

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## THE LOVED ONES AFAR.

BY F. B. PLIMPTON.  
When night winds are wailing,  
Like spirits in thrall,  
And Death walks in Darkness,  
Through hamlet and hall,  
Kind Angels of Mercy,  
Wherever they are,  
Watch over the slumbers  
Of loved ones afar—  
Our heart's dearest treasures,  
The loved ones afar.  
Where'er they may wander,  
O'er land and o'er sea,  
Thou Father of Angels,  
We trust them with thee;  
Be thou to Earth's pilgrims  
The day beam and star,  
The staff of the weary,  
To loved ones afar—  
Our heart's dearest treasures,  
The loved ones afar.  
While life hath pleasure,  
Or hope hath a cheer;  
While the heart can feel kindness,  
Or sorrow a tear;  
I cannot forget them,  
Nor fall in the prayer,  
That God will watch over  
The loved ones afar—  
Our heart's dearest treasures,  
The loved ones afar.  
The winter of lifetime  
May close round in gloom,  
And spring flowers may scatter  
Their leaves o'er my tomb;  
Yet still through the darkness,  
Like evening's pale star,  
My spirit will hover  
O'er loved ones afar—  
Our heart's dearest treasures,  
The loved ones afar.

From the Knickerbocker.

## STRAY FANCIES OF YOUNG LIFE.

BY PHIL. KROEMER.

I wish you could have seen her—my first love! I had reached the advanced age of ten when my heart surrendered itself to Fanny C., and the young lady was no older. We attended the same school, and she used to cast at me side-long, modest glances of affection, in answer to my somewhat broad stare of admiration, when we encountered each other in the street, on our way to the temple of learning. At last, one evening, we met at a juvenile party; we were both seized with a chronic blushing, and when in the course of some kissing game, I chose her, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, she was quite overpowered. I remember now the joyous spring-like thrill which that chaste, pure kiss of boyish affection sent tingling through my blood. We became bound to each other from that happy minute.  
I dreamt of that girl for three nights successively, and when Saturday came was miserably, very miserably, for I knew I should not see her again till Monday. I wandered in the direction of her father's residence on Saturday afternoon, instead of playing hockey with my companions. He lived in a court. I dared not turn into it, but I passed by the end several times with the air of a corsair disappointed in love.  
I detected myself now often before a looking-glass, continually brushing my hair and putting on clean collars. I polished my shoes every day, and in my progress toward refinement, even declined to engage in any outside games. Fanny and I would meet each other at appointed times and places, and take long walks together. Where we wandered in these excursions, I know not, but I was certainly very happy; and when I returned home, was always anxious to know if there wasn't a rent in my apparel, or white-wash on my jacket, or some other little matter which might have deducted from the splendor of my personal appearance during the walk.  
No living man, not even the President of the United States, whoever that dignitary might have been at the time, held so high a place in my imagination as Fanny's father. His effect upon me was astounding. He certainly was not possessed of extraordinary talents, and, I have since discovered, was rather a common-place character; but he was Fanny's father, and that was enough for a man who was the parent of such a girl should not be compared with the general run of humanity, by any means. I think I feared him, for in my mind he possessed most of the traits which history gives Olivet Cromwell, mingled with some of the characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet this man, knowing doubtless of my acquaintance with Fanny, addressed me one day in the street, and said, "Well, my boy, call and see our Fanny; I know she would like to see you!"  
Here was condescension!—a gentleman of his age and standing inviting me to call and see his daughter! I blushed and muttered some thanks, which he replied to with a hearty laugh, and passed on. I entertained an idea that Mr. C. was enormously rich. I knew that, if he chose, he could draw from his pocket a handful of gold eagles at any time. I wondered why he wasn't Governor of the State or something of that sort, and pondered on the celebrated ingratitude of republics. And this man wished me to call upon his daughter! Bless me! I rather thought I would.  
I went home, and in an easy, gentlemanly way, informed my mother—dear mother! I see her quiet smile now—that Mr. C. had just invited me to call on Fanny, and that I tho't I should accept and visit her in the course of a day or two. In a day or two—yes, indeed,

