

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME—DEVIL.

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IT ISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will,
To silver scour a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.
A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of a son,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him 'all the wealth of love,
Of college and of school,
Yet, after all, may make no more
Than just a decent fool.
Another, raised by Penury
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good to Heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till its burning letters bright
The world may read the name.
If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsels and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
O! 'tisn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will:
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER IX.

The man is yet to be found, who, after a fair trial of life, has gone down to the grave, unscathed by the sorrows of the world. Bright and joyous as were the rays that gilded his morning sky, yet a little while only, and cloud after cloud has risen, frowning in the heavens, and casting their deep, dark shadows across his path-way. And the enchanting visions of youth have faded away, and he has found himself upon a journey of peril and disappointment. In short, it has been found universally true of the race—"man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble."

It is well for man to know that this is his lot, and it is a lesson that should be taught him at the very outset of life. Trials are seldom so severe, when they have been anticipated, expected, looked for. Much of their sharpness is thus worn off before they come; or, at least, when they do come, they are not as some new and strange thing of which we had never before heard. They are rather like a friend, upon whose Daguerrotype we have often gazed; and consequently, whose acquaintance we much more easily and readily form.

But no anticipation of the trials of life can entirely blunt their edge, or render the blow harmless. All afflictions, at the time, are grievous, and sometimes fall upon the soul with an overwhelming, crushing force. This is peculiarly so with first trials. The human mind is injured by exercise. In this respect, it is very much like the bodily members; and the load, which, at first, may be well nigh insupportable, it may afterwards bear with a strange and wonderful ease. Such are the mysterious laws of man's mental, as well as bodily constitution.

"Oh! how I did pity that poor woman, tonight! What a trial! Husband, children—all burnt to death! How her poor heart bleeds!"
"But her strength, I dare say, will be made equal to her day."
"I hardly see how she can endure it, at all. I fear, were it my case, my faith would utterly fail me, and I should go distracted."
"Such would be the case, even with the children of hope, should their faith fail. They would sink under their trials, as the vessel goes down under the great stormy waves, and if they ever rose again, it would only be to float on the angry billows, a disjointed, broken, ruined, melancholy wreck. But they have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus, and their faith fails not."

"I confess, I hardly see how it is—how faith can sustain one under such trials."
"It is a mystery to the world, but not to them whose hope looks beyond the present, and penetrates the future of man."
"Perhaps I comprehend it; though not certainly."

"You see, faith operates on the reasonable soul, in a rational, reasonable way. It is because of the great truths, which it comprehends, appropriates, believes. Now this poor woman, like ourselves, believes in the soul's immortality—that death is only the passage to life—a life of unending, inconceivable glory. And, although she cannot overcome the common feelings of nature, she sees, far beyond

the griefs and bitter agonies of the world, those dear, loved ones in that exceeding and eternal glory. And then, she knows their separation is only for a little season, and that, shortly, her own weary spirit, redeemed and sanctified, will join them in their songs and hallelujah's forever."
"Truly, a comforting, joyous thought."
"Yes; it is the excellency, glory of our faith—this re-union of families and friends in heaven! It comes upon the heart, as we travel here in sorrow, with a calm, soothing, wondrous power; it lights up the darkest and dreariest nights of our pilgrimage; and as friend after friend depart, it stays the soul, and dries up the sorrows of those left behind."
"Oh! that we were all prepared for that bright, happy, family home."
"Trust in God. Our united, constant prayer shall yet be heard and answered."

This conversation took place between Valens and his wife, in a low, suppressed voice, as, wending their way cautiously along the narrow streets, they returned from the Catacombs.
The sky was clear, and the bright stars were twinkling and looking down upon the great, broad earth—types of those guardian spirits, who, at the bidding of their benevolent Creator, come forth from their invisible abodes, to watch over the new-born heirs of glory.—Under the protection of such powerful, unnumbered hosts, did they feel themselves secure; and with a stronger, brighter, faith, and a more than ordinary joyousness, did they return that night to their home—a home sweetened and endeared to them by the presence of Christ in their hearts, and the joys of a better and happier home to come.

And yet, it was a sad, awful night. The work of death was going on at a horrible rate. With the number of Martyrs, the mad, furious zeal of the Emperor and his minions had increased. During the day, great numbers of Christians had been arrested, chained, and thrust into gloomy dungeons. Scores had been condemned without even the formality of a trial. And, to-night, Valens and his wife could see, as they returned home, the flames, to the South West, reddened with the flames of their consuming bodies; while, now and then, they could distinctly hear the shouts of the maddened rabble, as some fresh victim, perhaps, was hurled into the devouring element.

