

Rafferty's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 39.

Select Poetry.

NEARER HOME.

O sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home today,
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's home,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the Jasper sea;

Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
In the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to light.

Closer, closer, my steps
Come to the dark abyss,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chasm.

Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the night of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

"And now we'll have a cozy, comfortable evening together," said my wife. "And—"

My wife started nervously, as a sharp peal from the bell interrupted our brief interval of domestic quiet.

"Only the surgical bell, my dear. Somebody wanting me, I suppose."

"And I went down stairs, secretly wondering to myself if, after all, there was such a wide difference between a galley slave and a country doctor."

The surgery door stood wide open, but no one was there, and through the blinding darkness without, I could discern the dark outline of a close carriage and a man standing at the horse's head.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" I asked, coming to the threshold and instinctively buttoning up the overcoat I had hurriedly thrown on.

"You're wanted, doctor," said the man, speaking indistinctly from behind the muffling that surrounded his face.

"Yes, but what for? Who wants me?"

"I am not at liberty to tell."

"I had already entered the carriage, but this suspicious answer inspired me with distrust. I made a step to descend, but I was too late. The vehicle was already in motion."

"It is quite unnecessary to alarm yourself, doctor," said a quiet measured voice at my side. "Believe me, you are quite safe, and I trust you will feel no uneasiness when I tell you that you must be blindfolded."

And at the same instant a folded bandage was deftly slipped over my eyes.

"Hold!" I ejaculated. "It strikes me that this is rather superfluous. The night is dark as Erebus, and you have no lamp."

"Possibly," returned the dry voice, "but it is best to run no risks."

And then ensued a silence of some ten or fifteen minutes, while the carriage rolled swiftly along, and the low measured breathing of my unknown companion kept time to my own uncomfortable thoughts.

At length my companion spoke again in the same soft, modulated tones.

"Doctor, one more little precaution is necessary—your promise never to divulge to human soul a word of this night's visit."

I hesitated. "I cannot bind myself to such a covenant. The relations between physician and patient are of course confidential, but—"

The carriage swung abruptly here, and the door was sprung open. At the same instant something cold touched my temple. It was the muzzle of a pistol. I recoiled in horror.

"You surely would not murder me?"

"You promise, doctor?"

"I promise!" I gasped, recoiling once more from the chilling touch of the cold steel at my temple.

"Very well; come!"

I was led up a narrow walk, through a doorway, into a room, where bandage was removed from my eyes. The spot was very familiar to me—a ruinous cottage, long since abandoned to decay, in the very heart of dense, swampy woods. How the carriage had ever reached it I was at a loss to know.

Upon a pile of straw, hurriedly thrown into a corner of the mouldering floor, lay a prostrate figure, moaning at every breath. His face was concealed by a handkerchief, and the blood was slowly dripping from a gunshot wound just above the ankle, a wound which had been clumsily bandaged by some unskillful hand. Moreover, there was a dark red stain on the straw where his head lay, and his light brown hair was matted with coagulated drops. Two or three men stood around, with rude masks of black cloth drawn over their faces, in which three slits were cut for the eyes and mouth; and a female figure knelt behind the heap of straw, veiled closely. The men silently made way for me as I advanced into the apartment, and held their lanterns so that the lurid light should fall full upon my strange patient. I silently stooped and examined both wounds.

"Well?" asked my carriage companion.

"I can do nothing, the man must die."

"Nonsense! a mere bullet through the leg—what does that amount to?" hurriedly gasped the man.

"In itself, not much; but that blow upon the skull must prove fatal."

A low, half-suppressed cry broke from the woman opposite. She tore the veil from her face as if she could not breathe through its heavy folds revealing features as white and beautiful in their marble agony as so much sculptured stone! She did not seem more than thirty, but I afterwards knew that she was indeed more than ten

years older. But in spite of her present anguish, how grandly beautiful she was! Large dark eyes, hair like coiled gold, catching strange gleams from the shifting lanterns, and a broad smooth brow. It was a face you see but once in a lifetime. And yet, in the midst of her distress, she never spoke.

"At least you can do something for him, doctor?" said my interlocutor, impatiently. "Don't let us waste time here."

As I proceeded in my ministrations, the moaning grew fainter, the convulsive movements became scarcely perceptible. A faint gleam of hope lighted up the face of the woman opposite; she looked appealingly at me.

"He is better—he is surely better."

"He will be soon," I answered, moved to pity in spite of myself. "He cannot live half an hour longer."

