

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.
A traveller, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree;
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,
To back beneath its boughs!
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird's sweet music here,
It stood a glory in its place!
A blessing evermore!
A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle at its brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!
A dreamer dropped a random thought—
'Twas old; and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true!
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monetary fame.
The thought was small—its issue great!
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheered the valley still.
A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love
Unheeded from the heart!
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transient breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death,
O gems! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

THE TWO FACES.

ONE FOR HOME, THE OTHER FOR COMPANY.
Of course we never mean to be personal, but yet we know the following Life Lesson must find application somewhere, else it would never have been written. Or, like the preparation of the universal physician, it may be laid up for use in case of disease, or even taken as a preventive.
Mrs. Abby Leeman was thirty years old, and had been married just ten years. She had a good husband, and three good children. She was naturally a kind, excellent woman and meant to do right; she had one fault; and small as it seemed to her, it occasioned much unhappiness in the family circle. She was not always happy at home, nor was she always pleasant, though for the life of her she could not tell what had occurred to ruffle her feelings. She had everything about her calculated to begot joy and her every reasonable wish was answered. But after all, she often wore a sour face, and her tongue would run on in strains far from sweet or accordant.
"What is the matter, Abby?" asked her husband, as he returned one evening from the store and found his wife with a sour face on.
"Nothing," was the answer, given rather moodily.
"But something must be the matter. You never look so when you are happy."
"How can I help looks? Can't I look as I feel without disturbing you?"
"Pshaw, Abby—don't talk so," the husband said, at the same time placing his arm about her neck and kissing her. "Now tell me what has happened?"
"Nothing has happened more than usual," retorted the wife, still unpleasantly. "Who would 'n't be sober, I'd like to know, stuck up here from morning till night, with two squalling young ones to look but for, all the time?"
"Squalling young ones!" repeated Albert Leeman, while an expression of pain passed over his features.
"There look at that!" cried the wife, pointing to where her youngest child, a four-year-old, was just climbing upon the tea table after the sugar bowl. "Get out of that you little brat. There, take that!" Now let me catch you up there again. Stop that crying—stop it, I say. You touch that sugar again and I'll give you such a licking as you won't want!"
The poor girl tried in vain to hush its sobbings, and instinctively crept to its father's side. He placed his arms about the little one and raised it to his knee, and in a moment more its reddened, inflamed cheek, where the mother's blow had fallen, was pillowed upon the father's bosom.
"Oh, yes," said the wife, "now you'll pet the brat. I'd like to have you have charge of 'em all day; we'd see how much patience you'd have."
"I would at least remember that she was my child," said he, somewhat reproachfully, "and also bear in mind the simple fact that the young disposition may gain all its impulses from the example it receives at the hands of its guardian."
"O yes, that's it. Of course, I am always wrong." And then Abby Leeman put her arm about her eyes and began to cry.
Of course the husband could say no more. He had often, very often, suffered all this before, and he had tried to make his wife see how much real unhappiness she was making for herself; but she would not listen; or, if she did, the impression was not lasting. In fact, she had no patience with her children, and the single ruffle of a moment was sure to make unhappiness for her. She loved her husband fondly; and her children she loved, too. She was proud of them, and for their comfort she would sacrifice any amount of personal convenience.

