

# Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## LINES.

BY A. FLOYD FRASER.

"Kiss me" said an artless child,  
Tossing her sunny curls aside,  
And clasping then, with dimpled arms,  
A youthful mother's neck with pride:  
"Kiss me!" she said, "my mother, now!"  
As though unseen electric chords  
Were charged with eloquence of love,  
Which might not breathe or speak in words.

"Kiss me!" said a maiden fair,  
As she twined, with a graceful hand,  
Her parting lover's raven locks.  
"Kiss me!" she said, in sweetest tone,  
"And leave thy transient love with me!"  
My heart shall bleed its own with thine,  
And bring them both unchanged to thee."

"Kiss me!" said a dying boy,  
As a tear strayed down his pallid cheek,  
And nearer drew his sister's ear.  
"To catch that voice, so soft and weak!"  
"Kiss me!" he said, "I'm dying now,  
As fade the sun-set hues of even;  
But, sister, I will watch for thee  
And meet thee at the gates of heaven!"

## A WONDERFUL STORY.

The following wonderful story appeared several years ago, from the pen of an unknown author:

The other morning at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of a sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow white. He is tall, thin, and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his fatalism his brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that necessity he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left in a hurried and nervous manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name, I think, is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked of Mr. C.

To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in rather a flurried manner:

"Pshaw! It is nothing more than a dream I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical illusion I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to enquire the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly:

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a great deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand; "however, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends, I will relate it to you."

Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. C. related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who, without a word, took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke:

"What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?"

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him voluntarily."

"I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union, (you know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)"

"To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible: 'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your right hand—your right hand?'"

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life. The features were those of General GEORGE WASHINGTON! He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see in the Patent Office."

Here Mr. Calhoun passed, apparently agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was

shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause:

"W-e-l-l, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?"

Mr. Calhoun resumed:

"The intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. The truth, as I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature. It was the face of Washington! Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horrible dead-alive look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way: 'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the American Union dissolved?'"

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes,' I said, 'if a certain contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my right hand—an ink blotch which I seem to see now. 'What is that?' said I, alarmed. 'I know not why, at the blotch on my hand.'"

"That," said he, dropping my hand, "is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world!"

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid on the table—laid it upon the very paper on which I was writing. The object, gentlemen, was a skeleton!"

"There," said he, "there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung at Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you; he was a South Carolinian, and so are you. But there was no blotch on his hand."

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones, and—awoke. Overwhelmed by labor I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative, and Toombs muttered: "Singular, very singular," and at the same time looking curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his head between his hands and seemed buried in thought."

## IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.

DIFFICULTY AT HONG KONG.—The steamer America brings intelligence of the arrest of Capt. Nichols, of the American ship Reindeer, by the British authorities, for an alleged assault on one of his crew. It seems that a fine was laid on Capt. Nichols, which was paid by Mr. Edward Gassett, against the wishes of the Captain, the U. S. consul, and many other Americans, and in consequence the feeling against Mr. Gassett was very strong. The American citizens at Hong Kong are unanimous in their approval of the action pursued by the United States Consul, James Keenan, Esq., and have addressed to him a letter to that effect. From this letter, which we find in the Boston Courier of January 22d, we make the following extract:

A brief review of this case may be important: An American ship arrives in the harbor of Hong Kong in the lawful pursuit of her business. One of her crew—lawfully shipped in the United States—signing the articles to make the voyage and return to the United States—deserts the vessel and after an absence of some days, comes on board, behaves in a mutinous and outrageous manner towards his superior officers, is placed in irons, and, necessarily, from his resistance to the proper authorities, treated with severity. Suddenly, in the absence of the captain, an armed police force boards the ship, takes from confinement the person spoken of, and, without exhibiting warrant or authority, conveys him on shore. Then a warrant is issued for the captain for assault and battery against this rescued prisoner, a suit instituted, and judgment, under a protest of the United States consul, given, sentencing the captain to pay fifty dollars to the Queen and twenty-five dollars to the plaintiff, or the defendant to go to jail.

