

Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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LOOK AT HOME.

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart ere you venture,
If that has not a failing too.
Let not friendly vows be broken,
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken,
Finds its passage home again.
Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trite with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.
Do not form opinions blindly—
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we've thought unkindly
Oft become our warmest friends.

From the "Scepter."

LIFE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.
BY B. W. K.

The bright frost-sparks were on the trees in the forest, and when the moon, with her mild torch, lighted them up, they glittered like so many fairy diamonds; they glowed with light and lustre, changing from sparks of light to blue and green gems; and all the air flickered with these specks of frost, painted into diamonds by the rich, soft moonlight. There is nothing so beautiful in all nature as one of these evenings; the air is so still that if the soul listens, it cannot shut out the angels' whispers that come to us mixed up with music that cannot be printed. Angels never speak when the sun shines, nor when the white robe of winter has folded all nature into its pure mantle; no, they only come when the moon shines in late autumn, when the nights are clear and the air keen, and the frost sparkles with cold. Then all earnest souls can hear them. They do not address the ear; they speak to the spirit, and fill it with love and harmony, with mercy and blessings.

Spring, with its flowers and birds, had come, and scattered its smiling glances on all the works of God. Summer had succeeded, and ripened the fruit, and dressed up the year with a full-lapped bounty; and then had come one of the frost-nights, mingled with moon-fire—the nights on which the mercy-angels are abroad on errands of goodness.

I had sat a long time in my window, watching the white, fleecy clouds that floated over the deep-blue sky. They were brilliant with reflected light, and as gaily as the royal diamond-spangled robe of some eastern queen. I went to the window, and returned to my library, and then went again, with uncovered head, into the boundless sea of mystic cold and light, and listened to the seraph voices, (I listen with my spirit,) and then returned again to my warm room, to enjoy the delightful contrast between bathing my body in dead heat, and plunging my living spirit into the fathomless sea of glittering light.

Why I could not sleep, I know not; but I could not. I was too happy; I felt a serenity that spoke of mercy, of some good to be done; some suffering spirit, that needed the hush of a last blessing, was speaking to me, and seemed to say: "Can you not watch one short hour, when I have not slept for two long nights, and shall never sleep again till I awake into everlasting life? Know you not that love darts her message into the human heart through space, over seas, mountains and plains; and when sorrow pleads for mercy, the spirit hears it—it hears it just as a merciful God hears our prayers and listens to our wants?"

My soul was so full of thought and blessings that I was in a sea of thankfulness and joy, when I was roused by the patter of two little feet on the floor-stone. I knew it was a child's step, it was so soft, and yet so confident; a child's step has no fear in it—the innocent have no fear. The little rap fell on the door; it was a soft rap, for her little hand was covered with a mitten that kept the frost-diamonds from biting it. The frost has no feeling for little hands; it only loves to shine and sparkle, and sparkle and shine, before the warm sun shall come and spoil its beauty and power to harm. I opened the door, and in stepped little Julia, muffled in a shawl, and mittens, and hood; and her little shoes were stiff with cold, and they creaked on the floor, and her face was all covered with love, and looked very bright, and the still tear stood in her eye, and she could not speak.

"Oh, Julia!" said I, "are you not cold, child? and why is my darling out alone?"

"It is so light, sir, that I could come easily without being lost."

"I know it is light, but it is very cold; you came alone, did you not?"

"O yes, sir, Mr. Doctor, I came alone, but I was not afraid, nor cold any; and her bright lip trembled, and she could not speak; and on her cheek the frost had painted a full, red flush, and the skin was white as the snow-flake. She looked very beautiful, and her heart was full, too full to tell me more.

"And you were not afraid, you said, and you are only nine years old, I think, and have come three miles, in the night, too, all alone—did you come to see me, Miss Julia?"

"Yes, Mr. Doctor; my mother is very sick, and I came to get you to cure her, and she said God protected all good children, and then she seemed to be with me all the way, and I was not afraid;" and here the dear child burst into tears.

