

Raffan's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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I MUST HASTEN HOME.

I must hasten home, said a rosy child,
Who gaily reamed for hours—
I must hasten home to my mother dear—
She will seek me among the bowers;
If she chides, I will seal her lips with a kiss,
And offer her all my flowers.
I must hasten home, said a beggar girl,
As she carried the piteous store
Of crumbs and scraps of crustal bread,
She gathered from door to door.
I must hasten home to my mother dear,
She is feeble, and old, and poor!
I must hasten home, said the ball room belle,
As day began to dawn;
And the glittering jewels her dark hair deck'd,
Shone bright as the dew of morn;
I'll forsake the joys of this charming world,
Which leave in the heart but a thorn.
I must hasten home, said a dying youth,
Who had vainly sought for fame—
Who had toiled to win a laurel wreath,
And immortalized his name.
But a stranger, he died on a foreign shore—
All the honors he had cherished were vain.
I must hasten home, said an aged man,
As he gazed on the grassy sod;
Where oft, ere age had silvered his hair,
His feet had lightly trod;
Farewell! farewell! to this lovely earth—
I am hastening home to God!

THE TEST;

Or, Love in a Hoghead.

"They put everything on runners, while the snow lasts, for it does not, usually, tarry long. Buggy seats, carriage tops, crockery crates—all are in requisition. And I even saw one of the finest horses in the city drawing a hoghead, on wooden runners, in which were seated a gentleman and lady. They were a very handsome couple, and bore off the palm for fast driving as well as the most ludicrous sleigh conveyance."—*Letter from Chicago.*

"Ah, reader, and thereby hangs a tale." It was a New Year Day in that far-famed city of the west—even the New Year Day of '57. Since Christmas, winter had set in, in good old fashioned earnestness. Snow had fallen to the depth of several inches, and being firm and hard, made excellent sleighing—a rare thing in our city.

Indeed, our winters seem sadly degenerate, of late, being much more mild and free from snow, than in the days of our fathers, perhaps to accommodate our falling health and strength, for this latter fact is but too apparent.

Yet, this New Year Day seemed more a type of the old time. It was cold, yet not too cold, and the sleighing was excellent. Everybody who had a suitable conveyance, or could get one, even at any price, was out enjoying the rare sport, only the more keenly to be enjoyed for its very rarity. It was, indeed, a gala day, bright and beautiful still in the humane hearts, beating so joyously beneath.

Ernest Hammon sat in his counting room, busily engaged in attending to the reception of a large quantity of goods just arrived. He was young, yet, but just rising in wealth and position. Born in the east, he had brought with him all the habits of strict attention to business, which are there generated. While there was ought of that to claim his attention, pleasure must be waived. Therefore, when he did give himself up to its enjoyments, it was with a double zest. Naturally warm-hearted and impulsive, and social within, as such persons must always be, he keenly enjoyed society. And when he entered it, he was ever a welcome companion, both with his own and the opposite sex. And now closing his books with a look of satisfaction and relief, he determined to give himself up to the pleasures of the day.

While business was pending, he had closed his eyes and ears to all else; but now, he could not fail to hear the unusual stir in the streets, and to feel, that while he had been engaged within door, all had been life and commotion without. When he came forth, the street presented a most novel scene. A more motley, incongruous lot of vehicles, it were not easy to imagine. Such life and hilarity are always infectious, and Ernest soon caught the spirit. He, too, would join the sledges; but how?

He inquired at several stables for a sleigh. — None were to be had. Yet he was not easily daunted, and, moreover, had an unusual share of perseverance. He owned one of the finest horses in the city; of that he felt sure. He remembered, too, that in a remote part of the stable, where he had usually kept him, he had noticed a pair of wooden runners. He wondered if, in some way, a conveyance could not be planned. His Yankee ingenuity must be brought into service.

He soon reached the stable. The runners were found, and in good order. But now for the other part. A hoghead that, for some reason or other, had been saved apart, and nicely cleaned, stood before him. Instantly a part of it was upon the runners. In a few minutes, a comfortable seat added, and he was ready to go.

