

Blackburn

BY S. B. ROW.

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LIVE BRAVELY.

The world is half darkened with crosses
Whose burdens are weighing them down;
They creak of their stars and ill-usage
And grope in the ditch for a crown.
Why talk to the wind of thy fortune,
Or clutch at distinction and gold?
If thou canst not reach high on the ladder,
Thou canst study its base by thy hold.

For the flower though hid in the corner,
Will as faultlessly finish its bloom,
Will reach for a sparkle of sunshine,
That clouds have not dared to consume.
And wouldst thou be less than a flower—
With thought, and a brain, and a hand?
Wouldst wait for the dribbles of fortune,
When there's something that these may command?

There is food to be won from the furrow,
And forests that wait to be hewn,
There is marble untouched by the chisel!
Days that break on the forehead of June.
Will ye let the plow rust in the furrow—
Unheeded a home or a hall?
Nor bid the stones wake from their slumber—
And fret, as if fretting were all!

Go, learn of the blossom and ant-hill—
There's something thy labor must give,
Light the beacon that pierces the tempest,
Strike the ebb from thy footing, and live,
Live—not fret thyself in the listless sleep,
In the track of the brainless and proud,
Lift the cerements away from thy manhood,
Thou'rt robbing the dead of a shroud.

There are words and pens to be wielded,
There are thoughts that must die if unsaid,
Wouldst thou saunter and pine-away roses,
Or sapulchre dreams that are dead?
No, drag not thy hope to the pyre.
Dreams dead from the ashes will rise,
Look not down upon earth for thy shadow—
There is sunlight for thee in the skies.

PASS IT BY.

A STORY THAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.

"John!" said Mrs. Jones as she took off her working apron after washing up the tea dishes, "let's go over to Smith's and sit a while this pleasant evening. I'll rest you to take a short walk after sitting all day upon the bench, and I'd like to have an old-fashioned chat with Mary."

"To Smith's?" exclaimed the little tailor, with a stare of surprise, as he removed his sugar from his lips, and turned around in his chair to scan his wife's features, as if to assure himself of her sanity. "And what can she have to do with this?"

"Why, to make a visit of course, and why shouldn't we?"

"Reason enough, I should think, why we should not, and I'm astonished to hear you propose such a thing. Why, what has come over the woman all of a sudden?" and Mr. Jones peered into the face of his wife, and paused for a reply.

"I'll tell you what, John, I've been thinking about our trouble with our neighbors a great deal lately, and I've made up my mind that it isn't pleasant to live this way, indulging in bad feelings, and allowing our selves to say unkind things, and harp upon the old string that ought to have been worn out long ago; and I believe that the best thing we can do to get rid of these unpleasant matters is to go over to our neighbor's, and try to avoid quarreling in future."

"Well, I'm willing to do so, if Smith's folks want to; but I think it belongs to them to make the first advances—they're the most blameless, and I feel as though it would be a little too much like crawling, to be the first to try to make up. If Smith will only say that he never will do it, and though as you say, it does seem as if they ought to come to us first, yet I know they never will. Mary never would, anyhow; I know her of old. She is as immovable as a rock. I have heard her say that she believed that the hardest thing in the world that could be required of her, would be to acknowledge a fault, and that, if she once got angry at a person, she did not think she could ever forget it, and love that person as well in future. Now, in this state of things we are only getting more and more estranged, and I am tired of it. I don't feel happy; it seems to me that we ought to do right, whether others do right or not; and I, for one, feel sorry that anything of the kind exists."

"So do I; but whose fault is it, pray tell?"

"I'm not sure, certainly; but we have helped to widen the breach, and so do we have done wrong. I know that it is wrong to cherish such bitter resentment, and to speak so harshly of any one, as we have of them. And John, I don't believe you realize the amount of evil that we have taken into our hearts since this difficulty arose. Why, don't you know that we are getting so that we pick flaws with everything that Mr. Smith's folks do. We envy them their prosperity; we secretly rejoice at their misfortunes; we are jealous of every movement that they make, charging them with bad motives, and crediting every evil rumor that is circulated about them. Why, I feel, sometimes, as though I had sinned more than they have; I have magnified their faults; I have forgotten my own sins, in looking at theirs; and this morning, when I prayed, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,' I was really shocked when I thought that I had asked for, 'Oh, if God forgives me as I forgive them, I fear I shall have but a small chance of salvation.'"

