Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1857. VOL. 4.—NO. 1.

CONTENTMENT.

Cease railing at fortune;
Meet life with a kiss,
Nor needlessly wish it
One cycle of bliss;
For cares but embellish
Our seasons of joy,
Like feathery cloudlets
That sprinkle the sky,

Cease railing at fortune,
Take life as it comes;
If wanting its dainties,
Make glad o'er the crumbs.
Each life is sweet, if
A smile the lip wears,
But bitter the morsel,
When moistened with tears.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practising law in Illinois, in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C—, by an elderly woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully replied that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose head-quarters were on Moore's prairie. I asked her to tell me the whole truth in the matter, and if it were true her husband did not belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drank. I fear it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears. I could never see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been for eyes brightened by "pearly tears," (blast the poets that made them come in fashion by praising 'em) I'd never have been caught in the lasso of matrimony. And my would be client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her ripe lips, and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a white gull in a gale of wind at sea. I took the case, and she gave me the particulars. The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool, acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still, he had cut the horse's tail and mane to alter his appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brain; who, if they could not fathom the depths of the argument, or follow the labrinthine mazes of the law; could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, and a weeping, pretty wife, nearly broken-hearted, and quite distracted.—Knowing the use of "effect," I told her to dress in deep mourning, and bring her little cherub of a boy, only three years old, into Court, and sit as near her husband as the officers would let her. I tried that game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence and the judge's charge, and saved a poor fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly, inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travellers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of his finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I thought it would. The time came for me to rise for defence. Witnesses I had none, but I determined to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency, and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man just entered into life, wedded to an angel, beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute.—Temptation was before and around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well-dressed; made large bills and paid them promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with the liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol had reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that this young wife should now go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace, and the taunt of a felon father, should cross the path of that sweet child. Oh, how earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgetted and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech, he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled; but they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account from a wholesale house in New York for collection. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign, before they broke, under attachment. Finding I was neck ahead and bound to win, they "caved in," and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars, and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about thirty-five or forty miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me until after dinner. I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid double team of horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high-strung order. They swept pass as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me, asked me to "wet," or in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles distant as a nice stopping place, and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions, but I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or in my sulky, but in a belt around my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stood before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look, she put her fingers on her mouth, and beckoned me in—she was the wife of my late client. When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully, but firmly, declined to do so.

"By G–d, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were;

"Beware! they are members of the gang—mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon, I will detain them."

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What—are you not going on to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I, "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentleman, excuse me a minute; "I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head. More whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out and glanced at their wagon; it was old-fashioned, and linch-pins secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment, with a shout, they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally, they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of: but I didn't cry. My clients got their money, and I didn't travel that road any more.

Sydney Smith hearing it observed of one of the celebrities of the age that he had appeared to great advantage in conversation, said, "Yes, there were some splendid flashes of silence."

THE FARMERS' HIGH SCHOOL

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

This Institution, at this moment, claims the special attention of its friends. Its projectors design that it shall be a school where Agricultural knowledge and science may be obtained at an expense so moderate as to be within the means of those whose occupation is that of a Farmer:—that whilst youths are being taught the business which is to be the occupation of their after life, they will be contributing to their own education, by the labor of their own hands. Under the direction of Professors who will be skilled in the art of farming, and in all those natural sciences which pertain to it, all the management, business and work of the farm, will be performed by the pupils:—whilst their minds are being imbued with the principles and science of agriculture, their daily occupation will be practically testing the truth of what they learn.

It is the desire of the Board of Trustees to put the public in possession of all information respecting the design, present condition, and future prospects of the Farmer's High School, and to ask of them to take such interest in the Institution, as its object and merits demand.

