

# Raffan's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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## Business Directory.

**IRVIN BROTHERS**, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., No. 23, 1863.

**FREDERICK LEITZINGER**, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or-leansville—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.

**CRANS & BARRETT**, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

**ROBERT J. WALLACE**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's Jewelry store. May 26.

**H. F. SAUGLE**, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

**H. BUCHER SWOOP**, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

## Select Poetry.

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something, uncompleted still,  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits:

Waits, and will not go away,  
Waits, and will not be gained,  
By the cross of yesterday,  
Each to-day is heavier made.

Thill length it is, or seems,  
Greater than our strength can bear,—  
As the burden of our dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere;

And we stand from day to day  
Like the dwarfs of time gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

### THE GREEN MOUNTAIN HERMIT.

So you think you would like to be a hermit do you? Let me tell you a story that was told me by an old man up among the Green Mountains of Vermont.

It was near the close of a hot summer day, and we were sitting on the veranda on the east side of the house. Before us, and but a few rods off, lay a beautiful little lake about three miles long and one wide. Directly opposite to us was a cove setting back perhaps twenty rods; on the north side of this was a clearing of quarter of an acre, and back of the clearing was the unbroken forest, which on all that side of the lake with the exception of that little nook came down to the water's edge. It was such a picture as we seldom meet. And as I gazed across the quiet waters of the lake it seemed to me that beneath those peaceful shades, which only the last rays of the sun ever reached, I could pass the remainder of my days content and happy.

It was the expression of this thought that drew the following story from the old man.

It must be fifty years since it took place, for I am now sixty-five, and I was then only fifteen. There was a young man came to our house one night and wanted to get supper and lodging. He was plainly dressed and carried a rifle; but it was easy to see that he was no hunter. He was very polite and gentlemanly, but said little, and appeared sad and melancholy. He went to bed early, and in the morning I found him down by the edge of the lawn looking across the water. He gave me a pleasant "good morning," and inquired what was the best way to get to the other side of the lake. After breakfast, of which he ate but little, he went away.

One morning about two weeks after, as I was looking over that way, I saw a smoke rising up from where you now see that clearing. As hunters both white and red frequently wandered about the forest, I thought but little about it; but next morning it was there again, and so it went on every morning.

We again talked about it and wondered who could be living there. But we had no boat, and it was a long and rough path around, besides I was all the help my father had on the farm, and he could not spare me a whole day, he said to go off and neglect my business, for the sake of finding out what other folks were doing.

But finally cold weather came and bridged the lake; and one morning I started off, determined to get acquainted with our neighbors. I had nearly reached the cove, when I found among strangers; and how should I introduce myself, or what excuse could I make for calling upon them? But before I had settled the question I found myself in front of a little hut, only about a rod from the water, and as I stood there in some doubt about what I ought to do, the door opened and a man came out.

He appeared somewhat surprised at seeing me, but advanced and said "good morning," and offered me his hand, at the same time calling me by my name. I suppose I looked astonished at this, for I had no idea that I had ever seen him before. He wore a hunting shirt, fur cap, and long whiskers, and his hair almost rested on his shoulders.

"Ah, don't you know me?" he said, "well, it's no wonder. I don't look much like the man who stayed over at your house one night last summer, do I?"

I knew him then. There was the same kind smile, though a gloom more deep than when I had last seen him. It was like the sunbeams on a cold winter cloud; there was warmth somewhere. But I was too young then to speculate much about it. He invited me in his cabin as he called it; it was quite small, but warm and comfortable. On one side was a sort of a bunk raised a few feet from the ground and filled with dried leaves, over which was thrown a blanket and a bear skin, and a table and chair of his own manufacture, and a very small stock of necessary articles of housekeeping, which completed his list of furniture. Everything was neat and arranged in good order. Several pictures were hung around the room, and upon a shelf were a few books. He made no allusion to himself or his manner of life, but inquired with much apparent interest about my father, mother, and sister; and when I left invited me to call again. But when I asked him to call upon me he thanked me but said nothing about coming.

The time passed on. I often went to see him; he always appeared glad to see me, but in no way could I induce him to come to our house; and so reserved had he always been in regard to his own affairs that I did not even know his name.