Deceitful boy that I was! I knew I should call directly after school with Fanny, that afternoon. It was a great thought. I should accompany that dear girl home, walk up the steps to the door, and instead of then bidding her farewell, would enter that abode of happiness. And when my mother told me that I appeared to be very fond of Miss Fanny, didn't I ignore the fact on the spot, and endeavor to laugh it off cavalierly, and signally fail in the attempt? And then the pains I took about my dress that noon; it really seemed that the domestics did get up my linen very carefully now. I mentioned it to my mother as she was pinning on my collar, but she didn't agree with me.  
I started for school that afternoon with a beating heart, but full of hope, and already enjoying my happiness in anticipation. But even as I gazed upon the old brick school-house, my heart sank within me, and I feared I scarcely knew what. Alas! Fanny was not at school! She had been taken suddenly ill that morning, and the physician had ordered her to keep within doors. Thus was my cup of happiness dashed to the earth. Long and weary days passed, and still her seat was empty. I mustered up courage, and boldly rang at her father's door, and inquired after her. I am sure I must have looked sheepishly about it, for the servant laughed at me. I think I could have seen that man trampled by wild elephants, or shot out of a cannon, or put to a painful death in any other Oriental manner, without the slightest pity for him. This miserable domestic informed me that Miss Fanny was growing better. I was happy in my heart, but could not, as I had intended, send my respects through this man; so I turned upon my heel and left, wondering in what part of the house Fanny was lying.  
At last I saw her again. I pressed her soft, little hand, and gazed tenderly upon her pale face. I called to see her, and as she became well and hearty again, I saw her oftener, and we were on the most intimate terms. We walked together; we sat cozily at home and played back-gammon; and at intervals, I took tea at her mother's table.  
A family-party of us attended the theatre, and at my earnest request, my mother dispatched me to invite Fanny to go with us.—Her mother consented, and we were very, very happy while witnessing the representation of the drama of the "Forty Thieves." Fanny clasped her hands for joy when Ali Baba was safely out of the cavern, with his store of treasure, and shuddered and crept close to me when Morgiana poisoned the robbers in the jars. I wasn't worth much for purposes of study for many days after that. My master chided me, and what was worse, detained me after school-hours. This stroke of bad fortune deprived me of the pleasure of walking home with Fanny, and I was the more chagrined, since I had reason to believe that a stout boy, with very black eyes, took occasion at these times to pay attention to her; and I had once detected him disappearing around the corner of the street in her company, as I emerged from the school-door. I sunk to the lowest depths of despair, and fancied no one could ever be so irremediably wretched.  
I never affected the society of that boy; it appeared to me that there was some innate, inherent badness in his character; and I felt it my duty to warn Fanny against so abandoned a villain. She replied with a toss of her pretty head which I did not half like. I brushed rudely against the black-eyed boy when I encountered him; and seeking out some peculiarity in the texture or fit of his apparel, insulted him grossly with a sarcastic mention of it. I took exception to his gait, and gave a burlesque imitation of it in the open street; indeed I tried various ways to pick a quarrel with him. I even went so far as to taunt him with his attentions to Fanny; this touched him, and he gave me battle; he gave me more—he gave me a thrashing. In this conflict I received a black eye, which resulted in some trouble for me at home; and would you believe it, Fanny laughed at me! This led to a series of recriminations, and we parted in a quarrel. How grieved I was at what I had done, and how vexed with myself for having had any words with Fanny, I need not state here. However, in a day or two, she begged my pardon, and with an expression of offended dignity, I forgave her, as if I was a prince of the blood, and she some poor peasant's child. I felt grandly, and longed to embrace her, but that wouldn't do at all; it might compromise me. I must make it appear that she had been entirely in the wrong.  
After this, we were fast friends, and the black-eyed boy had no chance. I still envied him hugely for one thing, and that was his beautiful hair, which was always parted and dressed stylishly. I am inclined to think that he used Macassar; and indeed there was a rumor rife with the boys that he poured an entire vial of that ambrosial liquor upon his locks each day. Now, my hair was flaxen and curly, and I was compelled to own, suffered greatly in comparison with his. I had serious thoughts of using a hair-dye, and applied to my mother for funds for the purchase thereof, but she said something about the progress of "Young America," which at that time I did not understand, and refused to assent to my plan of amending nature. Poor woman! she admired the color of my hair as it was, I know;

