

The Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1868.

VOL. 14.—NO. 44.

Select Poetry.

THE HAPPY HOME.

I love the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from the daily tasks,
Where virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And vice, fell serpent, never basks;
Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whispered near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong.

For there the Father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy,
With sportive tricks the eve beguiles;
And love, beyond what words can know,
Like sunlight on the purest form,
Descends, and with its cheering glow,
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around a resting-place so bright,
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And discord rears its front no more,
There plenty's pearly tear drops start,
And charity attends the door.

No bitter scandal, fresh from hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung;
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oh! have I joined the lovely ones
Around the bright and happy hearth;
With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And fashion called her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And that fair girl's a seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep,
When pebbles, tossed by boys at play,
Disturb its still and glassy sleep;
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wandering feet forgot to roam,
While wafted the banner of the right,
Above the Christian's happy home.

TWO MIRRORS.

A MIRROR FOR YOUNG WIVES.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have
seventy-five cents."
Kate Landman spoke very carefully,
for she knew that her husband had not much
money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and
there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want, seventy-five cents
for?" asked Albert.
"I want to get some bread for my new
dress."

"Plague take these women's fashions!
Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs
cost more than the dress is worth. It's
nothing but shell out money when once a
woman thinks of a new dress."

"Surely, I don't have so many new dresses.
I do certainly try to be economical as I can."
"It is a funny kind of economy, at all
events. But if you must have it, I suppose
you must."

And Albert took out his wallet and counted
out the seventy-five cents; but he gave it
grudgingly, and when he put the wallet
back into his pocket he did it with an em-
phasis which seemed to say that he would
not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door, on
his way to his work, he found the weather
so threatening that he concluded to go back
and get his umbrella, and upon re-entering
the sitting-room he found his wife in tears.

She tried to hide the fact that she had been
weeping, but he caught her in the act,
and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I
should like to know if you are crying at what
I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert,"
replied Kate tremulously, "but you were so
reluctant to grant me the favor. I was
thinking how hard I have to work, how I
am tied to the house, how many little things
I have to perplex me—then to think—"

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so fool-
ish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second
time, but he was not to escape so easily.
In the hall he was met by his daughter Lizzie,
a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten
years.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents."
"What in the world do you want with it?
Are they changing school books again?"

"No; I want to buy a book. Ellen Smith
has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah
Ellen. Mr. Grant has got some really
pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! if you want a hoop go and
get one off some old barrel. I can't afford
to be buying hoops for you to trundle about
the street."

The bright blue eyes were filled with tears,
and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear.
Albert Landman hurried from the house
with some very impatient words upon his
lips.

This was in the morning. At noon when
he came home to dinner, there was a cloud
over the household. His wife was sober,
and even little Lizzie, usually so gay and
blithesome, was sad and silent.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the
little one upon the head for the child's
grief touched him, "perhaps we'll have a
new hoop some time."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's
got one left—oh, such a pretty one."
The sobbing had ceased as the child caught
her father's hand eagerly.

"Not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think
of it."

Sobbing again, the child moved on to-
wards home, dragging the old hoop after
her.

At one of the stores Albert Landman met
some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert!"
"What do you say to a game of billiards?"
"Good! I am in for that."

And Albert went to the billiard hall, where
he had a glorious time with his friends. He
liked billiards; it was a healthy, pretty game
and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough
scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had
won two and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piper.
"What do you say to playing them off?"
"All right, go in," said Albert, full of an-
ticipation.