The horror of that sepulchral silence that fell upon us as my accents died away—shall I ever forget it? And five minutes afterwards the breathing, spasmodic and painful to hear, died into eternal stillness. The young woman lifted the corner of the handkerchief, and gazed into the ghastly face. It was that of a young man of about twenty-two and who had evidently been marvellously good looking.

"Oh, heavens, he is dead!"

"Her clear agonized voice was ringing in my ears, as they led me back into the darkness of the night. I felt a bank note in my hand as I entered the carriage once more."

"Doctor, you have done your best; it is not your fault that your efforts have not been more successful. Remember you are pledged to secrecy."

The next moment I was whirling swiftly through the November midnight, with the strange, unquiet feeling of one awakened suddenly from a startling dream. Yet it was no dream—alas! it was a startling reality.

The carriage stopped at a cross road near the village.

"Please to alight here, sir," said the driver. "You are not far from home."

I obeyed, and stood listening in the middle of the road, while the noise of the carriage wheels died away, losing its distinctness in the shriek of the restless winds. The clock in the village church tolled out the hour of one. Late as it was, however, my surgery was still open and lighted up; the servant from Haddenleigh Hall had just ridden up to the door.

"If you please, doctor, you are wanted immediately at the Hall. The colonel said you could ride my horse, if yours were not already saddled, and I can walk, so there will be no time lost."

I mechanically mounted the noble animal that stood waiting for me, and rode off, rather glad of an opportunity to revolve in my mind the singular adventure that had befallen me during the evening. Haddenleigh stood a little back from the road, on a magnificent knoll crowned with century old chestnut and beeches, and I reached the broad stone steps in about half an hour, by dint of rapid strides. As I entered the vestibule, Colonel Hadden, who had been pacing up and down the hall in a perfect agony of impatience, came to meet me.

"Is that you, Dr. Meller? I thought you never would come. We're in a pretty state of confusion here! Burglars in the house, my wife's diamonds gone—nobody knows what else—but old Hopkins left his sign manual upon one of the fellows. They must be caught. They can't escape. For you see—"

"Yes, but Colonel Hadden—"

"Oh, ay—I understand you—you want to see your patient? It's Hopkins, the butler; he got an ugly blow on the left arm—and afterwards my wife went herself for Dr. Maynard—no offense, Meller, but he lives nearer than you; but he was out. She has only just returned, and I couldn't very well leave Hopkins, and Mrs. Hadden is such a kind good soul, she insisted on going herself to fetch Dr. Maynard—"

"But, my dear sir—"

"Ah, true, come along to Hopkins' room."

Hopkins, the butler, was as voluble as his master, and ten times as circumstantial, and by the time I had set his broken forearm, I was pretty well in possession of all the particulars of the attempted burglary at Haddenleigh. And thinking of my midnight patient, whose life had ebbed out upon the pile of straw, I felt a strange guiltiness as I listened to Colonel Hadden's eager conjectures as to the whereabouts of the desperadoes who had fled from the scene.

"And now, doctor, you'll take a glass of wine," said the hospitable old gentleman, ushering me into his library.

It was brilliantly lighted, and warm with the crimson glow of a genial fire, before which, in a singularly graceful attitude, sat a lady, wrapped in the gorgeous folds of an Indian shawl.

"My wife, doctor; Isabel, my love, this is Dr. Meller."

We stood before one another in silence. I could not speak, for I knew that I was looking into the startled agonized eyes of the woman who had knelt scarcely an hour before by the dying couch in the desolate cottage—Colonel Hadden's new wife, of whose beauty I had heard so much.

The Colonel talked on, but I heard not a word that he said. I could not but marvel at the wonderful self-possession of the woman, smiling and looking grave and said "yes" and "no" in the right places.

"To be sure," the Colonel was saying, as I woke into a sort of consciousness of his voice, "the loss of Isabel's diamonds is something serious, but of course we shall recover them again. Only, my love, it was rather careless of you to leave them on the drawing room table."

"It was careless," replied Mrs. Hadden, calmly. "Doctor, you are not going? Colonel, you have forgotten that curious old book you were wanting to show Dr. Meller."

As the door closed behind the honest old gentleman, Mrs. Hadden glided up to me

and placed her cold hand on mine; it was like the touch of an icicle.

"Doctor, you have my secret—you surely will not betray it?"

"I am pledged to silence, madam," I returned coldly; "but this deceit—"

"It is not my fault, doctor," wailed the woman, "it is my fate. How I endure it I can scarcely tell; were I to pause and think, I should go mad. The man who died to-night was my son! Colonel Hadden knows nothing of my first marriage, nor of this dreadful secret of my son's criminal life, that has weighed me down for years. Over and over again I have thought to escape from it, but it has followed my footsteps like a doom. To-night closed that chapter of my life—oh, heaven! how dreadful! But my secret is safe—the diamonds provided for that!"