The Board of Trustees in 1855, after a most careful and personal examination of several points, in various quarters of the State, fixed the location in Centre county, on the Southern slope of Penn and Nittany Valleys, within, perhaps, five miles of the Geographical Centre of the State, where the land is limestone, fertile and beautiful. As a place for practical agriculture, nothing more favorable could be desired; and it is sufficiently removed from those intrusions and annoyances of a town or public place, so prejudicial to the pursuit of study, or the security of a well-managed farm or garden.

Two hundred acres of this land was generously donated to the Institution by Gen. James Irvin, with the privilege of purchasing one hundred acres on each side of it, at any time within five years, at sixty dollars an acre; and in the mean time, to have possession of the whole, upon the payment of the interest upon the value of the last mentioned 200 acres.—The Board of Trustees took possession of the whole, and have appropriated of it, to the apple and peach orchards, 21¾ acres:—to smaller fruits, 5¾ acres; to the garden and nursery, 16¼ acres; and to the campus 12¼ acres.—A system of record of all the doings on the farm has been arranged, from which we extract the following memorandum of what has been already done:

OF IMPROVEEENTS ON THE FARM.

90 acres have been grubbed and sprouted; 340 rods of fence rows cleared, grubbed, picked and burnt; 67 acres of Wheat sown September 1856, now good, put down in clover; 75 acres of corn planted spring of 1857; 546 rods of hedge planted in 1856; 360 rods or hedge in 1857; 325 rods of rail fence; 43,000 nursery plants set out, comprising a full assortment of the most desirable nursery stock; 250 rods of seed beds of fruits, eedge plants, &c.; 16,000 plants of over 100 different sorts, received as contributions, many of them intended for the arboretum, and now set in reserve beds, until the ground can be prepared; 600 apple trees set out in orchard rows; 400 peach do; 200, plums, apricot and nectarines do; 250 pear, standard and dwarf do; 200 cherry; 1000 plants of nuts, berries, &c.; 1500 grapevines in vineyard; 60 avenue maples; 400 chestnut, larch, oak, pine and other seedling timber trees, collected and to be planted in lines, so as to give at sight the measure and location of every part of the farm; 500 pine, spruce, fir, &c., to be planted for sheltering hedge. Of these all are doing beyond expectation, under the favoring influences of a good season, excepting only a small portion of the contributed plants, which were injured by delay and exposure.

ON BUILDINGS.

One double-storied barn is finished and fitted up, and has been in use parts of two seasons; it is very capacious and much admired for its convenience. The farmers' house is also finished and part of the out buildings.—For the college building, the cellars have been excavated; 6000 perch of superior building stone, are quarried and on the grounds; three gangs of brickmakers have been at work for some time, and the masons are about to commence the walls. The delays occasioned by uncertainty, up to the 20th of May, as to the amount of funds which would be at the disposal of the Trustees, affected all work on the farm and nurseries as well as the buildings, though to less extent. Work was done with hired teams and tools, and temporary hands, and therefore, under much disadvantage; most of the ground being new and imperfectly cleared, and yet with many stumps and roots.

This account might be much enlarged by detail, but it will serve to communicate an idea of what the progress has been.

All this work has been done under the direction and management of Wm. G. Waring, Esq., a practical horticulturist and farmer; in whose skill and science the Board of Trustees have the most entire confidence.

A contract has been entered into, for the erection of an edifice, calculated for the residence of Professors, lecture-halls and dormitories for students, to be built of stone, five stories high, 233 feet in front, with wings, and to cost fifty-five thousand dollars. This building is already in progress, and it is hoped that a part of it may be put under roof and so far completed this fall, as to enable the Board to make arrangements, and receive a few students in the Spring of 1858.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its last session, has fully recognized the public appreciation of this effort to produce a class of educated farmers whose practice and example may extend into every county of the State.—It has appropriated fifty thousand dollars to enable the Trustees to carry out their plan; twenty-five thousand of which is payable only upon condition that a like sum shall be raised from some other source. There is no other mode of raising this sum than by private contribution or that of County Agricultural Societies throughout the State. This sum contributed, will place the Institution in a prosperous condition, and encourage the Board of Trustees to prosecute the work to speedy and active operation. No such school, as is here contemplated, has ever yet existed amongst us; and it is most confidently anticipated, that whilst we are getting up a farm which will be a model for farmers—whilst we will be testing and disseminating the most valuable seeds and plants throughout the whole length and breadth of the State, having the guarantee of such an Institution for their character and quality; we will be imparting to youth those principles of natural science, which, when intermingled with the practical operations of the farm, will give character to them, and dignity to their calling. There is no other such field for the spirit of philanthropy.

