

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME—DEWIVER.

VOL. 1.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1854.

NO. 24.

RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.
Bros. Jones, Publishers.
Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1 50
If paid within the year, 2 00
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Poetry.

WHEN ARE WE HAPPEY?

'Tis not when gems diffuse their rays,
When diamonds shed their light,
When on radiant beauty gaze,
When we on radiant beauty gaze,
That sweetest joys unite;
'Tis not when regal pomp appears,
With dignity repeats,
When all a star-like radiance wears,
That richest pleasures meet;
But 'tis when friendship's brightest gleam
Illumes life's dreary way,
When deep affection warms the beam
Dispels the wintry day;
When kindred souls each other greet
With undivided delight,
That all our dearest pleasures meet,
Our fondest hopes grow bright.
'Tis not when philosophic lore
With wonder chains the mind,
When earth unlocks her hidden store,
That greatest wealth we find;
But 'tis when tired of worldly dreams,
We turn one thought away,
To dwell on holy, heavenly themes,
Which all of earth's outweigh.
'Tis when Religion's silver tone
Falls sweet upon the ear,
And leads the weary wanderer home,
From sin and doubt and fear,
'Tis when by faith our eyes behold
The gift of pardoning love,
The robe, the hair, the crown of gold,
Reserved for us above.

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITERS FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE HARTY FAMILY.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.]

CHAPTER XI.

"What! you here!" exclaimed the Emperor, after eyeing the young man closely a moment; and then giving a short, hoarse laugh, grined with more than ordinary fendishness.

"Yes," said the young man, scornfully, "I'm here, and I'm here by the authority of your majesty—the Emperor of the Roman people."

"Then, you are a wretch of a Christian! an enemy to the Empire! a murderer! and you shall be burnt," shouted the Emperor, in a wild, ungovernable rage.

"You murdered my father in cold blood, and I expect no mercy at your hands."

"You confess, then?" demanded the Emperor, a little more mildly, and seeming to quail before the keen, piercing eye of the young man.

"Confess what?" demanded the young man, boldly.

"That your sect burnt the city," said the Emperor.

"That is for your majesty to prove. According to the laws of Rome, only those who have been proved guilty of the charge preferred against them, can be condemned. Now, I put myself upon trial, and I demand in the presence of this assembly of the Roman people, that you prove the charge in accordance with the most ancient usage of our illustrious ancestors."

"Are you a Nazarene?—that's the charge!" said the Emperor, with an immoderate sneeze, and glancing his small, grey, bleary eyes in all directions, through the hall of the court.

"If that's all, then you may give my body to the flames, as soon as you choose; but, in so doing, you give yourself, body and soul, to a more certain vengeance, and a more horrid torture. The death of such multitudes of the noblest and best citizens of Rome, merely to satiate a tyrant's thirst for blood, the virtue of the Roman people and the justice of heaven, in due time, will avenge."

The young man said this with deep emotion, and with a sort of prophetic sorrow of countenance, but casting upon the Emperor, at the same time, a withering look of indignation and contempt.

The Emperor shrunk in his seat, with a sudden, convulsive shudder, and seemed utterly confounded. Then giving vent to his pent up wrath, he sprang to his feet, and slashed his long, bony arms around him; but before he could utter a word, a violent fit of sneezing seized him, and he was obliged to re-seat himself again.

This over, he was again on his feet, stamping and storming, in a furious, outrageous manner, and shouting at the top of his shrill voice:

"The wretch! the wretch! Gay! gag! Soldiers!—your duty—to the flames!"

Instantly, one of the guard, springing forward, thrust the hilt of his sword into his mouth, knocking out several of his teeth, and lacerating his jaws in a most shocking manner; and in this bleeding, wounded condition, the soldiers dragged him to the door; and, in a few moments, he had shared the same sad fate of those who had preceded him.

This young man's father had been, for many years, a member of the Senate; but his own virtue, and the firm, fearless stand which he had taken in that body, against the extravagance and vices of the Emperor, had incurred his displeasure, and a year before this, he had

been secretly put to death by his order.

