

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! what happiness, what brightness,
In life's charming scenes appear,
When we meet kind words and actions,
And we feel they are sincere;
When the smiles of friendship greet us,
And we know that they are true,
What greater charm hath this fair world
To offer me or you?
With the beaming sky above us,
And the lovely earth beneath,
With the music of the ocean,
And the flower-enamelled heath;
With these beautiful scenes of Nature,
What more cheering would you ask,
Than the glance that speaks affection,
From the heart without a mask?
For pure truth is such a jewel,
Oh! so precious and so rare,
That it seems a spark from heaven
Feldom lent to mortal care;
When we meet it in earth's friendships,
Let us prize its holy might,
For it comes unto our spirits,
Like an angel winged with light.

BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

"And so you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains?"

"The widow replied with flushed cheek, "It may seem a light thing to you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his last creditor, and God willing, every cent shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddlestick," and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother! ten dollars all my own; ten more make twenty, so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek. "Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one," she thought, "is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva knelt at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her glance fastened to the shining gold. Lifting her eyes, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of the endless things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma—such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm-chair; a bit, ever so little bit of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet could not feel this cold floor, and a pretty cap, besides coat, and tea and sugar, and such nice comfortable things. But never mind," and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet,—"never mind, I'll make you a book one of these days, that'll make you and I rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and may be those that scorn us now, only because we are poor, may be thankful for our notice. A truce to romance," she gravely continued; "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison street, find Mr. Miner, give him these twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then come home and read and sing to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets. As she went onward, street after street diverged into pleasant width and palace lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining passed the fine steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled a contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deeded it best not to deny her urgency; she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered seemed to her inexperienced eye too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," said he, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva blushing, speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you'll be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be so small, sir—we can in the course of a very few years fully liquidate the debt, and then we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish that every stain might be wiped from his honor." She paused a moment, and said again falteringly: "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years, but, sir, he was honorable, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said:

"I remember your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fel-

low," he added, musingly: "but, my dear young lady, have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingeniously replied, "I am obliged to work, sir, but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them, and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning he handed her a sealed note, saying: "There is the receipt young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was gentle, so fatherly that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank note enclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to bless him for this act of kindness. Oh! what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he was an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us, how much we love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him; or even hear him spoken of?"

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured her mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to her benefactor. Her mother's face lighted with the loss of cankering care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?" "Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so," and her bright face reflected his own, "I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy?—Here is my Bible; let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said, 'God bless you,' that's what makes you happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SEBLINE AND RIDICULOUS.—It was a calm, moonlight evening. All Nature seemed hushed in repose. The moon waned its way thro' the milky pathway of the heavens. The res-pers were fanned to sleep by the spicy breezes of an Eastern wind. All Nature was hushed, calmly and serenely, when my beautiful Amonia stepped forth on the balcony in all the beauty that characterizes the Caucasian. Eyes like the gazelle of the forest—forehead as pure and bright as the Parian marble—cheeks as white as the driven snow, softly tinged with strawberry juice—a form that an angel might envy—her matchless arm was raised—her breast heaved, her brain reeled—she exclaimed, oh she screamed, with a terrific scream, "Get out, you damned old sow, rootin' up all our fathers!"

HISTORY OF A FAST NEW YORKER.

The following sketch of Huntington, the New York forger, is taken from the *Tribune*:

Charles B. Huntington was born in Geneva, Ontario County, in 1822, where he remained in his father's family till he reached his majority. Early in life, he was afflicted with a scrofulous disease in his head and neck, which hung about him till he was upward of ten years old. He received excellent moral and religious training at home and was studiously kept from low associations. Toward his parents he showed a respectful regard, but they found it difficult to impress him, by chastisement, with a sense of moral obligations, as he early displayed a disposition to do forbidden things. He would steal, lie, destroy things wantonly, and drive nails no matter where. Once he altered his father's handwriting in the family record so as to make himself a year younger than he was.