I was very busy warning the child, for I was enchanted and bewildered by the fidelity and confidence of the charming little girl, for I had often seen her light form tripping along

the highway to school, her blue eye as mild as a summer dew-drop, when she lifted towards me something that glittered, and said, in her sweet, low voice, "Please will you go and see my mother, to-night, Mr. Doctor? She sent you this gold ring—she had no money—and she cried when she gave it to me, and said it was one my dear papa gave her when they were married in New York city, and she wanted to keep it for me, but she will give it to you, sir, if you will come and see her to-night; she is afraid she will die before to-morrow, and then she cannot tell you what she wants to; and she is all alone, too, only a little girl, Katy Wharton, came over to stay with her while I came after you; so please do go and see my dear mother to-night, good Mr. Doctor."

The fervent love and artless simplicity of the child had so overcome me, that I had prepared myself to start, unconsciously. My wife had risen from her slumber, and was listening to the story of the child, and when I returned to the gate with my robes and cutter, I found little Julia and my good wife waiting to accompany me. Folding them closely in my thick, warm robes, I drove rapidly over the ground; a slight snow had fallen and covered the dark-brown earth. My residence was near a thick wood, and my track to the dwelling of the sick woman led me through a thickly settled part of the large and flourishing village of A—. The house was small, and forbidding in its exterior, and when we reached the gate, little Julia bounded from the sleigh with the elastic step of a young fawn, glided across the yard, and entered the house in advance of us, and, rushing to the bedside, she held up the ring and cried joy, as her tiny arm clasped her sick mother's neck, while she covered her pale cheek with fervent kisses. "Dear mother," she said, in a soft, low voice, "don't cry now, nor cough any more, for the good doctor has come now, and the lady has come too, to help me to take care of you;" and she ran to the table to bring some drink for which her mother had motioned.

Myself and companion stood by the bedside of a sick and dying woman, who had been nursed by her mother, and whose parents had taught her to love self and forget all else in the world beside.

Come into the apartment, gentle reader, and see where the daughter of the rich and proud sometimes ends her days. A small room, with scanty furniture, some poor, and a part of it very rich, the broken fragments of a splendid outfit, given her by her father when she left New York for her home in the West.

The whole scene was really comfortless, although the hand of taste and pride had evidently tried in vain to hide the real facts by great tact in arrangement, and perfect neatness throughout the room. The address of the lady at once marked her as one who had been bred in a far higher circle of life than she now occupied, for she saluted us with that dignified simplicity that always characterizes the woman of good breeding. Our first duty was to provide for her comfort, and then receive her requests, for she was rapidly drawing towards the close of her weary pilgrimage.

My wife had arranged her couch anew; her cough had been quieted by a soothing draught, and she lay resting her failing body, gathering strength for this last conflict with her fate, when little Julia rushed up to the bedside and asked, in a very earnest tone, "Dear mother, do Isaiah, and David, and Joseph have to go to a soup-house in heaven to get something to eat? or do they have bread enough in heaven, mother?" "My strange child," said the dying mother, "why do you ask me that?" "Oh, you know the other day, when we were so hungry, you made me read to you in the Bible that 'God hears the ravens cry,' and then you sent me down to the merchant's for a little flour, and when he sent me back because I had no money, and you cried so, I kept thinking about the famine in Samaria, and how Joseph's brethren went down into Egypt to buy corn, and Joseph wept when he saw them, and gave them something to eat; and I knew, because you said so, that even some good people now could not get bread to eat because it cost so much, and you said they had to go to soup-houses to be fed, and beautiful fine ladies had to go there in the great city of Boston last year, and I wondered if people were ever hungry in heaven?" The poor child relieved herself of all this with great earnestness.

A deep crimson flush overspread the face of the poor mother, and her eye glanced wildly at the face of my wife, as she said to the child: "No, my dear, children are not hungry there; but you must not talk so strangely."