"But your husband, Mrs. Hadden?"

She covered her pallid, beautiful face with her hands.

"I know what you would say, Dr. Meller. I love and honor him beyond all men; but what can I do? Believe me, I have never willingly wronged or deceived him. I never dreamed of—"

She paused abruptly. Colonel Hadden was entering the room, and the smiling, casual remark she addressed to him filled my heart with amazement—almost admiration. I rode home to my blue-eyed little Eleanor, feeling as if I were returning to the homely, happy atmosphere of every day life. But I never forgot the terrible excitement, the fearful suspense of that night.

The desperadoes who had attempted to rifle Haddenleigh Hall were never detected or taken—all trace of them seemed to have utterly vanished out of the earth. And were it not for the bank note which most liberally recompensed my services, and the everlasting witness borne by Mrs. Hadden's lovely face, I should almost have been tempted to fancy that all the events of that marvelous November night were the fragments of a dream.

This was my adventure—the first and last that ever crossed the pathway of my life.

A gentleman traveling to Pittsburg from one of the neighboring towns, stopped to see a friend, and left his horse tied on the road. On his return he found that the animal had slipped his bridle, and while in the act of him he met an Irish pedestrian of whom he inquired:

"Have you seen a strange creature any where hereabouts, with a saddle on his back?"

"Oh, by the powers, ye may say that," replied Pat.

"Where?"

"Just yonder."

"Will you show me the place?"

"That I will, in less than no time," said the man, approaching a small wood of young timber.

"Ay, there he is, sure enough, honey."

The gentleman looked up, and said:

"I do not see him."

"Then, by Saint Patrick, yez must be blind. Not see him? Oh, by the powers of blue mud, what's he about now? Only see, he swallows his head."

"Why, sir, that's a turtle, and not a horse."

"A horse! and who in the deuce said it was a horse? Sure a horse is not a strange creature; but that's a strange creature, he added, pointing to it with fear and trembling; "and he has a saddle on; but hang me if I would bridle him for the whole country."

SMART BOY.—One Sabbath afternoon a Sunday-school teacher observed two boys playing at marbles by the roadside. He stopped, told them how wicked it was and persuaded the worst one to accompany him to school. The lad was decidedly a fast youth of about eight years. In the class, among other things, the teacher told him that God made this beautiful world and all that was in it; we must thank Him for the good things we enjoy. He gives us our food and clothes.

"Does He give me my clothes too?" asked the lad.

"Yes, He gives us everything."

"Now, there's where you've got yer eye shut up, old feller—mam made these trousers out of dad's old ones."

I serenaded Sophia once when she was but a tender lass, and the greeting which I received for my traveling musical convention has never been fully appreciated by me. It was the witching hour of 1 A. M., when church-yards yawn. Everything was hushed, and stillness reigned profound. I commenced to sing, "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee."

Sophia was hanging out of the window, and it was through her solicitation that I endeavored to warble this cussed piece: "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee."

Sophia's tyrannical dad stuck his head out of the window, and in a voice of thunder roared: "Well, just set it on the door-step, and don't make so much fuss about such a cussed little flower."

SHARP.—Said one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout grass, "Frank, what makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and abilities should not be caught engaged in hard labor. I mean to get my living by my wits."

"Well, Charley, you can work with duller tools than I can," was the reply.

An insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured said: "Get your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then if you die next week, the widder's heart will sing for joy."

Nothing can tend more to the health of the body than the tranquility of the mind and the due regulation of the passion.

It is not often that so desirable an office as Governor of a State like Ohio goes begging. But no gentleman, whose people of sense think in connection with that dignity, inclines to accept it. A dozen prominent Republican names have been suggested as suitable to be put on the ticket, but the owners promptly refused to let that use be made of them. Are the public men of Ohio modest? Or do their ambitions all look at higher game than Governorships?

The New York Union League held a special meeting on Thursday evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent action of Horace Greeley, a member of the organization, in becoming a bondsman for Jefferson Davis. Resolutions of censure were presented and rejected. A substitute finally passed condemning the bailing of Jefferson Davis but not deeming it proper for the Club to stigmatize a member for any such act.

The Vicksburg Herald, speaking of Robert J. Walker, counsel in the injunction case for Mississippi, says: "If ever there was a servant of this State doubly damned in the estimation of the people it was the aforesaid Walker. His efforts now to relieve the State, after aiding in the infliction of her woes, is like the assassin who insists on decently interring his victim."