Between ten and sixteen, he went to school steadily, where he appeared rather shallow than malicious, but always reckless. He used to write excuses in his father's name, and lie when interrogated about them; he would read copied compositions as his own; tear a leaf anywhere from a book when he wanted a piece of paper; engage in various Young American speculations, &c. On the whole he was the altogether the worst boy in school, and received the most frequent thrashings, which he seemed to mind very little.

In 1843 or '44, at the age of 21, Huntington came to this city, where he served as a clerk in a furniture store till 1845, when he formed a partnership in the same business, which failed before the end of the third year, paying but ten cents on the dollar. After a few months' visit at home, he returned to the city and went into Wall street, where he engaged in Cemetery schemes. Between the Fall of '48 and '49, he embarked in four of these, two of which were on Manhattan Island, one in Buffalo, and one in Baltimore. All were failures. In June, 1851, hearing that there were dirty clothes to be washed on the Isthmus, Huntington started a steam laundry at Panama, which was in operation but two or three weeks.

After planning a stock-company, which went no further than paper, he got up a couple of bogus banks in the Spring and Fall of 1852. Their bills he put into circulation by paying his creditors with them allowing ten per cent. on every debt, they to circulate and redeem them at 1 1/2 per cent. Both exploded within a few months of their birth, and Huntington was indicted for his participation in one of them, but never brought to trial. In 1853, he started the Little Androsberg Company in Maine, with a charter authorizing the manufacture of linen goods or paper, and such other articles as may necessarily or conveniently be connected therewith. Under the latter clause, he commenced issuing bank bills, but the scheme was soon broken up. He went to California in the Winter of 1853-4, but returned in some four months to find his liabilities upwards of \$100,000 a large portion of which grew out of forged paper. He prevailed on most of his creditors to release him from their claims and to destroy the evidences of his guilt. From the whole testimony in the case, it would seem, indeed, that he had a wonderful power of winning attachment and confidence, and inducing those whom he had wronged to forgive and trust him again, and those who had furnished capital and lost money by his speculations—he does not seem to have had any to lose himself or to have made any in the case of the Buffalo Cemetery—to lend again. In 1848, the year which he went into the Cemetery business, he married a woman whose devotion to him has been exemplary. Between the death of one scheme and the birth of another, he would have seasons of low spirits, when he threatened to make away with himself, particularly by accidental drowning on the way to Brooklyn, so that his wife might get the insurance on his life.

After his return from California, he renewed business as a note-broker in Wall street, which indeed, he had made the centre of his operations during the previous years. Whatever the precise date at which he began again to "make paper," in the Winter and Spring of 1856 he is doing so on a large scale, which grew larger and larger throughout the year.—The forgeries to the amount of \$400,000 which are charged in the 27 indictments found against him are probably not a tithe of those actually committed. His deposits for four months in a single bank were five millions, and his counsel assert that he issued bills to the amount of 20 millions in the course of the year. None of the signatures when he forged were tolerable imitations, some of them no imitations at all; and in one case the firm whose name was used was a firm of mere lawyers, the order of whose names were reversed at that. The forged paper was in all cases, as far as known, deposited as collateral security, on the faith of which loans were expected. When first arrested he was released on bail of \$20,000 only, all his forgeries not having been discovered, but went to Wall street as usual the next morning, taking no steps to escape or destroy the evidences of his guilt.