So they played the fifth game, and he who
lost was to pay for the five games. It was
an exciting contest. Both made capital
runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by
three points; and with a little laugh he
went up to settle the bill. Five games, 20
cents a game—just \$1. Not much for such
sport, and he paid out the money with grace,
and never once seeming to feel that he could
not afford it. The two then lighted their
cigars and sauntered down the hall to watch
others play. Albert soon found himself
seated by a table at which some of his
friends were playing, and close by stood two
gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom
was explaining to the other the mysteries of
the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who
had been making the explanation, "and cer-
tainly it is one which has no evil tendency."
Albert heard the remarks very plainly,
and he had a curiosity to hear what the other,
who seemed unacquainted with billiards,
would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game
which calls for skill and judgment, and is
free from the attendant curse of gaming, is
of itself an evil," remarked the second gen-
tleman. "Such things are only evil so far
as they excite and stimulate men beyond the
bounds of healthful recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a
game," said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong there. The result can
follow in two ways. First, it can lead men
away from their business; second, it can
lead men to spend money, who have not
money to spend. You will understand me,
I would not cry down the game of billiards,
for if I understood it I should certainly try
you a game now; but whenever I visit a
place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a
most strange and prominent weakness of
humanity as developed in our sex. For in-
stance, observe that young man who is just
settling his bill at the desk. He looks like
a mechanic, and I should say from his man-
ner, and from the fact that he feels it his
duty to go home at this hour, that he has a
wife and children. I see by his face that he
is kind-hearted and generous, and I should
judge that he means to do about as near
right as he can. He has been beaten and he
pays \$1.40 for the recreation of some two
hours duration. If you would observe you
would see that he pays it freely and pockets
the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! How
do you suppose it is in that young man's
home? Suppose his wife had come to him
this morning and asked for a dollar to
spend for some trifling thing—some house-
hold ornament, or some bit of jewelry to
adorn her person; and suppose his little
child had put in a plea for forty cents to
buy a paper and picture books with, what do
you think he would have answered? Of fifty
men just like him, would forty-five have
declared that they had no money to spare for
such purpose? And moreover, that they
would have said so feeling that they were
telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my soul," responded the man who
understood billiards, "you speak to the point.
I know that young man who has paid his
bill, and you have not misjudged him in a
single particular. And, what is more, I
happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate
your charge. We have a club for an excel-
lent paper in our village, and last year that
man was one of our subscribers. This year
he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife
was very anxious to take it, for it had be-
come a general companion in leisure moments,
but he could not afford it. The club rate
was one dollar and fifty cents a year."

They had finished at the nearest table.
The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert
Landman arose from his seat and left the
house. Never before had he such thoughts
as now possessed him; he had never dwelt
upon the same grouping of ideas. That
very morning his own true, faithful, loving
wife had been sad and heart-sick because he
had harshly and unkindly met her request
for a small sum of money. And his sweet
Lizzie had crept away to her home almost
broken hearted for the want of a single toy,
which her mother possessed.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest
husband and father, and the lesson was not
lost upon him. On his way home he stop-
ped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best
and prettiest hoop to be found, with riding
stick painted red, white and blue, and in
the morning when he beheld his child's de-
light, and had received her grateful, happy
kiss, the question came to his mind, Which
was the best and happiest result, this or the

five games of billiards? The hoop had cost
thirty cents; he could play two games of
billiards less, and be absolute gainer of ten
cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert rose
from the breakfast table he detected an un-
easy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"
"Albert, could you spare me a half dollar
this morning?"

Out came the wallet, and the money was
handed over with a warm genial smile.

What! tears at that? Was it possible
that she had been so little used to such
scenes on his part that so simple an act of
loving kindness thus affected her?

"How many games of billiards would be
required to secure such satisfaction as Al-
bert Landman carried with him that morn-
ing to the shop?"

A MIRROR FOR YOUNG WIVES.

"I must have it, Charles," said the hand-
some little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't
put on that sober face."

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr.
Whitman. There was an effort to look
cheerful and acquiescent.

"About forty dollars," was answered,
with just a little faltering in the lady's voice
for she knew the sum would sound very ex-
travagant.

"Forty dollars? Why, Ada, do you
think I am made of money?" His counte-
nance underwent a remarkable change of
expression.

"I declare, Charles," said she, "you
look at me as though I were an object of
fear instead of affection. I don't think this
is kind of you. I've only had three silk
dresses since we were married, while Amy
Blight has had six or seven during the
same period, and every one of hers cost
more than mine. I know you think me ex-
travagant, but I wish you had a wife like
some I could name. I think you'd find out
the difference before long."

"There, pet, don't talk to me after that
fashion! I'll bring the money at dinner
time, that is, if—"

"No ifs or buts if you please. The sen-
tence is complete without them. Thank you
dear, I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk;
so don't fail to bring the money. I was in
at Silk-kin's yesterday, and saw one of the
sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on;
just suit my style of complexion. You won't
disappoint me."

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white
hand on the arm of her husband, and
smiled.

"Oh, no, you shall have the money,"
said he, turning off from his wife, as she
thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying
from her presence.

"Forty dollars for a new dress," said he,
as he shut the door after him. "I promised
to settle the bill to-day—three dollars—
but I don't know where the money is to
come from. The coal is burnt up and more
must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discour-
aged. Every year I fall behind. This winter
I did hope to get a little in advance, but
if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of
the day, there is no end to that devotedly to
be wished for consumption. Oh! if I
could disentangle myself now, while I have
the strength of early manhood and the
bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada
could see as I see—if I could make her un-
derstand rightly my position. Alas, that is
hopeless, I fear."