Sometime in the winter a young lady, a cousin of mine whom I had never seen, came to make us a visit.

With the exception of my mother and wife, I had never seen a woman I loved better than her; somehow her wants and pleas-

ures never seemed to interfere with those of any one else. She was always cheerful, and yet there was a deep sorrow in her heart. I rather felt this than thought much about it at the time.

But one day mother told me what it was. She was rich and had been engaged to a young man as rich as herself; but a month before the wedding day he lost all his property. He immediately wrote to his intended, informing her of this and offering to release her from her engagement. But to this she replied, that it was not his property but himself that she had lost; and she hoped that the loss of his property would not interfere with their engagement, and so inflict a greater loss upon herself.

To this letter she received no answer and her lover disappeared; and where he had gone no one knew. She had been with us but a few days before I had told her all about my hermit friend. She appeared shocked at the idea of any one choosing such a life, and asked me a great many questions about him, and concluded by wondering if there was not something we could do for him. I had sometimes carried him apples; of everything he seemed to have an abundance.

"But," said Ellen, "supposing he should be sick there all alone? I cannot bear to think of any one living in such a way; we must do something for him."

"But what can we do?" said I. "I have often asked him to come here, but you see it is no use; he never asked me to bring any one with me."

She said no more about it then, but I noticed after that, that the first thing she did in the morning when she came down was to look for his cabin; and if at any time it was later than usual, she was sure to have an anxious look until it made its appearance.

It was now the middle of winter, and the cold was intense. One moonlight night Ellen, after sitting nearly an hour upon the glistening ice, started up with the exclamation:

"There, James, I have it now; we must not let that poor man live there in that way any longer. Listen while I tell you a plan, and you must carry it out. We will make a flag, and you must get him to put up a flag-staff on his cabin, and arrange it in such a manner that it will be a signal to us when he can be seen; and if he is without going outside."

I could not help laughing at the idea, and yet I thought the plan a good one, if we could only get him to think so.

"Tell him," said Ellen, "there is a lady over here that can't sleep nights for thinking of him."

I suppose it never entered her head any more than it did mine at that time, what some people might say of such a message.

Well, the next morning we got a piece of white cloth for a flag, an old clothes line for halyards, and a tin box in which the flag would be protected from the water. The box was to be nailed to the flag-staff, and the lid opening readily, a slight pull would be sufficient to raise the flag. Through a small hole in the roof the halyards might be taken to his very bedside.

In the afternoon we saw by the smoke that he was at home. I went over, I shall never forget how I looked when I told him our plan. At first there was a sneer on his face, but it gave way to a placid smile, and finally burst out into a hearty laugh, the first I had ever heard him utter.

"Well," said he, "as you have taken so much pains to let me know, there is to be sure no telling what may happen."

And so we set to work, and he really seemed to enjoy it, and appeared more like a rational being than I had seen him before. We cut a pole, trimmed it, and made a hole in the top for the halyards, and he got upon the roof to put it up; as he was standing just beside the chimney his foot slipped and in trying to save himself he dropped the flag; down it went into the fire, and before it could be rescued it was too badly burned to be of any use. I had a suspicion at first that he had done it intentionally, but was very glad to find myself mistaken as from the valise he drew out a large pocket handkerchief.

There, said he, this is not quite so large as the other, but I guess it will do.

It was nearly night before we finished, and he insisted that I should stay and take supper with him. By the time this was ready the old gloom came back to his brow. He ate but a little, and was more unsober than I had ever before seen him; but all on a sudden he raised his head with the air of a man who resolved to do something at all hazards.

"Did you ever wonder why I am living here in this way, of no use to myself or anybody else?"

I told him that I had wanted to do something for him.

So you have, said he, and now I will tell you why I came here, for I am beginning to think that I did wrong to myself and others, and that I ought not to stay here any longer. No, though I met with treachery and the meanest kind of meanness, it was not a sufficient excuse for my leaving all society, but rather an excuse for my remaining in it. But the story is a short one. I was rich, and one who professed, and I believed, to be my friend cheated me out of all. I could have borne that, but I was engaged to be married. I immediately wrote to my betrothed offering to release her from her engagement, but without the slightest idea that she would do anything of the kind. Judge then of my surprise at receiving a letter in her own hand-writing, that I might still be a friend, but more than that she never could be.

