

# Raftsmen's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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## THE WIFE OF THE INEBRIATE.

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.  
A lovely thing is the light that joy  
O'er the young and gentle throws.  
When the budding heart love fluttereth,  
As the humming-bird the rose:  
But the grace of grief, o'er beauty thrown,  
Is a lovelier thing, I ween;  
It is the pale moon's holy light,  
When it silv'ers a summery scene.

I am thinking of her I saw last night,  
Of her dark and pensive eye,  
Which melted into angel thoughts,  
And shone like a star-lit sky.  
Her voice—twas the voice that we hear in  
Or the rivulet tones of May—  
Eye, voice, and all are with me now,  
And never can pass away!

He—once her young heart's joy—drew near,  
And he sat him by her side;  
What was it wrung her gentle brow?  
What flushed her timid pride?  
His soul is sealed to the poison-fend;  
His breath is a breath of flame;  
And gibbering heavily there he sat  
And rocked in his idiot shame.

And this, all this, where the world looked on,  
Amid a stranger throng!  
I felt it would be a joy to die  
For that gentle being's wrong!  
With her quivering lip and her swimming eye,  
And her mute and crushed despair,  
She looked as grief in heaven would look,  
If grief e'er entered there.

How beautiful, thus sorrow-crowned,  
That faultless face and form!  
As fair, as pale as the sun-lit cloud  
When tortured by the storm.  
Earth, sky, and sea are beautiful,  
But earth, nor sky, nor sea,  
Hath equal so sadly sweetly bright,  
Deserted one! as these!

And thou, the lost! who hast thrown away  
A gem earth could not buy—  
Proud joys are thine—and cheaply bought!  
But go! drink deep and die!  
Ay, churl, to thy dizzy revel go,  
And raise the Bacchant roar;  
Drink, drink, and die, that thy loathly form  
May blot God's earth no more!

Woman! What gloom on thy sinless path  
Man's selfishness fling!  
Hither the maniac joys of guilt;  
But thine, alas! the sting!  
How many a gentle heart thus crushed;  
How many a form laid low!  
O, the sorrows pause in their hymns of bliss,  
To weep o'er woman's woe!

## I DID NOT THINK OF THAT.

One day as Mr. Lawson, a merchant tailor, stood at his cutting board, a poorly dressed woman entered his shop, and approaching him, asked, with some embarrassment and timidity, if he had any work to give out.

"What can you do?" asked the tailor, looking coldly upon his visitor.

"I can make pantaloons and vests," answered the girl.

"Have you ever worked for a merchant tailor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I have worked for Mr. Wright," replied the girl.

"Has he nothing for you to do?"

"No, not just now; he has regular hands who always get the preference."

"Did you work suit him?"

"He never found fault with it."

"Where do you live?"

"In Cherry street, No. —."

Mr. Lawson stood and mused for a short time.

"I have a vest here," he at length said, taking a small bundle from the shelf, "which I want by to-morrow evening at the latest. If you think you can do it very neatly, and have it done in time, you can take it."

"It shall be done in time," said the young woman, reaching out eagerly for the bundle.

"And remember, I shall expect it well made. If I like your work I will give you more."

"I will endeavor to please you," returned the young girl.

"To-morrow evening, recollect."

"Yes, sir; I will have it done."

The girl turned and went quickly away.

In a back room, in the third story of an old house in Cherry street, was the home of the poor sewing girl. As she entered, she said in a cheerful voice to her sick sister—

"Mary, I have got work; it is a vest, and I must have it done by to-morrow evening."

"Can you finish it in time?" inquired the invalid in a feeble voice.

"Oh, yes, easily."

It proved to be white Marseilles. As soon as the invalid saw this, she said,—"I'm afraid you will not be able to get it done in time, Ellen; you are not fast with the needle, and besides, you are very far from being well."

"Don't fear in the least, Mary; I will do all I engaged to do."

It was after dark the next night when Ellen finished the garment. She was weary and faint, having taken no food since morning.

The want of everything, and particularly for herself and sister, made seventy-five cents, the sum she expected to receive for making the vest, a treasure in her imagination. She hurried off with the vest the moment it was finished, saying to her sister, "I will be back as soon as possible, and bring you some cordial, and something for our supper and breakfast."

"Here it is half past eight o'clock, and the vest is not in yet," said Mr. Lawson, in a fretful tone. "I had my doubts about the girl

when I gave it to her. But she looked so poor, and seemed so earnest about the work, that I was weak enough to entrust her with the garment."

"At this moment Ellen came in and laid the vest on the counter, where Mr. Lawson was standing. She said nothing, neither did he. Taking the vest, he unfolded it in a manner which plainly showed him not to be in a very placid frame of mind.

