

# Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## OIL, CHERISH ME.

Oh, cherish me, my loved one dear,  
The world is stern and cold;  
It freezes up affection's fast,  
And smiles alone on gold.  
I've felt its rude, chill, withering blast,  
Its heartless, haughty frown—  
They've o'er my soul a shadow cast,  
And weighed my spirit down.  
Oh! woman's heart was never made  
To buffet life alone;  
And woman true will seek the aid  
Of man to guide her on.  
There's something in the world's cold scorn  
Which binds my heart to thee;  
As some poor, lone, frail, trembling vine,  
Clings to its sheltering tree.  
Then cherish me, my loved one dear,  
And do not deem me old;  
The volumes in a woman's tear  
Were never wrote or told!

## A PROFESSIONAL SCAR.

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

Your kind letter, Harry, came duly to hand; and you will be surprised to learn that a careless question of yours will draw forth enough in answer to cover a sheet; "What caused that scar on my temple?"

It is a professional scar, Harry: one that I have carried over since my earliest practice; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a most singular fact that you are the first and only person that ever inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it, but must avoid names and places, for the parties most interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secrecy.

In the year—, after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a proper qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself, and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my readiness to commence the practice of law. For three months I waited, but alas! no business came, and I sat in my office on a dreary night, at about eleven o'clock, in this very comfortable position: my money was gone entirely; my board bill was to be paid in the morning; and my rent the day following; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard; and as I occasionally glanced thro' my window, the flame of the street light, moved by the wind, would seemingly move me homeward; but I would not go. A foot-step sounded in my entry; a second, and a third, and then a little delicate knock. I compelled myself to say "Come in" with a calm voice, although I expected to be instantly face to face with a young woman; the door opened, and I saw—an old one.

I had only time to move toward a chair before she was in the centre of the room and speaking

"I have no time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer: are you good for anything."

My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.

"Well, well, no gas; can you draw a paper?" Here again I ventured to remark, that it depended somewhat on its nature; but I saw from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierceness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying,

"I want a will drawn; quick! hurriedly! but so strong that all the d—s in h—ll can't undo it! Can you do it?" And she fairly glared at me with impatience for my answer.

Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on the law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. I accordingly assured her that I could draw a will which, though I could not warrant it to pass the ordeal she mentioned, would, I was sure, be proof against the efforts of all the lawyers in Christendom.

And now her manner changed from the fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried.

"Come then, quick! quick! young man, and you shall pocket one thousand dollars for your night's work!" she exclaimed.

And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I found myself at the neighboring corner, stepping into a hack, before the startling, but comfortable words, "One thousand dollars for your night's work!" had ceased ringing in my ears. My conductress followed me in, and without orders we were rattled furiously along the streets to the—House, then the largest hotel in the city. My visions of one thousand bright dollars kept my tongue biddled, and I was led in silence up two flights of stairs into a suite of rooms comprising parlor and two bed rooms. The parlor, however, was occupied by a bed, in which lay an old and evidently dying man. A servant was with him, but he left, upon a motion from the hand of my companion, who approached the bed and said:

"I have an attorney here, Sir; shall he proceed?"

The old man's eyes brightened up, and, after glaring on me for a moment, he spoke:

"If you can draw my will, do it, quick! now, or I must save my breath."

I turned to the table where I found paper, pens, ink, and every thing necessary; and by the light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle-sticks, I was soon busily engaged at the will.

I will not trouble you with the details, nor, in fact, do I remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, etc., were left, in the words of the will, to "my good and faithful house-keeper, Angelina—, as a token of gratitude for her long faithful and meritorious service." But the concluding words of the will I shall never forget; they were written from his mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is something fearful, dreadful—yes, devilish—in this deliberately recording, in what purports to be your last written wish, a curse upon your own offspring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments, and to rush from the room, but the thousand dollars were like so many anchors, and I staid and wrote:

"I leave to my daughter Dora all the satisfaction she can obtain from my hearts curse. When rags whip about her in her only home, the street, and dogs share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but dying, cursed her!"

There was something like a chuckle in the direction of old Angelina as the dying man dictated these fearful words; but as I looked and saw the stern face as rigid as marble, I concluded I must have been mistaken. I could not, however, divest myself of a certain feeling that all was wrong. A rich old man, accompanied by an old house-keeper, and dying in a strange city; her anxiety to have the will so strong; the curse on his daughter, and the large fee, all conspired to make me feel that I was being instrumental in the accomplishment of some villainous object. Again I meditated the destruction of the paper, and again my fee and my wants conquered. The will was finished, and I read it over aloud, the old man groaning, and the old woman looking an occasional ascent; but when I read the terrible curse, a new actor appeared on the scene:

"Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God! you know not what you do!"