Many and many an hour of blissful joy did she pass with her husband when the sky was clear; but a cloud was sure to bring the storm. For years not a day passed that he had not seen some unpleasant passage between herself and children, and she would not understand that her very mode of treatment—the disposition she manifested and the language she used—was surely warring the minds of her little ones. In pain and anguish her husband had tried to show her this, but she would not listen; and then when she was calm and reasonable—Albert could not find it in his heart to destroy the peace by such allusions.
On the present occasion supper was eaten almost in silence. The husband was pained and the wife angry. The child once cried for a lump of sugar, and the mother jerked a piece on her plate, with the words,
"There, take it! You want everything you see your eyes on."
The little one ate the sugar in silence, while the mother felt more dismal still from this new outburst. And thus matters went on for an hour, at the end of which time the door-bell rang, and some company was introduced. It was a neighbor and his wife. In a moment the whole expression of Abby's face was changed. Smiles took the place of frowns, and her words were as sweet as could be; and during the whole evening she was as happy and as gay as though frowns had never rested upon her brow.
"Abby," said her husband, after the visitors were gone, "since we have been married have I not done all in my power to make you happy? Have you ever expressed an earnest, heart-felt wish that I have not gratified?"
"I don't know," replied the wife, rather reluctantly.
"Yes, you do know," replied Albert, "and what I want to know is this: Why you could not strive as much to make me happy as you will those who are not dependent upon you for happiness. When I came home this evening worn and fatigued with the labors of the day, why could you not have met me with a smile and cheerful welcome?"
"Because I didn't feel like smiling," was the answer.
"But you smiled the moment Mr. Bigbee and his wife came in; and that, too, when your feelings were anything but pleasant a moment before. Can you do for their comfort what you are not willing to do for mine?"
"I do the best I can," sobbed Mrs. Leeman beginning to cry. "I wish you'd found a wife who could have suited you better than I do, I never can suit you, never!"
Abby was in tears, and her husband could say no more. He could only wish that she would understand him. Oh! how often, when she was kind and good, did he wish she would always be so; and again, when she was making company so happy, how fervently did he pray that she would always do so for him.
She was a neat, tidy, industrious woman, and only her own family knew of this dark trait in her character.
In the same town with Abby lived her only sister who married a young man by the name of Charles Frye. Charles was some eight and twenty, and Lydia, his wife, Abby's sister, three years younger. This man was a carpenter by trade; strong, healthy, generous, and of superior intelligence. His business was good, and though he wore a paper cap and apron ten or twelve hours a day, yet he was laying up money. Lydia Frye was unlike her sister in one respect. That sweet smile which visitors found upon her face never faded in her husband's presence, and the words which the stranger heard her speak to his child were never more harsh when alone with her little one. She loved her husband and she loved her child; and never did she knowingly speak a word that could bring a cloud upon her household.
And between these two sisters there was an estrangement. Several times Lydia had expostulated with Abby on her fractious treatment of her children and once she had even gone so far as to put her arms about her sister's child to protect it from the mother's rage; and, it unfortunately happened that on that very evening Mr. Leeman asked his wife why she could not be as kind and mild always as her sister was. Then, added to this, Abby shortly afterward learned, through a meddlesome neighbor, that her sister had given her husband, Albert, some advice as to how he might best punish his fractious wife. This capped the climax in Abby's mind, and from that time there was no intercourse between the sisters.
One day Albert came home with the pleasant intelligence for his wife that her father would be there the next morning, and that he intended to settle down with him and find a home. Abby was in ecstasies. She loved her father, for he was a good man, and had ever been kind to his children. And he was wealthy, too.
On the following day Moses Gorham came. He was an old man now, past sixty, with white hair and mild benevolent look; and Abby was very happy. Her father told her he had finished his travels, and meant to settle down with one of his children for the remainder of his days.
"Oh, of course you'll come and stay with us," Abby said. "We've got the most room and are best able to keep you."
"Ah my child," returned the old man, with a smile, "I am better able to keep myself. But I can tell you better about that after I have been here a spell."