"Goodness!" he ejaculated, turning over the garment, and looking at the girl. She shrunk back from the counter and looked frightened.

"Well, this is a pretty job for one to bring in!" said the tailor in an excited tone of voice; "a pretty job indeed!" at the same time tossing the vest away from him in angry contempt and walking off to another part of the store.

Ellen remained at the counter. At length he said to her, "You needn't stand there, Miss, thinking I am going to pay you for ruining a job. It is bad enough to lose the material and customer. In justice you should pay me for the vest; but there's no hope for that; so take yourself off, and never let me set eyes on you again."

Ellen made no reply; she turned round, raised her hand to her forehead, and, bursting into tears, walked slowly away.

After Ellen had gone, Mr. Lawson returned to the front part of the store, and taking up the vest brought it back to where an elderly man was sitting, and holding it towards him, said, by way of apology for the part he had taken in the little scene, "That is a beautiful article for a gentleman to wear, isn't it?"

The man made no reply, and the tailor after a pause, added, "I refused to pay her as a matter of principle. She knew she could not make the garment when she took it away. She will be more careful how she tries to impose herself upon customer tailors as a good vest maker."

"Perhaps," said the elderly gentleman in a mild way, "necessity drove her to undertake a job that required greater skill than she possessed. She certainly looked very poor."

"It was because she appeared so poor and miserable that I was weak enough to place the vest in her hands," replied Mr. Lawson in a less severe tone of voice. "But it was an imposition for her to ask for work she did not know how to make."

"Mr. Dawson," said the old gentleman, who was known as a pious and good man, "we should not blame with too much severity the person who, in extreme want, undertakes to perform a piece of work for which she lacks the skill. The fact that a young girl, like the one who was just here, is willing, in her extreme poverty, to labor instead of sinking into vice and idleness, shows her to possess true virtue and integrity of character; and that we should be willing to encourage, even at some sacrifice. Work is slack now, as you are aware, and there is but little doubt that she had been to many places seeking employment before she came to you. It may be that she and others are dependent upon the receipt of the money that was expected to be paid for making the vest you hold in your hand. The expression as she turned away, her lingering steps, her drooping form, and her whole demeanor, had in them a language which told me of all this, and even more."

A change came over the tailor's countenance. "I didn't think of that," fell in a low tone from his lips.

"I did not think you did, brother Lawson," said his monitor; "we are more apt to think of ourselves than others. The girl promised the vest this evening; and so far as that was concerned, she performed her contract. Is the vest made very badly?"

Mr. Lawson took up the garment and examined it more closely. "Well, I can't say that it is badly done, but dreadfully soiled and rumpled; and it is not as neat a job as it should be, nor at all such as I wished it."

"All this is very annoying, of course; but still, we should be willing to make some excuse for the short coming of others. The poor girl may have a sick mother to attend to which constantly interrupted her, and under such circumstances, you could hardly wonder if the garment came some what soiled from under her hands. All this may be the cause; and if so, you could find it in your heart to speak unkindly to the poor creature, much less turn her away angrily, and without the money she toiled for so earnestly."

"I did not think of that," was murmured in a low, suppressed tone of voice.

Ellen, on returning home, entered the room, and without uttering a word, threw herself on the bed by the side of her sick sister, and burying her face in a pillow, endeavored to smother the sobs that came up convulsively in her bosom.

Mary asked no questions. She understood the cause of Ellen's agitation. It told her that she had been disappointed in her expectation of receiving the money for her work.

Just at that moment there was a knock at the door, but no voice bid the applicant for admission to enter. It was repeated, but it met with no response. Then the latch was lifted, the door swung open, and the tailor stepped into the room.

The sound of feet aroused the distressed sisters, and Ellen raised herself up, and looked at Mr. Lawson with a countenance suffused with tears.

"I felt that I did wrong in speaking to you

in the way that I did," said Mr. Lawson, advancing toward the bed, and holding out to Ellen the money that she had earned. "Here is the price of the vest. It was better made than I first thought it was. To-morrow I will send you more work. Try to cheer up."

Mr. Lawson, finding that his presence was embarrassing, withdrew, leaving the two sisters so deeply affected that they could not bid him with thankfulness.

Shortly after this they received a basket, in which was a supply of nourishing food, and a sum of money to procure such articles as might be necessary for the sick sister. Though no one's name was sent with it they were not in doubt as to the individual who sent it. Mr. Lawson was not an unfeeling man, but, like too many others in the world HE DID NOT ALWAYS THINK.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.  
BY MRS. LYDIA H. SHOOTER.