The State has given us	$25,000
We have now including a legacy of five thousand dollars by Elliott Cresson, Esq.	25,000
If individuals or societies will contribute this sum	25,000
It will entitle us to receive from the State, the further sum of	25,000
	$100,000

In making this statement of the situation of the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania, it is the object of the Board of Trustees to enlist the judgment, and feelings, and sympathies of the friends of Agriculture throughout the State; and to call on them for their aid in raising this sum of twenty-five thousand dollars; without it we cannot complete our buildings, and can not, therefore, go into operation.—The consideration that every dollar contributed by individuals or societies pays two to our Farm School, should enable us to raise the amount without delay.

The Board of Trustees have not yet adopted any system of teaching or subjects to be taught, but that our friends may be able to form some idea of our general plan, it is suggested that the following will be submitted as the basis of their action.

THE SUBJECTS PROPOSED TO BE TAUGHT, ARE:

Mathematics—Including practical surveying, leveling, and the care and use of instruments.

Natural Philosophy—The principles of all mechanism; the laws of motion and force; steam; electricity; magnetism, &c., illustrated by apparatus.

Agricultural Engineering and Mechanics—The methods and materials used in construction; what is good material and what is good workmanship.

Implements and Machinery—The principles involved; parts liable to wear or break; adjustment; care; repair; specimens in the museum; mills.

Road Making—Materials; methods; legal regulations; bridging.

Building—Specifications; contracts; prices; architectural taste and detail; finish.

Drawing—Of plans, implements, animals, maps, machinery, &c.

Conveyancing—Forms; titles; procedures; &c.

Language and Literature—Comparisons of styles of expression; speaking to an audience; writing for the press; criticisms.

Principles of Government—American institutions; comparisons with others; duties of township and county officers; laws of vicinage, &c.

Accounts generally, and farm accounts specially; formation of methodical habits by daily practice at the institution.

Form Economy—Expenditures and returns; determination of the most economical mode of accomplishing given jobs of work.

Hydraulics—Methods of supplying water where wanted, and of preventing injury by excess; machines; pipes.

Drainage—Its effects on soils; methods of effecting it.

Agricultural Chemistry—Practical analysis of manures, soils, plants, &c., their elements; chemical agents and apparatus.

Geology—The crust of the earth; soils of all kinds; how formed; specimens in the museum.

Geography—Features of the earth's surface, position of places, maps, productions and peculiarities of different regions.

Astronomy—Motions and influences of the heavenly bodies, revolutions, seasons, climates.

Meteorology—Atmospheric influences; electric and magnetic agencies; heat; cold; moisture; drought; winds; storms; shelter; counteraction; instruments; observations; deductions.

Minerology—Identification of rare or valuable minerals; gypsum, lime, phosphate of lime, cement lime, magnesia; coals, &c., specimens in the museum.

Botany—Arrangement of plants in families; names of individual species and parts of plants; plants of other countries in museum.

Vegetable Physiology—The structure of the vegetable body, functions of roots, leaves, stem, bark, sap, &c.; growth of plants; diseases.

Animal Physiolgy—The structure of the animal body; composition, form, and functions of its parts; nourishment; growth.

Health—Laws of health; effects of exposure to which farmers are liable; prevention of disease.

Veterinary Practice—Diseases of animals; injuries.