At the end of the week, Mr. Gorham informed Abby and her husband that he had that day deposited in the bank twenty thousand dollars in their name, and they might draw it as they pleased. He thus wished them to enjoy a part, at least, of their patrimony, while he lived.—Of course the reader can imagine how this announcement was received. But the old man did not stop long to hear their thanks, for he had the same errand to deliver to Lydia and her husband.
He found Charles and Lydia occupying one chair when he entered—Lydia sitting in Charles' lap, and the child in her's.
He told them what he had done, and it was some time ere one of them could speak. But Charles was the first to break the silence.
"Mr. Gorham," he said, in a low, tremulous voice, "I accept your generous offer, and the more readily, too, because I know it comes from the hand of love. But, sir, I could not have asked—I could not have expected it—on the ground that I am your son-in-law. No, no, for in this noble woman you have given me treasure such as few men possess. Oh! you cannot know what a heaven on earth my home is while—while—my wife—"
But Charles had undertaken a work he could not perform. The words stuck in his throat, and the speech ended in a flood of tears. His gentle wife sank upon his bosom, and the old man went to the window and pretending to be looking at something in the street notwithstanding it was very dark out there, and he had his handkerchief before his eyes all the while.
Another year passed away, and during the most of that time the old man remained with Abby. After this he began to see the cloudy disposition manifest itself. He was pained and shocked. He spoke with her, but she pretended she could not help it. Another week passed on, and during that time Mr. Gorham spoke with his child touching her fault; but still she did not amend.
Saturday evening came and Abby Leeman was in her chamber. Her oldest child, a girl came up and told her that grandpa was going away—that he had got his trunk at the door. Abby could not believe it. She started for the sitting room at once.
"No, no, Albert," she heard the old man say, "I cannot remain here; I had intended to make my home with Abby, for she is my oldest living, but I cannot bear it. Nearly every day my heart is made to ache with the harsh, unkind words I hear spoken to your little ones. Oh! such good, sweet children! and I love them so! But Abby, will not listen even to me. Once I might have borne it; but now when my heart is lonely and sad from recent bereavement, I cannot bear it. I will come to see you, and you shall have the old share of love. And I fear that she is not always kind to you."
"Has Lydia told you so?" asked Albert.
"Lydia?" uttered Mr. Gorham in surprise. "She told me? Ah, you don't know her, if you think so. No, no; she has only told me what a good and faithful wife Abby was. But I can see, as my presence grows more common, the restraint wears off, and Abby begins to show me the face she keeps for home. I speak this to you, Albert, because I would not lie to you. But I will see Abby again!"
Abby listened to him no longer. With a wildly beating, bursting heart, she hastened to her room and threw herself upon a bed, and there she lay for a long time. When her husband came up she was sick, and when he asked her what he could do for her, she said she would be left to herself. In a moment he mistrusted that she had heard a part of her father's remarks and left her.
One day, little Nellie looked pale and sick, and cried a great deal with pain. It was the youngest—the baby. Abby was fractious, but she did not speak so harshly as usual. She had tried to reform since her father left a week before, but she allowed a spirit of anger to come into her soul on account of the course she had pursued, so her trial did not amount to much. When Albert came home the child was worse, and by this time it had become so sick that the mother was sorry she had been so harsh through the day.
Mr. Leeman went for the doctor, and when that man came he said Nellie had the scarlet fever. All night the little one suffered much, and its cheeks and brow seemed on fire. On the next day she grew weaker and sicker, then Abby feared she might die. Oh! what a thought!
Sabbath night came, and little Nellie had grown white and thin; during the whole day she had been calm and quiet. Could she be dying? "Oh God, spare my child!" the frantic mother prayed upon her knees.
The clock had struck nine, when Nellie—raised her eyes, and they looked very strange. "Mamma—good mamma," she whispered, "kiss little Nellie."
The mother pressed her lips upon her child's brow, and kissed her fervently.
"Mamma—you love little Nellie; and you love George and Mary."
The mother could not speak. Just then Mr. Leeman approached.
"Papa—papa—one kiss for Nellie. Love Nellie always. Love George and Mary, and love Mamma."
When Abby Leeman next looked upon her child the spirit had fled! The little sufferer was free from all earthly pain. One moment