Under these circumstances the United States consul places the Captain under the protection of the United States steam frigate Powhatan, and we cordially support him in his course of action. We consider that the American principle of the denial of the "right of search," and that the "American flag and American law," protect the American citizen when on just and lawful occupation, has been ally and patriotically carried out by the United States Consul in this matter. We also solemnly and firmly protest against the assumption of a foreign power which assumes to take from and protect the subordinate of an American ship against his superior, when that superior simply performs his duty in disciplining his ship under the United States laws—and he protests against a foreign power setting at naught the laws of the United States, and assuming to control the internal regulations of an American ship, and we respectfully appeal to our country to protect us in so serious a position.

A little fellow, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line—  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"  
he said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

## INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary and probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this respect. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon they would meet in our schoolhouse for one of those contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather superiors, our cares and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed" sat down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two.—For a long time it seemed as though those six had the books "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did, that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared victor. My cheeks burned and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and also flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of the boys from the other school—  
"O, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard!"

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face. My heart seemed to rise in my throat, and almost suffocate me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back; and soon as possible, quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner-basket, and unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart for my home. But what a home! "My folks were poor,—and my father was a drunkard!" But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G. that if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not alloy the knowing grief and vexation produced by his haughty words and taunting manner. In this frame of mind—my heart and head aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap and burst into tears. Mother seeing my grief, waited until I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks."

At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:  
"My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G.'s. It was so unjust

and so uncalled for. Now, boys, always treat your master with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember, that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part of this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I knew him. You remember said he, "I was at a spelling-school at a certain time, and a rude and thoughtless boy twitted you of poverty and being a drunkard's son?"

"I do, most distinctly," said I.

"Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand in token of my forgiveness. Did I do right?—You all say yes. Well then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.—*Buffalo Courier.*

## THE CRIMEA 200 YEARS AGO.

A curious book published at Rouen, in the French language, in the year 1862, entitled "A Description of the Ukraine, including several provinces of the Kingdom of Poland," has accidentally fallen under our eye. The name of the author, as it appears on the title page, is Sieur de Beuplan. The book contains also an interesting account of the Crimea, and of the race of Tartars who inhabited it two hundred years ago. We translate the following in reference to their manners and customs:

"The Tartars remain several days, after they are born, without opening their eyes, like dogs and other animals. They are not of high stature. The tallest is only of moderate size. Their form is rather slender, but their limbs are large. They have broad shoulders, a short neck, a large head, a face almost round, and a broad forehead. Their eyes are always half closed; they are very black. They have a short nose, and rather a small mouth. Their teeth are as white as ivory. They have a swarthy complexion, and hair very black, and as coarse as horse's hair. In fine, they have altogether a different physiognomy from the Christians. This you would observe at the first glance. In their physiognomy and form they resemble the Indians of America, and especially those who are called Caribees. They are all brave soldiers. They are not easily fatigued, and they bear without much suffering the changes of the climate. The mothers bathe their children every day in water in which salt has been dissolved, in order to harden their skin and render them less sensible to the cold."

The author thus describes, in another part of the work, the manner in which the Cossacks of those days made love:

"Here, then, contrary to the custom of all other countries, may be seen young girls making love to young men, and a superstition very prevalent among them, and carefully observed, causes them scarcely ever to miss their object and, indeed, renders them more sure of success than the man would be, should the latter attempt the wooing. They proceed somewhat after the following manner:—The maiden goes to the house of the father of the young man whom she loves, when she thinks the family all together, and says on entering, 'Pomegabog, which means, 'God bless you.' She says her compliments to him who has made so great an impression upon her heart, and tells him she thinks he will know how to govern and love his wife. 'Thy noble qualities,' she continues, 'have led me to pray thee very humbly to accept me for thy wife.' She then asks the father and mother to consent to the marriage. If she receives a refusal or some excuse, as that he is too young, and not yet ready to marry, she answers that she will not depart until he has espoused her. Thus she perseveres and persists in remaining until she has obtained a favorable answer to her demands. After several weeks, the father and mother are not only constrained to give their consent, but also to persuade their son to look upon her more favorably. At the same time, the young man seeing the maiden so determined in her affection for him, begins to regard her as the one who is destined to be the companion of his life's journey. Finally he prays his father and mother to permit him to espouse her. Thus she accomplishes her purpose, and the entire family, through fear of incurring the wrath of God by expelling her from their house, are constrained to give their consent to the union."—*Boston Times.*

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A pious minister, after lecturing a Sunday school class in a most edifying manner, proposed to close the exercises by singing "Jordan," meaning the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." The worthy man was horrified by hearing the whole school immediately strike up, "Jordan an hard road to travel, I believe."