Much light on the great subject of Education, has dawned upon the present age. Yet broad wastes are still unilluminated. "There remaineth yet, very much land to be possessed." The theorist may have made prosperous way through the wilderness of conflicting opinions; but the practical teacher seems yet to stand upon Pisgah, exploring a varied and beautiful heritage, not yet fully reclaimed from the heathen.

Philosophical writers have labored to illustrate the different departments of mind.—They have unfolded its chart, and said, "here is a stream, and there is a mountain, and there a valley." But have they told us how the stream may be guided until it becomes a river? how it may fertilize and gladden its banks, until it meets the sea? Have they pointed out among the rocks, and tangled foliage of the mountain, the sunny spots which are capable of culture or ornament? Have they instructed us, how the valley may be best made rich for the harvest? how its fruits may be safely gathered into the garner of eternal life?

It is the province of the faithful teacher to enter the field which the philanthropist has described; to test the validity of the precepts, which the sage has promulgated. And is not this office as honorable as it is responsible?—The Emperor of Russia has directed the remains of his family to engage in the work of instruction, and in St. Petersburg are several schools over which they preside. The Pacha of Egypt has induced an English lady to take charge of one hundred female pupils at Cairo, and to give countenance to so strange a movement in a Mahomedan realm, where it is doubted whether women have souls, has placed his own daughters under her tuition. The King of Greece treats, with respect and confidence, the lady from our own land, who educates several hundred children at Athens, and cannot be supported at her school a delegation of girls, from the different provinces of that classic clime. If the rulers of the Old World, even in some of the strong holds of despotism, are disposed to show honor to teachers, our own country, where a right education is emphatically the safety and defence of the people, ought not to be backward in following the example.

It is but too often the case, that primary schools are undervalued, or their interests committed to unskillful hands. The assertion is sometimes made, that "any one will do to keep a school for little children." Any decayed, ignorant woman, unable otherwise to earn a living, whose dim eyes fail to guide the needle right, or from whose palsied hand, the distaff had fallen, she is pronounced fit to gather around her the freshest, youngest spirits; to spread out, and to inscribe at pleasure, the tenderest, most impressive page of human existence. Should this be so? Is he who builds a house inattentive to its foundation?—he who would erect a pyramid, careless to give solidity to its base? So, they who aid the mind in its earliest developments, should be qualified wisely and efficiently to use their delegated authority.

Primary schools are assuming more importance in the opinion of the public, as the necessity of moral training becomes better understood. Intellectual education was formerly considered almost the sole object of schools, and the culture of right principles pursued only as far as they advanced or impeded it.—Yet is it not rather the true order of things, to give the highest place to that which regulates our duty here, and affects our happiness hereafter? If so, Knowledge should be enlisted in the service of Virtue, as a powerful ally; for we have too often seen, that when uncontrolled by such sacred influence it has been placed on the throne, its tendency is to blind and wayward, to selfish or criminal courses.

If we view the intellect as an instrument by which we arrive at the heart, those who educate the young should make every science, every lesson, an adjunct in the culture of right dispositions and correct conduct. Under such a system, the pupils who are least advanced in age, may prove their most promising subjects; for their hearts ripening sooner than their understandings, are more readily reached, more easily modified, less permanently injured by evil habit or example. Formerly, they were held in promiscuous schools, as a sort of hindrance or interruption to the elder classes.—To keep their station on a hand bench with their little feet vainly reaching after the floor; to study strange characters; to be occasionally

called to utter unintelligible sounds; to be bidden by nature to move, and by the teacher to sit still, and to be still; to wait with wide-open, wondering eyes, at a mysterious banquet of knowledge, and to find scarcely a crumb falling from the table for them, was but too often their portion. Like the children of Israel, in the land of bondage, they could not but "see that they were in evil case." Yet, as moral culture gains its true prominence, the "prisoners" will be brought forth from the prison-houses, and admitted as favoured students of that science which endureth, when "if there be tongues they shall cease, if there be knowledge it shall vanish away."

In bespeaking a due share of attention for those almost infantine pupils, which surely in promiscuous schools have been too much, and too long neglected, it may be well to consider the force and vitality of early impressions.—Close observers of character perceive that they may spring up in unexpected forms, through every period of future life. When the seed is forgotten, when the hand that sowed it moulders in dust, it may be perfecting its fruit.

## The Last of the Randolph's.

A southern correspondent of the Home Journal sends the following interesting sketch:

"During the summer of 1854 I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably cushioned pews of the village church at the Court House. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectful looking audience assembled, and was finally attracted by a very eccentric individual who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of further observation proved to me that he was insane.