the mother gazed upon the broken casket, and then she sank down upon her knees as though her heart would break. Her husband knelt by her side; he placed both his arms about her neck, and with one deep burst of passionate grief, she pillowed her head upon his bosom.
On the next morning Lydia came and took care of the body of little Nellie. She dressed it sweetly, combed its golden hair back, and when she placed it in the coffin she spread new and fragrant flowers all around it. She had done all this when Abby entered.
The sisters were alone by the dead child. The bereaved mother gazed awhile upon the face of the little sleeper, and then she turned to her sister. Lydia opened her arms, and the next moment the estranged ones were in each other's embraces. It was a long, long, while ere either of them could speak. They could only weep and sob, and cling more closely, heart to heart.
We will not tell the thoughts which dwelt in Abby Leeman's mind upon this occasion, for we will tell of the long hours spent upon her knees in prayer while all the other of the household slept.
"Love George and Mary! Love little Nellie! Love Mamma!" Oh! how these rang in that mother's soul. And how her words came back upon her—the harsh unkind words that had been spoken to the cherub that was gone! But she found a balm in the solemn resolution she took to herself never to be unkind again.
And the resolution was sacredly kept. Albert and Abby mourned for the departed one, but they felt, too, that the gentle spirit of the heaven-born child was dwelling still with them, making a paradise of their home and leading them on in joy and peace.
Ere long the old man came to live awhile with his eldest child, [and from that time he divided his months between them, and he could no more feel that one home was pleasanter than the other. Both were alike joyous, peaceful and happy. When he now looked upon Abby's happy, smiling face, he knew that she had no other face for domestic use. The beaming, genial countenance that welcomed the visitor was never laid aside. Its sunshine was for her husband and children, and the cloudy brow was put away forever.

THE BELT OF WAMPUM.

An interesting ceremonial took place on the 9th of March last before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It was the presentation of the Belt of Wampum delivered by the Indians to William Penn at the great treaty under the elm tree in 1682. The Executive Committee have made a report thereon, from which we gather that Granville J. Penn, Esq., a great grandson of William Penn, brought with him from England, for the purpose of presentation to the Society, the Belt referred to, and desired its deposit in their archives. Mr. Penn, in his presentation speech, explained the character of the wampum and its use by the Indians. In doing this he quoted from a work on Missions by George Henry Loskiel, published in German in 1788, and translated into English in 1794. After giving an account of the hieroglyphics of the Indians, the writer then describes the wampum and its use:
"Wampum is an Iroquois word, meaning a muscle. A number of these muscles strung together is called a string of wampum, which, when a fathom long, is termed a fathom or belt of wampum; but the word string is commonly used, whether it be long or short. Before the Europeans came to North America, the Indians used to make strings of wampum chiefly of small pieces of wood, of equal size, stained either black or white. Few were made of muscle, which were esteemed very valuable and difficult to make; for, not having proper tools, they spent much time in finishing them, and yet their work had a clumsy appearance. But the Europeans soon contrived to make strings of wampum, both neat and elegant, and in great abundance. These they bartered with the Indians for other goods, and found this traffic very advantageous. The Indians immediately gave up the use of the old wooden substitute for wampum, and procured those made of muscles, which, though fallen in price, were always accounted valuable.
"These muscles are chiefly found on the coast of Virginia and Maryland, and are valued according to their color, which is brown, violet, and white. The former are sometimes of so dark a shade that they pass for black, and are double the price of white. Having first sawed them into square pieces about a quarter of an inch in length and an eighth in thickness, they grind them round or oval upon a common grindstone; then, a hole being bored lengthways through each large enough to admit a wire, whipcord, or thin thong, they are strung like beads, and the string of wampum is completed. Four or six strings joined in one breadth, and fastened to each other with fine thread, make a belt of wampum, being about three or four inches wide and three feet long, containing perhaps four, eight, or twelve fathom of wampum, in proportion to its required length and breadth. This is determined by the importance of the subject which these belts are intended either to explain or confirm, or by the dignity of the persons to whom they are to be delivered. Every thing of moment transacted at solemn councils, either between the Indians themselves or with