But now arose another difficulty unthought of before. He must have a companion—a lady, of course—else half the enjoyment would be lost. But who would be seen, even with him, in such a conveyance as that? Excuse his vanity, dear reader. He knew he was a favorite. Indeed, he could not help knowing it. But this was a special occasion. "All the world" was out. Who would be brave enough to dare it? He would see.

There were two or three young ladies who had claimed his special regard, and he felt sure he was not entirely indifferent to them. He had been observing them of late, striving to learn the true character of each. How he

yearned to see through the false surroundings into the true and inner life beneath! He was rather old fashioned in his notions, it must be confessed; but still he did care more for the real than the artificial—more for the mind and heart than for the outward adorning. But how would it end? Would he be wiser than his sex? It was, indeed, a difficult question; but he did not quite despair.

Ella Campbell had long been one of the first in his esteem. But, recently he had thought her somewhat vain and superficial—caring more for the outer than the inner man, and he had been cautious in his attentions to her. He would test her now.

Driving briskly to the door, and throwing the reins over the horse, he quickly rang the bell. A servant at once ushered him into the parlor, where sat the lady of his thoughts. She greeted him with cheerfulness, but on hearing the subject of his visit, and the unique conveyance he had brought, she pleaded a previous engagement, and excused herself.

Ernest Hammon was gifted with a good share of penetration, and, when not previously blinded, read character well. Now instinctively feeling how it was, he withdrew; and, while he rode gaily away, Ella Campbell sat pouring in her room, unthought of, and uncare for by the moving mass without.

Ernest's next visit was to the house of "Squire Reed. Here he had long been a frequent and welcome visitor, and was always received quite "like one of the family," as the "Squire" often said, looking knowingly at his two girls, Charlotte and Bella.

Charlotte was the oldest and most handsome of the two; and beauty is always attractive, especially with the men. She was the favorite, too, in society. But, at times, Ernest had turned from her to the graceful Bella, with her pure heart, and piquant innocent ways, almost with a feeling of love for the fair Bella.

hers, indeed, was a character to study. Timid and retiring when in the presence of strangers, she was singularly artless and confident in those she best knew. There was a dash of independence, too, and a vein of romance in her heart, pleasant and refreshing to meet. She was graceful and pliant; it is true, but there was a character and strength there, also. Though her sister might best please in a crowd, she would be best known and loved at home.

All this Ernest felt; still beauty fascinated him. Not that Bella was ugly. Oh, no! but she was not beautiful, either, at least, save in the loving eyes and hearts of those who best knew her. Ernest liked them both. It was difficult, indeed, to determine which of the two was the favored one.

As he neared the door, he said within himself, "A look, a word, shall decide between them. If one, or both, refuses to ride with me, it shall be a sign that all is over. But if one accepts—why, then, who knows what may come of it? I am twenty-eight now; old enough, as my partner told me yesterday, to be married and have a home of my own. And so I am."

The faces were at the window as he drove up. One brightened, visibly; and the other visibly paled, while a mingled expression of scorn and disappointment passed over her fine features.

"Good morning, ladies, good morning," exclaimed he, as he entered their presence. "I find myself in rather an awkward position just now, and need some one to help me out. I must have a ride this morning, yet have been unable to obtain any conveyance save the one you saw as I drove up. What shall I do? And he looked up to Charlotte for an answer.

"An awkward position, indeed!" answered she. "You must drive alone."

"But, must I?" he asked somewhat sorrowfully.

Bella looked up quickly, but did not speak. "Surely you do not think a lady would be seen in such a conveyance?"

Again Bella looked, while a bright flush suffused her cheek. She was sorry her sister had thus spoken—sorry for her, grieved for Ernest. She felt sure that she could not have denied him—that whatever he should ask, would not be improper or wrong. How then, could her sister speak thus!

Charlotte noticed the expression, and half read its meaning. She did not much like the reproof it conveyed, and turning to her, she said somewhat scornfully:

"Perhaps my sister will go with you. Will you, Bella?"

"Will you, Bella?" repeated the young man, as he bent on her a glance that thrilled every part of her being. For a moment the blood rushed over her brow and neck, and next it receded, and she answered gaily:

"And why not, pray?"

beside Ernest, and they drove rapidly away. Charlotte had repented her momentary pride when she saw the tender glances of Ernest, as he placed Bella carefully upon the seat, and drew closer the folds of her huge warm shawl, in which she had the good sense to wrap herself. But it was too late now; so taking a book, she prepared to spend the morning alone. In the meantime, Ernest and Bella had joined the motley throng, and were now moving through the city.