Great God! what thoughts rushed across my soul at this strange scene! Have we become a race of demons, thought I, and do children begin to doubt the justice of God?

A sudden silence seized the group, and through my soul rushed whole years of anguish—Children starving in a land of bread!—mothers, nursed in pride and luxury, brought to feel the bony fingers of want, and grapple, on a dying-bed, with pale famine's icy touch! What, thought I, shall I hear next? Surely something heart-breaking has preceded such a train of thought in the mind of this child.—And who can this sick lady be, inquires the reader, and where did she come from, and whose daughter was she, and had she any mother alive; or was she some poor out-cast—one of those whom God almost forgets to comfort? She was none of these.

Eliza E.—was the daughter of a rich merchant in New-York city. About twenty years before I was called to see her, she was seated in a gorgeous parlor, surrounded by splendid mirrors, playing on her piano, and courted by rich suitors, and flattered by a poet's love.—The world may not know it, but the western physician does, that among the surging tide of wealth and home-hunting life that swells across the great lakes, and spreads across the prairies of the West, even to the shores of the Pacific, there are a smaller number of emigrants that swarm out from the houses of the merchant princes of our great commercial metropolis. The place is too strait for them, and luxury, vice, and indolence have enervated them too much to enable them to buffet the rude breakers of city life. These sons, from the euchre tables, the drinking saloons, and club-houses of that refined and Christian city, are married to the highest bidder who has cash to give with his daughter; and the young pair is shipped west with bales of goods and boxes of merchandise, to become aristocracy of the villages and cities of the West. While the West is thus peopled with these ribbon men and women from the commercial capital, the hardy sons of toil and exertion flow back from the farm and places of toil, to fill the places of clerks in the great city's trading-houses, and become the future merchants of the vast Babel of trade.

Among these adventurers, in the year '34, was a young merchant of much promise who ranked much higher than the average of this class of men. He had become the husband of the accomplished Miss E—. The dotting parents had dismissed them with their blessing and a stock of goods, and they had taken up their residence in the village of F—, where a year or more of prosperity had placed them at the head of the village aristocracy.

But fortune has her changes, and rolls her mad waves over the hopeful and the stout-hearted. One of these tempests of fire, that a just God rains on cities, as he did on Sodom for her sins, came upon New-York; and on a cold night in December, the red tongue of the

and scattered her proud merchants as beggars in the streets.

The man of millions, in a single night, found himself without means of a breakfast; the family that dwelt in a palace, were homeless and naked; the mothers who toiled for their daily bread, were rich as the richest.

I shall never forget the strange scene that was presented at our capital, for the whole State suffered; so wide-spread was the desolation, that none could measure it; but every heart was touched with pity for the homeless and the breadless.

The night was intensely cold; the water froze in the hydrants, and the devouring element rioted unrebuked on the labors and the hopes of men. The sun rose in the east on a sea of smouldering ruins; all night had mothers mourned and wept, and when daylight came, fathers of stony hearts, that never prayed before, prayed then:

"Give us this day our daily bread!"

So wide was the desolation that no one could see its shore, and thinking men rushed up to the capital, to ask the loan of a million of dollars, to blunt for a little time the sea of suffering that none could really fathom. I saw the whole struggle, and heard the prayers of the sufferers, and the proud buffetings of those who held the purse-strings.

Men implored for the love of God, and the tears of suffering and helpless women and children, that aid which the State alone could give. They repeated the golden rule, and wept hot tears of suffering, for the fire had painted with red flame a red spot for once in the heart of the golden princes. They knew that men could suffer; they had seen their own wives and daughters clinging to them in despair, covered with silk, and sparkling with bright jewels, and asking where they should sleep and eat. And the dry-souled politician now spoke with a tongue of fire, and repeated those golden words, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," and wept for aid; but those words sounded as strangely as the song of a seraph chanted in the halls of Bedlam. "Now," said the wily wire-worrier, "is the time to punish New-York. She has refused us all succor at the West, she has no heart; when the flame has died from her ruins, a heart of ice will again beat in her bosom. By the grace of God show her no mercy, for she deserves none.—Give her the silver rule—she repeats the golden one, but will never live by it."

compelled him to recall the whole. Beggary stared him in the face, and he informed his daughter of his fate and asked for aid, and with that noble impulse that ever guides the great-hearted, full-souled woman, she resolved to send her father all to save him from want. Their business had been prosperous, and they lived in the first sunshine of gay prosperity.