Mrs. Jones was getting warmed up with her subject, and she sank back in the rocking-chair which she had taken beside her husband, and covering her face with her hands, she sat for some time in silence; but, as Mr. Jones made no reply, she rocked forward, and tapping the floor with her feet, she fidgetted about a moment, and began again:

"I know that you are thinking of John, and that I've said ten words to your one about Mr. Smith and his wife; but that is my way, you know. What I do, I do with my might; and now that I feel the necessity of exercising forbearance, I want to be as thorough in the good work, as I was active in the evil practice of denouncing everything that our neighbors did, suspecting all their intentions

towards us, and harping forever upon the injury we had received at their hands. I know that I said I never would cross their threshold again; but 'a bad promise is better broken than kept,' is a wise old saying, and I'm willing to take back that, and a good many other things that I have said, whether they retract anything or not."

"But what a triumph it will be to them. We shall virtually acknowledge to the world that the fault lay with us; and I can imagine the patronising airs that Smith will assume towards us. Bah! I won't do it; it's a little too humiliating!" And Mr. Jones arose, and stood with his back to the fire, and looked around him with a dignified air.

"I don't look upon it in that light, now," said Mr. Jones. "I confess I did, until of late; but it seems to me, now, as though I must do my duty, and then I shall feel happy again. It's of no use, this trying to lay all the blame upon them. We are all to blame. In the first place, it was a foolish quarrel about a few pounds of tea and sugar. You thought he ought to have saved some of his best articles for you, because you had spoken for them before their arrival; and because he did not, we felt hurt, and charged him with showing partiality towards his wealthier customers; and when he denied the charge, you gave him to understand that you did not believe him; that you knew he did not forget what you had said some time before; and you know that must have been provoking."

"Yes; but didn't I know?" Didn't Shaw tell me that he heard Smith say that he wished he had more of that sugar, for that I ought to have some of it; but that he always filled out Major Knight's orders, and that was what took the last?"

"Yes; I know we have heard one thing here, and another thing there, and people have not been at all backward in encouraging us in our course towards Mr. Smith. Sometimes I wish I never listened to a single thing told us about him. It is hard to believe that he has slandered us, as we have heard; and it is hard to feel that we cannot place confidence in those who told us. No doubt it has been the same with one side, that it was with the other. They have said hard things about us. We have done the same by them, until the foolish little quarrel has grown into a serious difficulty, and the first cause is almost forgotten in the throng of bitter words, cold looks, and galling acts of unkindness which have followed. I'll tell you what I think. In the first place, Mr. Smith was wrong. It was very natural for us to resent it; but I wish, now, we never had. But what's done can't be undone. You told him what you thought, not, however, till you had told several others, and had been listening to the same. Then, you know, you did not keep your temper very well. Mr. Smith got angry too, and made some very unkind remarks. We felt injured, and cherished a foolish pride in letting people see that we could show proper resentment when we were abused. Then other people stepped in—not to make peace, but to widen the breach—and we set down every thing that came to us as true, often magnifying some slight remark into a hideous insult. And so, you see, we are to blame—very much so. We are all erring creatures; not one of us but has faults, and it seems to me that we ought to consider our own frailties when we feel inclined to censure others—and not pick up every bone of contention that comes in our way, but just pass it by, and think no more about it."

"Yes—yes—you are right," answered the husband; "but the plague of it is, if Smith and I go to talking matters over, we shall just take a circle, and come right round to the starting point, and neither of us will own that we were wrong in the first place. I know just how it will be. It is of no use to talk it over; it will only be a raking up of all the troubles from first to last, and such affairs are just like a coal fire—the more you stir it, the hotter it grows."

"Let the fire alone, then, and it will smoulder away, and die out of itself. So, with this trouble, let it go. Say to them, let by-gones be by-gones, and just drop the matter entirely, and begin where we left off, forgetting that anything of an unpleasant nature has happened."

"Come, now, who do you think of it?"

"Mr. Jones adjusted her collar, and smoothed her hair with her hand, as if preparing for a start. Mr. Jones sat down again, laid his left foot over his right knee, and leisurely picked the lint from his trousers, gathering it in little pinches, and carefully dropping it between the andirons, for they sat before a cheerful wood-fire. He was in something of a quandary. Pride and conscience were struggling for the mastery in his heart; at last he said, "Blame me for what, as long as I have done no wrong? I acted the part of a penitent; and Smith the magnanimous judge who listened to my humble suit, and granted a merciful pardon."

"Now, John," said the wife, "which is really most magnanimous, to acknowledge a fault, or forgive one? It seems to me to be the most easy, natural thing in the world, to forgive an erring friend when he takes the place of a penitent. But I know that the proud heart struggles long and painfully with itself, when it feels the justice and the necessity of acknowledging a fault; and when it has achieved this victory, it seems to me that it has won higher honors than it has when it obeys its natural impulses, and run over with forgiveness and tender compassion towards a penitent. We ought not to allow a dread of the scoffs of village gossips to deter us from our duty. Let us do what we please God, and truly good person. Let us set our own hearts at rest, and feel that whatever others do or say, we will do right. Better be sneered at for a good act than condemned for a bad one."