Now they drove down close to the water's edge, where far as the eye could reach, one saw nothing but the clear blue water of the lake, with its masts and sails, making one think he were upon the coast of the Atlantic, instead of so many miles in the interior. Anon they looked upon the wide spreading prairie, now pure and white with the new fallen snow, and stretching far away, till it was lost where earth and sky seemed to meet. Then again, they were swiftly passing through the wide and level streets of the city.

Oh, there is life and exhilaration in thus giving one's self up to the enjoyment of the world! Nature is a good mother to us all; and when we give ourselves into her keeping we shall ever fill the hearts with joy and gladness. Would that more such exercises—more of such out-of-door exercises—were freely enjoyed by all! This shutting one's self completely within doors, as many do in winter, is enough to drive all roses from the cheek, all joy and gladness from the heart, making one cold and dead before her time.

The spell of the hour was upon them; as they sped merrily along, Ernest felt his heart warm more and more towards the pure and artless girl by his side. He had known her long; he had known her well; and she had ever seemed the same ingenuous, truthful, noble and good. He wondered how, even for a moment, he had ever thought of any other; she seemed to him then, all that his heart could desire. But could she ever be his? or was she destined for another? The thought made him desperate. The question must be decided at once, and with him the resolve was to act.

They had been talking gaily of the scene around them—or Bella had been talking, he listening—for amid the multitude of vehicles in the street, each had to attend pretty carefully to his own; then, turning to her with another of those glances that thrilled through every fiber of her being, he said, and his voice was earnest as he spoke:

"Bella, I am a business man, and shall do up things in a business fashion. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

The young lady looked up astonished. She had always loved him—liked him better than any other on earth; but she never dreamed of being his wife. He was so much older, so much wiser than she—for she was scarce eighteen, and in heart a very child—why did he not take her sister? She could not comprehend it at all, and almost doubted if she heard aright.

For many moments she did not reply. Ernest observed her closely, and saw in her truthful face the unuttered thought she was about to speak, when the ludicrousness of the scene, burst upon her and she laughed outright. It was now his turn to look astonished.

"Why, Bella, what is the matter?" he asked, somewhat hurt.

"Only think! making love in a hoghead!" laughed the mischievous girl more heartily than before. "Who ever heard of such a thing?" and this time Ernest joined her, even at his own expense.

"Well, well, no matter where," continued he, taking the hand that lay for a moment outside her shawl. "Do you love me Bella, and will you be my wife? Answer me truly; will you be mine?"

"Yes, Ernest, yes; but I must laugh nevertheless; the scene is entirely new and ludicrous. Quite a new order of romance!" and again her laugh rang out loud and clear as the song of a bird.

And this time Ernest joined in it as heartily as she. He could well laugh now; had she not promised to be his? No matter where the promise has been made; no matter how—she was to be his—all his; and as he pressed her hand at parting, he said:

"Laugh now as much as you please; but tonight I shall call to appoint the wedding and arrange for its ceremonies. So good night, dearest," and in a moment he was gone.

That night all was arranged: "Squire Reed and his wife giving a full and free consent; and in just six weeks from that time, Bella Reed became Mrs. Ernest Hammon."

MISSOURI ELECTION TO BE CONTESTED.—We see by the Missouri papers that Rollins intends to contest the election with Stewart. We have no doubt but this contest will disclose some grand swindling on the part of the Stewart men. Election frauds have now become the settled policy of the party whose candidate he was. Ballot-box stuffing and fraudulent returns have become ordinary weapons with them. But they have got a customer in Major Rollins who will be ugly to handle.

The Tampa (Fla.) Peninsular states that Capt. Simpkins, of the brig Anderson, lying at that place, "was down with yellow fever on Monday; on Tuesday he was attacked with Asiatic cholera; on Wednesday he was dangerously ill with small pox, and on Thursday he transacted business in the city, and prepared his vessel for sea."

IMPORTANT FROM UTAH.