Soon after the death of his father, his only son, who inherited all his eminent virtues, became pensive and melancholy, and finally dejected; had challenged the Emperor to an open, mortal combat; but no notice being taken of this, he had stolen into the palace in disguise, and was in the very act of thrusting him through with his sword, when two of his guard, happening in, rescued him from the hands of the wild, maddened youth. In the confusion, however, he had managed to escape; and the most vigilant efforts of the Emperor had hitherto failed in his apprehension.

A few months, however, after this attempt on the Emperor's life, his reason returned, and he was entirely recovered. He had left Rome, with the intention of traveling abroad; but meeting with some Christian friends soon after he had set out, he became acquainted with the sublime and glorious truths of their faith, renounced the Pagan superstition, and embraced the gospel. For some reason, he re-traced his steps, and returned again to Rome; but, unfortunately, he was arrested, on the streets the night after his arrival.

He was recognized by the Emperor; and whether a Christian or not, his fate was sealed from that moment. Of this, the young man was fully conscious; and though his noble spirit was roused, yet he calmly submitted to the death which he saw awaited him; but not till he had predicted, with prophetic certainty, the Emperor's miserable doom. And as he was hurriedly dragged to the door, the blood streaming from his mouth, many of the spectators were not only affected to tears, but a sort of suppressed murmur passed round the vast assemblage, like the low, sepulchral murmur of the ocean, drifted upon each successive wave, or borne afar inland by some fitful gust of air. And it had a deep, solemn, horrid meaning in it; and happy had it been for the Emperor, had he heeded this low, rumbling volcano of mind, ere its molten torrents were poured forth. But the cup of his iniquity was not yet full.

After his encounter with the young man, the Emperor seemed roused, and had the rest of the day to himself, with scarce a question at all; and in a very short time, a solitary one only remained.

This was a female, and evidently quite young. She had sat all the time closely veiled; and no one, as yet, had seen her face, or had been able to divine who she was.

The night was far advanced. The lights were burning dimly in the hall. The spectators, many of them growing weary, had left; while those who still remain, though mostly indignant at the Nazarene, could scarce help wishing for this remaining one a better fate than had befallen her companions.

It is necessary here to state, that an hour before this, a man had entered the hall, evidently in disguise. He had walked quite forward to the throne, and had stood, silent and motionless, leaning against one of the lofty marble columns. His entrance, had not been altogether unnoticed by the Emperor; and several times he had cast his eyes upon him with a sort of distrustful, suspicious stare.

"Rise!" said the Emperor.

The female was instantly upon her feet.—Every eye in the assembly was anxiously fixed upon her; and there was a breathless silence.

For a moment, the Emperor seemed confused, and endeavored to compose himself by various shiftings of his body, and adjustments of his robe.

"Your face!" at length he demanded, in a low, hesitating voice.

Drawing a white, delicate, trembling hand from underneath the ample folds of a rich, costly dress, she quickly threw her veil aside, discovering to the gaze of the Emperor, a face of noble and commanding beauty, with a pair of large, dark, round eyes, and long, glossy curls of black hair, falling down over the sides of the face and shoulders, in ample profusion.

The cheeks were full, but pale; the lips were compressed and white as marble; the large, dark eyes were fixed upon the Emperor, but with more of kindness and benevolence than fear or indignation in their steady gaze; while over all was spread the evidences of a sad, sudden sorrow, increasing, however, rather than diminishing the strength of her fascinating charms.

In the mean time, the man leaning against the marble column, had shifted his position, so as to catch a full view of the female's face.

He gazed a moment—then returned again to his former position, and with difficulty seemed to support himself.

"A Nazarene?" demanded the Emperor.

"I confess," said she, in a firm, unhesitating voice.

"Who are you?" he inquired, in his best speaking voice, after having wantonly eyed her a few moments.

"I shall not tell!" was the decided reply.

"The dogs! aint you afraid of death?"

"No!"

"How comes that?"

"Through the death and sufferings of one Jesus."

"Who?"

"One King Jesus."

"Ah! ha!—and where does he hold his court?" shouted the Emperor, sneeringly.