the Europeans, is ratified and made valid by strings and belts of wampum.
"Formerly they used to give sanction to their treaties by delivering a wing of some large bird; and this custom still prevails among the more western nations, in transacting business with the Delawares. But the Delawares themselves, the Iroquois, and the nations in league with them, are now sufficiently provided with handsome and well-wrought strings and belts of wampum. Upon the delivery of the string, a long speech may be made and much said upon the subject under consideration, but when a belt is given few words are spoken; they must be words of great importance, frequently requiring an explanation. Whenever the speaker had pronounced some important sentence, he delivers a string of wampum, adding, 'I give this string of wampum as a confirmation of what I have spoken;' but the chief subject of his discourse he confirms with a belt. The answers given to a speech thus delivered must also be confirmed by strings and belts of wampum, of the same size and number as those received. Neither the color nor the other qualities of wampum are matters of indifference, but have an immediate reference to those things which they are meant to confirm. The brown or deep violet, called black by the Indians, always means something of severe or doubtful import; but the white is the color of peace. Thus, if a string or belt of wampum is intended to confirm a warning against evil or an earnest reproof, it is delivered in black. When a nation is called upon to go to war, or war is declared against it, the belt is black, or marked with red, called by them the color of blood, having in the middle the figure of a hatchet in white wampum.
"The Indian women are very dexterous in weaving the strings of wampum into belts, and marking them with different figures, perfectly agreeing with the different subjects contained in the speech. These figures are marked with white wampum upon black, and with black upon white belts. For example, in a belt of peace, they very dexterously represent, in black wampum, two hands joined. The belt of peace is white, a fathom long and a hand's breadth. They refer to them as public records, carefully preserving them in a chest made for that purpose. At certain seasons they meet to study their meaning, and to renew the ideas of which they were an emblem or confirmation. On such occasions they sit down around the chest, take out one string or belt after the other, handing it about to every person present, and that they may all comprehend its meaning, repeat the words pronounced on its delivery in their whole convention. By these means they are enabled to remember the promises reciprocally made by the different parties; and it is their custom to admit even the young boys who are related to the chiefs, to their assemblies; they become early acquainted with all the affairs of the State; thus the contents of their documents are transmitted to posterity, and cannot be easily forgotten."

A Terrible Riot occurred at the municipal election in Washington city, on the 1st June, in which several persons were killed and a number wounded. It appears from the official statements published that a gang of Baltimore bullies, known as "Plug Uglies," proceeded to Washington on that day, and attempted to take forcible possession of the polls. Revolvers, bills, stones, bricks, &c., were freely used and six persons killed and sixteen wounded. The riot is described as having been a frightful affair, and the President ordered out a detachment of U. S. marines to restore order.

There are in the United States 1,217 distilleries, in which 2,240 persons are employed; a capital of \$8,567,674 is invested. They consume yearly 14,267,761 bushels of corn, 3,787,170 bushels of barley, 2,143,927 bushels of rye, 50,240 hogsheds of molasses. They manufacture 42,861,920 gallons of ale, 41,354,000 gallons of whiskey and high wines, 6,500,000 gallons of rum, being about four gallons of liquor for every man, woman and child in the country.

The Coroner's Jury in the recent poisoning case, at Danville, which has caused so much excitement at that place, met at two o'clock, on June 1st, in the Court House. The verdict rendered by the jury was that the death of David Twigg and Mrs. Clark was caused by poison, supposed to have been administered by Mrs. Twigg and W. J. Clark. In accordance with the verdict, both prisoners were committed for trial.

There is a negro named Grey, now living in Chicago, who holds a passport under the hand of the Secretary of State, broad seal attached, which declares that he is a citizen of the United States, and guarantees him protection. Mr. Grey also holds a certificate of commendation, made in 1835, which is signed by James Buchanan, who therein states that "Mr. Grey is a citizen of the United States."

POTATOES.—A writer in New York expresses the opinion that people make a mistake in paying too much for potatoes. There is more nourishment in one bushel of good white beans, than in five bushels of potatoes; and what is better than bean soup, or more palatable than good old fashioned "bean porridge?" He says the "age of beans" should be revived as well for economy as for health.