for my father, when young, possessed locks of the same sunny shade.  
I attended another party, and among the guests were Fanny and the black-eyed boy, who, by-the-by, was rather attentive to a young lady in a yellow frock, whom I considered handsome, but Fanny couldn't bear her.  
Why did Fanny appear so very plain that evening? Why couldn't her mother have brushed that wisp out of her hair? Why was that pretty apron so one-sided? It was strange she should be so careless of her looks. But the yellow frock! How very beautiful she was, to be sure! I spoke to her: she replied sweetly, and blushed. There was no wisp in her hair, and her apron was adjusted to a charm. Why should I devote myself so entirely to Fanny? Was it not apparent that many of the prettiest girls in the room were madly in love with me? Couldn't I choose for myself, and flirt with any one of them? And was it required that I should be the bond-slave of a girl, of whose affection I was assured in any event? Certainly not. If Fanny wished to retain my love, she should take better care of her hair, and, above all, not consider it always as understood that I entirely belonged to her. There was no engagement or understanding between us yet. By George! I was free, I hoped, and could of course pay my devoirs to any young lady I fancied.  
Then what a killing flirtation I commenced with the yellow frock! How coyly yet how gratefully she received my advances, and how exultingly I gazed at Fanny! Poor girl!—she sat with down-cast looks, and hardly seemed to enjoy the games and sports of the evening. I began to feel a grand and kingly pity for her, and made up my mind to go over to her, and throw out a word of encouragement, after I had assured myself of success with the yellow frock. When the supper-hour arrived, I remarked to Fanny, in a quiet way, that I had engaged to wait upon yellow frock to the table, but should be pleased to give her my disengaged arm. She looked up at me with a trembling lip; said she would not trouble me; she had other resources. With a smile of superiority, but with a very unpleasant feeling about the throat, I passed down to supper in as stately a manner as I could assume.  
Fanny received at supper, and during the balance of the evening, the unremitting attentions of the black-eyed boy. How any young lady could associate with such a person, I could not, for the life of me, conceive. She will regret this very much, thought I, in after-life, when he escapes from the State-prison, where he has been incarcerated for forgery, and takes to the high seas as a pirate, and is captured, and is brought to this port by a sloop of war, and is tried, condemned, and hanged, and not in the slightest way recommended to mercy, and dies unrepentant, after an unsuccessful attempt to stab the executioner with a Spanish dirk, which he has managed to conceal in his long, dark hair. She will regret very much having had any communication with him when this occurs; and it seemed a probable train of circumstances to my mind at the time.  
When the hour arrived for the breaking up of the party, that scoundrel in embryo bade an affectionate adieu to Fanny, and attended her to her carriage. She scarcely deigned to glance at me, as she passed me in the hall. Meantime I flattered myself that I had made a great impression upon the yellow frock, and determined to know more about her at any rate; but after all, if the truth was told, I left the house for home quite unhappy.  
I went, I am sure, after I retired, and dreamed fearful dreams, and in the wild and varied fancies of my disturbed slumber, the black-eyed boy towered, pre-eminent in all sorts of wickedness, like Satan in "Paradise Lost."  
It required long and tedious weeks to recover even a small portion of my position in Fanny's heart, and she never again had the same respect for me as before. New loves came forward, and the gulf between us gradually widened. We both formed other attachments, and in time they also gave place to others. Sometimes, in my boyish regret, I would have given worlds if she could have loved me as she once did, and doubtless she entertained the same wish in regard to me; but we both probably were certain that it could never be so again.  
It is a phase of youthful life, but the moral will apply to later years. We trample the flowers of friendship and love under our feet—sometimes from mere caprice—and then in the dark hours which come to every one, we wish those same flowers were blooming, brightly and freshly, in our hearts.  
I saw Fanny in the street a few weeks since, with a sturdy little blue-eyed fellow of a boy; she smiled graciously, and gave me a matron-like bow. I wonder if she remembered how much we once loved each other.  
If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young men note this.  
The nerve which never relaxes—the eye which never blanches—the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.  
The man who passed through life without enemies could not have had a character worth deprecating.