And he hurried his steps, because his
heart beat quicker and his thoughts were
excited.

Not long after Mr. Whitman left home,
the city postman delivered a letter to his
address. The wife examined the writing on
the envelope. Something more than curi-
osity moved her. There intruded on her
mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the
missive bore unpleasant news for her hus-
band. The stamp showed it to be a city
letter. A few times of late such letters had
come to his address, and she had noticed
that he had read them hurriedly and thrust
them without remark into his pocket, and
become quiet.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and
over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way,
and as she did so, the image of her husband,
sober-faced and silent, as he had become for
most of the time of late, presented itself
with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole
into her heart.

"Poor Charles!" said she, as the feeling
increased; "I'm afraid something is wrong
with him."

Placing the letter on the mantle piece,
where he could see it when he came in,
Mrs. Whitman entered upon some house-
hold duties, but with a strange impression,
a vague feeling that all was not going well
with her husband.

"He has been a little mysterious of late,"
she said to herself. The idea affected her
very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent
and reserved," she added, as though her
mind, under a feverish kind of excitement,
became inactive in a new direction. "More
drawn away, as it were, and less interested in
what is going on around him. His coldness
chills me at times—his irritation hurts me."

"Something is going wrong with him.
What can it be?"

The letter was in her hand.

"This may give me light." And with
careful fingers she opened the envelope, not
breaking the paper, so that she could seal
it again if she desired so to do. There was
a bill of sixty dollars, and a communication
from the person sending the bill. He was
a jeweler.

The bill was for a lady's watch, which she
had almost compelled her husband to pur-
chase. "Not paid for? Is it possible?"
she exclaimed in blank astonishment, while
the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light be-
gan to come into her mind. As she sat
thus, thinking, a second letter came for her
husband. She opened it without any hesi-
tation. Another bill and another dunning
letter!

"Not paid? Is it possible?" she repeat-
ed. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for
gaiters and slippers, which had been stand-
ing for three months.

"This will never do," said she—"never—
no, never! and she thrust the two letters
into her pocket. From that hour till the
return of her husband at dinner time, she
did an unusual amount of thinking for her
little brain. She saw, the moment he en-
tered, that the morning cloud had not passed
from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress,"
he said, taking a small roll of bills from his
vest pocket, and handing them to Ada as
he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile
in the old bright way. But his voice was
calm if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile
just then would have been more precious to
the young wife than a hundred silk dresses.
She took the money, saying:

"Thank you, dear. It is kind of you to
regard my wishes."

Something in Ada's voice, and manner
caused him to lift his eyes, with a look of
inquiry to her face. But she turned aside
so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual
and ate with scarcely any appearance of ap-
petite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs.
Whitman, as she went to the door with her
husband.

"Are you impatient to have me admire
your new dress?" He replied with an effort
at a smile.

"Yes, it will be something splendid," she
answered.

He turned off from her quickly, and left
the house. A few moments she stood with
a thoughtful face, her mind withdrawn,
and her whole manner changed. Then she
went to her room and commenced dressing
to go out.

Two hours later and we find her in a jew-
elry store on Broadway.

"What word to you?" She ad-
dressed the owner of the store, who knew her
very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and he moved to
the further end of one of the long show-
cases.

She drew from her pocket a lady's watch
and chain, and laying them on the show
case, said, at the same time holding out the
bill she had taken from the envelope ad-
dressed to her husband:

"I cannot afford to wear this watch, my
husband's circumstances are too limited. I
tell you so frankly. It should not have been
purchased, but a too indulgent husband
yielded to the importunities of a foolish
wife. I say this to take blame from him.
Now, sir, meet the case if you can do so in
fairness to yourself. Take back the watch
and say how much I shall have to pay you
besides."

The jeweler dropped his eyes to think.
The case took him by surprise. He stood
for nearly a minute, then taking the bill and
watch said:

"Wait a moment," and went to a desk
near by.

"Will that do?" He had come forward
again, and now presented her with a receipted
bill. And his face wore a pleasant ex-
pression.

"How much shall I pay you sir?" asked
Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket-
book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."
"You have done a kind act, sir," said
Mrs. Whitman, with a trembling voice. "I
hope you will not think unfavorable of my
husband; it's no fault of his that the bill
has not been paid. Good afternoon, sir."