The plaintive tones of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The language is yet undiscovered, Harry, that is competent to give you a description of that face; the eyes dancing with excitement yet liquid with tears; the mouth proud as Juno's, yet compressed with anguish. But why do I attempt description? The most majestic, yet sweetest countenance I ever beheld appealed to me, and not in vain; for while the old man, weak as he was, jumped from the bed screaming "Kill her! kill her!" I tore the will into fragments, and we both fell to the floor, he dead, and I stunned by a blow from the heavy candle-stick wielded by the old hag Angelina.

When my consciousness returned, I found myself in my own bed at my boarding house, my host and hostess my sole attendants. My mind was clear the moment I looked about me, and I knew I had been brought home, and was now confined from the effects of that blow. I resolved to keep my own counsel, and to ascertain what I could of the subsequent proceedings of the night. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been brought home by a young gentleman in a carriage, who had left funds for the employment of a physician, and had also left a letter for me. I opened the letter as soon as I was alone, and found two fifty-dollar bank notes, with these words:

"You did last night a deed worthy of more gratitude than our present means enable us to express. The property which so nearly belonged to the infamous hag who struck you, will soon be ours, and you shall then hear from us. May the same kindness which prompted you to tear the paper, seal your lips hereafter as to the painful scenes of last evening. Gratefully yours, DORA AND HER HUSBAND."

My first act was to conceal the letter beneath my pillow; my second to call my host and tender him the amount of my board bill; to my astonishment he told me my companion paid it when he left the letter. It seemed I raved a little about my inability to pay my host while I was unconscious, and thus the husband of Dora (for I had no doubt it was he who brought me home) had ascertained the fact and paid my bill. Added to this, my wound was not severe enough to need any surgery more than was offered by my kind landlady; so when I recovered, (which was soon) I had only no office rent to pay, and then resumed business with the larger part of the one hundred dollars in my treasury. I made cautious inquiries about the—House as to the subsequent movements of my mysterious clients, but could only ascertain that the old couple arrived on that eventful night, the old man ordering a pleasant room in which he could die; that the young couple came by another conveyance, and had taken other rooms; that the old man's body was immediately boxed up and shipped for the north under charge of his man-servant; that the old woman left alone; and that finally the young man paid the whole bill, and left also with his wife. To do my worthy host and kind lady full justice, I must say that they never even hinted at the matter, and I never had a

question to answer; they probably took it for granted that I had been the victim of some broil, and avoided annoying me by any reference to it.

Thirty years of hard work rolled by, Harry, during which I acquired a family, fortune, fame, and gray hairs; but I never, in all that time, saw or heard of my clients, with the exception of one letter, which was received some years after the occurrences which I have related, and which contained two more fifty dollar bills, with the words:

"We are very happy; God bless you!"

But in all that time, I have never forgotten that beautiful angelic face, nor the mute appeal which it made to my heart; the answer to which cost me the deep scar which is the object of your present curiosity, and a one thousand dollar fee less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I in all that time, regret the course I took.

Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in Havana. I boarded with a Spanish landlord, whose house was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I passed one week with him without a single American arrival; and I was mentally resolving one day to leave for New Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the ennui consequent upon my solitary position, when I heard my host calling me:

"Senor, Senor, los Americanos—Americanos!"

Looking from my window, I saw a fine portly gentleman attending to his luggage, and answering the demands of the thousand and one leeches of porters who each claimed to have brought something for him. Thinking I might be of service to him, I went out, and with two or three dimes dispersed the villains who, knowing me for an old stager, submitted to my orders. The gentleman turned to thank me, but suddenly started back, then glanced at my temple, and seeing the end of my candle-stick mark peering out beneath my sombrero, he caught me by the hand, exclaiming:

"We have met before, Sir!—how glad I am to see you!"

And then, without explanation, he drew me to the door-way in which stood a matronly but still beautiful woman.

"See, Dora," said he, "is not this our old friend?"

At the word "Dora," I started, and there before me, sure enough, there stood the Dora of thirty years previous, still retaining many of her former charms, but with the marks of time, notwithstanding, impressed upon her features.