## KIRWAN ON THE ARCHBISHOP.

From the N. Y. Observer.  
THE ARCHBISHOP THINKS HIS CHURCH IS INCREASING; KIRWAN THINKS NOT.  
"Archbishop Hughes, in his recent lecture in Baltimore, expressed the opinion that the Roman Catholic Church in this country can anticipate little increase to its numbers or strength from immigration; and that the future hopes of the Church must be based upon its retaining its present numbers, and upon the increase from conversions. He thinks the present condition of the Church, and the numerous accessions which, he says, have been made to it from converts of American birth, justify the most sanguine expectations in this regard."  
We clip the above from the papers, as a brief synopsis of a lecture delivered recently in Baltimore by Bishop Hughes of this city.—The bishop has so utterly fallen from the position he once occupied, that his opinions, on any subject, weigh not a feather beyond the illiterate circle of which he is the centre; and on this account we might be excused from noticing the above characteristic paragraph. We supposed, also, that his tremendous effort to raise the window, and, with covered hands, to cast out that vile insect, Brooks, had so completely exhausted his powers, that we should not hear of him again, until they had sufficient time to recover. We supposed that he would have confined himself to the duties of his office, which are, mainly, mumbling masses, watching the political vane so as to know where, and for what party, to set his traps,—and husbanding the income of the "Calvary Cemetery." We expected, occasionally, to hear of his gracing a mass meeting of Irishmen met to consult, and to fight, about the liberation of Ireland,—or a lecture in the Tabernacle, by the poor, feeble, fickle, fallen Bishop Ives, who has discovered since he hung his trinkets over the tomb of St. Peter, what a blessing it was that printing was so long undiscovered, and what a blessing ignorance is, because it compels ignorant people to learn divine truth from the priests' lips, that cannot lie, instead of learning it from the printed page, which may lie! But the bishop has disappointed our suppositions, and our expectations, and he has ventured another experiment upon the credulity of the public, of which the above is given as the substance. Let us briefly analyze the assertions of the pretentious paragraph.  
1. "The Catholic Church in this country can anticipate little increase to its members or strength from immigration." This sentence is designed, no doubt, to lull the apprehensions of Protestants, on the one hand, and to excite prejudice against the Know-Nothings on the other. Many are alarmed at the influx of the small Popish population that infest our seaboard, and that are crowding all the ways of access to the interior of the country. They are everywhere, like the frogs of Egypt, and they are just as much, and as little to be feared. Since the beginning of the Russian war, and since the opening of the present reformation in Ireland, and since the increasing benefits of the "emancipated Estates Bill" there, have been made apparent, emigration has been greatly diminished from Ireland and Germany. But when the war is ended, and when high prices and low wages again rule, the tide will rise to its full again; and papists, as poor as priests can make them, will be poured in chip-loads on our shores. And the partial check, for obvious causes, is laid at the door of the Know Nothings, every one of whom the pious bishop loves with the love he bears to Erasmus Brooks. Time will prove the bishop's assertions to be utterly baseless.—Protestants need not be alarmed; but the papists will come. And the more the better.—And the Know-Nothings have since enough to answer for without having charged upon them the effects of the causes above stated. We have not a doubt but that one hundred thousand Irish in this country are now lying aside from their earnings enough to bring as many more of their friends here within the next year. And every one that comes will be sure to be followed by one or two others.  
2. "The future hopes of the Church must be based upon its retaining its present numbers, and upon the increase from conversions." Here the hopes of popery are made to rest upon two legs. The right leg is, "retaining its present numbers," that is, retaining those who are now papists, with their children, and descendants. But this is impossible. In Italy, in Sardinia, in Spain, and even in Ireland, the most servile and priest-ridden country on the globe, the church cannot retain the people within its pale. They heard the Pope—they exile his impertinent bishops who would put the crozier above the crown—they send home his Nuncios—they denounce the priests as perditional robbers—they protest against the dogmas and claims of the church. Can it be otherwise in the United States? Nobody knows better than John Hughes the extreme difficulty of keeping even the Irish in the traces here. Just as rapidly as they exchange their brogues for shoes, and their native frieze coats for broadcloth, and their potatoes and oatmeal for meats and bread, are they rising to the region where men assert the right to think for themselves. And when men think for themselves, it is all over with the priest.—If this is so with the raw material, what must it be with the children, brought up amid our schools, and all our institutions, which are to