"He's the son of one only living and true God; his throne is the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all. He's the Saviour of my soul, and of all them that believe in him."

The Emperor laughed heartily at this; but it was only to display to greater advantage the old fendish grin, and the row of yellow teeth.

"To-night—to dungeon; to-morrow, at ten o'clock—to the flames! Soldiers! your duty," shouted the Emperor, at the same time, descending from the throne, he left the Forum, surrounded by his guard.

Reader, this was Fiducia; the man leaning against the marble column, was Valens!

To be continued.

A Short Story.

WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY!

OR INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

"What do people say about it?" said Harriet Ogden, as the door closed upon a young bride-groom; "how anxiously he asked the question; and yet of what consequence is it to him or his pretty bride?"

"Of just as much as they please to make it," replied her father.

"And not one jot more—yet it is evidently the canker-worm which is eating out the very heart of his happiness."

"But not of her's, Harriet," observed Mrs. Ogden. "She is so simple and natural, so entirely without pretension, and has withal such a light and loving heart, that what people say will touch her happiness, only as it touches his."

"And after all, my dear, she is a good girl, a pretty girl, and they are every way suited to each other; there really is not one rational objection to the match, and that so many have been conjured up is truly wonderful," said Mr. Ogden.

"Oh! people do love to be meddling," responded Harriet laughing; "it's the way of the world. My only wonder is that he should care about it."

"My dear niece," said Dr. Fraser, putting down the medical journal, and taking off his spectacles, "it is my vocation you know to study the mental as well as the physical developments of this strange being, man; and I can assure you that *Christianity* is not the only one whose happiness is made or marred by the lightest breath of popular opinion. I could make out a long list of similar cases from my own personal observation, but not now, for a living illustration of my doctrine has just entered the gate."

"In the form of Mrs. Mercer. But I beg your pardon, unless it is not to popular opinion, but to that of the aristocracy, the self-constituted aristocracy of our republican land that she bows the knee. To obtain a footing in what she terms the best society, and to be visited and invited by those who stand a little higher in it than she can hope to stand, are the marks at which she aims; all her arrangements, plans, manoeuvres, tend to this; I really do not believe she has a thought beyond it.—Her dress, furniture, manners, language, are modelled as nearly as possible after those of Mrs. A. B. and C. (by the way she would not go one letter lower upon any account; their opinion is her standard of right; their conduct her rule of action. To be genteel and fashionable, or rather to be *thought so*, is the height of her ambition, the supreme of her felicity; and to attain this, in her view, enviable distinction, she every day submits to greater inconveniences, makes greater sacrifices and toils more diligently than many very good people are willing to do in the way of their duty."

"Harriet, my dear," said Mrs. Ogden, in a reproving tone.

"Take care Harriet, this satirical vein will not win friends," observed the doctor in his own quiet way. "If the lady had not stopped to speak to a friend she might have listened to the conclusion of your flattering eulogium."

"No matter if she had," returned Harriet, laughing; "as her perceptive organs are quite moderate, she never would have discovered the likeness."

The lady entered; a tall spare woman, somewhat coarse and uncouth in manners and appearance, but yet laboring most sedulously in every word and movement after grace and elegance.

Her first remark after she sat down was characteristic. "I have just been lamenting to Mrs. Brown, that Charles Grant, fine young man as he is, should have taken such a step, and given so much occasion to the world to censure him."

"And we were just lamenting," returned Harriet, quickly, "that he has so little independence of mind as to care for its censure?"

"Surely you do not mean to say, Miss Ogden, that the world's censure is to be despised?"

"By no means when we deserve it, Mrs. Mercer. But I think I should be very likely to despise it in a case like this, where I was conscious of being right, and where, besides, it had no business to interfere."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ogden, "you speak warmly and unadvisedly. You do not mean that you would despise, but that you would not fear, would not shrink from its censure, when sustained by a consciousness of right."

"I ought to mean so, I suppose," replied Harriet, coloring and smiling; "but I fear in such a case, I could not help despising it too."