Whenever a mob of paroled rebel soldiers arm to attack a Union orator or murder an assemblage of freedmen, and the military interfere, a petition is sent to the President by leading Southern gentlemen, asking that "Despot" be removed, while the nest of Northern Copperheads hiss fiercely at the satrap. This is now the routine of Copperhead amusement.

None of our readers will be very sorry to learn of the failure of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., the well-known rebel firm of Liverpool. Their business was mainly blockade running and negotiating Confederate loans, Trenholm himself being Secretary of the Treasury in the Confederate Cabinet. Their liabilities are large, and this crash utterly ruins them.

General Pope is reconstructing Mobile, having already removed the mayor and the chief of police. This action of his rather throws doubt over the "accidental excitement" theory of the Mobile and Democrat press on the late riot.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return them again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFFERTY'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$2.00 per annum in advance. If not paid at the beginning of the year, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid before the close of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at \$1.50 per square, for three or less insertions—Ten lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 50 cents will be charged. A deduction will be made to yearly contracts of liquor and wine.

No subscription taken for a shorter time than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

S. J. ROW.

SCOTT HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A. ROW & CO., PROPRIETORS.

This house having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The proprietors by long experience in hotel keeping, feel confident they can satisfy a discriminating public. Their bar is supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and wine.

July 4th, 1866.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between R. B. Foster, J. D. McGirk, Edward Perks, G. L. Reed, Richard Shaw, A. K. Wright, J. T. Leonard, J. B. Graham and W. A. Wallace, in the banking business, at Philadelphia, Centre county, Pa., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All business now being conducted as heretofore at the same place, under the title of Foster, Perks, & Co.

RICHARD SHAW,
G. L. REED,
J. D. MCGIRK,
EDWARD PERKS,
W. A. WALLACE,
A. K. WRIGHT.

March 5, 1867—m20.

MISS E. A. P. RYNDER, Teacher of Piano, Forte, Melodion, Cabinet Organ, Guitar, Harmony and Vocal Music. For the purpose of keeping inferior Instruments out of the county, Miss Rynder has secured agencies for the sale of really good and durable Pianos, Organs, Guitars and Melodions. As chief among a large list of good Instruments may be mentioned:

Chickering's and Sons Grand, Square and Upright Piano Fortes. Lindeman's and Sons new patent Cycloid Piano. Casenberg & Vassell's Grand and Square Pianos. Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organ. Erby's Cottage Organ. Treat & Linsley's Organs and Melodions. Hall's Guitars, &c., which she will sell at a very trifling advance on Manufacturer's prices, thus enabling purchasers to own, for no greater outlay of money than would be required to get inferior articles—thatare "dear at any price."

Music Books, Paper, Guitar Strings and Sheet music constantly on hand at the store of Mrs. H. D. Welsh. September, 20, 1865.

NEW STORE AT MARYSVILLE,

CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield, that he has just received a large and splendid assortment of reasonable goods, such as

DRY-GOODS AND NOTIONS,

Hardware, Queens-ware, Groceries, Drugs, Oils, Paints and Glass, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, and Stationary

and in fact a general assortment of goods, such as are generally kept in a country store.

Desiring of pleasing the public, he will use his best endeavors to keep on hand the best of goods, and thereby hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage. Call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined to sell goods at moderate prices for cash, or exchange them for every description of lumber at market prices.

Sept. 27, 1865. STACY W. THOMPSON.

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 56.

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

H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Field & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

FORCEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Front Street, (above the Academy,) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

WILLIAM F. IRWIN, Market street, Clearfield, Pa., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April, 59.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

J. B. MENALY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. Menally, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and all legal business. March 27, 1867.

ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, &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.

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, 1866.

BLAKE WALTERS, Scrivener and Conveyancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale of Lands, Clearfield, Pa. Prompt attention given to all business connected with the county offices. Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 3.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1866.

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

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Regt Penna' 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 has mostly on hand at his "Furniture Rooms" a variety of assortment of furniture, among which is, a variety of

BUREAUS AND SIDEBORDS,

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

Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jenny-lynd and other Bedsteads.

SOFAS 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 glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms, on short notice.

He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-brush, 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.

The above, and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Lin-wood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture.

Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.

EAGLE HOTEL,

CURWENSVILLE, PENN.

LEWIS W. TEN EYCK, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased and refitted the above hotel, he is now ready to accommodate the traveling public. His bar contains the choicest brands of liquors. He solicits a share of public patronage. July 11th, 1866.

SOMETHING NEW IN CLEARFIELD.

Carriage and Wagon Shop.