Popery what an August sun is to an iceberg! Millions of the descendants of papists are at this hour in fervent opposition to Popery; and multitudes who have felt its iron in their souls, are the most eloquent denouncers of it both in Europe and America. Priest Reardon, of Pennsylvania made the true statement upon this subject, who deprecates the awful tendency of the Papist to Protestantism in this country, and advises the Irish to stay at home and save their souls upon potatoes and salt, rather than come here to get rich, and thus put their souls in jeopardy by eating meat on Friday, and failing to go to confession. "The hopes of the church based upon retaining its present numbers!" Then are they built upon a cloud!  
The left foot upon which the hopes of the church are made to stand is "the increase from conversions." There are always little eddies to be found on the margins of rivers which have a strong current, into which the waters run, and in a direction contrary to the main stream. Into these eddies are often collected chips and light and rotten wood, which usually float on the surface, and are easily turned aside from the main course. And whilst the great current of American sentiment sets as strongly against Popery as the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence to the ocean, yet that current has its eddies into which a few have been turned by the rushing waters. Ives, having passed through the various mutations from Congregationalism to Puseyism, began to show some affection for the Scarlet Lady. When his tricks were discovered, and his mire was in danger, he turned into the eddy.—Brownson, when as a Universalist exhorter, he could not put hell out of the Bible, and when as a roaring politician he could not secure one of the seven leaves, nor a taste of the two small fishes, turned about, and, as if in spite, added purgatory to hell, and would put the triple crown upon the head of our eagle.—And he turned into the eddy. And a few others, of no possible account, any way, have turned in with them. And John Hughes standing by the eddy, and shutting his eyes to the main current sweeping onward in the distance, lifts his hands in rapture at the numbers turning into the eddy, and he hopes for the church because of its "increase from conversions."—He forgets that when one turns into the eddy, there are hundreds that pass down the current, Forget, did I say. No, he understands these things entirely. He feels them keenly and deeply. He is a sadly disappointed and mortified man. And all this fuss about the hopes of the church being founded on retaining its present numbers, and on increase from conversions, is but the whistling of the man shivering with fear when passing a graveyard of a dark night to keep up his spirits.  
Let Bishop Hughes try his theory of hopes, any fair Sunday, at St. Patrick's; let him turn out all foreign birth, and let him retain within its walls only those of native birth, and those converted from the Protestant faith. How many would he have left to witness that miserable pantomime, called the mass? I have no doubt the experiment would astonish himself, as it would disprove his theory in every particular, and give all his hopes to the winds.  
If there is to be but little accession hereafter to the Popish church in this country from foreign immigration;—if the church hereafter is to be sustained by retaining its present members, and by the increase from conversions, then I venture to predict the extinction of the Popish church in these United States in three generations.  
If the Bishop's theory is right, then we would advise him to pack up his vestments and to be ready for a move; for as certainly as the foreign streams of immigration fall, he is left high and dry. But where can he go?—Not to Italy—not to Spain—not to Sardinia—not to Ireland—not even to Austria—for the concordat is working terribly. His better plan is to make for himself friends from the mammon of unrighteousness collected from "Calvary Cemetery," so that when his crook and crozier are flourished within empty walls, he may have a comfortable income! This was the course of one unjust steward; why may it not be of another? KIRWAN.