"If too great a deference to public opinion

be a prevailing weakness, your friends will acquit you of partaking it, my dear," observed Dr. Fraser.

"But Doctor," said Mrs. Mercer, eagerly, "it seems to me altogether laudable and praise-worthy to wish to deserve the good word of the world."

"I have nothing to say against wishing to deserve it, Mrs. Mercer; though the life of many a good man, and woman too, can testify, that it is not the surest way to obtain it; but you are aware there is a wide difference between *deserving* and *determining* to win it, at any rate, by any means."

"Certainly," replied the lady; "but very few would go that length in our moral and Christian community; and in all doubtful cases I think it quite right to fall in with the general voice."

"When we have once persuaded ourselves of that, doubtful cases will be always recurring; and they will decrease in number, only as we increase in singleness of heart, and simplicity of purpose; only, and just in proportion, as we take for our rule of action, God's perfect and unvarying law, instead of the countless worldly motives and opinions which too often sway us."

"It is marvellous, my dear Mrs. Mercer," said Mr. Ogden, "how difficulties are cleared away, and the whole system of ethics is simplified, and made plain, by having an unvarying standard to refer to; and by allowing it, and it alone, to decide in all cases. Why what an exceedingly harassing and perplexing business it must be to try to regulate our conduct by the discordant and fluctuating opinions of the many or the few; or by the jarring interests, prejudices, and passions, in our own bosoms; and more preposterous still, to attempt at the same time to make it harmonize with the pure and simple precepts of the Gospel!"

"Yet, how many are striving to do it," observed Dr. Fraser, "striving to reconcile contradictions—to perform impossibilities; are they not in truth spending their strength for naught—laboring in the fire for vanity? And how many have set up the idol Opinion, in their hearts, and then laid upon its altar the best gifts they have to offer, reason, conscience, truth, independence of mind. How many withhold their countenance from a good cause till they are sure it is popular, and dare not frown down a bad one if it find favor with the multitude? How many inquire more diligently, 'what is the opinion of the world?' than 'what is truth?' How many ask first, 'what does the world think, or say, or do?' and then, perhaps, 'what is right?' Aye, how many are laboring as earnestly as if life, or everlasting peace depended upon success, and as if success were possible, to please the mutable, the inconsistent, the unreasonable, the exacting public? and how many are trying, truly and sincerely, just to do their duty?"

"But, Doctor, St. Paul says in one of his epistles, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil; and in another, that he made himself all things to all men. Now this looks as if he respected the opinion of the world. You see that he says, 'appearance of evil;' that which the community around, the Christians he addressed, thought evil."

Dr. Fraser would have smiled at this strange exposition, but that he had heard stranger ones. "I dare say you believe, Mrs. Mercer," he said, "that one portion of Scripture never contradicts another; but yet if your explanation be correct, the apostle does not practice according to his own preaching. You will have no difficulty in recollecting many instances, in which he provoked the fury of a popular assembly, because he preached boldly in opposition to its opinions. No, St. Paul's whole life after his conversion, declares that he did not intend to teach the followers of Him 'who went about doing good,' not only when the multitude cast their garments in the way and cried, 'hosanna in the highest;' but when they said, 'the cathartem out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils;' not only when they would have made him a king, but when they persecuted and sought to slay him; that they must do it, only when every voice cheers them onward, and every hand is stretched out to help. He did not mean to teach the disciples of Him who fearlessly asserted the great principles of truth, and right, unawed alike by the determined opposition of the chief priests and Pharisees, and the murmurings of the people, that they must bend like a withe before the lightest breath of censure—that they must tremble at a sneer, and resign their better judgment, to silence the tongue of ridicule, or slander—that they must shape their course by the ever-varying weather-cock of the world's opinion—that their consciences must be obeyed, only when it pleased the many or the few to suffer it. No, indeed. His was a consistently independent spirit, that boldly reproved wrong even in a brother apostle; and firmly and fearlessly preached truth, and rebuked error, in the very face of opposition and obloquy."

