The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1868. VOL. 14.—NO. 45.

Select Poetry.

WHERE ARE THEY.

Where are they with whom I started,
Traveling o'er life's joyful way;
Years have vanished since we parted,
I am here, but where are they?
O the blissful hours that blest us,
O the friends that once caressed us—
Bosom friends that fondly pressed us,
Where are they?

As the early crystal dawning,
Heralds in a glorious day;
So with life's enraptured morning,
Bright with hope's delusive ray;
Scenes of Heavenly brightness seeming,
Scenes with fadeless lustre gleaming,
Lit with smiles of Beauty beaming,
Where are they?

As the stars in clustering bands,
Sweetly smiling, smoothly roll,
So with clasped hearts and hands,
Full of bliss we sought the goal.
Pleasures radiant sky was o'er us,
Hope on gilded pinions bore us,
Love in angel guise before us,
Woo'd the soul.

As the streamlets dancing by,
Joyful ever—ever sings;
As the crystal'd evening sky,
Gems of beauty ever brings;
So the years in bright appearing—
Ever glowing—ever cheering,
Wrapt our souls in love endearing,
Life the spring.

They have gone whose hearts were lightest,
They to whom I fondly I clung;
They whose buoyant hopes were brightest,
They who sweetest smiled and sung;
Fairy forms in grace arrayed,
Cheeks where beauty blushing played,
Eyes where love his conquests made,
Hearts among.

Why, ah! why, this mournful feeling,
Why should tears embittering flow?
Years in silent swiftness stealing,
Meet where flowers of glory grow.
There I'll meet the buoyant hearted,
Those with whom in life I started—
Those from whom I weeping parted,
Long ago?

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

"Thank fate, I shall never be the prey of a fortune hunter."

As Sally Beauclerc uttered the words she threw herself back upon the sofa, and tossed her handsome head with a light laugh.

"Your fortune is your face," rejoined her companion, as he gazed admiringly on her fine features. Sally opened her large eyes in astonishment.

"A compliment from you, Tom?" she exclaimed.

The gentleman colored. "I know I am not much given to pretty speeches, but you know, Sally, that I admire you all the same."

To tell the truth, Tom Middleton had for a long time loved Miss Beauclere, with all the strength of an earnest and common nature; but he was very diffident; he had shrunk from making known his attachment, fearing Sally's ridicule, though had he been more confident of himself he might have read long ago a secresy that Sally's eyes took little pains to conceal. But Tom never imagined how destitute a fellow he was in himself, and knowing that he had no great fortune to bestow, he did not venture to offer his hand to the daughter of Senator Beauclere, and the reigning belle of the city. Sally was one of a large family, it is true, and portionless, but her father's position and her own beauty made Tom imagine her to be far removed from him. Now, he only looked out when she thus playfully sneered at his overall compliment, and, turning away to the window, did not catch the tender look that stole over Sally's handsome features.

"Well, what is the weather?" she asked, after a moment, as he still stood gazing out into the night.

"It is beautiful moonlight, and I think I had better go."

"Go! oh, no, Tom! Why this is the last time I shall see you for ever so long."

"And will you care?" he asked, as he came again to her side.

Sally blushed. "Of course I shall care, Tom."

"No, Sally; to-morrow you are going to Washington. You will be a belle there, as you are everywhere, and you will soon forget me."

"No, indeed, Tom! Among all those strange faces, and people I don't care anything about, I shall long to see my dear old friends."

"But not me. You won't care much whether I am among the number or not."

"Yes, I shall."

Tom was a fool where woman was concerned, or he would have known what those words, in that soft, low tone, meant. As it was, a wild hope did spring up in his heart, but when he looked again at that beautiful woman it died away. "I am not brilliant enough for her," he thought; but he plucked up sufficient courage to put out his hand and take one of hers.

"You are very kind, Sally," he said. "I will come to Washington by and by, and then I shall know how sincere your words are."

Sally's cheeks burnt; but at that moment the door opened. Tom dropped her hand, as one of the numerous younger sisters came in, and the golden opportunity passed away for they were not alone together again that evening.

On that very same night, nearly a thousand miles away, two gentleman were speaking of this same young lady. They were travelers, who had accidentally met on board a steamer on Lake Erie. They were total strangers, and were ignorant even of each others names, but had fallen into a chat as they strolled on deck, under the rays of the full moon.

