps and bruises, dots and discolorations as the hero of a hundred prize fights, or a score of Peninsular campaigns, could well exhibit. And yet no man wore a more peaceful, barrin' the warlike scars we mention—mild and benevolent aspect, than that Capt. Tufts, and indeed his disposition and general manner, were well dignified by his plain, unvarnished, though engraved countenance. To fully illustrate the character and manner of the old Capt., we will repeat a few of his adventures, which impart the causes and effects of the "outward signs" of the Captain's well tattooed complexion.

During the "Creek War," as it was called, Tufts was a volunteer, serving under the command of Gen. Jackson; and it so chanced that Tufts and a small party of his "fellow soldiers" got astray from the main body, and went blundering and buggering through a camp in which some four or five hundred of the enemy were encamped, and though it soon became evident that Indians were not far off, and the companions of Tufts were suspiciously uneasy, he pushed forward with a long ride over his shoulder, calling out to his fairly-companions, who lagged behind—

"Come along, come along, boys, there ain't no danger!"

Thus adulated, much against their will, the four companions of the self-satisfied Tufts, came along, and, all of a sudden, just as Tufts had uttered for the fifth time—"Come along, boys, there ain't no danger!"—a shower of arrows and bullets drove half of the sentence down poor Tufts' throat, knocked him head over heels among the bushes, and killed three of his four companions.

Somehow or other, Tufts crawled off, and was picked up the next day, quite bewildered with wounds, but still insisting—"there ain't no danger!"

The next exploit of considerable note, was the defeat of a bear hunt, in which Bruin, having killed two dogs belonging to Tufts, and a fellow hunter, he crawled into a dense chapparal and disappeared; and though Tufts was told by his companion that wounded bears in a dark jungle were better let alone, he insisted that there was no danger, and went poking around the retreat of the bear, until the wretched animal, gathering himself up for one grand, desperate charge, rushed upon Tufts—Tufts fled into the monster's teeth, and received a blow from Bruin that broke poor Tufts' arm and tore his scalp half off! It was in vain that Tufts yelled to his flying comrade that there was not a symptom of danger; the comrade cleared himself and reported Tufts torn to shreds; but next morning Tufts was found by a party of hunters, in a miserable condition, lying near his dead adversary, and as his friends stood off a few yards and hailed him, true to his instincts, Tufts in the best tone of voice he could raise, said—

"Come up, boys, don't be afraid—there ain't a speck of danger!"

Everybody, near about, may have heard of a certain desperate character whom a sheriff attempted to arrest in the court-yard at which Jackson presided. The desperado, holding himself upon his reserved rights (i. e. bowie and pistol) held the sheriff and his posse at bay.

"Tufts," said Judge Jackson, recognizing his old acquaintance in the Court, "Tufts, go out and arrest that man; you can do it by the Eternal!"

"Judge," said Tufts, "sit kin be done, for there ain't no sort of danger in it!"

But the moment Tufts advanced upon the ruffin, followed by the iron-nerved Judge, the villain fired—a bullet went through the cheek of poor Tufts, lying him flat upon his back for a moment. Everybody thought he was killed, but in a jiffy, up jumps Tufts, shouting—

"We've got him, I told you there weren't no danger!" Jackson had advanced, fixing his eagle eye and the muzzle of a pistol upon the ruffin, and arrested him.

Firing a salute, on the 8th of January, at Memphis, the old cannon rebounded and acted so unarily that Tufts proposed lashing the piece firmly to a platform; somebody ventured to inquire if the piece might not be too!

"But!" said Tufts, who was swinging the match ready to touch off the cannon—"but! no there ain't no danger!"

Tufts touched off his piece, and his friends found him doubled up, with a half dozen compound fractures of limb and body, some eight good rods from the muzzle of the busted cannon! Tufts voice was near gone—he essayed to say something—a bystander put his ear to the poor fellow's lips, and heard, in a very faint

"I say—I told 'em there was no danger!"