You may well believe our re-union was most pleasant; and after our dinner was over, and we were out enjoying the sea-breeze, the whole story was told me. I will not give you the details of it; it was long, but the main features of it were about what I had surmised. Dora was the only child of a wealthy father; her mother died when she was a mere child; old Angelina had remained with her father in the capacity of a house-keeper, and had, while Dora was away at school, acquired, as is generally the case, complete influence over him. Dora was wooed and won by a poor clerk; the father would not listen to it; an elopement was the consequence; and the old man in his rage broke up house-keeping, and taking old Angelina with him had started for the South. Dora had followed him with her husband, although she knew he would not see her, and although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of his death, they had been following for about a month from place to place, keeping concealed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes of Angelina. When Dora appeared in the room, it was only because the man-servant, who had been with her father, and who, as you remember, left the room as I entered, had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father could not live an hour; she was entering the room to make one last effort at reconciliation when my voice reading the fearful words of her father's curse caused the outcry and denouement. Her husband, who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angelina in vain trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a Bedlamite. He and his man-servant put the old man's body into the bed, took Dora to her room, and while the servant kept guard over Angelina, he took me home in a carriage. The rest you know.

I have only to add that, whenever I wander north, either alone or with my wife and family, we always stop at the house of our kind friends. They have spent one winter with us at the south, and we expect them again the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who practices law with my name on the sign with his, (as senior partner, although he does all the business), is Dora's son, and from certain conscious looks and bright blushes on my pretty daughter's cheek when he calls, I imagine he may be mine too. But of this, Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.

Hope is the leading string of youth—memory the staff of old age.

## COMMON SCHOOLS OF CLEARFIELD CO.

REPORT OF 1857.

The following brief account of the condition of the schools for 1856-7, as given by the teachers at the time of visiting them, will exhibit their retrogression or advancement. If any of the teachers feel due credit has not been given to their districts, a moment's reflection will excuse me from partiality, when they consider I cannot be in all the schools at one and the same time, without possessing the attributes of omnipresence and omniscience. Some schools were visited from six to ten days, and others from four to ten weeks or more after the opening of the schools. Those first visited will not be fairly represented unless by a second visit towards the close of the term. Some schools have been visited twice, a few three times, but a large majority only once. It is a matter of impossibility to see all the schools twice, and do justice to any of them.

Time spent in examining Teachers and Schools, over four months. I have aimed to be impartial and thorough in the examination of applicants, to the extent of their knowledge, so as to bring out their real qualifications in the branches to be taught. Having but one, two or three applicants at a time, I have examined orally, giving each one a slate and pencil to write answers and solve problems, pertaining to practical business of the school room. I have examined this year about 60 applicants singly, that was unavoidable on account of residing in other counties, and this will be the case so long as we have not half the number of teachers wanted, without calling them from other counties. From six to eight thousand dollars are paid annually to teachers who do not reside in the county. Why not prepare our own teachers, and thus keep the money in our own county? By making a comparison between this and last year, it is evident this has been a year of progress and improvement, in teachers and schools, of nearly fifty per cent., and another year will tell still more the happy results of our system of public instruction, through the common schools.

EXHIBITIONS.—Several have been held at the close of the schools for reviewing the studies and speaking pieces, highly creditable to the teachers and pupils. These exhibitions have been largely attended and highly applauded by the citizens.

TEACHERS.—A number of young men and ladies of this county who have taught school the past winter, have adopted Davy Crockett's motto of "go ahead," and are qualifying themselves for the profession of teaching, by attending a normal school, or some other respectable seminary of learning. The number of good teachers is increasing, and will continue to increase in proportion as their services are appreciated and the pay made to correspond with their qualifications. Directors have graded the salary in some districts according to the certificate, whether professional or temporary. This is right, and serves as a stimulus to those who are deficient, to improve and qualify themselves better. Teachers holding temporary certificates may have No. 1 and 2 in some of the branches, and No. 4 and 5, or 0, in others. Such are not fit to teach, and should not be employed if better can be found. No teacher should be employed to teach a branch not named in his or her certificate, as it would be lost time to the pupil.

No. of Teachers—70 males, 20 females. 20 of the males hold professional, or No. 1, certificates. The remaining 50 temporary, and some very poor certificates. 8 of the females hold sealed, or No. 1, certificates, and 12 temporary. All seem anxious to improve and be useful.

Ages.—12 males are between 17 and 20; 26 between 20 and 25; 20 between 25 and 30; 7 between 30 and 40, and 2 between 60 and 70 years. The oldest are the poorest teachers, (over 50 years.) 3 between 50 and 60. Of the females, 15 are between 17 and 25 years, and 5 between 25 and 35.