"Well," said the tailor, "I wish it was well over. I do feel dreadfully awkward about going over there under the circumstances. But come! we can walk along down that way, and if we do not want to go in, we can just take a stroll around and come home again."

They were soon equipped for their walk, and locking the door behind them, passed through the narrow front yard, and stepped into the street. It was a clear Autumnal evening. The moon shone brightly, and lit up the streets of the village with a soft, mild radiance, and all along upon the sidewalks lay little patches of quivering light and shades where the moonlight and the shadows of the over-hanging tree-boughs danced together, to the music of the night wind.

Smith Sutton, of Kingwood, in Hunterdon county, New Jersey, sold a turkey in New York, last week, for the nice little sum of one hundred dollars. It weighed, when dressed, forty pounds.

The expenses of the United States Supreme Court for the last five years, exclusive of judges' salaries, amounted to \$12,500, of which was paid to the clerks over \$1,000.

TOUGH STORIES.

An Englishman, who was travelling on the Mississippi river, told rather tough stories about London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive hump! and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London operatives all hollow.

"Never," cried the Englishman, with surprise; "pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up in business in Des Moines Rapids, a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and at last a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Englishman, "and have you never found her?"

"Never, to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worse! Why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children?"

"Yes, a negro woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and stole and joined the Indians."

"Did you see her?"

"See her! yes; and she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but she plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman leaned back in his chair and called for another mug of "alf-and-alf," while Case smoked his cigar and eyed his credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.

"I shan't go any farther West, I think," at last observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in?"

"The lumber business. He had a saw-mill. And they stole the lumber?"

"Yes, and saw-logs, too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes, whole dozens of the black walnut logs were carried away in a single night."

"Is it possible?"

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, had hired men to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would take them all away as easy as if there had been no one there. They would steal them out of the cove and even out of the mill-house."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea of how they can steal out there," sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw-mill?"

"Well, one day my brother bought an all bred fine black walnut—four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, satked the log up the hill above the mill, built a fire and then sat down on the log to play cards just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas monstrous big log, bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played cards and drank whiskey all night, and when it began to grow light went to sleep astraddle of the log. About a minute after daylight brother George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone."

"What were the Scotchmen doing?"

"Sitting on the bark! The thieves had driven an iron wedge into the butt end, which pointed down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out of the shell, leaving the Scotchmen there astraddle of it, fast asleep. Fact."

THE ROMANCE OF SLAVE LIFE.

A KENTUCKY PLANTER SELLING HIS DAUGHTER.

The BUCYERS, Ky., *Journal* relates a strange and moving incident of slave life, which came to the editor's knowledge a week or two ago. The names of the parties interested are suppressed for obvious reasons. The following is the account given by the *Journal*: lives a planter of wealth and standing. He was the possessor of a hundred negroes, and he was noted for his thriftiness, money-making disposition. He had never been married, and was an incorrigible bachelor of fifty. His house was managed by a young lady of about twenty, his daughter by a quadroon, whose complexion was lighter by half than his, and in whom the negro blood was scarcely white. The mother died ten years ago, leaving her daughter with the father's solemn promise that she should be educated, and should live as a free woman, rather than as a slave, and that she should pass as his daughter, which she was. The planter gave his promise, because he had been really attached to the dying woman, and was also very fond of his beautiful child. And so she grew up, radiantly beautiful, receiving a reasonable education, all that her father could give—and in time took the management of the household. She never knew that there was any negro blood in her veins, and never dreamed that she was a slave.

Last fall a series of misfortunes overtook the planter. His house was burned down, and with it the notes, bonds and papers that composed a large portion of his fortune. His crops failed to a great degree, and some heavy speculations in which he engaged resulted disastrously. Added to all this, he had lost heavily at play—the besetting sin of Southern gentlemen—and had completely exhausted all his ready means, and found himself in the terrible situation of having more money to pay than he could possibly raise in a given time.

He applied to his attorney for counsel in his extremity. The attorney, after examining the situation of his affairs, advised him to sell off a portion of his negroes. The planter resisted strenuously, first objecting to the sale of negroes, and alleging that his force was hardly sufficient to work his plantation. But after full deliberation, he found this to be the only alternative, and sorrowfully consented. A list was made out, and every head that could be possibly spared was put down. After all was done, and the most favorable prices obtained for them, the aggregate fell five thousand dollars short of the sum required.

The attorney remarked quietly that he had not included all that could be spared.

"I have put down all that I can dispose with," replied the planter.

"I do not see, Mr., the housekeeper's name in the list. Is there anything to be offered to the right person, she would make up the deficiency. I would give that for her, myself."

