

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 32.

## Select Poetry.

### LAUGH AND SET THEM FLYING.

Let those who will repine at fate  
And drop their heads with sorrow;  
I laugh when cares upon me wait—  
I know they'll leave to-morrow.  
My purse is light, but what of that?  
My heart is light to match it;  
And if I fear my only coat,  
I laugh the while I patch it.  
I've seen some elves, who call themselves  
My friends in summer weather,  
Blown far away in sorrow's day  
As winds would blow a feather.  
I never grieved to see them go.  
(The rascal, who would heed them?)  
For what's the use of having friends,  
If false when most you need them?  
I've seen some rich in worldly gear,  
Eternally repining,  
Their hearts a prey to every fear—  
With gladness never shining.  
I would not change my lightsome heart  
For all their gold and sorrow;  
For that's a thing that all their wealth  
Can neither buy nor borrow.  
And still, as sorrows come to me—  
As sorrows sometimes will come—  
I find the way to make them flee.  
I'm bidding them right welcome,  
They cannot brook a cheerful look—  
They're used to sobs and sighing;  
And he that meets them with a smile,  
Is sure to set them flying.

### Mr. Smooth's Experiments on his Hair.

Reckon you may be aware that red hair has got to be fashionable! They say it is a fact that where people pretend to be anything black hair ain't admitted into good society.

There's some talk up our way of gittin' the President to veto the bill of all black headed children after the tenth of next month. If I could only manage to get a little of my bitters into him, I think there'd be no doubt of his doing it.

It's a curious fashion now days. The streets and fashion plates is full of 'em. I counted seventy-five different styles of hats in Boston yesterday, and I might have counted seventy-five more if it hadn't been so hot that I had to go to Copeland's after a glass of soda, and that set me billing over so that I wasn't fit for nothin' the rest of the day.

It's an old sayin' that every dog must have his day, and the red-headed ones is a havin' their'n.

Unfortunately my own hair is a kind of a blackish gray. Tain't naturally handsome, but when it's greased up well and scented with bergamot, 'tain't to be sneezed at.

Patty Jane Pendricks used to smooth it down, and say it looked like a satin ribbon—that was before she ketcht me a kissin' Gary Smith behind a haystack, at which she grabbed a pole, and in flourishing it round, got it in contact with my cranium, and nigh about smashed all my brains out.

Pat had a consarned high temper, and Sam stow that married her, has a black eye or a scratched nose or a broken jaw the biggest half of the time. Though that is nothing to do with Patty's temper, of course; he's troubled with the scrofulous nurology, and that's apt to break out sometimes.

Last spring I got acquainted with a gal that was somebody. I don't calkulate to say nothin' agin women in ginril—they are all angels—every one of 'em—from the crowns of their waterfalls to the extremities of their ten toes—but it is a fact that there ain't one out of twenty of 'em that's worth speakin'.

But Jerushy Bean was one of the twenty—yes, by jingo! she was two of the twenty! she was as genteel as Queen Victoria, and loved her corsets so that it kept her nose like a red rose all the time, and made her sigh like a person that's took a dose of Epsom salts.

She had the stunninest hoops, and the biggest doughnut on her head, tied on with pink ribbon, and glass beads, and she sported an eye-glass set in gold, and fastened to her neck with a chain that would have made a pickpocket's mouth water.

She took the susceptible heart of your humble servant, Samuel Smooth, Esq., manufacturer of the wonderful Bitters, which is warranted to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, by storm.

When in her presence he felt as if his life was made up of greased rainbows, and sprinkled with honey, peppermint, June pinks, and dewdrops—to say nothing of hand organs, and feed lemonade.

She smiled on me, too, and I spent all the money I had a buyin' her sugar stuff and spruce gum. I bought enough to have set up a confectionary store, and a couple of old women with battered bonnets, and a sick child into the bargain.

When I ventured to tell her that I hoped to make her the partner of my bizzness, she objected to my hair. She had set her heart, she said, on marryin' a man with golden hair. She didn't like black hair, especially if it was straight as a candle, and plastered down so tight that you could see a feller's ears afore you seed him. I have large ears which is a sign of a generous disposition—but it wasn't polite in her to mention 'em when the conversation wasn't a runnin' on ways out ears.

"Mr. Smoother," sez she, "you'd be so distinguished if you'd only have your hair washed!"

"Washed!" sez I, a little riled. "it was washed last night with soap suds, and rinsed there hain't a cleaner head this side of Palestine!"

"Oh, I don't doubt that," sez she, "but I mean washed yellow. They have a sort of stuff for sale that will change raven locks to golden, as well as make straight hair curly. There's a notice of it!" and she put the New York Puffer and Blower under my nose, and I read the advertisement.

"Prof. Bobb's Curlique is warranted to curl the stiffest hair in two minutes into wavin', soft silky ringlets, and his Wash 'D' Ore will change the blackest hair to a beautiful tint, at the first application. Price of each one dollar. Satisfaction guaranteed

or the money refunded. Read the certificates of those who have used it."