And then, troops of boisterous, drunken, swearing soldiers were dashing along the streets, in all directions, cutting and slashing the air with their swords, and shouting the most horrid imprecations upon the heads of the "cursed sect," while the Emperor's slaves, in disguise, were lurking at the corners of the streets, or concealed in the alleys, watching for their prey. Citizens, of all classes and sexes, were assaulted in the streets; houses were forcibly or clandestinely entered; and if the smallest circumstances betrayed any one, or gave rise to the least suspicion, they were seized and dragged off.

Through the protection, however, of a merciful providence, Valens and his wife succeeded in eluding the eye of these emissaries of Satan, and reached the front of their residence in safety.
They are now ascending hastily the lofty flight of marble steps, and hurriedly opening the door, they have entered. They are now upon their knees, in the small vestibule, returning thanks to Almighty God for their safe return.

Rising from their knees, Valens, having thrown aside a loose, outside mantle, proceeded to the door of the great hall, or setting-room.

The lamp was burning dimly on the broad, curiously-wrought marble stand, which stood in its centre. A small article of Fiducia's dress was lying, as if carelessly thrown upon it; and upon it, also, lay an old, musty volume, open, and as if some one had just been reading from its pages. No one, however, was present.

"Why! where are they all?" said she, standing in the door, and casting her eyes around the room.
"Are they not here?" said Valens, as he walked hastily to the door, and entered the hall.
Valens, advancing to the stand, had closed the old volume and folded up the small article of dress; while Valens had seated himself and was looking anxiously around the room.

"This is rather strange," said he, after a moment's silence.
"Likely they're retired, as it's quite late," said Valens; "I'll see," and quickly leaving the hall, she proceeded to their private apartments.

Valens, in the mean time, had walked to a window, and was gazing out on the star-lit skies, in a strange, confused state of mind.
"There's really something very strange in this," said Valens, as she re-entered the hall; "Fiducia's child asleep on her couch, and a small lamp burning at its side; but I see nothing of herself, nor any thing of Valdinas and Veritia. It's really strange!"
To be continued.

It is supposed that the fellow who left the house, was not strong enough to carry it.

Historical.

EARLY PENNSYLVANIA.

FROM DIXON'S LIFE OF PENN.

The material growth of his city occupied only a part of Penn's attention. He took early and regular steps for the protection of morals and the promotion of arts and scholarship. Before the pines had been cleared from the ground he began to build schools and set up a printing press. These were not the least marvellous of the novelties introduced into Philadelphia. In other American settlements such luxuries had slowly followed in the wake of great physical prosperity. In December, 1683, Enoch Flower opened his school in a rude hut, formed of pine and cedar planks, and divided into two apartments by a wooden partition. The Philadelphia of the present age, educated in the elaborate courses of Girard's College, may smile at the simplicity of Enoch's charges and curriculum, though his ancestors tho't even such small matters worthy of place in their minutes of council: "To learn to read, four shillings a quarter; to write, six shillings; boating a scholar, viz.—diet, lodging, washing and schooling, ten pounds the whole year."

Six years afterwards a public school or college was founded, in which the famous George Keith was the first master. The office of teacher was held in the highest estimation. He was allowed fifty pounds a year, a house for his family, and a set of school-rooms, over and above all the profits made by the scholars; in addition to which he received a guarantee that his total income should never fall below a hundred and twenty pounds in any year—a very considerable sum in those days in a society so small and primitive in its habits. William Bradford, a native of Leicester, who went out with Penn in the *Welcome*, was the first printer to set up his art in the colony. It is worthy of remark that in Massachusetts, where learning and the arts have ever been cultivated with success, no book or paper was printed until eighteen years after its settlement in New York seventy-three years elapsed ere a press was got to work; in every other colony founded by England the interval was much greater: the governors of Virginia and Maryland set their faces against it in pious horror. The first book printed in Philadelphia was an Almanac for 1687, and must therefore have been printed in the preceding year. The schism of George Keith soon found more exciting work for Bradford, and from that time forward there was no rest for the printing-press in Pennsylvania. Another institution which he established deserves to be classed with his intellectual legislation. The post-office had been at work in England but a few years; yet so convinced was Penn of its utility that he at once issued his orders to Henry Wadly to run the post and supply travellers with horses. It is interesting to go back a few years and see how things were managed in the good old times. From the Falls of Trenton to Philadelphia the carriage of a letter was charged three-pence—to Chester five-pence—to Newcastle seven-pence—to Maryland nine-pence; from Philadelphia to Chester two-pence—to Newcastle four-pence—to Maryland six-pence. The post travelled once a week!

