

Kaffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 42.

A FEW SHORT YEARS—AND THEN.

A few short years—and then
The dream of life will be
Like shadows of a morning cloud,
In its reality!

A few short years—and then
The idols loved the best
Will pass in all their pride away,
As sinks the sun to rest!

A few short years—and then
Our young hearts may be left
Of every hope, and find no gleam
Of childhood's sunshine left!

A few short years—and then
Impatient of its bliss,
The weary soul shall seek on high
A better home than this!

AN ELOPEMENT FRUSTRATED.

In the last *Quarterly Democratic Review*, a writer sketching social society at Baden-Baden, communicates the following interesting incident:

"A noble Hungarian lord, Count Christian W., had come to pass the season at Baden, accompanied by his daughter Helen. Young, beautiful, charming, and heiress to an immense fortune left by her mother, the young Countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Adorers of all kinds were not wanting—rich and poor, noble and obscure, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was queen, and where the aspirants contended for her hand by exhibiting their address, grace and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage ten cavaliers were in the saddle caracoling around her *cachette*. At the ball the most elegant dancers were devoted to her. They had neither cares, attentions, nor sighs, but for her; whereat many beautiful women—French, English and Russian—were particularly mortified. Amongst those pressing suitors, Helen selected the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaetan M— was, it is true, a charming fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes, and long, black, wavy hair. In the place of true passion, he had the eloquence, look and word, in short, he dressed with taste, danced marvelously, and sang like Rubini. But unhappily, these advantages were contrasted by great vices.

A dissipated gambler, and unprincipled rake, the Chevalier Gaetan had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventure in which he had been implicated. The Count, after having informed himself of these facts, desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against a dangerous affection. Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers, nor the orders of her father. The man to whom he had endeavored to destroy her esteem was already master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe in the disgraceful antecedent of the young Italian. If Gaetan had to do with a father who lacked energy, perhaps he would have become the happy husband of the young Countess, and the peaceful possessor of the immense fortune with which he was so frantically in love. But the Count knew how to carry his point, either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth and all the rudeness of an indomitable character, which nothing but paternal tenderness had ever softened. Self-willed in his resolutions, stern in the execution of them, he cast about for means to put hors du combat this carpet knight, who had undertaken to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when accident threw into his hands a letter which Gaetan had written to Helen.

The Chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed in direct terms to the young Countess, an elopement, and proposed a clandestine meeting at the hour when the Count was in the habit of going out to play his favorite game of whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the Conversation House.

A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent.

The young lady had not read the adroitly intercepted note. "Put this flower in your belt," said the Count to her, offering a rose, and "come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk they met Gaetan, who, seeing the rose, was overjoyed.

Then the Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances and requested her to wait until he came for her. This done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden on the Lichenal road. He had sent away his servants, and was alone. At the appointed hour Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and finding the door shut he entered the house through one of the windows. Then mounting the stairs, filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father armed with a brace of pistols. The Count closed the door, and said to the wretched Gaetan, trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night. You have broken into it. I could treat you as a felon; nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, inaudibly, "I am no robber."

"And what are you then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter, which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall

show you no mercy. But to take your life I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm; a duel would long ago have rid me of you. To avoid scandal I did not wish a duel, and now I will slay you only at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden; not in a few days; not to-morrow; but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you, and never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience, and to pay your expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The Chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me, understand—your life is at my mercy, and a moment's hesitation on your part will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the trembling Chevalier.

"In good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary—take them," said the Count.

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An imperious gesture overcame the false modesty, which the Chevalier expressed feebly, and like a man who declines merely for form's sake.

"But," said the Chevalier, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock, then."

"What! you wish me to—"

"Break the lock, or I'll shoot you."

The pistol was again presented as an argument which admitted of no reply. Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well," said the Count. "Take that package of bank notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some private papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket-book fall in front of the secretary."

"What?"

"I must have a proof that will convict you."

"But—"

"But, sir, I mean to have all the evidence of a burglary. I mean that the robber shall be known. Robber, or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made! I was sure you were reasonable. Now you are about to fly—

You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest, make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary, reckon on me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

THE POWER OF ROMANISM.

We are willing to believe that the recognition of the new Nicaraguan Minister was induced by a returning sense of propriety, and a conviction that justice had heretofore been done to the democratic sentiment of the country, but still there is much truth in the remarks of the New York *Express* that the contrast strikes people, that Parker H. French came here as the Representative of Nicaragua, an American born citizen, the government declined to recognize him, upon the ground that Walker's government was not established *de facto*. Walker then was in his strength and plenipotence, and was carrying all before him. But when Padre Viljil came—the priest whom Walker sent—better understanding the influence that prevailed in Washington—the Spanish born Priest was forthwith given the official recognition, that was denied the American born citizen. As French was rejected when Walker was strong, and the Padre is recognized when Walker is weak, the reasons for the difference, of course, must be personal, and not political. But the only personal reason there can be, is in the religious profession—the religious influence of the Padre Viljil, over the politician French. When we remember that a Roman Catholic is a leading member of the Cabinet, and that Democracy now, without the Roman Catholic foreign vote, is almost a nullity, in the United States, we have a clue to this preference given the priest Viljil, over the American, French. As a sign of the times the fact is one worthy of note. It shows, at least, that when Protestantism cannot prevail, Roman Catholicism can, and that hence, when we proclaim this power we but utter demonstrable facts.—*Phila. Sun.*

PRETTY CLOSE FIRING.—The Farmville, Virginia, Journal states that Dr. Owen, of Prince George county, had his horse killed under him by lightning. He was about to dismount when the fatal bolt struck his horse, which, falling immediately, somewhat bruised and injured the doctor. He was only slightly shocked by the electric fluid.