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.—A wag in Detroit had been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac railroad. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on that road, and replied, "Never but once—a middle-aged gentleman left Pontiac railroad for Detroit, and died of old age at Birmingham—half-way."

## A DANGEROUS PRIESTHOOD.

If there is one social duty devolved upon the spiritual advisers of the people which they are bound to fulfill more conscientiously than another, it is the setting of a bright example in the domestic relations. That religion is worth but little which does not follow us into the private circle, and regulate our conduct in all the duties of life. It is but a mockery of worship that contents itself with idle mummeries, outside show and hollow sentimentalism, honoring God only in the imposing ceremonies of the sanctuary, but forgetting to do him reverence where it conflicts with our own selfish passions and interests.

The ministerial office is ordained of heaven, not simply to proclaim from the pulpit and at the bed of the sick and dying, the truths of the gospel and the way of salvation, but to influence by a holy life the mass of mankind, and to awaken in the heart a lively sense of the responsibilities of every human being. It is the rectitude of our lives—the conscientious discharge of the duties we owe to ourselves and to those with whom we are brought in relation—which alone establishes the sincerity of our faith and our claim to the character of a Christian. We support a priesthood to but little purpose, if they fail to illustrate this truth—if, instead of becoming a shining light to others, their conduct is but a scandal to the faith they profess.

The ministry of all Protestant denominations, whatever be the difference in their religious creeds, are beyond reproach in the relations of private life. They all recognize the binding obligations of the institution of marriage—enforce its divine sanctions and duties, and show by their example, the truth and beauty of the domestic ties. It was a bold, but many and glorious service which Luther dared to do for the Christian world, when he shook off the absurd thralldom of Rome, and entered the holy bans of wedlock with an abused and persecuted nun. Since that great day of emancipation from a vicious and ridiculous dogma, the Protestant priesthood have nobly illustrated the advantage to the Church of a ministry admitted to all the sanctities of the social relations, and acquitting themselves of their solemn responsibilities as husbands and fathers, as citizens and men, in such a manner as to command the commendation of the world.

In contrast with them, how unnatural appears the position of the priesthood of Rome. Shut out from the enjoyment of the purest and holiest ties of life—condemned to a life of celibacy, and brought into the freest and most confidential communion with persons of the opposite sex; they would be more than human if they were not sometimes tempted to overstep the barrier of virtue and decorum. Subject to a tyrannous restraint in respect to the contract of marriage, and yet tolerated in the constant gratification of unlawful passions—exposed to perpetual temptations in the discharge of the priestly office, yet shielded from punishment or public reprobation by the superstitions of his victims, the Romish priest is a sort of unnatural blot on the face of society—a monstrosity standing ever in the way of social progress and improvement, and interposing a grievous check to the amenities and the inviolable securities of domestic life.

What must that religion be which winks at the most atrocious violations of the social virtues, from the highest to the lowest dignities of the church? What shall be said of the character of a cosmopolitan hierarchy which throws upon the community a body of men debauched from the holiest domestic ties, yet unscrupulous in morals and spurning the control of conventional proprieties? Is it any wonder that there is a wide-spread horror throughout Protestant communities of the machinations of a priesthood thus exempted from the ordinary claims of decency and morality, to say nothing of the restraints of religion? Happily for the future welfare of our country, the priests of Rome cannot conceal their iniquities from the glaring light of truth. The eyes of a free people are fastened upon them, the searching scrutiny of a free press and free speech is an ordeal through which they cannot pass unscathed. If left to recruit their ranks from men born on the soil, we might hope that they would soon be forced to conform to the wholesome dictates of public opinion, and to regulate their lives in accordance with the promptings of a religion undefiled by admixture with human frailties. So long as Ireland continues to be the fruitful nursery of the dangerous priesthood, and to furnish to all the world the zealous and jesuitical disciples and apostles of the papacy, Rome may preserve her lordly sway over the minds of the ignorant multitude. But while the intelligent voice of a free people dominates on American soil, there is little real danger that this vicious priesthood can maintain intact the ascendancy which it now exercises over our foreign population. The inevitable result of a long residence in this country, is to emancipate the intellect and enlighten the prejudices of the Irish emigrants to our shores—so that there is a limit beyond which they will not bow the knee to their present masters. If, as Mr. Daniel Ullman predicts, an independent Catholic church is one day to be established in the United States, our correspondent is probably right in saying that we shall have "no Pope, no Archbishop," but a Church comparatively exempt from hierarchical control and