A curious trial which happened a few months after the arrival of the *Welcome*, served in its way to show the settlers that a new era had commenced. A wretched old woman was brought into the court on an accusation of witchcraft a few days after Enoch Flower had opened his school. The poor Sweedes had come out to the new world with the superstitious terrors of their northern solitudes fresh in their minds—and the woman being a restless and troublesome creature, they took it into their heads that she must be a witch. It is but fair to these poor Sweedes to say that wiser people than themselves believed in witchcraft both then and long afterwards. At that very period, Cotton Mather, after conquering himself with the evil spirit, began to persecute witches with the fury of one possessed, in the polished cities of Boston, Salem, and other places in Massachusetts. Learned Divines both in America and in England printed their belief in "God, a devil—and witchcraft;" even the enlightened Richard Baxter re-printed in England the rubbish written by Mather in America, accompanied by his own confession of faith in the statements put forth. George Fox, as is well known, believed in witches and in his own power to contend with and overcome them; and judges of civilized nations sent old women to the stake for this offence fifty years later. No wonder then that a few ignorant Sweedes, in a land of intellectual darkness, should have preferred such a charge against a troublesome old woman, whose conduct was to them equally annoying and unintelligible. It was fortunate for the prisoner that she was not to be tried for her life at Charlestown or Boston.

Penn presided at the trial, and to provide against any dissatisfaction with the verdict, the jury was composed partly of English and partly of Sweedes. The whole case was gone into; witnesses, sadly ignorant and vindictive for the most part, were examined and re-examined; the governor summed up and the jury retired to find a verdict against the woman of being guilty of having the common reputation of witchcraft, but not guilty in manner and form as she stood indicted. Her friends were

simply required to give securities for her that she would keep the peace. From that day to this, we are assured by Bancroft, no hag has ever ridden through the air on goat or broomstick in Penn's domain, and the blackest dealers in magic have pretended to no power beyond the art of telling fortunes to servant girls, muttering charms over quack medicines, or finding with the divining rod the lost treasures of the Buccaneers.

MONSTER RAFTS.

Victor Hugo, in his "Sketches of the Rhine," gives the following account of what we might call "Dutch Rafting," which will no doubt be interesting to Clearfield lumbermen—

Suddenly the river doudles upon itself, and you discover an immense raft from Namey, majestically descending. Three hundred sailors man this monstrous craft; long oars, fore and aft, simultaneously strike the water; a slaughtered ox hangs hooked to the stern, while a living one turns round the post to which he is lashed, loving to the herd he sees grazing on the shore. The padron nimbly mounts and descends from his station, the tricolor flag floats above, the smoke circles out of the sailors' huts, in fact, a whole village floats upon this prodigious platform of wood. Yet these immense rafts are, in comparison with the ancient craft of the Rhine, as a three-decker to a sloop. The drags or rafts of former times—made up, like those of to-day, of ship-building timber, bound together at their extremities by joists called *bauds-parron*, and secured together with osier twigs and iron cramps,—carried fifteen or eighteen habitations, ten or twelve boats laden with oars and rigging, were manned with a thousand rowers, drew eight feet of water, were seventy feet broad, and nine hundred long, viz. the length of ten first-rate pines of the Marg, that are tied end to end.

Around the central raft, and moored to it by means of a trunk of a tree, serving at once as a bridge and cable, floated in order to steady her course, as well as to diminish the chances of stranding, ten or twelve small sized rafts, about eight feet long, called by some *knice*, and by others *enhange*.

On one side of the great raft there was a clear way, leading from a spacious tent to the house of the padron, a kind of wooden palace. The kitchen smoked incessantly, and a vast cauldron bubbled night and day. Morning and evening, the pilot hoisted up a basket suspended to a pole, which was a signal for meals, and the crew, to the number of one thousand, assembled with their wooden spoons. These drags or rafts consumed, in one voyage, eight tons of wine, six hundred hogheads of beer, forty sacks of pulse, twelve thousand pounds of cheese, fifteen hundred pounds of butter, ten thousand of smoked meat, twenty thousand fresh, and fifty thousand pounds of bread. They took with them a flock of sheep and a butcher. Each of these rafts was worth about eighty thousand pounds sterling.