Some eight or ten teachers make no pretensions to geography or grammar, and are not good in arithmetic; others have improved so as to obtain No. 1 and 2 in arithmetic, geography and grammar, who had Nos. 3, 4 and 5 on the first examination. Only one teacher has been examined to teach the German language, four in Natural Philosophy, Botany or Physiology, and eight in Algebra. I can report 30 teachers by profession, or propose to become such, and a few holding temporary certificates are not qualified mentally nor by education to become efficient and successful teachers. A man, young or old, with little mind, no educational training, and without means to fit himself for the profession, had better give up at once, and engage in some other business better adapted to his capacity.

DIFFICULTIES.—Those which most impeded the progress of improvement are the want of a sufficient number of competent teachers and a uniformity of text books, out-line maps, globes and other apparatus for the benefit of teachers and pupils. We have but 90 teachers, (some only pretenders), to supply 120 schools. Of course some of the teachers are employed for two schools, to make up the deficiency. 110 schools only are in session this year, the Directors having in some districts thrown two into one to make the funds reach four months.

PUPILS.—Whole number about 4300. There are 500 more males than females. The average attendance is about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the whole number,

but in many places not over half the number attend regularly.

COMPARISON.—By comparing this year with the last, I find the number in each branch of study, as well as the number of branches, increased. On my first visitation of the schools in the county, not over ten pupils had been thro' any arithmetic. This year upwards of 80 have been thro' Rose, Davies, Greenleaf or Ray's Arithmetic, and many others nearly through. There are 205 in arithmetic, 90 in geography, 100 in grammar, more than there were last year. Our Teachers with few exceptions have improved very much. History, Philosophy, Physiology and Algebra will soon be introduced into many of our schools.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A County Institute of three days was held at the county seat in October, but politics ran so high little could be done for education. Four district associations have been organized for the improvement of teachers and the condition of the schools, viz: Penn tp., Curwensville Bor., Clearfield Bor., and Luthersburg. I find by note book, some parents think their children should learn; books or no books at home, or at school.—Some schools had 4, some 8, and one only one pupil at the time of my visitation. One parent said: "Master, push my boy ahead; I find he can't tell the difference between Division and Subtraction." "Very well; send him to school." I see by the tally paper, he has been in all two days there, and had one sheet of paper, so smoky and black that ink would almost make a white mark on it.

ELEMENTARY BRANCHES.—More attention has been paid to Orthography, the nature and power of letters, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, &c., than in times past. Small pupils that can spell in three and five syllables, with a few proper explanations in the vowel sounds, take up and comprehend them as readily, and often better, than the larger ones, and can tell what figures govern the vowels in any word given them to spell. Writing ranks high with many, and if the teacher is a good writer, he must of course be a good scholar in other branches; but if the teacher is a poor penman, let his other qualifications be what they may, he is considered an indifferent scholar. As far as my experience goes, I have found the very best writers in this county to be very deficient in other branches, because writing is their hobby, on which they ride into many a school, at the expense of more important branches. A good teacher may be a poor writer, while good writing does not constitute a good teacher; yet a good teacher should understand the system of writing, and write a fair, legible hand, uniform and proportional.

GRADED SCHOOLS.—There are none properly graded, but many well classified, and in another year the prospects will be fair for graded schools in the towns and villages. The sooner this is done, the better. It will save time, money and labor, and not require so many teachers of a higher grade to do the same labor. So long as our schools are mixed with eight or ten branches taught in one school, an increased demand will be created for a higher grade and greater number of teachers of that kind whose wages also must be higher. If the schools are rightly graded, and all the advanced scholars in a District put into one school, one teacher of the higher grade will answer in place of five or six.

WAGES.—Male teachers average from \$18 to \$30 per month; females from \$16 to \$25, according to qualifications. In a few places the teachers have all the same monthly pay without regard to qualifications or size and advancement of the school. This is wrong and does great injustice to the professional teacher.

APPLICANTS.—A few applicants, who could not answer half the questions in orthography, or give the element sounds of any letter, or rules of arithmetic to fractions, felt rather indignant at the high numbers on their certificates, (a Mr. Hunter was one of the number, and said he had taught school seven years,) while others, satisfied with any numbers, went away conscious of their being minus, yet with the laudable resolve to study and improve, so as to be equal to the best if possible. This resolution some eight or ten are pursuing with all the vigor of mind they have.