Entomology—Habits of insects useful and injuries, especially those injurious to vegetation; specimens in the museum.

Breeds of Stock, Poultry, &c.—Their peculiarities; points, &c., specimens.

Feeding—Amount, quality, and preparation of food; experiments, soiling.

Training of Animals—Of horses, oxen, &c.

Culture of the Soil—Varieties of soils and conditions; instruments and processes applicable to various soils, crops, and seasons.

Manures—Preparation and use of all home manures; experiments with foreign and artificial manures.

Produce—Preservation and marketing of grain, meat, fruits, roots, &c.

Agriculturnl History—Condition in different nations, and at different periods, causes of improvement.

Horticulture—The garden; the orchard; the nursery; the yard; pruning, training, grafting, &c.; best shrubs, trees, flowers, fruits, vegetables; peculiarities of varieties as to habits and culture; decoration and love of home.

Experiments—With manures, processes, seeds, &c., systematic trial; record; publication of results.

Malpractice—What to *avoid* doing; exposure of proven errors; trial of supposed errors.

Very Respectfully,

FREDERICK WATTS.

Pres't of Board of Trustees of Farmer's High School.

Carlisle, July 15, 1857.

A JEST WORTH THE TELLING.—It is well known to our readers there appeared in the *Sunday Times* some two months since a very full report of Gen. Walker's speech, delivered the previous evening on the neutral ground. The editor of a journal that shall be nameless, not having printers in his pay sufficient to set up material to fill his paper, called upon us a day or two afterwards, and asked us as a favor to loan him any of our undistrbuted matter that would occupy his untenanted columns. We readily acceeded to his request, and furnished him with Gen. Walker's speech, and the Rev. Dr. Scott's article on the Efficacy of Prayer, which he had been kind enough to send us from San Francisco.

By some strange accident the political speech and the prayer became wedded together in the pages of contemporary, so that the readers were led to infer that Gen. Walker, in the midst of his fiery address, became suddenly pious, and held forth in prayerful tones worthy of the Rev. Dr. Scott. The one was so beautifully dovetailed into the other, that an ordinary person might be easily deceived.

Yesterday morning we received, among our exchanges, a religious paper of great authority with a certain religious sect, which copies the speech with the interpolated prayer, and supplied its readers with an editorial on the subject. The editor avows his converstion to Walker's Nicaraguan doctrines, as he gathers from the hero's speech unmistakable evidence that the General's peculiar mission is to Protestantize Central America. This is it not the first time that men have been supposed to sow with grapeshot the seeds of the gospel.—*N. O. Sunday Times.*

OPPOSED TO THE SALE.—The Harrisburg *Union*, on being interrogated by the Telegraph, respecting the position of Gen. Packer upon the bill for the sale of the Main Line of the Public Works, says it has the best of authority for declaring that Gen. P. was uncompromisingly opposed to the enactment of the Legislature of 1855, authorizing the sale; and that he believed it unconstitutional and an outrage. The great mass of the people of the State, who rejoice that the Main Line has been sold, should make a note of this.

A Horrible Case has been developed recently in Pittsburgh, which has led to the arrest of a fiend named Mrs. Gardner, and a certain Dr. Oliver, the former an abortionist and the latter one of her procurers. One of the woman's victims testifies that Mrs. Gardner had a negro in her employ for the last ten years to whom she paid $5 each for burying the children destroyed by her, using cigar boxes for coffins! The fiend is in prison, and Dr. Oliver has been held in $2000 bail.

TO SEAL PRESERVES.—Beat the white of an egg; take good white paper, (tissue is best,) cut it the size you require, and dip it in the egg, wetting both sides. Cover your jars or tumblers, carefully pressing down the edges of the paper. When dry, it will be as tight as a drum head.

WHAT'LL THEY THINK.