Excitement about the coming of the U. S. Troops. Gov. Young takes a bold stand. The following is the closing portion of Governor Young's sermon delivered in Salt Lake City on the 29th of July:

What is now the news circulated throughout the United States? That Captain Gunnison was killed by Brigham Young, and that Babbitt was killed on the plains by Brigham Young and his Danite band. What more? That Brigham Young has killed all the men who have died between the Missouri River and California. I do not say that President Buchanan has any such idea, or the officers of the troops who are reported to be on their way here; but such are the newspaper stories. Such reports are in the bellows, and editors and politicians are blowing them out. According to their version, I am guilty of the death of every man, woman and child that has died between the Missouri River and the California gold mines, and they are coming here to chastise me. The idea makes me laugh—and when do you think they will get a chance? Catching is always before hanging. They understand, you know, that I had gone North, and intended to leave this place with such as would follow me, and they are coming to declare a jubilee. It is their desire to say to the people, "you are free; you are not under the bondage of Brigham Young; you need wear his yoke no longer; now let us get drunk, fight, play at cards and race horses; and every one of you women turn to be prostitutes, and become associated with the civilization of Christendom." That is the freedom they are endeavoring to declare here.

I will make this proposition to Uncle Sam! I will furnish carriages, horses, the best of drivers and the best food I have, to transport to the States every man, woman and child that wishes to leave this place, if he will send on at his own expense all those who want to come to Utah, and we will gain a thousand to their one, as all who understand the matter very well know. It would have been much better to have loaded the wagons, reported to be on the way here, with men, women and children, than with provisions to sustain soldiers, for they will never get here without we help them; neither do I think that it is the design of President Buchanan that they should come here. I am not going to interpret dreams, for I don't profess to be such a prophet as were Joseph Smith and Daniel, but I am a Yankee guesser, and I guess that James Buchanan has ordered this expedition to appease the wrath of the angry hounds who are howling around him. He did not design to start men on the 15th of July to cross those plains to this point on foot. Russell & Co. will probably make from eight to ten thousand dollars by freighting the baggage of the expedition. What would induce the government to expend that amount of money for this Territory? Three years ago they appropriated \$45,000 for the purpose of making treaties with the Utah Indians. Has even that diminutive small sum ever been sent here? It is in the coffers of the government to this day, unless they have stolen it out, or improperly paid it out for some other purpose. Have they ever paid their debts due to Utah? No, and now they have capped their meanness by taking the mail out of the hands of Hiram Kimball, simply because they knew he was a member of this church. If he had only have apostatized in season and written lies about us, it is not probable that this mail contract would have been taken from him without the least shadow of right, as has now been done. He was to have \$23,000 for carrying the mail from Independence to this city once a month, which was the lowest bid, but because he was a "Mormon" the contract must be annulled; and that, too, after he had put by far the most faithful and efficient service on the route that there ever has been, as is most well known at Washington. If I thought that my prayer might be answered, I would pray that not another United States Mail come to this city, for until Mr. Kimball began his service it had been a constant source of annoyance, disappointment, and to us loss. We can carry our own mails, raise our own dust, and sustain ourselves. But woe, woe to that man who comes here to unlawfully interfere with my affairs. Woe, woe to those men who come here to unlawfully meddle with me and this people. I swore in Nauvoo, when mine enemies were looking me in the face, that I would send them to hell across lakes if they meddled with me, and I ask no more odds of all hell to-day. If they kill me, it is all right; but they will not until the time comes, and I think that I shall die a natural death, at least I expect to. Would it not make any man or community angry to endure and reflect upon the abuse our enemies have heaped upon us, and are still striving to pour out upon God's people? Brother Bernhisel says that Mr. Graw's mail contract was not in August last, but they demanded at his hands and would pay him to carry it two or three months longer. The Post Office department knew, or should have known that it had forwarded the acceptance of Mr. Kimball's bid, for the new contract in that mail, which Mr. Graw was not carrying, and then it took advantage of the failure of that mail and trumped up a false allegation of the unsettled state of Utah, and on those grounds disannulled the contract with Mr. Kimball. Our mail rights and other rights and privileges are most unjustly trampled under foot, but they can spend millions to raise a hubbub and make out that something wrong is being done in

Utah. Let me be the President of the United States a little while, and I would say to the Senators, Representatives and other officers of government—Gentlemen, you must act the part of men and statesmen or I will reprove you. What are they angry at me for? Because I will reprove men for their iniquity, and because I have such influence here—the very thing they are after. They think that they are going to obtain it with money, but they cannot do it.