The pleasure she had experienced upon
receiving her watch was not to be compared
with that she now felt in parting with it.
From the jeweler she went to the boot-mak-
er's and paid the bill of twenty-five dol-
lars, and from thence to the milliner's and
settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you are doing to see my new
dress," said she to her husband, on his ap-
pearance that evening. "Come into the
parlor and let me show it. Come along;
don't hang back as if you were afraid."

He went with his wife passively, looking
more like a man on his way to receive a sen-
tence than in expectation of a pleasant sight.

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a
large cushioned chair. She took something
in a hurried way from a drawer, and taking
up a footstool, placed it on the floor near
him and looked tenderly and lovingly in his
face; then handed him the jeweler's bill.

A Proclamation of Amnesty.

WHEREAS, In the month of July, Anno
Domini 1864, in accepting the condition of
civil war which was brought about by insur-
rection and rebellion in several of the States
which constituted the United States, the
two Houses of Congress did solemnly de-
clare that that war was not waged on the
part of the Government in any spirit of
oppression, nor for any purpose of con-
quest or subjugation, nor for any purpose
of overthrowing or interfering with the rights
or established institutions of the States, but
only to defend and maintain the Constitu-
tion of the United States, and to preserve
the Union, with all the dignity, and equity
and rights of the several States unim-
paired, and that so soon as these objects
should be accomplished, the war on the part
of the Government should cease.

And Whereas, The President of the United
States has, heretofore, in the spirit of
that declaration, and with the view of secur-
ing for it ultimate and complete effect, set
forth several proclamations offering Am-
nesty and pardon to persons who had been or
were concerned in the aforementioned rebellion,
which proclamations, however, were attend-
ed with prudential reservations and excep-
tions, and which proclamations were respect-
ively issued on the 8th day of December 1865;
on the 25th day of March, 1864; on the
23rd day of May, 1865; and on the 7th day
of September, 1867; and

Whereas, The said lamentable civil war
has long since altogether ceased, and its
acknowledgment by all the States of the Su-
premacacy of the Federal Constitution, and of
the Government thereunder; and there no
longer exists any reasonable ground to ap-
prehend a renewal of the said civil war, or any
foreign interference, or any unlawful resist-
ance by any portion of the people of any of
the States to the Constitution and laws of
the United States, and

Whereas, It is desirable to reduce the
standing army, and to bring to a speedy
termination military occupation, martial
law, military tribunals, abridgment of the
freedom of speech and of the press, and sus-
pension of the privileges of habeas corpus
and of the right of trial by jury, such in-
crements upon our free institutions in
time of peace being dangerous to public
liberty, incompatible with the individual
rights of the citizen, contrary to the genius
and spirit of our republican form of govern-
ment, and exclusive of the national re-
sources;

AND WHEREAS, It is believed that am-
nesty and pardon will tend to secure a com-
plete and universal establishment and pre-
valence of municipal law and order, in con-
formity with the Constitution of the United
States, and to remove all appearances and
presumption of retaliatory or vindictive
policy on the part of the Government, at-
tended by unnecessary disqualifications,
pains, penalties, confiscations, and dis-
franchisements, and on the contrary to pro-
mote and procure complete fraternal recon-
ciliation among the whole people with due
submission to the Constitution and laws;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, An-
drew Johnson, President of the United
States, do, by virtue of the Constitution,
and in the name of the people of the United
States, hereby proclaim and declare uncondi-
tionally, and without reservation, to all
and to every person who directly or indirect-
ly participated in the late insurrec-
tion or rebellion, excepting such person
or persons as may be under presentment
or indictment in any court of the United
States having competent jurisdiction upon a
charge of treason or other felony, a full
pardon and amnesty for the offense of trea-
son against the United States or of ad-
hering to their enemies during the late civil
war, with restoration of all rights of prop-
erty, except as to slaves, and except also as to
any property of which any person may
have been legally divested under the laws
of the United States.

In testimony whereof I have signed these
presents with my hand, and have caused
the seal of the United States to be hereunto
affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 4th
day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1868,
and of the Independence of the United
States of America the 93d.

By the President,
ANDREW JOHNSON,
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

GOLD MINING EXCITEMENT.—A letter re-
ceived from the Cimarron gold mines, on
Maxwell's grant, in Colorado, speaks of
the recent discovery of an astonishingly
rich gold lead. The writer says people are
flocking thither in crowds; that new ditches
are nearly finished in other localities; that
new towns are started; that new gold dis-
coveries are made almost every day, and
that the regular old California excitement
prevails southwestern Colorado. The Kan-
sas Pacific Railroad has had to enlarge the
number of its trains to accommodate the in-
flux of population. The writer adds: "The
prospect of gold and silver this year in Co-
lorado will reach \$60,000,000, or more than
California produces."