ON!—On hand and for sale, a lot of first class Hams, Shoulders and Sides, at the sign "CHEAPEST GOODS."

SALT!—A quantity of Coarse and Alum Salt, for sale at W. F. LAWREN'S.

every day

SPARROWGRASS GETS A DUMB-WAITER.

[The following amusing sketch is taken from the "Sparrowgrass Papers," published by Derby & Jackson, New York. It might be well enough to state that a dumb-waiter is a sliding cupboard, which is raised and lowered on pulleys from a kitchen in the basement to the dining-room on the floor above.]

"We have put," says Mr. Sparrowgrass, "a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Beside, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward."

"One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly more picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet-doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

"We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen, at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent; instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at any body, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

"I laid my cheek on the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the Prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Beside, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. S. was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-tier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up every body around, broken in the basement-door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never

would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however: some body has told him. Some body tells every body every thing in our village."

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated.—It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color.

When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to a great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced and the result is the mineral coal—which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay or other earthly impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin, transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibre and cells very plainly.

From distinct insolated specimens found in the sand stones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with in small forms (horse tails, club mosses and ferns), but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are now found in the temperate and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, gradually cooled down, in the carboniferous period, it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with great proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation but would also create dense vapors, showers and rain; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deluges. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measure points to such conditions.

RATHER SEVERE.—As a certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day, on some important question, he became very much animated, and a brother member, his opponent, sat opposite to him smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from — was laughing at him:

"I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," said he.

"Oh, I make monkey faces do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for nature has saved you the trouble."

The hammer was distinctly heard amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

VOLTAIRE AND PIRON were mortal enemies, and to their great embarrassment they met one day at the country house of a mutual friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's room, and wrote upon it the word "rogue." At breakfast time Voltaire advanced towards Piron, and smilingly observed—"I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare, by leaving your card at my door this morning."

A DUTCHMAN'S DEFENCE FOR BIGAMY.—"You say," said the judge, "that the squire who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen? What do you mean by that?"

"Well," said Hans, "he told me that I should have four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer—and in my country, four times four always make sixteen."

TOO BAD—REALLY.—The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest of created creatures, are very often ditto—and a little more so!

THERE IS A LADY in Boston so habituated to sleeping that her curiosity cannot be awakened

THE SEIVE through which the man "strained every nerve," is for sale at first cost.

THE KANSAS INVESTIGATION.

Messrs. Howard, Sherman and Oliver, the special committee of the House of Representatives to investigate the alleged frauds and iniquities in the territorial elections in Kansas, proceeded to Leecompton to fulfil the object of their appointment. A very large number of witnesses have been examined, all going to show that the grossest frauds and outrages were perpetrated. The evidence taken is too voluminous for our columns, but a desire to give the public an opportunity of judging for themselves, induces us to give a synopsis of the testimony of a few witnesses, some of whom are Missourians.

Jordan Davidson testified that he came from Missouri to vote in Kansas at the legislative election, March, 1855; contended that he had a right to do so; understood that Gov. Reeder had brought on anti-slavery voters from the East to make Kansas a Free State, and had given prior and secret intelligence to the east as to the day on which the election would be held; witness had attended some meetings of a secret society existing in Missouri, and he supposed in other Slave States, intended to plant Slavery in Kansas; he joined this society in Cass County, Missouri, in Feb., 1855; it was known as the "Sons of the South," "Blue Lodge," and by various other names; the members were known to each other by secret signs and passwords; sometimes by a ribbon tied in a button-hole of the coat; witness recognized some twenty-five to fifty of his brother members (in Missouri) at the poll held at Douglas for the legislative election; knew no anti-slavery man, not an actual resident of Kansas, who voted at said election; witness was one of the Judges of Election after the original Judges left the ground. [All this was drawn out of him sorely against his will. Much of it was corroborated by several other witnesses.]