It is difficult to imagine how such an island can float from Namey to Dordrecht, dragging its archipelago of islets through all the rapids, rocks, and gulls abounding in the Rhine. The wrecks were frequent, and the proverb ran, that the speculator in rafts should have three capitals: one on the Rhine, the second on shore, and the third in his pocket. The art of piloting these monsters was rarely possessed by more than one man in a generation; and at the end of the last century, it was the secret of a master bargeman of Rudesheim, called the old "Jung." Jung having departed this life, the secret seems to have died with his master.

There is a fast boy out in Madison, Wisconsin, who, if he gets no backsets, will scarcely fail to reach Congress or the Penitentiary one of these days. His school teacher, a young lady, was prosecuted by his parents for pretty severely wailing the young rascals back for his badness. The case went up to Court, and the verdict of the jury was in effect, "served him right." We give one of the items of the boy's testimony, the wit of which atoned for its rudeness. He asked her to do a sum for him: which was to subtract 9 from 28. One of the counsel asked him if he could not do it without her assistance. He answered, "I might, but the arithmetic said I couldn't subtract 9 from 8 without borrowing 10, and I didn't know where the hell to borrow it." It is a little questionable whether a boy who does not know where to borrow a ten will ever get to Congress.

NATURALLY ANSWERED.—My dear, said an anxious father to a bashful daughter. "I don't intend that you should throw yourself away on the wild worthless boys of the present. You must marry a man of sober and mature age—one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attractions. What do you think of a fine mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter, looking into her father's face, and with the smallest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered: "I think two of twenty-five would be better, Pa."

An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, life being apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions when he had just awakened from his sleep, Pat asked him, "An how 'll we know, Jemmy, when ye're dead? ye're after waking up every time." "Bring me a glass of grog, and say, 'there's till ye, Jemmy,' and if I don't rise and drink, then bury me."

Evening and Death.

Death never appears a more welcome visitor than in the evening when, Jean Paul sweetly says, the day is dying amid blossom clouds, and with its own swan song. Then even the alleys and gardens speak in low tones, like man when deeply moved; and around the leaves fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, with a tender whisper, as if afraid of disturbing the holy stillness. At such a time, only the larks, like man, rise warbling into the sky, and then, like him, drop down again into the furrow; while the great soul and the sea lift themselves unheeded and unseen to heaven, and rushing streams, sublime and fruit-giving, and waterfalls, and thunder-showers dash down the valleys. In such an hour, the tone of the tolling bell which tells of the dying, around whom the Last Angel has drawn the shades of night, therein to sever his heart-strings, as they bandage one's eyes in the amputation of a limb, seem unspeakably sweet, and rises like a hymn upon the air. It sounds as if Death itself were flying down from Heaven, as indeed it is, with a song upon its lips, and singing on with one continuous tone of rapture, hanging poised with open wings above the earth, until the flowers should have sprung up for its evening couch.

In the evening, Death comes gently, and on its darkened battle-field no echo of the receding earth can enter. Softly and calmly, in the dim light, the angels fold about the dying one the mantle of eternal Love; gently they loose the silver chord, and giving Faith the helm of their tiny barque, steer out toward the shadowy waters that beat, in the far distance, against the very gates of Heaven.

Death in the evening is beautiful; there is in it then a poetry and eloquence that speak to the heart like a trumpet, and garland the soul with sunshine. To be cherished forever, as a precious thing, as the memory of those who die in the lap of the evening.

A Case of Conscience.

"Friend Broadbrin," said Zephaniah Strait-lace to his master, a rich Quaker of the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy nuptial table to-day."
"And wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.
"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it—yea, and hath eaten it up."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"
"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog; even Pinch'em."
"Upon what evil times have we fallen?" sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Gripus," said he, "I want so ask thy opinion."
"I am all attention," said the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog has gone into thy neighbor's pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"
"Pay for the mutton; nothing can be clearer."
"Know, then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in the market, this morning."

"Oh! well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it; and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.
"Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrin," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet farther to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings—for advice."