Who cares what they'll think, or what they'll say, concerning ourselves, so long as we have the approval of our own reason and conscience? So long as we wrong no one, assail no just ordinance, social or other, but earnestly and honestly go on our way, about our own business, and to our own taste, why should we care for folly's derision, or fashion's frown? What they'll think and what they'll say, are to us idle scarecrows, dead carcasses of conventionality, which we hold in abhorrence and contempt. We have not shaped our thoughts and acts to so truculent a standard. Let us never shape them to such a standard. No independent soul ever did so demean itself.

And yet, how many waste their lives, and fritter away their man and womanhood in the everlasting query, "What'll they think?"—They can do nothing without recurring to this. They are serfs to the world around them—bold slaves to the whims and caprices of others. They have no self-rule, no freedom of opinion or deed. "What'll they think?" arranges all their household, fashions their drawing-rooms, their feasts, their equipage, their garments, their amusements, their sociality, their religion, their everything! Poor, hampered souls, for every breath they draw, there is a measure of apprehension. They are unsolved problems of indefinite calculation how to be nose-led. They suffer perpetual suspense. They do nothing without example and pattern.

Society abounds in such. Men are often enough of the lot, but women oftener. If one hoops, all must hoop; if one flounces, all must flounce. No matter whether it is convenient or prudent, they follow the lead. "What'll they think?" if one dares to stand alone, is their withering fear and torment. It is a sort of social perdition, from which they are ever struggling to escape. Independence with them is out of the question. They have lost all desire to be independent. It's how will the Priggses look at it, that determines them. They must do just as the Priggses do. To the dogs with the Priggses and all their retinue! They are emasculating society, confusing weak men's ideas, and making weak women's minds weaker. Let us have done with the interrogatory, "What'll they think?"

A bridge is being constructed over the "River Jordan," on the line of the Catasaqua and Fogleeville Railroad, in Pennsylvania, which is said to be the largest of the kind in the Uted States. It is 1100 feet long, and is built entirely of iron—the span being supported by heavy iron towers one hundred feet high.

The Louisville Journal gives an account of a marriage at Lexington, Ky., in which the bride, bridegroom, their assistants, and the officiating clergyman, were all deaf mutes. Some thirty or forty deaf and dumb persons were present. The ceremony was conducted in the "sign language."

A GREAT TUNNEL.—It is proposed to connect the Atrato river, near the Isthmus of Darien, with the Pacific Ocean, by means of a cutting, 63 miles long, in which will require to be a tunnel 4 miles in length, 200 feet in breadth, and 90 feet in height above the water.

James A. Temple, a rich widower and former citizen of Chicago, Illinois, has been arrested on a charge of seducing and attempting an abortion upon a foster daughter named Regluaud Lawson. The girl died in the hands of the physicians.

It was said that Mr. Herbert, of California, who shot the waiter at Willard's Hotel, Washington, would be disgraced at home. We do not know but he is; but he figured largely in the Democratic Convention which nominated Weller for Governor.

A innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a small tree, climbed another one close by; and on being asked the reason for so foolish a thing said, "that he didn't want to strain his gun by a long shot."

The Philadelphia *Times* asks "why has Mr. Leiper, a well known old hunker Democrat, been in consultation with Mr. I. Hazlehurst, for the last two weeks? Why have those consultations been *secret* and *continuous?*"

A person being asked what was meant by the realities or life, answered, "Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which could be realized without real hard work." A real good definition.

The wife of Montgomery Landt, living at Kistatum, Greene county, N. Y., not long since presented her husband with three children at a birth—this being the third occurrence of the kind in three years.

A young lady was suddenly missed, last week from a town in Indiana. At last accounts thirty-five men were in search of her. One might have found her had he been the right one.

"You charge a dollar for killing a calf," said a planter to an old negro. "No, no, massa; charge fifty cents for killin' de calf, and fifty cents for the *know how!*"

A wax figure of Mrs. Cunningham is about to be placed in the American Museum, New York. Brass would be much a more appropriate material than wax.