Her husband responded with as full a heart, and in a week his splendid stock of goods had disappeared under the hammer, and the cash was forwarded to the parents in New-York; and then came the new life in which the heart grows amid the rushing of wild tempests, and we feel that life has a dignity in it, because we have humanity in our hearts, and can weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice.

Our patient had the form of a queen, and her face bore the impress of nobleness and love—no daughter of the Tyrol was ever more lovely. Her husband was a man, and only needed the rod and the scourge to make him shine. He sought a position as a clerk, their servants were dismissed, and she resolved to learn the art of managing her own house. She could play her piano, but could not make bread for her husband and child. She knew not how to wash and iron her own garments. She had been taught that to do so was vulgar; but now it was to contribute to her father's comfort, and send joy to her aged mother's heart, it became a pleasure and a joy.

George had returned one morning from the store, and found his wife weeping. He spoke words of comfort to her, and asked her the cause. She responded, in a tone of firmness, that she was ashamed of her education, and had resolved to learn to work; "I will know how to make bread for my husband in less than a week." George smiled at his wife's resolution, and a shade of sadness passed over his face. Their life's morning had opened bright and cloudless as the rays of early dawn. One year of life had been all sunshine; now they were without means, his store closed, his fine house relinquished; their parents

wheels of fate revolved so fast and so rudely, that the stoutest were often crushed in its wild whirl. Their infant smiled in its wicker cradle; Mary said to her husband, "We cannot keep servants, and you and our darling may starve, for aught that I can do for you—what a poor creature am I! Why, I cannot make bread!" When the husband had left for his business, meditating on the change in their condition, Mary started for the minister's house, and frankly told her friend her resolution, for all knew by this time their necessities.

They both started for the residence of Dr. P—, and it was soon arranged that the ladies would alternate in their visits, and aid the resolute wife in acquiring a knowledge of arranging her house, setting her table, and cooking her food. In a few weeks she had acquired considerable knowledge of the duties of a useful wife. She knew the joy of contributing to her own and her husband's wants, and no bread was ever so sweet to her as that which Mary set before her husband—made with her own hands. But a year passed, and her parents sunk under the heavy stroke of disaster; the current was too deep; it bore them to the grave. Now more than ever Mary felt the blessedness of her good deeds to her parents, and learned that to be useful was to be happy, to be good was to be like the angels.

George struggled on with his new position in life. Pride rose up and mocked him, but he looked it steadily in the face, till his manhood outgrew his early training and learned the real power of self-dependence. But we bestride us when all the winds blow calamities to our hearthstones! George was seized with a typhoid inflammation of the lungs, a disease that sweeps hundreds of stalwart men in miasmatic districts to a sudden grave; and in a week the noble Mary was a widow and Julia an orphan.

She thought her cup was full before, but now it ran over with bitter sorrow, and she bowed her head before the blast, and said in the deep faith of a smitten spirit, "Thy will be done, O God!" The black hearse came, the pall covered the form of her husband.—With Julia and a few humble friends she followed their stay and support to the grave; the last lynn broke on the silent air; the coffin was lowered; the earth fell heavily on the lid; fainter and fainter grew the sound, and a long earth-mound covered the body of the noble young father.

It is natural and seems appropriate for the young and the old to die; but when the thread is cut in full life, and hope, home, wife, child, are all made desolate by the blow, it looks as though the law of life was reversed in its enactment, and a great wrong was done. Our friend now missed the hand on which she had leaned, and turned herself to find some ray of light beaming on her destiny; she saw no star beyond her on the sky- verge of her coming days, but she committed her all to the hands of that great and loving One who stills the young raven's cry, and looked up with cheerful hope.