AGRICULTURAL.
CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The following directions, as to the choice of ground, time and manner of planting, cultivating, stripping, and cutting the Chinese Sugar Cane, when it is growing for the purpose of making Syrup of Sugar, has been gathered from practical men, who have had experience in the field in the sugar growing districts of this and other countries, by Messrs. Hodges & Free, corner of Main and Water streets, Cincinnati.
Choice of Ground.—Upland soil is better for Sugar than low ground, though the latter may be a strong deep soil. It is supposed that the saccharine matter in plants is absorbed chiefly from the atmosphere; and though a larger growth of cane can be secured on low grounds than on high, there will be more water in the sap; and as the cost of pressing and boiling is considerable, it is not always desirable to produce the largest growth, but rather the richest juice.
Time of Planting.—The seed of the Chinese Sorgho or Sorgho Sucre, should not be planted until the ground has become warm to considerable depth. If the season is backward, as the present spring, the first to the tenth of June will do very well. Mr. Whitney, of Washington, D. C., raised his best seed last year from seed planted on the 8th June.
Manner of Planting.—All agree that one seed in a place, eight or ten inches apart, in drills four feet apart, running north or south, gives the best growth, and renders its maturity more certain and uniform. It should be borne in mind that the Sorgho or Juphee stools out wheat, i. e., one seed produces several stalks, and it is therefore not only useless but detrimental to a good growth of the best cane to plant the seed too thick. As light and air are essential to the best growth for sugar, it is better, as a general thing, to have too few than too many stalks, therefore no harm is done if a few hills fail to come up, as they probably will when there is but one seed in a place.
Cultivation.—This does not differ from the cultivation of Indian corn, except that it should be watched when near maturity. When it is intended to make sugar and molasses the seed should be plucked out. This should be done after the seed has formed and before it begins to fill, i. e., before it begins to form a milky appearance, or, in other words, while the seeds are yet of a green color in the side. The seed heads are easily plucked out by grasping the head and jerking upward. In a short time after this is done new panicles will shoot out from the joints below, on which new seed heads will form. As soon as the seed in these new heads have begun to form the whole stalk should be stripped of all its leaves and panicles, leaving nothing but the naked trunk.
Stripping.—This operation is performed very quick by those accustomed to it. It is done with an instrument shaped like a pruning hook, only it is larger and not sharp. A stroke downward with this instrument, close to the stalk, strips off not only the panicle and blades, but also the sheath around the stalk at the base of each blade. If the instrument is sharp, it does not clear the stalk so well, and besides that, it would be likely to wound the stalk, and cause it to rot.
Cutting.—This may be done as soon as the stripping is complete, but not until the mill and the kettles are all ready, as the cane should be ground as soon as it is cut, and the juice boiled as soon as it is expressed; otherwise the quality of the syrup made from it will be inferior, and it will be nearly impossible to make sugar from it at all.
The "Squatter Sovereign," published at Atchison, Kansas Territory, and heretofore an uncompromising pro-slavery journal, has been sold to Messrs. McBratney and Pomeroy, and is now a Free State paper. The South gave it such a meagre support that the former editor was forced to sell to the Free State men or sink the whole concern.
The wife and daughter of Dr. Chaffee, representative from the Springfield district, in whom the ownership of Dred Scott's family rested, have, since the death of the administrator of the estate, given them their liberty, and practically nullified the Taney decision.—*Boston Traveller.*
Tax last of the children of George III has departed this life. Her Royal Highness Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, expired Thursday, April 30, at the age of 81. She was born on the 29th of April, 1776, and, consequently, had long passed the ordinary limit of human life.
Virginia is said to be overrun by Gipsies.—They are of European origin, and practice all the tricks and pilferings for which the class have ever been distinguished. They are attracted to Virginia just as they are found in worn out countries of the old world.
WARNING TO TOBACCO CONSUMERS.—A letter from Kentucky says, that tobaccoists are using prussic acid to give an almond flavor to the leaf, and in consequence of this poison, a number of smokers have lost the use of their lower limbs.
It is stated in the London papers that at a grand ball recently given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Hanover, a game of chess was played on a marked floor, by human chessmen, dressed most gorgeously according to their stations.