And I read 'em. They are astonishing! One man's hair was made from black into yellow by just rubbing the bottle containing the wash over the scalp. And another had his straight hair all curled up as handsome as any darkey barber's by just peeping through the key hole into a room where a woman was putting some of the Curlique onto her head.

I jumped up and struck my feet together. It was just the thing! I grabbed two dollars and sent it right off in a letter to the State of Ohio, where the wonderful Professor lived.

In due time the bottles arriv, and at night I plastered my head up with some of both kinds, put on my nightcap and went to bed. I took a good dose of Bitters to prevent the medicine from strikin' in, and slept like a top—in fact, like a couple of tops. I dreamed of angels with yellow curls and Jerushy Bean with a bottle of the Curlique in one hand, and the Wash in tother.

Right in the midst of it marm called me to breakfast, and I jumped up, got into my red night drawers and ran to the glass. I ontied my nightcap, and gave a pull; gracious! I couldn't start it any more than I could have started the broadside of our barn. It was stuck fast! I pulled and twisted, but 'twas no go! The plangy thing held on. I was afeared I had grown into it.

I jumped down the stairs hollowing for marm, and when I got into the sitting room if there weren't old Miss Hannah Price, the dreadfulest modest old maid in the universe, a sittin' there a makin' marm's new gown.

"Marcell!" yelled she, ketchin' sight of my red drawers, "that ever I should live to be so outraged! Let me die before the story gets out!" and she fell right down and fainted, but it's true as gospel she kept her eyes open all the time.

Marm she heard the outscreech, and came a runnin' in with the broom. By that time I'd made out to pull off part of the night-cap and the hair all came with it.

"What's the row?" says marm, says she, settin' up her specks, for she's nigh sighted with her specks on, and wears 'em for ornament.

"Oh, marm," says I, "I'm scalped! your Samuel is scalped!"

"My son Samuel!" says she, "he's up stairs, he's lazy brat! You're a vile impostor. He's got black hair, and your 'n is as red as a carrot! I'm a respectable female woman and never had a red headed child in my life! Clear out of this house or I'll wallop ye!"

"In my own son," says I, "don't you know your Sammy?" and I run toward her and sot out to rest my aching head on her faithful bosom, but instead she put the broomstick on said head, and I fled for the door.

There I run agin a pa who had just come from the bar with a basket of eggs, and in the rumpus the eggs was broke, my nose was caved in, my dear pa's two front teeth was knocked out, and marm's cap was all torn to flinders.

But I got by 'em at last, and streaked it for Aunt Jemima's, and she let me in, and put some pain-killer into my nose, and soaked off the rest of my night-cap in hot water, and hid me under the bed when she saw my pa and marm and old Miss Price a comin'.

I was sick for about a week, but Aunt Jemima nursed me like an own mother, and if she hadn't been my aunt I should have offered her my hand and fortune. But I gave her half a dozen bottles of my Bitters instid.

About one half of my head was bare, and tother half was covered with something that looked like the wool on a singed cat, and with Aunt Jemima's advice I had the whole affair shaved.

Then I tied my head up in a handkerchief and called on Jerushy Bean, but she slammed the door right in my face.

"I'd appeared before Miss Price, she said, in a very shocking undressed style, and she hoped never to have her eyes blasted by the sight of me again."

"So I left her only sayin'—'It might have been.'"

I've got a fine crop of hair coming, and I've hired a wig till it grows out so's to be decent, but if I could only have the privilege of giving Professor Bobb enough of my Bitters to get him up a decent pain in his stomach, I wouldn't grudge a quarter.

In 1860, by the census, there were 75,000 black people living in Pennsylvania. Probably, the number has been increased to 80,000. Philadelphia has a larger number than any other county, that is 28,000. They support seventeen churches, worth \$225,000 with a membership of 5,440, and 1,700 Sunday-school scholars. They have twelve or fifteen free schools, with a daily average attendance of 2,200. There are thirty-four negroes in the city whose combined wealth amounts to one million three hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars.

The richest man is Stephen Smith, a lumber merchant. He owns seventy-five houses in fee simple, and is worth not less than three hundred thousand dollars. Harris Lindsay, a bounty broker during the war, is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Five artists and a number of excellent musicians receive distinguished mention. Among the latter is the "Black Swan."

Salt Lake City is one of the most beautifully laid out cities in the world. The streets are very wide, with water running through nearly every one of them. Every block is surrounded with beautiful shade trees, and almost every house has its neat little orchard of apple, peach, apricot and cherry trees. In fact, the whole nine square miles is almost one continued orchard.

New and rich gold mines have been discovered in the Salmon river region, and trains have left Salt Lake City for the scene of excitement.