Huntington's career in the street was fully paralleled in the magnificence of his private life. After moving eight or ten times within three years, he purchased a splendid house in a fashionable quarter up town, which he proceeded to furnish with a princely disregard of expense. His furniture was of carved rosewood; his silver plate filled a large iron safe; he had vases in his parlor, some of which cost from \$250 to \$700 a pair. On Sundays he used to dine off silver, and would sometimes, even when alone hire a brass band of twelve musicians to play in the house. He kept from ten to a dozen servants, and two dogs, one weighing one hundred and fifty and the other two pounds—the latter costing \$36. His riding bills averaged from \$50 to \$100 a month, and sometimes ran up to \$12 a day. He owned six or eight carriages of different styles and several spans of horses at a time, one of which cost nearly \$3,000. His Broadway tailor's bill was from \$600 to \$800 for the past year, in the course of which he bought from 25 to 30 pair of pants, 8 to 10 coats, and 15 to 20 vests, all the highest-priced articles. Other furnishings and toilet articles were purchased in abundance and costliness to match. He seldom asked the price of anything, often did not wait for change, however large it might be, and would give large perquisites to his groom (of whom he had four) and others who waited upon him. He was not economical even in religion, but owned several high-priced pews in churches of different denominations. No man ever smoked so much; he was scarcely ever seen without a cigar in his mouth, and made away with from 30 to 40 a day. His expensive tastes followed him into the Tombs, where he ate the most sumptuous meals, frequently paying a dollar a piece for pears for his dessert. On the trial, the exquisite dressing of hair and the sumptuousness of attire provoked constant remarks from spectators.

Such is the history of Huntington's life as it appears on the evidence, mostly introduced by his counsel, in answer to an indictment charging him with willful forgery.

A GREENHORN ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Mr. Snodgrass Junior, has been "scouting around" at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing we copy an extract, as follows:

"When we got to the depo, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meetin' house. I was goin' to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he Devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all round, and pantin, and heavin, and swellin, and chavin up red hot coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a little house like, feedin' him all the time; but the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller caught him by the tail, and great Jerico! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt my legs a waggin, and found myself at 'other end of the string o' vehicles. I wasn't skeered, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish-yellow-green-blueish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is super-fuons." And I took a seat in the nearest wagon, or car, as they call it—a consarned long steamboat lookin' thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a half.—Just as I sat down, the hoss hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin me head first into the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt and then ketch'd me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumpin and tearin along high onto forty thousand miles a minit, and everybody was a bobbin up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth wide open and lookin like they was larkin, but I couldn't hear nothin, the cars kept such a racket. By and by it stopped all at once, and then such another larkin busted out o' them passengers as I never heard before. Larkin at me too, that's what made me mad as thunder, too. I ris up, and shakin my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger,—and away the dern train went like small pox was in town, jerkin me down in the seat with a wheek like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cursed mouths flapped open and the fellers went to bobbin up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin up and down myself."

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Look over into heathen lands! What worse there do you see than what you find in these United States! If anything, tell us. Do you point to the widow roasting to death on the funeral pile? Horrible, truly—but behold his counterpart at home. See the wife of the drunkard—the voluntary, the more than wretch of a husband dead to shame and virtue, and then compare her lingering, living death, to the quickly consummated one of the heathen woman.

Ah, but you point now to the innocent babe, with his little life gurgling out of its throat as Ganges water trickles into it. Heart rending, verily! But see here, in this nominally Christian land—the degraded mother, abandoning all her little ones, to go down the cold stream of life to some hospitable harbor, or to be lost for ever under its turbid waves, as it may come—and this that she may be the temporary companion of the scoundrel paranoir, who soon will cast her off as a nauseous, decaying weed.

Ah! you are looking at Juggernaut and its crushed victims—voluntary victims! Horrible, indeed—but look at home, and see the voluntary victims of the Demon Drunkenness. The heathen throws but himself under the rolling bone and life crusher—but under Alcohol's car, the father throws with himself his wife and children, and all are crushed. Oh! look then at home, and at not self-complacent, after your glance at heathen lands.

What are some of the causes of this sad state of affairs? We can barely hint at some of them—the index merely give. The haste to become rich—the follies of the so-called fashionable life—the disgusting apeing of foreign follies—the halls of the rich and the poor, and the more cheaply bound edition thereof, the vulgar dance-houses—for the dances are very much the same, bringing the sexes into disgusting contact—filthy literature—obscene pictures—indecent statuary—a vitiated and vitiated secular press in some instances.—These, and more than these, have all been brought on by slow degrees—insidious movements—by the insinuating process—until that is now boldly done and looked at, which ten years ago would have given virtue's face the appearance of apoplexy, and made even chivalric liberties ashamed.—*Phi's Sen.*

"I say, old boy," said Paul Fry, to an excavator at the bottom of a yawning quill, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. "Paul was not to be put off in that fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate-post holes."