Mrs. Mercer was evidently uneasy, but she remained silent; and Mr. Ogden, taking a book from the table, observed, "In looking over Harriet's album yesterday, I came across an extract purporting to be taken from the New York Mirror; and which deserves to be recorded in every heart." "We call that mind free which is not imprisoned in itself, or in a sect; which recognises in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children—

which sympathises with suffering; which conquers pride and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind. We call that mind free which is not passively formed by outward circumstances; which is not the creature of accidental impulse—but which binds events to its own improvement, acts upon an inward spring from immutable principles which it has deliberately expoused. We call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cower to human opinions; which respects itself too much to be the slave of the many or the few."

"That," said the doctor emphatically, "is Science and Scripture too; and I will add that we call that mind free which is not a slave to its own prejudices and opinions; which has candor and conscience enough to listen to the arguments of all parties, and dares to decide impartially between them; which is sincerely searching for truth, and is ready to embrace it from whatever source it come, and however at variance with its previous views and feelings; which fearlessly follows where it leads, and does not shrink from the consequences of receiving or declaring it; finally, that mind, and that alone, is free, which asks no counsel of human wisdom, in a right cause qualis non before human power, nor shrinks from human censure."

Napoleon on His Way to St. Helena.

The following scene, as given in the book of Mr. Chautard from Santini's notes, is at once curious and amusing:

The Northumberland was fifteen days out. We had passed Teneriffe, the heat was becoming oppressive—Cypriani, to cool himself, had asked Santini to cut his hair. While this operation was going forward in the forepart of the ship, the Emperor, followed by General Gourgaud and the Count Las Cases, approached the scene of action. He expressed his surprise, exclaiming—"Why, here is the old guardian of my portfolio become hair-dresser!" He then turned to Santini, and said to him, "In Ajaccio *patois*—When you have finished with him, you will cut my hair; do you hear?—and have a care how you cut it." Santini, having finished his task upon Cypriani, went to the Emperor's cabin. It was not without painful emotion that the Corsican mountaineer placed his hand upon that Imperial head, about which the mark of a recently-worn crown still remained—upon that head in which that civilizing inspiration has been elaborated which had altered the aspect of Europe. It was with a trembling hand that Santini, knowing nothing of the hair-dresser's art, began his task. He had hardly applied the scissors, when the Emperor said, with a laugh, to General Gourgaud—"Watch this mountaineer, General, for if he fails to do his work well, we will have him thrown into the sea." Then turning to his *valet de chambre*, who was carefully collecting into a *serviette* the severed hair, he added—"Marchand, look to this new hair-dresser, and tell me how he gets on."

Although all this was said in a kind and playful voice, the Emperor's words so discomposed Santini, that he pinched his master's left ear with the end of the scissors; whereupon the Emperor, turning round, exclaimed in Corsican *patois*—"Brigand, are you going to cut one of my ears off?—General, throw this rascal into the sea!" "Sire! Sire! exclaimed Santini, pretending to be alarmed. "Sire, I was not here!" "The brigand was not here when he was cutting my ear?"—"No, Sire, my mind had wandered back to Ambletuse.—I saw you surrounded by your army, threatening the coasts of those very English who, against the rights of nations, keep you a prisoner now. Then, Sire, England could not foresee a day like this." The Emperor sighed, and his face assumed that deep melancholy expression which Gross immortalized. "You were thinking of that, were you?" said the Emperor seriously; "well, finish cutting my hair"—and the operation was completed without the exchange of another word. When it was over, the Emperor made a sign for all to retire, and they left him alone, looking sad and thoughtful. The scenes that lay between the camp at Ambletuse and the cabins of the Northumberland, were of a nature to make the sternest soul dream sadly.

LAMPS IN THE HOUSES OF THE ARABS.

The houses of the Arabs are never without lights. Not only all the night long, but in all the inhabited apartments of the house. This custom is so well established in the East that the poorest people would rather retrench part of their food than neglect it. Therefore Jeremiah makes the taking away of the light of the candle, and the total destruction of a house the same thing. Job describes the destruction of a family among the Arabs and the rending of one of their habitations desolate, after the same manner. "How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them!" On the other hand, when God promises to give David a land always in Jerusalem, (1 Kings xi. 36) in this point of view, it is considered an assurance that his house should never become desolate.