What now was to be done? The fire had devoured her father's wicked gains, gathered up by speculation in bread, and the tears and heart-burnings of hungry children, and heart-

broken mothers; her father, mother and husband were dead, and naught was left to her but poverty and her little feeble Julia. She had learned how to work, could cook her own food, and she resolved to know more of honest, inspiring toil. In less than a month she had command of her needle, as a tailoress and dress maker, and with her superior genius, she soon found employment among the best of her sex; for the truly noble among them, who had known her as the gay and beautiful wife, now beheld her with admiration for her courage and her vigorous struggles with the reiterated blows of a mysterious Providence. She felt a deeper joy for the blessings of her humble table, because procured with her own hands, and Julia was delighted with all the little gifts that the heart of a mother so joyfully brings to the being it loves. In the fierce fires of suffering, Mary had learned that other hearts could suffer, and to the poor she became a messenger of mercy, wherever suffering human hearts could be found. She made the widow's heart to sing for joy, and the orphan, at the sight of her loving face, smiled through its tears. She found "that to give is more blessed than to receive." She was known by all the poor as the "good Mary," who came to make them happy, and if she had nothing to bestow, she smiled on the sufferer, and his pain grew lighter under its sunny power. Through long years the loving Mary had supported herself and child by the toil of her own hands. Unfortunately she had removed from the scene of her trials to the village where I found her, for better prospects, where at last her powers sank under accumulated labors, and a severe fever had brought her far away from her humble friends, on that cold night I found on her last bed of rest; neglected and forgotten by the busy world, attended by two little children, adorned with most saintly meekness and full of the most joyful expectations of a bright and immortal future. As the night was far advanced, and my duties for the next day very arduous, I left my excellent wife, whose heart was ever open to the child of want, to watch the balance of the hours before day, and made my

morning—I had heard too much for sleep—a thousand unavailing thoughts rushed through my brain.

I awoke in deep despair; my soul was very sorrowful. What marvel, thought I, that the starving child, who walked alone over the cold earth by the wayside, should ask me—good folks in heaven kept "public soup houses" where all the poor could have enough to eat? The story of my patient had chilled me to the bone, and I sat speechless for some time on the bedside.

The sun was shining cheerfully when I crossed the yard for my faithful pony, and I soon made the few calls my limited practice required, when I again sought the humble cottage of my patient. I had bought a few comforts at the country store, and found my angel wife, ever faithful, and now gone to her reward—at her post by the bedside. She had been weeping over the little Julia, who slumbered sweetly by her mother's side. She, too, slept. Both awoke shortly after my entrance. Gazing tenderly upon her little face, the mother closed her eyes and murmured a few words of prayer, and then addressed me as calmly as though in health. "Doctor, you know all of my history that is of consequence, except what relates to my dear child. I have penned a few directions for one of her aunts, who will doubtless discharge the trust I bequeath to her. Would to God I could lighten the pecuniary part of it. Your kindness has brought you here, as I learn it ever does at the summons of the wretched; I shall need no medicine, the lamp is exhausted; the flame even now flickers; in a little while I shall go hence."

She had wearied herself by the exertion of speaking, and dozed; I went into the little kitchen to consult with my wife upon our future efforts. I kept my eye occasionally on the face of my patient, and had withdrawn it but for a moment, when I saw her move convulsively; I ran to her, and she asked distantly for water; she swallowed a little, and thanked me, even gratefully, so quiet was she; she closed her eyes, and her pulse fell rapidly. Suddenly she drew her child to her breast, and calmly uttered, "To God and you I leave her!" My wife was instantly at her side. I turned my eyes towards her face; it was placid as heaven; the spirit of the good and beautiful had fled to the home of the immortals.