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"When we got to the depo, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meetin' house. I was goin' to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he Devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all round, and pantin, and heavin, and swellin, and chavin up red hot coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a little house like, feedin' him all the time; but the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller caught him by the tail, and great Jerico! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt my legs a waggin, and found myself at 'other end of the string o' vehicles. I wasn't skeered, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish-yellow-green-blueish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is super-fuons." And I took a seat in the nearest wagon, or car, as they call it—a consarned long steamboat lookin' thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a half.—Just as I sat down, the hoss hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin me head first into the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt and then ketch'd me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumpin and tearin along high onto forty thousand miles a minit, and everybody was a bobbin up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth wide open and lookin like they was larkin, but I couldn't hear nothin, the cars kept such a racket. By and by it stopped all at once, and then such another larkin busted out o' them passengers as I never heard before. Larkin at me too, that's what made me mad as thunder, too. I ris up, and shakin my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger,—and away the dern train went like small pox was in town, jerkin me down in the seat with a wheek like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cursed mouths flapped open and the fellers went to bobbin up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin up and down myself."

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF CRIME.—That the times we live in are hard times—hard, not in money matters, we mean not that now—but hard in morals—all must admit. Every day seems to bring to light some new phase of immorality or crime.—The heart is sickened, the head made dizzy by one revelation after another of new developments of ancient wickedness. What an astounding list of crimes, rascaldoms and follies! See it—reader, if one word to many you find in the enumeration, blot it out—but deal honestly. Perjuries, forgeries, swindling, elopements, violation of marriage vows and engagements, seductions, filial disobedience, and that basis sin of all, drunkenness. What word, reader, in this category, is misplaced? Can you honestly erase one? Nay, do you not know of individuals who are guilty of all the sins specified by those names?

Look over into heathen lands! What worse there do you see than what you find in these United States! If anything, tell us. Do you point to the widow roasting to death on the funeral pile? Horrible, truly—but behold his counterpart at home. See the wife of the drunkard—the voluntary, the more than wretch of a husband dead to shame and virtue, and then compare her lingering, living death, to the quickly consummated one of the heathen woman.

Ah, but you point now to the innocent babe, with his little life gurgling out of its throat as Ganges water trickles into it. Heart rending, verily! But see here, in this nominally Christian land—the degraded mother, abandoning all her little ones, to go down the cold stream of life to some hospitable harbor, or to be lost for ever under its turbid waves, as it may come—and this that she may be the temporary companion of the scoundrel paranoir, who soon will cast her off as a nauseous, decaying weed.

Ah! you are looking at Juggernaut and its crushed victims—voluntary victims! Horrible, indeed—but look at home, and see the voluntary victims of the Demon Drunkenness. The heathen throws but himself under the rolling bone and life crusher—but under Alcohol's car, the father throws with himself his wife and children, and all are crushed. Oh! look then at home, and at not self-complacent, after your glance at heathen lands.

What are some of the causes of this sad state of affairs? We can barely hint at some of them—the index merely give. The haste to become rich—the follies of the so-called fashionable life—the disgusting apeing of foreign follies—the halls of the rich and the poor, and the more cheaply bound edition thereof, the vulgar dance-houses—for the dances are very much the same, bringing the sexes into disgusting contact—filthy literature—obscene pictures—indecent statuary—a vitiated and vitiated secular press in some instances.—These, and more than these, have all been brought on by slow degrees—insidious movements—by the insinuating process—until that is now boldly done and looked at, which ten years ago would have given virtue's face the appearance of apoplexy, and made even chivalric liberties ashamed.—*Phi's Sen.*

"I say, old boy," said Paul Fry, to an excavator at the bottom of a yawning quill, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. "Paul was not to be put off in that fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate-post holes."

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