The following are extracts from the remarks of Governor Young, delivered to the Saints in Salt Lake City on the 2d of August:—

When I think of myself I think just this—I have the grit in me, and I will do my duty, anyhow. When I began to speak in public I was as destitute of language as a man could well be; but tell about being bashful, when a man has all the learning and words he can ask for! With scores and hundreds of thousands of words with which to convey one's ideas, and then tell about being bashful before a people! How I have had the headache when I had ideas to lay before the people, and not words to express them; but I was so gritty that I always tried my best.

Should not I take my tea and coffee, my beef and pork, and every other good thing, and put it into the hands of the men who sweat over the rock for the Temple, instead of feeding men, women and children who do not strive to do all they are capable of doing? I am tried in that point, and I must say that if there is anything in the world that bothers me, it is the whining of women and children to prevent me from doing that which I know that I ought to do.

I will acknowledge with Brother Kimball, and I know it is the case with him, that I am a great lover of women? In what particular? I love to see them happy, to see them well fed and well clothed, and I love to see them cheerful. I love to see their faces and talk with them, when they talk in rightness; but as for anything more, I do not care. There are probably but few men in the world who care about the private society of women less than I do. I also love children, and I delight to make them happy.

I accumulate a large amount of means, but I would just as soon feed my neighbor as myself; and every one who knows me knows whether or not a piece of johnnycake and butter and a piece of potato satisfies Brigham. I can live on as cheap and as plain food as can any man in Israel. I have said to my family a great many times, I want you to make me home made clothing, but I would meet such a whizzing about my ears, if I were to have even a pair of home-made pantaloons made. I do not know that I have a wife in the world but what would say, "You are not going to wear them; you ought to wear something more respectable for you deserve to as much as any man does."

It would be hard for the people to explain away the idea that the government of the United States is shutting down the gate upon us, for it is too visible; and this is what hastens the work of the Lord, which you are praying for every day. I do not believe that there is a man or woman who prays at all, but what prays every day for the Lord to hasten his work. Now take care, for if he does, may be you will not be prepared to meet it.

The time must come when there will be a separation between this kingdom and the kingdoms of this world, even in every point of view. The time must come when this kingdom must be free and independent from all other kingdoms. Are you prepared to have the thread cut to-day?

For let me tell you one thing, I shall take it as a witness that God designs to cut the thread between us and the world, when an army undertakes to make their appearance in this Territory to chastise me or to destroy my life from the earth. I lay it down as a rule that right is, or at least should be, might with Heaven, with its servants, and with all its people on the earth. As for the rest, we will wait a little while to see; but I shall take a hostile movement by our enemies as an evidence that it is time for the thread to be cut. I think that we will find three hundred who will lap water, and we can whip out the Midianites. Brother Heber said that he could turn out his women, and they would whip them. I ask no odds of the wicked, the best way they can fix it.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

On Wednesday, the 2d Sept., Calvin Bailey, a resident of Leocompton, was dangerously wounded by Lieut. Brockett, of that place. Bailey lived formerly in Pennsylvania. Brockett is known as one of the most ultra pro-slavery men in the territory, and was actively engaged during the difficulties. On the night of the 2d he was much intoxicated, and swore he would have the life of a free State man before morning. Mr. Bailey, who is in business with his brother at Leocompton, was present at a ball given by the citizens of that place; during the evening he left the hall, for the purpose of assisting an acquaintance home. The person he was aiding, being intoxicated, demurred to Bailey's action, when Brockett interfered, and without the slightest provocation stabbed him in several places. The bowie-knife entered the right lung, and Mr. Bailey was not expected to live. Brockett was arrested, but his associates attempted to prevent his committal trial. An endeavor was made to get Judge Wood to take straw bail, but the great majority of the citizens of Leocompton condemning the outrage, the pressure was too strong, and the bail was fixed at \$2,000. On Saturday Leocompton presented a singular scene, one portion of the men being under arms, determined that the prisoner should not be tried, and the other determined that he should.