Father M'Ivor was one of the wealthiest of the Presbyterian clergymen, but, like his ancestors, very much set in his own way. He came from the Scotch, and it was one of his forefathers who prayed at the opening of one of their ecclesiastical courts:—"Oh, Lord, grant that we may be right, for thou knowest we are very decided!"

A Western editor, in speaking of a friend, says:—"He has his weak points, but telling the truth is not one of them." Nice puff, that.

A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It's more destructive than the consumption.

Why is Horace Greely like a field of damaged wheat? Because he has been struck by Ruff.

THE WALDENSES.

In the beautiful valley of Piedmont there exists a people whose history, in point of peculiarity and interest, rivals even that of the ancient Jews. Their origin is a subject of dispute. Some attribute it to Peter Walde, a wealthy merchant of Lyons, who being deeply impressed by the sudden death of a friend, with the sense of human frailty, renounced the world and devoted himself to the promotion of religious truth. Others maintain that the Protestant doctrines are of much earlier origin, and that Claudius of Turin was their founder, a devoted Christian of the ninth century. Whoever their founder may have been there is strong historical evidence of the ancient origin of the Waldenses, and that they received large accessions by the labors of Waldo, being also, especially favored by him with a translation of the Bible into the Waldensian tongue. They were originally called Vallenses, (men of the Valley,) which being easily changed into Waldenses the Papists took advantage of this circumstance to disprove their ancient origin.

Their history is the contest between Protestantism and the Papal power. It is a history of the most violent and inhuman persecutions, and furnishes us with a beautiful example of firmness and Christian fortitude. Great and learned men they had not; but all were able to read and write, and their pastors were usually men of no ordinary powers of argumentation.

The bishops of Rome, at first endeavored to persuade this people to renounce their heresy, and accordingly sent monks to confer with them; but the latter soon returned, some of them declaring that they had learned more scripture from the Waldensian children than from all the religious controversies they had ever heard. The Waldensians, at length, proposed to defend their principles in open debate. The bishops and monks could not honorably decline so fair a proposition. They accepted the terms of debate, and Montreal near Carocasso was selected as the place for amicable and fairly deciding the great contest between Protestantism and Catholicism.

A little time this ecclesiastical discussion commenced, and was earnestly prosecuted for several days; but Popery having failed to support itself by scriptural argument, abruptly terminated the discussion and had recourse to physical power. The ambitious and tyrannical pope, Innocent the III, instituted the Inquisition and the Waldensians were the first victims of its inhuman tortures. Thousands were subjected to the most cruel punishments whose only crime was that of a religious belief. A few princes were convinced of their loyalty, and seemed desirous of favoring them; but the false and slanderous reports of the papal church too easily instigated these rulers against the helpless Waldenses. Falshood and calumny were heaped upon the peaceable Men of the Valleys, and the civil and papal power now united for their extermination.—It was a contest, on the part of the Waldensians, for principle, on the part of their enemies for plunder. For a period of more than four centuries did this righteous people endure all the persecutions that the malice, avarice and blind zeal of their enemies could devise; but instead of being annihilated their doctrines were disseminated, and settlements established in the valleys of Pregelva, Fraissinaire, Loysse, Dauphin, in Provence, Flanders and Calabria in Austria and Germany, and at one time, they numbered in Europe, eight hundred thousand. It is said that they still exist in the valleys of the Alps, protected by the fastnesses of their mountain homes, and the power of him for whom they suffered, "a peculiar people zealous of good works."

A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes.—Her path is one of delicious roses, perfumes and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls and choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream, and then butter. Her words float round the ear, like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimings of the Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance; and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant freside, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light, and model "institutions" generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven.

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travellers. It is put under the feet, and a mustard plaster upon the head, which draws the heat through the whole system. Said to be a Yankee invention. Patent rights sold cleverly.

Why is a man who owns a calf, like a locomotive? Because he can boast of a "cow catcher." The young man who sent us this, is becoming so brilliant that he charges a dollar an hour to allow people to look at him in the sun.