Although I knew at first sight it was her writing, yet I compared it with others she had sent me; but I had to make up my mind that it was useless to doubt it; the fact must be accepted. Having neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, I resolved to leave for ever the society of my

fellow beings. I came here, and thus far have led a life which is becoming every day more intolerable.

He paused, and as it was getting late I came away. When I got home I found some neighbors at our house, so I went to bed, merely saying to Ellen that all was right. Early the next morning I was awakened by her calling me from the foot of the stairs:

"James! James! hurry—quick—come down. The flag is up!"

I needed no second call, but was dressed and down by the lake, where I found father, who had harnessed the horse to go to town that morning; but upon learning the state of affairs, he told me to get into the sleigh, and we both started across the lake as fast as the horse could go.

Upon arriving at the cabin we found him stretched on the ground moaning with pain. He said he had broken his leg. After a short examination, father said he believed he had. We took him up as carefully as possible and laid him in his bunk, and then father started after the doctor, leaving me to make a fire and do whatever else I could for the comfort of the sufferer. Father stopped at the house long enough to tell them what was the matter and then hurried away.

It about two hours he returned with the doctor, and as there was no necessity for my remaining longer, I came home to look after the morning chores. As soon as I had done these, and got my breakfast, I prepared to return. Ellen wanted to go back with me but mother would not consent. The wind had been blowing all the morning very hard, and as we stood a moment at the window looking out, we saw the flag break loose and came slowly drifting before the wind across the lake.

As we stood looking at it I told them of the flag, and the substitution of a handkerchief. Ellen walked down to the ice with me. The handkerchief had reached the shore and lodged only a few rods off, and she went to get it, and I kept along, but had gone but a little ways when I heard her call me back. I hastened to her; she was holding the handkerchief—scarcely whiter than herself.

"Yes, that was it; he had told me that morning—Henry Wilburn."

"Thank God!" she said, as I told her this. "Wait I must go with you."

I did not oppose her. She went into the house and came quickly out again with her shawl and hood, and we started. About half way across we met father and the doctor. He stopped to give me some directions and then went on. Ellen stopped a few rods from the door.

"See here, James; I have been acquainted with a Henry Wilburn, and that if he is the one he must prepare himself for a very great surprise."

I went in and delivered the message.

"A lady—a great surprise? I guess not? I think it would take considerable to surprise me now. But do not keep her waiting longer."

I stepped out and told her so. Somehow got the impression that they would need no introduction, so I remained outside to split some wood. In about fifteen minutes I went in and found her on her knees by his bedside. She sprang up as I opened the door; tears were on their faces, and a happier looking couple I have never seen before nor since.

"James," said Mr. Wilburn, "I suppose you want an explanation. You have been a good friend to me so you shall have it. This is the lady I was telling you about last night. It appears she wrote two letters at the time, and by mistake in directing them I got the one destined for my cousin, and he got the one that was intended for me."

"Possibly," said Ellen, "it was lost."

"Possibly it was, I hope so, at any rate," said Wilburn.

"Well," said Ellen, "it has all passed now, so let's say no more about it. It will be some time before you run away from me again I think."

Yes, he replied, I am fast enough now and shall have to remain here longer than I intended; for after James left you I intended to write you a letter of thanks and leave this place forever; and only too late would you have found out who it was.

An hour in pleasant converse passed quietly by and father returned bringing mother with him. After explaining to them how matters stood, Ellen called father and mother outside, and they had a long conference, which ended by father getting into his sleigh and driving off.

About the middle of the afternoon they came back bringing the minister with them. The cabin was about full, but we managed to get in; and Mr. Wilson, after being introduced, said—

"Mr. Wilburn, it is evident that you must have some one to take care of you until your limb gets well; this young lady is willing to take that office, and we see no objections to her doing so. But taking all things into consideration, we think you had better promise her before these witnesses, that so long as you both live, you will do your best to take care of her."