When the gamblers were routed at Natchez, Tufts was a resident of the city kept a store and done some trading on the river. The gamblers having fortified themselves in one of their principalities, they defied the citizens to oust them. Tufts lived close by, and was appointed by the citizens, to go to the gamblers and notify them to leave. As they approached the gamblers ordered them off, and at once fired upon the committee, who, being missed, lost no time in getting away, heedless of Tufts' rallying cry—

"Come back, men, stand your ground—there ain't any danger!"

Only just then, one of the gamblers threw a rock, which hitting poor Tufts between the eyes, rendered his vision ever after, very oblique. Tufts recovered, and made his appearance on board the Ben Sherrill; it was her last and fatal trip.

The boat was very crowded. With a party of convicts, our eccentric friend, Capt. Tufts, was seated in the social hall straining his eyes through a pair of green spectacles, at an elegant hand held, in a game of *Euchre*. "I pass," said Tufts, a smile playing over his corrugated countenance, as he gazed upon the *bovers* in his hand.

"Can't be did—no possible danger," said Tufts. "Hello! what's that?" he added, as an alarming noise started everybody but Tufts and his opponent to their feet.

"Fly away!" said Capt. Tufts, as another explosion and uproar took place on deck of the boat.

"Take that trick, if you please; and that, and—Another explosion—slivering the deck beneath their feet, and whirling Capt. Tufts' partner through the hurricane deck quite out short the Captain's next trick; but, with one desperate lunge, as himself, table, fifty tons of smoke pipe, cranks, wheels, boards and people, went whirling up into the air, it is creditably affirmed that Capt. Tufts was heard to bawl, as he waved aloft his 'best bowler'—

"Out! by thunder—I said there wasn't a red cent's danger!"

Capt. Tufts is still around, and says there's 'not a bit of danger!' of his stepping out very soon.

HYPOCRISY IS A FUNNY THING.—Hypocrisy is very funny. It walks into the church of a Sunday morning, sleek, clean shaved, and as smiling as a man with a new wife for the third time. It joins in the anthem, and the prayers, listens attentively to the sermons and deacons. It is as free with the women as rouge or prepared chalk, and talks to the young girls with the greatest freedom. The missionary cause is its special care; all the neighbors are drummed up to "come forward and aid a benevolent object." Some subscribe large sums, and others throw in small amounts—the large contributors get their names into the papers, while the small ones are content with having done their duty. The same hypocrisy we have seen severely prayerful of a Sunday, and on Monday it bartered a pair of gaiters with a courtizan. It has been known to turn up its eyes with horror at an oath, and before fairly recovered from the shock, to swindle a laboring man out of his money which should buy his children bread. It is prevalent in some cheap groceries, in the shape of short weight; is exhibited in wet goods; predominates in coffee; is powerful in milk, and—it's every where. Wherever you meet the fellow, shake him off; eschew his acquaintance—don't let your wife know there is such a character. Better be a Mormon, a thing-a-my, a street contractor, or ex-treasurer, than a hypocrite. It's hazardous ballast, if you paddle your own canoe.

WHEN YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR HAT.—Young man, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off. And mind what we offer. It is:

When you are asked to take a drink.

When you find out that you are courting an extravagant or slovenly girl.

When you find your self in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think you are a great deal wiser than older and more experienced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes, because you haven't the money to pay for them.

A Good Toast.

"Here's to internal improvement," as Debbis said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

To Parents. We commend the following excellent extract to the particular attention of parents.—We are confident that there are very many who may profit by its perusal: It makes one less hopeful of the future to pass through out streets of an evening, and listen to the rude and profane speeches which proceed from crowds of boys, who ought, at such times, to be under the home roof. Parents do not realize the responsibility which rests upon them in these matters. They forget that the future character of their children is almost entirely under their control. We believe that in most cases, the parent may mould the character of his child as he will, and if, when the child arrives at manhood, he is a source of sorrow and disgrace to the parent, the only consolation which the parent can obtain, is, that it is his or her own work. The parent may, even in a village such as this, select the intimate companions of his children. He should, at least, know the character of those with whom they associate on terms of intimacy. There are children whose very companionship is pollution. You may as well expect that your children may roll in the mud without being debauched as that they may mingle with bad boys, as companions, and not be in some degree debased.

