

Beeftemor's Journal.

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WOMAN.

The smile that plays on woman's cheek,
The sigh which breaks no rest,
Though bright or sad, but ill bespeak
The feelings of her breast.

They may some anxious thought impart,
But those who've most relied
Know not the love of woman's heart
Until that heart be tried.

There may in her uncertain smile,
Some token be of grief—
Some impulse which may, for awhile,
In sorrow seek relief.

But those who most have watched the past,
Portrayed by hope or pride,
Know least the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried!

THE BROKEN-HEARTED:

ON CRIME ITS OWN AVENGER.

Recently a letter was published in some of the newspapers, in which Harlow Case, the defaulter collector of Sandusky, Ohio, announced the decease of the unhappy woman who had accompanied his flight, and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title given above, a missionary correspondent of the Boston *Watchman & Reflector*, describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before death hurried away the mother and the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings. The subject is a painful one, but the writer describes so feelingly and truthfully the self-inflicted misery of Case and his partner in guilt, that we reproduce his narrative:

"What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza, when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with a agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light, bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand.

These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but coupled with what I afterwards learned, were certain evidence, that the man felt already the gnawings of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous Island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand. With a prodigality quite unrestrained by the inhabitants of a colder clime, nature had showered her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet-smelling flowers, their intense colors vying with the foliage of richer green, from out which they smiled; tall cactus plants, with crimson, goblet-shaped blossoms; lillies, gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form and color—everyting rich, lavish, wonderful, met our eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered his gaiety departed.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-looking discontent in his eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

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Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away for a half hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gently but at tentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked, timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you not then the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter, answered the child, with a grave dignity in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting thro' the long shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears.

Why was it, I thought, that painful thoughts took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gilt-books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Frances F.—from her devoted husband, Henry E. F.—"

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F.; had known him intimately for years. He was a friend, towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She

had desolated a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love.

How could I remain under the roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had reveled in such a conquest?

I could only think of the evil they had done; not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.

Oh! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat upon his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality; the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy, and flee as from a pestilence his sin-cursed house?—The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma"—(I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence to our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate," he added, gravely, as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver-plate. Obese servant brought on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before.

But the skeleton sat at the feast!

I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and the servant from the room, and he seemed to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe," he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name—of—H. E. F.?"

"I knew him, sir," I said sternly, looking the man sternly in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man."

With an ejaculation of anguish, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected, then?" he began, in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and thought, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows that I have suffered; and if in F.'s bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled!" Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months, and I have known it. It has been for me, now, to see the failing step, the dimming eye; it is for me to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said in a frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long hasty strides. Then, burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed: "Too late—too late—I have repented!" There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human being can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as it fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"Oh! if he knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon her—he would pity her—if it could be forgiven."

"Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought.

"She asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go, then."

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led me into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half reclining, in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing gown, clinging and hollowed to the ravaged sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gait, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! O pity! pity!

The eyes only retained their lustre; they were wofully sunken. The blazing fire kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself:

"Oh! how sorry I am for you!"

She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances. Her first question was:

"Are you going back to America, sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I told her it was not my intention to return at present.

"Oh! then, who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough, for the bitter wrong I have done."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir—tell him my story—warn, oh, warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years; ah, God only knows how much."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host, gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home, I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here is what has come—the grave ahead."

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had bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—O my God—forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join—or, if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and with but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the widest sea. Where the betrayer wanders is not known, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, oh, warn everybody!"

SOMETHING USEFUL ABOUT CLAY.

Of the various substances on the face of the earth few, if any, are so generally useful to man as clay. It is more than probable that the first substance which man began to fashion, to shape, or mold, was clay. The inspired writers repeatedly use the word clay in a figurative sense in reference to the shaping of the body. "Thou hast made me as the clay; your bodies are as bodies of clay." (Job x, 9; xii, 12.) Whether the clay was burned as bricks, or not, cannot be positively decided; but reference is directly made to them that dwell in houses of clay" at that time. More than 1500 years B.C. "the potter's power over clay" was perfectly familiar; so that by analogy we may fairly reason that the clay for houses may have been hardened by fire. As far as we can ascertain, pottery is one of the most ancient of arts. Man having obtained "power over the clay," he began to get power over the metals. This early adaptation of clay to domestic wants arose from the intrinsic merits of the clay itself. Its property to harden from mere exposure to the air and sun, was quite enough to render it serviceable; but when it was ascertained that fire turned it into a more durable material than stone, it gave of course great impetus to its works. The potter's wheel or tool for fashioning clay is the same now that was used three thousand years ago. Clay is not only useful in pottery, but is applied in many of the arts, such as dyeing, where alum (a compound of clay) is extensively used for fixing colors, in preparing leather, habitual drunkenness for two years. In Missouri, for adultery, habitual desertion for five years, conviction of an infamous crime, habitual drunkenness for two years, cruel treatment endangering life, intolerable indignities, vagrancy of the husband. In Iowa the same causes exist as in Missouri, to which is super-added, "when the parties cannot live in peace and happiness, and their welfare requires a separation."

The law of Arkansas is the same as in Missouri, except that one year's absence is sufficient to free the abandoned party from the bonds of marriage. In Tennessee and Mississippi the law is nearly similar; while in Florida, to like enactments are added habitual indulgence of violent and ungovernable temper for one year, or drunkenness or desertion for one year.

In North Carolina, impotency, adultery, abandonment, turning the wife out of doors, cruelty or indignity on the part of the husband, or any other just cause. In Texas impotency, excess, or cruel treatment, or outrages, or desertion for three years; the husband may have a divorce for the adultery of his wife, and the wife when the husband abandons her and lives in adultery. In Maryland the law is the same as in New York, except that abandonment and three years absence from the State is a cause for divorce. In Georgia the old English ecclesiastical law governs. In New Hampshire and Ohio similar laws to those of Vermont prevail. Extreme cruelty and absence for three years are causes of divorce in Delaware, to which Pennsylvania has added intolerable indignities. Congress has never conferred the power to grant divorce upon the courts in the District of Columbia.

CAUSES OF DIVORCE.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE U. STATES.

More than thirty causes of divorce are recognized by the statutes of the different States.

In South Carolina, not one has ever been obtained. In Virginia there are three causes, namely: natural and incurable impotency at the time of the marriage, idiocy and bigamy. In Alabama, adultery, or two years abandonment. In Rhode Island impotency, adultery, extreme cruelty, wilful desertion for the space of five years, continual drunkenness, neglect of the husband to provide necessities for the subsistence of the wife, gross misbehavior and wickedness repugnant to the marriage contract. In New Jersey divorce is granted for prior existing marriage, adultery, and wilful absence for five years. In Vermont, for non-age, mental incapability, impotency, force or fraud, adultery, confinement in the State Prison for three years or more, intolerable severity, wilful desertion for three years, absence for seven years unheard of, and where the husband, being of ability, grossly and wantonly neglects to provide for his wife. In Maine, for adultery, impotency, desertion for five years, joining in the State Prison of any of the United States for five years, fraud in obtaining the consent of the other party, habitual drunkenness for three years; a marriage with an Indian or mulatto is void; and imprisonment for felony in the State, work or for any other just cause.

In Kentucky for habitual drunkenness, condonation for felony, cruelty of the husband, and for several other causes which we forbear to mention. In Illinois, for impotence, adultery, habitual drunkenness for two years, cruel treatment for any year, habitual vagrancy of the husband.

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