Hammond Muggy was likewise at Douglas at the 30th March election; saw a large crowd there, and many wagons; got there just as Mr. Mace did; he tried to vote, and when the pro-slavery party saw that his vote was a Free-State vote they said he should not vote it; several men took hold of him by the collar and pulled him away; he took hold of me and we were both pulled away together from the poll; they cried out, "Cut his throat," "tear his d-d heart out of him;" saw one man draw his knife upon him, without doing any injury; saw a man with a lever, trying to pry up a corner of the cabin; others cried out, "don't do it until you have orders;" saw Ellison come out of the cabin with the ballot-box in his hand, and cry out, "Hurrah for Missouri!" Ellison was one of the Judges; heard Jones (now Sheriff) say he would give the (original) Judges five minutes to resign or die; Jones gave one more minute and they then left; these Judges were Ramsey and Burson, both Free-State men; was there when the other Judges [Davidson & Co.] were appointed; the crowd then commenced voting; saw no Free-State man vote; don't know whether Jones voted that day.

William Lyons testified that over one hundred Missourians voted at Douglas on that day; saw some returning to Missouri that day and some the day after; they told him they were from Missouri; one of them told him he knew of eight hundred Missourians who would vote in Kansas that day. Witness testified to similar voting by Missourians at the first election of Whitfield, Nov. 1854.

Augustus Wattles corroborated this last testimony.

George Umbargo saw the original Judges of election driven from the poll by threats of violence at Douglas about noon of the 30th of March election; Sheriff Jones was one of the party, and seemed to act as leader; Ramsey (one of the original Judges) gave witness the poll-books and charged him to take care of them; witness started for home, but was overtaken by eight or ten horsemen, surrounded, and poll-books taken from him; Sheriff Jones (not then Sheriff, even in pretense) was one of the party; forced witness to accompany them back again; his life was threatened; also that of Benson, (another of the Judges,) who had escaped; saw some of the voters start for Missouri.

James R. Stewart attended the poll in the 7th district; [Douglas is in the 2d]; two of the legally appointed Judges did not serve, and their place was supplied by strangers; many who lived in that district did not vote; those who did vote were nearly all strangers; they were encamped near the poll; recognized two of them as residents of Missouri; the strangers voted without being sworn, they were armed; they went east [toward Missouri] after voting; about 300 votes were there polled, nearly all for the pro-slavery candidates.

I. B. Titus corroborated this testimony. A. Horner testified to similar proceedings at Switzer Creek; the strangers arrived and encamped the night before election; during the election they adjourned for dinner, and took the ballot-box down to their camp meanwhile; they had their provisions and fodder along with them.

H. Rice confirmed much of the foregoing.

Marcus H. Rose testified that there are 52 voters in the 7th district, according to the official census taken just before the 30th March election; of these, seventeen appear by the poll-books to have voted at that election.

Six hundred and seven votes were cast there at Whitfield's first election (Nov. '54), and two hundred and thirty-four in March, '55.

James R. Stewart confirmed Mr. Rose's statement.

—We could fill column after column for weeks of testimony, all of which, so far as we have read it, proves clearly that fraud and violence had been perpetrated, and goes to sustain strongly the allegations of Gov. Reeder.

THE VATICAN.

This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its purport. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the bishop of Rome, who in the early part of the sixth century erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1360, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1605, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years.

But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1676, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforth considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles, Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description.

When it is known that there have been exhumed more than seventy thousand statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the richness of the Vatican. It will ever be held in veneration, by the student, the artist and the scholar. Raphael and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be enduring as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers.

TRUE NOBILITY—A MOMENTOUS DECISION.

"All work, even cotton-spinning is noble.—Work is alone noble. Be that here said and asserted once more," so Carlyle says. But we must remember that there are degrees in nobility. The highest nobility is the nobility of beneficence. An honest man, says the poet, is the noblest work of God. We have no hesitation in extending the apothegm. The noblest work of God is the man who is not only honest, but who does the greatest good. The greatest of all temporal blessings is Health.—And, as the mental condition is controlled by the physical, the effects of Health can hardly be regarded as terminating with a mere temporal benefit.

Then who is the greatest of all human benefactors? He obviously who enables us to restore health that has been deteriorated, and to preserve health that is good. The secret of restoring and preserving health has been the great aim of the modern philanthropist as it was the philosopher's stone of the ancient alchemist. The secret has been discovered, its discoverer proving himself thereby not only the greatest philosopher but the greatest philanthropist the world ever saw. The question, "Who is he?" has been asked by millions and answered to them; and they have rejoiced.—Professor Holloway has conferred more blessings on humanity than have all the "so-called" social reformers, and pseudo-philanthropists the world ever saw. The fame of his Pills and Ointment has penetrated to the remotest confines of the earth, and their use has diffused health and all the happiness that follows health over countless thousands. From the ice bound capes of Lapland to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, from the hoary summit of the Ural Mountains to the eastern shores of the Atlantic, there is not a city, town, or village of any note, in which they are not met with. The missionary takes little else in his medicine chest; the sailor never needs a more varied supply for his. They are peculiarly adapted to the diseases incidental to the American climate. They have never failed here or elsewhere. Friends we indulge in no exaggeration; we defy contradiction, because we state what we know to be true. If you ill try these medicines, and then say whether our statements are baseless. We are confident of your decision.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

WON'T HOLD STILL.—The Scientific American says that a man in Orange county, N. Y., was found one night climbing an overshoot wheel in a falling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was "trying to go up to bed, but some how or other these stairs won't hold still."