I never in my life saw a man so completely taken back. At first he did not seem to understand what the minister meant; but finally as he began to get hold of the idea, he looked up to Ellen, who was standing by his side.

"Ellen," said he, "is this possible?"

Tears of joy were in her eyes; he needed no other answer. The marriage ceremony was performed, then mother produced a basket containing cakes and wine, and a happier wedding party I never met.

As soon as he was able to be removed they returned to the city. He said he had come to the conclusion that he was not intended for a hermit.

## Something About the Hair.

How many hairs on your head? The number varies with different persons; the average is stated on good authority to be 293 hairs to every quarter of a square inch; from this each can calculate somewhere near the sum of his own. Flaxen hairs are finest, brown and red next, and black the coarsest. A space containing 147 black would be occupied by 162 brown, or 182 flaxen. Each hair springs from a root imbedded in the skin. The outside is composed of horny scales overlapping each other like shingles on a roof, though not with the same regularity, and these scales form a tube enclosing a narrow pith. The hair of different races of men, varies in structure as well as in color; thus that of the negro may be felt, that is, formed into a solid compact mass like cloth. The property is owing to the prominence of the scales composing it. Straight hair is nearly round, curly hair is more flattened, the most so in the negro, whose hairs are nearly flat ribbons. The different colors depend on minute particles of coloring matter within the hair; age, sickness, severe mental exercise, or sudden fright may destroy the coloring matter, and cause the hair to turn gray. In animals having "whiskers," as the cat, tiger, rat, etc., the hairs are applied with nerves, which render them very delicate "feelers," by which they are aided in stealing on their prey.

In passing through narrow spaces, these give notice if the opening is not large enough to admit the animal's body. In some forms of disease the human hair becomes extremely sensitive at the root, and liable to bleed. Frequent cutting causes it to grow coarser, but not more thickly, and those who desire to retain soft silky beads should not shave at all. Oils, pomades, and such preparations clog the pores of the scalp and prevent the healthy growth of the hair; washing the scalp with water and thoroughly drying it with a towel, will keep it in excellent condition. Human hair is an important article of trade; tons of it being sold every year. In large districts of Europe the peasant girls are shorn of their locks annually, receiving from two to twenty dollars each for the crop. Most of this is used by those who cannot grow enough of their own, some of it for making jewelry and other ornaments.

**Saturday Evening.**

How many a kiss has been given—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered to the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone forth from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of the treasures of the heart! A week is a history. A week makes events of sorrow or of gladness, which people never heed. Go home, you heart-erring wanderer. Go home to the cheer that awaits you, wronged waifs on earth's billows. Go home to your family, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your books with complex figures—leave everything—your dirty shoe—your business store. Rest with those you love; for God alone knows what next Saturday night may bring them.

Forget the world of care and battles with which life furnished the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with sadness, in tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

**General Jackson's Motto.**

"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unfulfilled, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so unfits a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetically, even though it may not be the best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead" ought to be printed in every young man's hat, and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his judgment, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say "Think before you act; but when the time for action comes, stop thinking."

**Arlington Cemetery.**

The lofty plateau of Arlington has been converted into a national cemetery for our brave soldiers and sailor who die in or near Washington. It was opened for interment May 1, 1864, and within the year five thousand have been buried there. In a year or two more it will be the most populous city of the dead on this side of the Atlantic. Its conversion into a cemetery renders it impossible that it can ever be used as a residence again. General De Russay has already removed his headquarters from there to the house of Gen. Lee's son, immediately north. Many of the graves contain the bodies of southern soldiers who died in our hospitals, but then in every case the headboard of the grave bears the word "Rebel," in large letters, on it.

A sword worth \$750, has been presented by the freedmen at Fortress Monroe to Gen. Butler, for services rendered them while in command of that Department.

Jeff Davis, health has improved much. He partakes freely of the diet furnished him, and is in fit condition to take a sea voyage or stand his trial for treason.