BOYS OUT AT NIGHT.—I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful gleesome. Indeed I can hardly understand how a high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who had not enjoyed a full share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rights and customs which trench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents who are not fore-thoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observations upon this subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the street after a *half* fall.

It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy state of mind—bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language; obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that the boys principally acquire education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular, have a rigid and inflexible rule, that will not permit a son under any circumstances whatever, to go in the streets after nightfall with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or meet other boys for social chance occupation. A right rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the family center table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys are seen in the streets after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers keep your children home at night and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and above all, with a view of their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame as to openly violate the *sabbath-day* in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.

KING JAMES THE SECOND.—King James the Second, passing through Colchester, it was resolved, that the mayor should compliment him on his arrival. It so happened, that the chief magistrate was eminently stupid (which is looked upon as no strange thing in England.)

The town clerk was appointed to attend him at his back, and whisper what he was to say to the King. When they came into his Majesty's presence, the clerk, desiring to encourage the mayor, whispered—

"Hold up your head and look like a man."

"Hold up your head and look like a man!" did the mayor bawl to the king.

The clerk, astonished, whispered—

"What the devil do you mean?"

The mayor bawled out—

"What the devil do you mean?"

The clerk, sweating with fear and vexation, whispered—

"By heaven! you will ruin us all!"

The mayor immediately repeated—

"By heaven! you will ruin us all!"

The clerk in a violent rage said—

"Oh! you blundering puppy, I wish you had never come here."

The mayor again bawled—

"Oh! you blundering puppy, I wish you had never come here."

The clerk on this immediately took to his heels, and the mayor followed him, leaving the king in a violent fit of laughter, though not without rage.

There is only one paper in Egypt—a small monthly sheet in the Arabic language, at four dollars a year. It is devoted mainly to the powers that be, and every one in the employ of the Pacha is obliged to subscribe to it.

The power of Habit. John B. Gough, in a lecture delivered at Exeter Hall, London, thus illustrates the force of habit. The report is from a London paper.

I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in its turbulence which it must show when near the fall?"

"You will find it so, sir," and so I found it, and the first sight of Niagara, I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then, we shall slip with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail and speed to the land. Then on, boys don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point!

Up with the helm! Now turn! Full hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon the brow! set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it's too late!—Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming; over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while, "when I find out that is injuring me I will give it up!"

In concluding, the speaker warned young men, in very impressive language, that they could not, even by impatience, amendment, and a long life of religion and usefulness, wash out the stain of early dissipation, that would rise even in their holiest moments.

HORRIBLE WASTEFULNESS.—It seems that a full grown Buckeye in rather an obvious and bawny state, tumbled into a stage coach one bright morning, beside a traveller who was in pursuit of knowledge; certainly at that time "under difficulties." After the ribbons had been picked up and the "horses" received notice to start, the traveller remarked to the new comer that "Ohio was a fine country."

"—Ta—hick—taint nothin' else," hiccupped the Buckeye.

"What is the staple production sir?"

"Co-oor, orn!"

"You must raise a large quantity; what is done with it, sir?"

"Wher—hick—why, a good deal is used up for who—hick—iskey, and some they waste it making bread!"

A BAD MEMORY.—A boy at the age of ten years was sent to school for the first time.—The teacher to test his information, asked him:

"Who made you?"

The boy could not answer. The teacher told him the proper answer, and desired the boy to remember it. Some hours after the teacher repeated the question.

The boy rubbed his head in great agony, and at length answered:

"I swear—I've forgot the gentleman's name."

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—Some editor has recently propounded the following question.—If a wheel runs easier for being tired, would the same effect follow the same cause in the case of a horse? The inquiring and philosophic mind, fond of tearing off the veil which conceals the dark and abstruse, should ponder upon this important question.

MARRIED AT LAST.—We notice that in Opelousas, La., on the 22d ult., one Miss Mary Ann Tyde was united to Horatio Knowman, after a courtship of only nine years. We suppose this may be called another instance of the truth of the proverb, that "time and tide wait for no man," as she waited long enough.

KEEP RETORT.—Boswell asked Johnson once whether he had heard that Joseph concurred him to a mad dog. Have you heard, sir, said the doctor that people compare you to the fin kettle-tied to my tail?