"Then, verily, I must pay thee; and it is my opinion I have touched pitch and been defiled."
LEGAL ANECDOTE.—Quite an animated discussion once arose in a hotel in "Merrie" England between John Bull and Brother Jonathan, on a point of law. The point was this—Cana witness, in a legal sense, positively attest to a noted historical fact—a fact well known to everybody—yet a fact with which he has no personal acquaintance or knowledge, without committing perjury?
"I say he can," quoth Jonathan, "and his oath will be taken as evidence in all courts of equity."
"And I say he cannot!" exclaimed John Bull.
"Wal, now, jest looker here, Mr. John Bull," began Jonathan, pointing his finger at him, and shaking it impressively and speaking emphatically, "don't you know there is such a place as America—the United States of America?"
"I've never crossed the Atlantic; consequently I don't know," was the reply.

"Wal," said Jonathan, "all I've got to say is, if you'd lived in the day's of the Revolution, and had been 'recount,' you'd ha' soon found it out, I guess."
John Bull evaporated, and Jonathan began to whistle Yankee Doodle.

ANGER.—As preventative of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanderers from your presence and conversation, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and your credulity, and after that steal away our patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too exquisite into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or to the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own home.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

"Little dam Brook."

A clergyman, seeing a little boy playing in a small stream by the road-side, inquired for his father.

"He's over to the little dam brook," exclaimed the lad.

"What!" said the reverend gentleman, shocked at the boy's profanity. "Can't you speak without swearing?"

"Well, he is over to the little dam brook, any how," persisted the boy, as he went splashing through the water and mud after a butterfly. "He's been over to the little dam brook all day, and if you don't believe it, you can go up to that house and ask mother."

The clergyman sought an interview with the mother immediately, and complained of the profanity of her child. After telling her, however, what the lad had said, she laughingly informed him that "little dam brook" was a title by which the stream was called to distinguish it from "big dam brook," situated a few miles further to the eastward.

He now felt that he had wronged the boy, and therefore owed him an apology. Hurrying back to the spot he exclaimed,

"Boy, I wronged you in accusing you of swearing; but you should have told me that 'little dam brook' was only the name of a stream, and I then would not have scolded you."

"Well, 'ta'n't no matter," said the happy youngster, as he held aloft a straggling frog that he had speared with his mother's clothes stick. "There's a big dam on big dam brook, and a little dam on little dam brook, and we would have had a little dam on this brook, only I s'pect it's so small it ain't worth a d—n."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"Where's your husband, to-night, Mrs. Smith?"

"Massy only knows, Mrs. Brown, every night, regular, as soon as he's milked the cow, and done the chores, he starts off and don't come back till high on to twelve o'clock."

"Just the way with my husband, I'll tell you what, I believe them Know Nothings is at the bottom of it."

"So do I, I think it's a disgrace, and a shame, that they should entice honest men away from their families in such a way."

The next time the ladies met was the day after election day.

"Well, I declare, Mrs. Smith, if it don't beat all. My husband is elected member of the General Court, by the Know Nothings."

"And mine is chosen Town Clerk—fifty majority."

"After all, Mrs. Smith, the Know Nothings are better than any of the other parties."

"That's a fact, Mrs. Brown. I really believe they have the good of their country at heart."—[Exit both.]

The "Cursed" Indians.

A gentleman called at a hut in the Aroostook valley and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or for the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler, as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.
"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Mooshead Lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the Lake into the Aroostook valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the afflicted woman, "it isn't God that's going to do it—it's the cursed Injins!"

A colored boy was looking through a grave yard fence upon the tomb stone of a villager who in life had been known as a rather close-fisted citizen, whose principal care had been "the greatest good of the greatest number," the "greatest number" with him having been "number one." After a pompous inscription, the following passage of scripture was recorded:—"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the lord." "Dat may be so," soliloquized Sambo, "but w'en dat man died, de Lord didn't owe him a red cent!"

The Waterford Sentinel makes the following capital hit:—If you want to keep your town from thriving, turn a cold shoulder to every young mechanic or beginner in business, and look upon every new-comer with a jealous scowl. Discourage all you can; if that won't do, decry his work, and rather go abroad for wares than give him your money. Last, though not least, refuse to patronise the village paper.

"John, how does the thermometer stand?"
"Against the wall, dad."

"I mean how is the mercury?"

"I guess its pretty well, dad; it hasn't complained lately."

"You little rascal, is it colder than yesterday?"

"I don't know, dad, I'll go out and feel."