## PURE BUTTER.

The fresh sweet pasture of June, furnishing that abundance of succulent feed which new milk cows need to give rich milk in abundance, make this month pre-eminently the butter month. We present herewith the views of a good butter maker expressed in a communication by "H. A. H.," which has lain for some time on our table: "I am very particular about thoroughly scalding and sunning my pans in hot weather; do not fill them more than half full, and skim after the milk thickens sufficiently so that the cream will come off smooth without taking any milk with it, which, I think, is apt to make curdle in the butter, and that injures the looks of it. Churning should be done every day, if sufficient cream should be obtained. If not the cream in the pot should be thoroughly stirred whenever any is added, and I add a little salt, which certainly is not a bad idea. I design, when I churn to have the cream the right temperature, neither too warm nor too cold, so as to avoid adding any warm or cold water, and as soon as it is gathered I take it out and wash it in cold water until it is thoroughly freed from the buttermilk; salt it to my taste, and set it in a cool place until the next morning, when I work it over until it presents a firm and uniform appearance. Last summer I worked my butter three times before packing. At the last working I add a small quantity more of salt. After packing it smoothly I sprinkle a tablespoonful of loaf sugar and a little salt over the top between every layer, and apply on the top of that a cloth pressed down closely to keep the air from it during the time that must intervene before the packing of the next layer. After the jar or firkin is well filled, I put the cloth on the top and apply another thicker one, and filled up with salt packed tightly, and even with the top of the jar; then lying on another cloth to fit the top. I also put another one over the jar and have it come over the edge and paste it tight to the jar, then put on a board and a weight. Or another way: Instead of putting in salt I take melted butter and turn in on the thin cloth even full, and lastly, apply salt sprinkled over the top before putting on the last cloth and weight. Then again, I have had butter kept well after packing thoroughly as I have stated, to fill up the jar with strong brine, which should stand two inches deep on the top without being filled up with butter, and it is necessary to put a little saltpetre in the brine. Any one, whether he has a very good place to keep butter or not, if he attend to the strict observance of these rules, can have good butter and keep it for months, and that through the hottest weather."

**To Remove Flies From Rooms.**

Now that hot weather approaches, the following method of trapping flies, as practiced and endorsed by a correspondent of the *Irish Agricultural Gazette*, will be found useful: "A hand glass, commonly used by gardeners (a square one is the best,) is the instrument to be used. This has to be tightly covered at the bottom with thick white paper. A circular hole, 64 inches in diameter, is then cut in the center of the paper, and a glass is placed on three bricks over a plate filled with beer, sugar and a little rum, a moderate distance from the affected spot. The effect is magical; in a few hours the glass is crammed with flies, which, having tasted the sweets, fly upward to the light. A common sulphur match, made by dipping brown paper into melted brimstone, will destroy thousands. The constant hum of insect life will attract all to the glass, and the scent of the rum is sure to induce the most fastidious wasp as no insect can resist its powerful attraction. This is stated to be effectual in alluring hornets and wasps from fruit trees, though we imagine it would take a large glass to hold all we have seen in some neighborhoods."

**Use for Coal Ashes.**

Some new value has been discovered in coal ashes. A contractor has paid \$9,000 for the right to collect them in a single district in Manchester, England, for six months. Only a short time since, the authorities had to pay contractors to take them away. For what purpose these ashes have become valuable is a secret, but a very important one to be found out. They have been regarded as nearly valueless heretofore, for dressing land. Some think a rare metal has been discovered in them.

The testimony in the trial of the assassins fixes upon Geo. N. Saunders and Jacob Thompson not only direct complicity with the assassin Booth in the murder of President Lincoln, but their guilty agency in procuring the distribution of the infected clothing into the White House.

A rather amusing story is told of Brown, rebel Governor of Georgia: When the Lieutenant was conveying him North, under arrest, and had arrived near Dalton, Brown rallied him pleasantly about his small force. The Lieutenant asked him what he should do if the squad should be overpowered by guerrillas. Brown replied that he should run with the Union troops.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another.

The account involved in the defalcation of the treasury clerk, Cornwall, at Washington, is \$28,000, instead of \$200,000, as heretofore stated.

An extraordinary merit may lie under a mean habit, as a rich garment may cover enormous vices.