LAND OFFICE.—The suggestion has been made to abolish the office of Surveyor General and give the building to the School Department, that is occupied for that purpose. "The reasons which sustain this proposition are strong." "The Auditor General's report for the fiscal year 1855, gives the State revenue from the lands at \$17,448.15, and the expense of the Land Department at \$10,097.78. Thus the State pays over \$10,000 to collect a little over \$17,000. What economy! Most of the land which the State now owns, lies in the poorer counties, which suffer most from heavy school tax. Let this land be given to their schools, and the \$10,000 which are given to useless officers, be given to the school fund, and the Land office building to the School Department. By this the schools and the State will be better served. Let the records and titles be deposited in the different counties to which they belong, and the earliest grants and patents be placed in the State Library."

UNIFORM TAX.—I can make no suggestions for the improvement of the school system, that have not already been made by others; but I cannot recommend in terms too strongly to the citizens of Clearfield county, and every

other county with a high school tax, to use every honorable and laudable means to petition the Legislature on this point—to make an amendment to the law in this respect. I cannot do better than use the language of Superintendent Guyer, of Bradford county, who is the poor man's friend, and a tried and untiring friend of Education: "The schools sustained under our common school system, have caused such severe and unequal taxation, done so little where most needed, that confidence is nearly lost in the enterprise. What confidence can be placed in a system with burdens and privileges so unequal? No two counties or districts are similar, yet all unite in supporting some schools. Where one pays two mills school tax, another five, a third 12, and a fourth 20 or 25, it is impossible to avoid disputes, litigation and loss of schooling. The district with three mills tax can have ten months schooling; the one with five or eight mills, six months; and those that pay 13 to 20, but 4 months schooling. This inequality in tax is calculated to excite jealousy and opposition to a law that works so unequally." If a uniform school tax can be substituted for the present district school tax, let A. B. and C. pay equally according to their property, live where they may, and it will take off or lessen the tax of not only Clearfield, but every county and district that pays a high school tax, more than one half. Why should A, the poor man, pay 12 mills school tax and get but 4 months schooling, when B. pays but three mills and has 10 months schooling? The thing is absurd. The highest tax payers receive the least schooling.

I have carefully examined the statistics of all the counties in the State, and not one pays so high an average school tax as Clearfield. Cambria is next, and Jefferson next. Delaware, Cumberland and Bucks have from 8 to 10 months school with three mills tax; Chester and Lancaster, 6 to 10 months, with from one to five mills tax. The ball has been put in motion to reduce the school tax to work on all alike. Let us keep it moving till the end is accomplished "and schools prove good enough for the best, cheap enough for the poorest, free and accessible to all," which is the duty and policy of the State.

My term of office will expire the 1st of June. I have done the best I could to promote the interest of the schools under existing circumstances. I sincerely thank the Directors and citizens for their kindness and hospitality, the Teachers for the respect shown me, and the editors in particular, for their favors in printing.

A. T. SCHAEFER, Co. Supt.

April 4th, 1857.

[The statistics of the several townships and boroughs, will appear in the next Journal.]

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store, and asked:

"Be you a druggist?"

"Well I s'pose so, I sell drugs."

"Wall have you got any of this sentin stuff as the gals puts on their handkerchers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall our Sal's guine to be married, and she gin me nincence and told me invest the hull amount in sentin stuff, so's to make her smell sweet, if I could find some to suit, so if you've a mind to I'll jest smell round."

The Yankee smell round without being snuffed until the "druggist" got tired of him and taking him down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a sentin stuff here that'll suit you—a single drop on a handkercher will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out, but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"Is that so mister? Wall jest hold on a minute, and when I say neow, you put it to my smell."

The hartshorn of course knocked the Yankee down, he got up and after rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists said, "You made me smell that tarnaal everlastin' stuff, now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

"Fellow sinners," said a preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let say man proclaim that there were one hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see!"

"We met a gentleman of this city yesterday, says the 'New Haven Palladium,' who had just received from Washington a box of cuttings from fruit trees. It came by post office, franked. We suggested that he ought to feel indignant 'at such abuse of a national institution, but he replied, 'No, I think that all this cursed administration is good for is to peddle garden seeds.'"

"The attention of a beautiful little girl being called to a rose bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she heartlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother before she dies."

"Once on a time, rich dresses, luxury, extravagant fashions, elegant furniture and costly buildings were considered signs of pride. Now, on the contrary, all these things are deemed necessary accompaniments of virtue, honor and respectability."