from many of the absurd dogmas and hollow mockeries of Romanism.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

## BANCROFT ON POPERY.

The distinguished historian of the United States is not a Calvinist, but a Unitarian. Let us hear him describe the manner in which Papists tolerate Protestants in the only example in which they exercised supreme control an early day within the limits of these States.

In the first volume of Bancroft is to be found an account of the massacre of the French Protestants at May river, in East Florida, in 1685, by Melender, who announced himself in these words: "I am Melender, sent by the King of Spain with strict orders to gibbet and behead all Protestants in this region. The Frenchman who is a Catholic I will spare, but every Protestant shall die."

Bancroft says: "The captives with their hands tied behind them, were marched towards St. Augustine like a flock of sheep driven to the slaughter. As they approached the fort a signal was given, and amidst the sound of trumpets and drums the Spaniards fell upon the unhappy men who had confided in their humanity and who could offer no resistance. A few Catholics were spared, some mechanics were reserved as slaves, the rest were massacred, not as Frenchmen but as Calvinists." The whole number of victims is said by the French, to have been about 900.

The Papal power throughout the world may be traced in lines of blood. Its monuments are the bones of those it has slain in cruel gore. Its voice has ever uttered maledictions on those who would not espouse its enormities and submit to its sensualities. The rod of oppression has been one of its most powerful, as it has been of its most destructive weapons.—It has from the first been arrayed against general progress. It is so now. Its fear is to educate the masses—its hope and effort to keep them in ignorance. Even its bishops do not hesitate to belle history for the purpose of misleading its victims.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

ANECDOTE OF THE NEW CHAPLAIN.—The Reverend Henry Clay Dean, the present Chaplain to the United States Senate, some years ago was a resident of northwestern Virginia.

While preaching one day at a church situated a few miles from Fairmount, he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation as manifested in turning their heads to see all who came in.

"Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church."

Of course, this remark attracted universal attention.

Presently some one entered.

"William Satterfield!" called out the preacher, while that "brother" was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to guess what was the matter.

Another person came in.

"Brother Joseph Miller!" hawled the preacher, with a like result; and so, perhaps, in other cases.

After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a loud voice—

"A little old man with a blue coat and a white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves."

PAT'S DREAM.—Two sons of the green and glorious Isle met a day or two since, and thus colloquized:

"Good morning, Pat."

"Good morning Dennis."

Dennis: "How is it wid ye, Pat? Ye same in a quandy?"

Pat: "Bad luck, but it's all right ye are without knowing it, for it's in that same I am. It's a provoking dhrame I've had."

Dennis: "A dhrame? Was it a good or a bad one?"

Pat: "Bad luck, but it was a little of both. I dhramed I was wid the Pope, who was as great a gentleman as any boy in the district; and he axed me would I dhrink. Thinks I, would a duck swim? and seen' the Inishowen and the sugar on the side-board, I tould him I would'n't mind taken a wee dhrap of punch. Cowld or hot? says the pope. Hot, says I, and wid that he stepped down to the kitchen for the hot water; but before he got back I woke up, and now it's dhrissin' me to think I did'n't take his disthress."

A BOUNCER.—Mr. John Lawrence Bazler, in the Louisville Times, offers to bet from \$2000 to \$30,000, that he can do as follows:—Jump five feet further on a dead level than any man in Kentucky—three feet further than any man in the United States—one foot further than any man in the world—or that he can stand five feet upon the earth and leap a brick wall fifteen feet high and four thick.

The best cough mixture that has yet been made consists of a pair of thick boots, mixed with lots of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove and grow lean will please take notice.

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the MacIntosh, has gone out West to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.