At any other time, the planter would have taken the suggestion as an insult; but necessity is a hard master, and he grasped at the idea, and before an hour the transaction was made. It troubled him not a little to disclose the matter to her, but the fear of bankruptcy and ruin drove him to it. The poor girl's horror and distress may be imagined. She had known nothing but happiness, and now was to be plunged into the deepest and most hopeless misery. She had been sold, and was then the property, soul and body, of one who cherished her merely for the gratification of his sensual lust. The idea was too horrible, and she swooned, remaining almost delirious for several days.

There was another upon whom the intelligence came with crushing weight. A junior partner in a produce house in Louisville had frequently visited the planter's house on business, and struck with the beauty and intelligence of the supposed daughter, had become enamored, and after prosecuting his suit a proper time, had declared his passion, and, unknown to the father, the two had betrothed themselves. As soon as possible, after her father had told her of her fate, she dispatched a messenger to her lover, stating the facts, and imploring him to save her from the doom that awaited her. Though thunderstruck at the intelligence, he did not allow himself to be moved, and had been sold to a fate worse than death, like a true man he determined to rescue her. That night he saw her, and a plan was formed for flight.

The day she was transferred to the possession of her new owner, the lovers fled, and, in due time, arrived at Cincinnati, where they were married. Our hero obtained an interview with one of the agents of the Underground Railroad, located in that city, who immediately telegraphed instructions to the different agents along the line to keep strict watch, and if woman-catchers were on the alert, at any point, to telegraph back, and give the fugitives timely notice, that they might leave the train. Accordingly they started, purchasing tickets for Crestline.

In the meantime the purchaser, as soon as he discovered her loss, had commenced active measures to recover her. He had no difficulty in tracing them to Cincinnati, and was never in ascertaining that their destination was Crestline. But having arrived several hours after their departure, he was obliged to content himself with telegraphing to the proper officers to arrest them at that place. But unfortunately for his prospects, the intended arrest got wind, and when the train got to Gallonsburg, the fugitives stepped into the car, and a conversation of a few moments ensued, in the lowest kind of whispers, at the close of which the four left the car. A carriage was in waiting, and in two hours the fair fugitive and her husband were domiciled in the house of one of our whole-souled farmers, near Bucyers, who has long taken pleasure in helping fugitives on their way to the Canadian shore.

When the train on which they embarked reached Crestline, the officials were unutterably chagrined at not finding the fugitive, and more when they learned that she had been within four miles of them.

After a lapse of two weeks they ventured a move, and went to Detroit, by the way of Sandusky city, and without accident reached the Canadian shore. They are now residing in Toronto.

The Schwartz Democrats of Berks have organized themselves into a distinct party, and have resolved to carry on the war against the Buchanan hunkers. There are thus three parties in Berks. This will make future political movements interesting, and very much tend to equalize the chances of success at all elections to come off hereafter.

WHEN AND HOW TO APPLY MANURE.

If we consult Nature—taking her processes as our guide—we shall see her vegetable fertilizers applied in the fall—and there can be no better evidence that this is the most favorable time for manuring the soil. Circumstances, it is true, may render it advisable to vary from this time, and it is one of the objects of the farmer's study to be able to modify natural laws, and to choose in some cases convenience as his guide. The more perfectly, however, he understands Nature, the better he can command her; but generally, the closer he obeys her, the more successful his practice. Nature makes no mistake—she never practices false economy—all progress is by due obedience to her laws.

The application of manure in Autumn presupposes that it has become partially decomposed during the Summer, and that it will become well rotted by the following Spring, when needed by plants upon the resumption of their growth. It is thus ready for their use; and this is one material advantage of applying manure in Autumn. Another advantage is that this decomposition has reduced its bulk without deteriorating its value, (if properly carried on), rendering transportation less expensive, while at the same time, the team and the roads are in a better condition for the work. The Summer season, too, has afforded time for composting the stores of the barnyard with manure and other vegetable matter, thus increasing largely the amount and value of both classes of material—an important object to the farmer.

Nature, if asked the question, "How shall we apply manure?" answers, "On the surface." She has no operation analogous to plowing; and while we may think we have improved upon the method—as we undoubtedly have in this and other respects—we may still learn wisdom from her example. In applying manure to sward-land in the Fall, let it be spread upon the surface—the growing grass will keep it in place, will keep it moist, and will gradually work its decomposition. When we would plow in the Spring, it is in the right state and position for our use—for the use of the succeeding crop—and practice proves this to be one of the best methods of manuring sward land for any crop. In applying manure on stubble land, it would be well to cover it immediately with the gang-plow or cultivator, incorporating it as thoroughly as may be with the surface soil. In Spring, before sowing, let the land be plowed to a proper depth for the crop applied, and the result has been in the case in which trial has been made, a better crop than from manuring in the Spring in the usual manner.

Practical farmers are studying more closely than heretofore the nature of soils and plants, and the demands made upon the former by the latter, and seeking to learn from practical science, and from the operations of Nature