Quindara, Sept. 5.—Mr. Briley is not yet dead. He is lying in a very precarious condition. On Saturday Mr. Brockett, who stood off Mr. Bailey, returned to Leocompton and was arrested. The propagandists swore that he should not be tried, and that any man who dared to testify against him should be shot. He was brought before a Justice of the Peace. The tocsin was sounded. The fire eaters assembled. The Free-State Democrats also convened. The conservative Pro-Slavery men met too—Shannon, Brindle, Ely Moore, and Stephens, of New York—and determined to act with their Free-State friends.

They gave notice to the fire-eaters that if the trial was interfered with they would aid to put down the insurgents. They all met at the Justice's office. A man was called to testify. The propagandists drew their revolvers. The other party followed suit. One of them handed a revolver to the witness; and, thus armed—the pistol cocked—he proceeded to give his evidence! Isn't this a great country? The Justice was a man of weak nerves, and fainted. The trial was postponed till Monday.

ITCH FOR SCANDAL. Cutaneous eruptions indicate that the system is internally diseased. The prurient curiosity and passion for scandal and bloody news, prevalent in our day, are morbid symptoms. They testify to deep constitutional maladies in the body politic and ecclesiastical. They show that mental attention is diverted from the centre to the surface. The love of the startling, the horrible and the criminal is immensely stimulated by the daily and weekly press. "Society begins, like the old lady, to overcome its scruples, and 'relish its murders.' Magazine literature has one stock in trade, which is fun, another stock in trade, which is blood, and between the two the public interest oscillates. When it cannot break-fast on an accident it calls for a joke. When it is denied a pun it clamors for a shipwreck or riot. The truth is, we are victims of gossip. News has caught the hydrophobia. Newspapers are bundles of scandal, and a disgusting publicity is carried into the sanctities of home and the privacies of daily life. The Athenian passion for news has passed beyond the bounds of a single city, and has become the morbid appetite of the civilized world.

Let us concede that it is well to know the great facts of society. Grant that we are learning the natural history of man when we record his acts of every day, good or ill, as exhibited on the vast scale of cities and continents. The elopement, the murder, the mob, the accident, are significant hints of the sort of creature that calls himself lord of this lower world. But what we remonstrate against as morbid and demoralizing is, the custom so common of going into all the vile details, and daguerotyping to the life the wound, blood, lust, or villainy. Give the facts of the trial, but let the thousand disgusting particulars go. Some things are too bad to be published, and some that are not too bad are too abominably foolish to be entitled to that honor. Record, if you please, the murder, the riot, the explosion, the forgery, but let not the journalist inflame or corrupt a hundred thousand minds by putting in every word, image, innuendo, or oath, with which they may be garnished. We shall begin to think that stenography is amenable at the bar of public morals. What, for example, could those staid Scots have been thinking of when they poured out all that more than French correspondence of Madeline Smith, lately tried for murdering her lover, in Glasgow, to the inspection of the world? Trials as well as executions might better have, if that is the cue, only a select audience of spectators.

We seriously object to the publication of a weekly list of failures. For it pampers the lust of scandal. It gives opportunity for hate and malice to wound with a blow that cannot be healed. It is not infrequently proved defective or premature; and while it may have some plausible excuses, as practised here and in England, it has more substantial and fatal objections.

But the worst of all is, what Addison calls "Gossip." Here the tongue is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." How many of the difficulties of parishes, the frequent changes in the ministry, and the small earthquakes in choir and church, are due to carping for some scandal, and tongues too nimble to join in the unholy alliance! The cases of church discipline, so-called, are frequently nothing more than instances of the sacrifice of character and reputation at the shrine of gossip.

We have one general rule in publication. Proclaim the good, and let the evil die. We do not wish to rake over the kennel or stir the fetid pool. We would not bring tainted joints of meat and rotten vegetables to our dinner tables, and we ought just as little serve up to our readers all the loathsome, wicked and pestiferous matter with which journalism reeks. We do not require to be told every morning that man is weak, lascivious, and easily out of joint, but conceding all that, and writing the world as base and corrupt as you please, let us give the hopeful, sound side, for there is one. By the present custom evil begets evil, murder suggests murder, suicide multiplies suicide, especially when the inflammatory details are all given in the most vivid colors. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*Christian Inquirer.*