## FARMERS' CLUBS.

Among the best instrumentalities to awaken interest in the improvement of our modes of cultivation, there are none that stand higher than the one named at the head of this article. A few words as to the uses of these associations and their mode of action, may not be thrown away. Every farmer has peculiarities in his management of each branch of his calling, and for every one of his peculiarities, if he is a sensible man, he has a reason that to him is abundantly satisfactory. He is confident that if his neighbor would but follow his mode of cultivating a crop or rearing an animal, he would be greatly benefited, and eminently more successful than he is to follow his own; while the neighbor believes precisely the same in regard to him. Let these two men, with half a dozen others who hold all shades of opinion on the points where the two differ, meet to discuss the mooted questions, and there are a hundred chances to one that the opinions and practice of every man in the room would be modified and improved. In natural science, next to a long series of carefully conducted, well arranged, detailed experiments, there is nothing so much to be desired as a bringing out of opinions, and a comparison of the practices of practical men. And we can conceive of no means so well calculated to do it as a pleasant neighborhood gathering of farmers of an evening, to talk over the modes of practice pursued by them individually in reference to some particular subject to which the evening is devoted. There need be no formality or speech making; let it be entirely a conversational meeting, and a record kept of the mode advocated by each person, in order to give some value and perpetuity to the discussion.  
Our word for it, a dozen farmers in any town who will meet and start some subject to be discussed, as for instance the best mode of harvesting Indian corn, whether to cut it to the ground or to cut the stalks and leave it to ripen on the hill; the best time to plow sward land for corn, and a thousand other things where men differ, will soon find that the loss of a dinner will be preferred to missing the meeting of the club.  
And no dozen men can get together and pass one evening in two weeks through the winter and discuss questions upon which they are all well informed, without giving and getting more useful knowledge than they suppose; every one of them will find his views more or less changed, or will have the satisfaction of seeing that his neighbor has changed his and his practice. We have seen the working of an institution of this sort, and can instance individual and aggregate practice wonderfully improved through its influence, and are confident that none of the members of that body regret the time and trouble invested in the Farmer's Club.  
The mode of management is very simple—an organization for order requires merely a President, V. President, Clerk, and Treasurer; a tax just sufficient to heat and light the room used and no more; a subject is chosen to be discussed at the next meeting, and two men or four, who are supposed to think a little upon the matter, to break ground in the discussion. One of these men at the meeting gives his opinions upon the matter in hand, sitting down, and with no sort of formality,—if any one differs with him he states his opinion and objections; the courtesy that maintains good order prevents confusion, but there will be plenty of warm debate and strong advocacy of individual views.—The Homestead.

GETTING ALONG.—About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone and Gray, on the banks of the North East River.—They came down to Wilmington in a small row boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would be dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whiskey and after dark, of a black night, too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that the three tipsy fellows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring the spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and seeing thro' the dim gray mist of the morning a house on the river side, Stone said:  
"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."  
"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of out-houses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."  
Barham disembarked, takes observation, and soon comes stumbling along, and exclaims:  
"Well, I'll be licked—we ain't at Wilmington here yet; what's more, the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night!"  
It was a fact, and the drunken dogs had been rowing away for dear life without being aware of it.  
That divine bundle of oddities and queer conceits, with many wholesome truths, Lorenzo Dow, defined a death-bed repentance to be—"burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil, and blowing the snuff in the Lord's face."