"Immediately on entering the pew he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and, apparently, repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew out a white cambric, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his case, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say all the time, but, occasionally, he was passive for a few minutes—his attention apparently aroused by some truths from the minister—but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow and anger, flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call 'making faces' than anything else.

"After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph himself, remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that his blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was deaf, dumb and insane. So much for human greatness.—The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now mentally, defective—had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbe, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with, and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused, on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—insane.

"He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes when he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked as his mind is, he still commands respect, and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."

SELFISHNESS.  
God hath written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flower on the stem—upon the rain drop that freshens the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chambers—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written—"none of us liveth for himself."

And probably we were wise enough to understand these words, we should find that there is nothing—from the cold stone in the earth or the minutest creature that breathes—which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise that flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and bestows the most pleasure. We value and praise that horse, which best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant; the star that is the most useful in the heavens is the star that we admire the most.

And is it not reasonable, that MAN, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness, than any being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living, not to himself but for others?

BOISTEROUS PREACHING.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his hearers inquired the reason, and the answer was: "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed people—but when I grew wise, I found it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less, and lightning more in future."

WHAT IS A FRIEND?—Punch says a friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag, when he finds that you're going down hill too fast.

## What a Newspaper does without a Reward.

The result of my observation enables me to state as a fact, that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought.—They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and "dead heading," to pull and defend more people, and sort of people, without fee or hope for reward, than any other class.

They credit longer and wider; get oftener cheated; suffer more pecuniary loss; and are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence; than any other community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper, than ten on a needless gaw-gaw; yet everybody avails himself of the service of the editor's and printer's ink. How many professional reputations and fortunes have been created and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor?—How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and pulled into prosperity by the press? How many railroads now in successful operation, would have been founded for the assistance of the "lever that moves the world;" in short, what branch of American industry, or activity, has not yet been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press? And who has tendered it more than miserable pittance for its mighty service? The bazars of fashion and folly, the haunts of appetite and dissipation are thronged with an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless and paid for the scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jehing, trade orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.—Waterford Dispatch.

Analysis of Wealth.  
God has been defined as the "sweat of the poor, and the blood of the brave." It is not necessarily wealth. Thousands who have coffers laden with it are among the most miserable. Wealth depends not upon the quantity, but the quality of our possessions. Its intrinsic characters is measured by the varieties of the human taste. Kingdoms for some, mines for others, books, excitement, and solitude form the goals of differing desires. Power, fame, and even security are sought with the same enthusiasm as wealth. Money is valueless beyond its application to our wants—our necessities. What was gold or pearls to the man fastidious in the desert—only a glittering mockery. Hunger asked for fruit, thirst for a clear spring—and for these which were wasting in thousands of valleys, the dying traveller would have given all the gold in the world.

Wealth, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man miserable. To be satisfied in one's self—to feel no aching void—to sleep peacefully and wake without pain, regret or remorse, such is wealth. Content and health, are a prouder inheritance than belongs to kings. With these the hardest pillow becomes soft, the roughest way smooth, the darkest future bright, and their possessor stands upon a man, than whom God has made none nobler—free from the canker which follows power and fame, and independent of the exigencies which make and may shiver crowns. Money, beyond self-interest, may be desirable, the necessities and misfortunes of our fellows often cast them upon us, and means to relieve them add as keenly to our joy as theirs. For the promotion of the good, the beautiful, and the true, gold, goods, and lands, are a heritage from heaven; but when wrapped in a napkin, and bound to the heart, they congeal human sympathies, and blast human life.

To Stop Potatoes Rotting.  
An experienced agriculturist informs us, that about six years ago, he applied slacked lime to potatoes that were nearly rotten, and that it immediately arrested the decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied, remained as they were, the progress of the rot being stopped; while potatoes to which the lime was not applied, continued to rot, and were lost. Since then he has made it a constant practice to apply slaked lime to his potatoes, as he takes them up. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over the potatoes—about every ten inches, as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, as he has never had a rotten potato since he has practised it; and he believes, also, that potatoes thus used, are rendered better by the action of the lime. We advise the farmers to try this plan, as it can easily be done by them all.

THE VISIT RETURNED.—Voltaire and Piron were passing some time in a cottage. One day Piron wrote on Voltaire's door, "rogue." As soon as Voltaire saw it, he went to see Piron, who said to him:—"What has procured me the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Sir," replied Voltaire, "I saw your name upon my door, and I came to return your visit."

WARTS.—The oil from the outside shell of Walnuts or Butternuts, will cure warts by a few applications.