"I never was so far from land before in my life," said the elder of the two, a fine-looking man of about thirty-five.

"Indeed," exclaimed his companion, a handsome looking gentleman. "May I ask where you are from, that your sea experience has been so limited?"

"From the interior of North Carolina."

"Ah," cried the stranger, and his cold features lit up into sudden interest. "Then perhaps you know the Beauclercs?"

"Very well, indeed; they are old friends of mine."

"And Miss Beauclere, you know her?"

"Certainly."

"I hear she is very handsome."

"Yes; do you know her?"

"No, I have merely heard of her; but I expect to meet her in Washington this winter. She is the oldest daughter, is she not?"

"Yes."

"And is Senator Beauclere wealthy?"

"Yes; that is, he has a very fine estate."

"Miss Sally is the daughter of the first marriage, is she not?"

"Yes; and a noble girl. Why, she is worth half a million in herself alone," exclaimed the North Carolinian, enthusiastically.

His companion started a little at the word, but changed the conversation to other subjects, and before very long the two gentlemen parted for the night, still in ignorance of each others names. They did not meet again, but in the morning exchanged merely a distant bow as they left the boat in opposite directions.

The weeks passed on, and Sally Beauclere was established with her parents at Willard's Hotel, in Washington. As Middleton had predicted, her beauty and talents drew around her a circle of admirers, and before long she was established as one of the reigning belles of Washington.

This admiration and adultation which she received Sally found more intoxicating and delightful than she had imagined. It was was very pleasant to be the beauty of every ball-room, and to be constantly surrounded by a circle of adorers. The idea of returning to the humdrum life of home was not always pleasant to her, and she sometimes felt half inclined to accept some of the brilliant offers that were made to her. She had been a good deal put out, too, with Tom for not speaking before she came away. Sometimes she was half-inclined to doubt his love to her, and although his earnest eyes haunted her with their wistful look of affection, she had more than one serious thought of trying to banish his remembrance, and marry, as so many around her did, for money rather than love.

Most prominent among her admirers was Mr. Charlton Murray, of New York. Handsome, distinguished looking, and reputed to be of great wealth, he seemed to be a match not to be despised. Since the moment of his first introduction to Sally he had devoted himself to her most persistently. Every day a boquet of fresh flowers came to her room, with his compliments; every morning he hung over her chair; every evening he was ready to attend her at balls and receptions.

Sally to tell the truth was very well pleased with his admiration—he understood so well how to play the agreeable, he paid her such pretty compliments, he was so handsome and so thorough-bred! He had already made his proposal in form, and Sally was listening to his earnest pleading, as they sat half hidden from observation in one of the deep windows of the hotel parlor.

"Pray, Miss Sally, think favorably of my suit. My hopes of happiness, my future life, depend upon your reply."

The words were earnest, the tone impassioned. Sally's cheeks burnt as she hesitated for a reply; "I have known you for so short a time," she faltered.

"What is that? You have known me for five weeks, and during that time have seen me more frequently than you would under different circumstances in a whole year. I have known you long enough to love you! And you have known me long enough to bid me at least hope." She did not reply, and he bent towards her, taking her hand in his eagerness. "Sally, my dearest Sally."

His words and action recalled her to her position, and she drew back. "You forgot where we are; Mr. Murray!" At that moment she caught sight of a gentleman who was talking with her father. "There is an old friend of mine. I must go and speak to him." And she sprang up without other reply to her impassioned suitor. Murry looked after her with a smile of triumph. He had little doubt of his ultimate success.

"Mr. Trumbull, how do you do?" cried Sally, as she came forward.

"Ah, Miss Sally, I am glad to see you again," exclaimed the gentleman. "Washington dissapation has not spoiled you, I see; you are more blooming than ever."

Sally laughed and blushed. "Come, now, pa, don't you bore Mr. Trumbull with politics but leave him to talk with me for a while, and tell me how every one is at home."

Sentor Beauclere, after a few more words, turned away, and Sally and her old friend sat down side by side. Mr. Trumbull had married one of her schoolmates, and she regarded him almost as a brother,

"Well, Miss Sally, tell me about about your beaux. Whose heart have you broken last?"

Involuntarily Sally glanced toward Murray who stood in the window, regarding her with jealous eyes, "Nobod'ys" she replied lightly; but Mr. Trumbull's look followed hers.

"Why, who is that fellow who is watching you so earnestly!" he exclaimed, with a start.