## Price of Liberty.

A Southern paper incidentally refers to a colored man who had, some years ago, received his freedom by paying his master \$1,800 for it. There are different ways of getting freedom. Some run for it, some fight for it, and some pay for it. This man got his by purchase, and the price shows how high a valuation his master set on him and he on freedom. The high price shows the slave to better advantage than it does the master, so far as all high and noble traits of character are concerned. The powerless slave negotiates with the master who was backed by all the force of the slave code. Liberty was the subject of their traffic. The one sells freedom for \$1,800 and pockets the money with a feeling of satisfaction, the other pays the price feeling that freedom is better than money. This is the nobler man of the two. But what motive could induce a poor slave, who did not even own himself, to toil in extra hours day and night for the long period that it would be necessary to labor in order to raise \$1,800? He knew that it would not in the slightest degree improve his social standing. He was well aware that it would bring him under the operation of the code for free people of color, which in many respects was more oppressive and cruel than the slave code. He knew that his emancipation would not release wife or children from bondage and consequently would not exempt from fear of separation from them. Yet without a single personal, social or political privilege connected with his freedom, he was willing to labor long and severely to raise the large sum of \$1,800, to secure the ownership of his own body and soul. No blazoned motto of "Liberty or Death" so emphatically and clearly demonstrates the love of freedom as the poor slave's payment of \$1,800 for the privilege of conscious freedom, though that freedom was yet restricted and hampered by the most iniquitous and meanest code ever framed.—*Commercial.*

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## A Little of Everything.

—Why can there be no water in Palestine? Because it is Holy Land (wholly land.)

—"Millions for de fence!" as the nigger said when a bull chased him across a ten acre lot.

—Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

—What sort of a drum is that which is best when it cannot be beaten? Why, a conun-drum, of course.

—Why does the eye resemble a school-master in the act of flogging? Because it has a pupil under the lash.

—The editor of the *Discussion*, of Madrid, Spain, has just been sentenced to death for articles which he had published.

—Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands and runs down its own works.

—The public character of man is the tinsel worn of court; his private character is the service of gold kept at his banker's.

—A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

—"Are you the mate?" said a passenger to the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," answered Pat, "but I'm the boy that boils the mate!"

—The following is a true copy of a note received by a schoolmaster: "Sur, as you air a man of nolege, I intend to inter my my son in your skull."

—In the natural history of insects, the grub turns into a butterfly; but it often occurs in the natural history of man, that the butterfly turns into a grub.

—A lazy fellow down South spells Tennessee after this fashion—Tose, and spells Andrew Jackson—An Jaxn. He signs his name thus: J o (J. Hole.)

—In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

—A rich Philadelphia contractor, in a severe fit of gout, told his physician he suffered pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, already?"

—Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match—the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth being the suitor himself.

—A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

—A lady wished a seat. A portly handsome gentleman brought one and seated her. "Oh, you are a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," replied he, "I am a jeweller—I have just set the jewel."

—"Nimrod, you know the meaning of the word *ambitious*?" "Yes, sir, it's a horse-marine sort of critter, what always sits on a rock, 'cause he won't stay in the water, and can't live on land."

—A little boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said; "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I have got."

—A young lady trading with a rather raw clerk for a pair of stockings, asked "how high they came?" Her beauty and her question staggered him, but he at last stammered out, "Don't know—bove the knees, I guess!"

—"O'er all the world four things we find That leave no mark or trace behind; The eagle soaring bold and free, The ship which cuts the foaming sea, The snake as o'er the rock he slips, And a lover's kiss on a lady's lips."

—An honest Democrat, in a recent conversation relative to the faults of President Johnson, candidly admitted that one of his greatest mistakes was the appointing of "that fool, Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, his chaplain; he might know enough to keep a Post office, but he wasn't fit for a spiritual adviser."

—A Methodist and a Quaker, having stopped at the same public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose the Quaker observed: "Really, friend if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

—An old woman on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well on board, eh?" "Yes ma'am, we always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever. I always did dislike the nasty river water, especially in the dog days."

—An impatient Welshman called to his wife—"Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to a call of the stirring housewife who roused her maid at four o'clock with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here's Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone and nothing done yet!"

—A great philosopher says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not throw my cares away, I pack them up in, as little compass as I can conveniently for myself, and never let them annoy others."

## Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1865.

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

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

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J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

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DENTISTRY.—J. P. CORNETT, Dentist, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1865.

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G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1865.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, WILLIAM B. BIGLER, J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING.

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

## FURNITURE ROOMS.

JOHN GUELICH.

Desires to inform his old friends and customers that, having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is,

## BUREAUS AND SIDEBORDS,

Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables.

## Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jenny-Lyn, and other Bedsteads.

SOPAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.

Spring-seat, Cabin-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; And common and other Chairs.

## LOOKING-GLASSES.

Of every description on hand, and new classes for old frames, which will be put in in very reasonable terms, on short notice.

He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-husk, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

## COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND.

Made to order, and funerals attended with a hearse, whenever desirable.

Also, House painting done to order.

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