BAD FOR THE VEGETARIANS.—Mr. Hew-
lett, officer of health for Bombay, states that
while the general mortality in the 186,562
inhabitants of Bombay amounts to 1.89 per
cent, among the 61,984 non flesh eating
castes, belonging to higher grades of society,
the mortality amounts to 2.05 per cent.
That abstinence from flesh should increase
the death rate by 46 per cent. presents a
curious puzzle for the vegetarians.

Some fool wants to know if there was ever
an eclipse of the honey-moon.

My Wife's Piano.

The deed is accomplished. My wife got
a piano, and now farewell to the tranquil
mind. It came on a day. Six men carried
it into the parlor, and grunted awfully. It
weighs a ton, shines like a mirror, and has
seven Cupids climbing up its limbs. And
such jungs—whew! My wife has com-
menced to practice, and the first time she
touched the machine, I thought we were in
the midst of a thunder storm, and the light-
ning had struck the crockery chest. Cat,
with tail erect, took a bee-line for a particu-
lar friend on the fence, demolishing a six-
shilling pane of glass. The baby awoke,
and the little fellow tried his best to beat
the instrument, but he couldn't do it. It
beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the
house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's
grand army. He wears a huge moustache,
looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and
goes by the name of Count Runaway—never-
come-back-again. He played an extracted
opera the other night. He ran his fingers
through his hair twice, then grinned, then
cocked his eyes up at the ceiling like a
monkey hunting flies, and then came down
one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful
sound, similar to that produced by a cock-
roach upon the tenor string of a fiddle.

Down came another finger, and I was re-
minded of the wind whistling through a
knot hole in a hen coop. He touched his
thumb, and I thought that I was in an
orchard listening to the distant braying of
a jackass. Now he ran his fingers along the
keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick
upon a stone box or a picket fence. All of
a sudden he stopped, and I thought some-
thing had happened. Then came down both
hands, and O! such a noise was never
heard before. I thought a hurricane had
struck the house and the walls were caving
in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a
ton of coal was falling about my head. I
thought the machine had burst, when the
noise stopped, and I heard my wife ejacu-
late: "Exquisite!" "What the deuce the
matter?" I inquired. "Why, my dear,
that is La Sonnambula." "Confound Son-
nambula!" thought I, and the Count rolled
up a sheet of paper. He called it music;
but for the life of me I cannot make it look
like anything else than a rail fence with
a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over.

A clergyman in Southern Arkansas, had
paper to obtain funds to shingle the church
edifice. Among others he called on Mr.
N—, a merchant of the place, a liberal man
where the object was pious, who
subscribed five dollars. Soon after this the
clergyman called for the money, but Mr.
N—, having had occasion to pay out all his
funds that day, was short, and asked the
parson to call again. This did not precisely
accord with the clerical wishes; so casting
the clerical eyes around the store they fell
upon a kit of mackerel, which he thought
would be good for ministers.

"How much for mackerel?" asked his
reverence.

"Five dollars a kit," responded the mer-
chant.

"Well, if you like, I'll take that kit for
your subscription."

"All right, parson; but this is the first
time I ever heard of shingling a church with
mackerel!"

A HOME THRUST.—A clergyman who en-
joys the substantial benefits of a fine farm
was slightly taken down a few days ago by
his Irish plowman, who was sitting at his
plow in a field, resting his horse. The re-
verend gentleman being an economist, said,
with great seriousness:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you
to have a stub sythe here and be cutting a
few bushes along the fence while the horse
is resting a short time?"

John, with quite a serious countenance
as the divine wore himself, said: "Wouldn't
it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of po-
tatoes in the pulpit and when they are sing-
ing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the
pot?"

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily
and left.

FIRST LOVE.—The celebrated David
Crockett, when quite a young man fell in
love with a beautiful quaker girl, and thus
forcibly, graphically and poetically describes
the effect on an ardent and susceptible mind
produced by a first love: "I found myself
over head and heels in love with this girl,
and I thought if all the hills were pure
chink, and all belonged to me, I would give
them if I could just talk to her as I wanted
to; but I was afraid to begin; for when I
would think of saying anything to her, my
heart would begin to flutter, like a duck in
a puddle, and if I tried to outdo it and
speak, it would get right up in my throat,
and choke me like a cold potato."