DEAL GENTLY.

Deal gently with those that stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more amiable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

Science of Agriculture.

What has science yet done for practical agriculture? This is a question, still asked, notwithstanding all that has been written and performed of late years, showing the intimate connection of science with practical husbandry in its largest sense.

Botany, physiology, geology, and mechanics, all lay claim to the honor of having benefited general husbandry, and those concerned in it. Chemistry however, has for many years taken the lead in explaining the process, and illustrating the principles on which the practice of agriculture depends. There is no agricultural process in which it does not perform a part,—no appearance on which it does not throw light,—no materials with which the husbandman works or produces, whose qualities it does not explain. The general culture of land, the application and qualities of manures, the feeding and treatment of stock, the manufacture of butter and cheese, have all been analytically investigated in the laboratory of the chemist. These investigations and researches are gradually shedding light upon practical operations in every direction, and it is time our farmers and agriculturalists should avail themselves of the resources which science has already placed within their reach.

We know that there are many persons who regard the practical teachings of science as an innovation upon their peculiar rights, or specific domain of knowledge. Yet these very individuals, are undervaluing the aids of the very science, that, unknown to themselves, has made them what they are. There are always a few persons in the community that set the example to the rest; who run the first risk, try the first experiment, and establish the successive improvements. The rest profit by their knowledge, and adopt the experiments they have tested. Thus the whole community advances, and those very individuals, who pride themselves upon their long experience and practical knowledge, are indebted to the few that form the locomotive by which the whole train is slowly dragged onward.

It is time that the free-born husbandmen of America should relinquish the idea, that they cannot succeed unless they tread in the beaten path of their fathers—that every new discovery in agriculture is an innovation upon the old and established usages, that must be resisted at all hazards. They should not only endeavor to obtain scientific knowledge themselves, but they should educate their children in such a manner that they will not be compelled to labor hereafter to regain the position their parents have lost.

Laboring Men.

The working-men are the lords of the earth who build up or cast down at their pleasure. Their trophies are found wherever art, science, humanity, and civilization dispense their benign influence. To them are we indebted for all the blessings and privileges we enjoy, and especially for our liberty and independence. Our Revolutionary sires were all full grown working men, strengthened by long habits of endurance, and ripened by care and toil.

"They were tinkers, and tailors, and cobblers, —what then, were they not patriots? Were they not men?"

The immortal WASHINGTON, was a surveyor, and in after life a practical farmer. Green, the anomalous Quaker, was a hard working blacksmith. Morgan was a drover,—and intimately acquainted with the "Cow-pens!" Knox was a book-binder. Arnold—the traitor—kept a provision store in New Haven.—Gates, after the close of the war, was a farmer. Allen, Putnam, and Stark, were also farmers. Franklin was a printer. (The craft was well represented.) Marion was a cow-boy, and Sumpter a shepherd's boy. Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, and Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, was a physician.

Work on, then, thou child of toil, and thy destiny will be the highest throne of power. The time will soon come when the drones that infest the hive of activity shall be cast out, and thy glorious superiority be acknowledged through all coming time.

China seems to be pretty near overrun by rebels. A few months ago, it was said that the rebel leaders were converts to christianity, but according to the latest accounts they are pretty 'hard christians,' as they threaten to exterminate all the 'red hairy devils,' as they call the English and Americans. Plain spoken people these Chinese, indulging in their candor at the expense of their politeness.

While Dr. Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her, he told her that he had no property; and moreover, he once had an uncle that was hung. To which the lady replied that she had no more property than he had, and as to her relatives, although she never had one that was hanged, she had a number that deserved to be!

Old Squire R. was elected Judge of the inferior court of some county in Georgia.—When he got home his delighted wife exclaimed: "Now my dear, you are a Judge, what am I?" "The same darned old fool you always was."

Big School.—Munich, in Bavaria, is the constant residence of 600 artists, and the seat of a University of 1800 pupils, and sixty professors, among whom are some of the most learned and distinguished in Germany.