"Mr. Murray, of New York, if you mean the young gentleman in the window."

"It is the very man I saw last fall and spoke to of you," said Mr. Trumbull. "Has he been making love to you?"

"What did he say about me?" asked Sally, ignoring his last words.

"He did not say much; he asked a great many questions about you. But say, has he proposed to you!"

"Never mind whether he has or not, but tell me what he said," urged Sally, eagerly.

"He asked if your father was rich for one thing."

"Did he? And what did you say?"

"I said yes."

"And what else? Tell me all about it," she cried, imperiously.

Mr. Trumbull laughed. "I told him you are worth half million of dollars."

Her brow contracted and her eyes flashed.

"You did? Why, Mr. Trumbull, why did you do that?"

"I meant you was such a fine girl you was worth it; and, really, Miss Sally, I think it was too low an estimate. I ought to have said two millions."

Sally laughed, "Oh, that is so funny! And do you suppose he believed it?"

"Certainly. And so he *has* been courting you?" Mr. Trumbull said, shrewdly.

"Perhaps so; but are you sure he is the the same man?"

"I think he is, but a question will soon set him at rest."

Sally started up in her impulsive manner. "Come, I will introduce you, and then I shall know the truth of this extraordinary story."

Mr. Trumbull would have remonstrated, but she was half across the room before she could interfere. Murray started forward with pleasure as he saw her approaching.

"He is an old friend of mine who thinks he has seen you before," she said. "Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Murray."

The gentlemen shook hands, and Mr. Trumbull said; "I think we met on board a boat on Lake Erie last fall."

"Yes," replied Murray with a faint flush, "I remember it perfectly."

A few more words were exchanged, and then Murray walked away.

"Are you going to marry him, Miss Sally?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"No, indeed!"

"Is he rich?"

"He is said to be very wealthy."

"Then you suppose fortune will be a matter of indifference to him?"

"But what if his is as mythical as mine?"

"You must find that out."

"No, I do not care to know now," said Sally. "Let us talk of something else."

"Yes, I thought you were going to ask after your old friends. Have you forgotten all about them in these gaieties?"

"Oh, no!" And Sally put query after query about her home friends until, at last, Mr. Trumbull said:

"But you do not ask after Tom Middleton, and you might, for he cares more for you than all the rest of them put together."

"Oh, that's nonsense! But how is he?"

"He will tell you himself."

"Tom here!" exclaimed Sally, her face lightening up with delight.

"Yes, indeed. We came on together."

"And why hasn't he come to speak to me?" and the pretty face clouded again.

"He says he did not dare before all these people; but if you will go to your parlor I will send him there."

Sally started up at once, and Mr. Trumbull looked after her with a smile. He had been hoping for this match for a long time, and now, as he went out to find Tom, he whispered to him;

"Speak to her to-night, man! I am sure she loves you."

Tom scarcely knew whether he was walking on his head or heels as he made his way to the parlor. He never could remember afterwards exactly what happened when he reached it. He only knew that Sally came to meet him with a bright, blushing face, and that the next thing he was certain of was that she was clasped in his arms.

At a tolerably early hour the next morning a note was handed to Sally. It was from Mr. Murray, renewing his offer and begging for a speedy interview.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Sally said to the servant, and Tom, who was with her, went out, without a particle of jealous objection.

The young man came in, and would have seized Sally's hand, but she drew it back, haughtily. "Stop a moment, Mr. Murray; I should like to ask you a question."

He paused, abashed by her resolute face. "What is it, Miss Beauclere?"

"Do you know how much money I am worth?"

He hesitated and stammered. At last he said; "Your friend, Mr. Trumbull, did mention to me that you had some fortune, but I assure you, dearest Sally, that it is of yourself alone I——"

Sally checked him with an imperious gesture. "I have not a penny in the world."

He stood still, looking at her with a pale atonished face.

"Yes, sir, I am entirely without fortune, and whoever weds me must take a portionless bride."

"I—am very sorry'—he gasped out the words.

"No need to express your regrets, sir. I am engaged to be married, and I will bid you good morning."

Murray got out the room as best he could and vanished that day from Washington. His wealth turned out to be a mere fabrication of his own, and he was heard of no more in fashionable circles.

"After all, wasn't it funny that I should be courted for my fortune!" Sally said, as she related Mr. Murray's discomfiture to Tom.

"But I agree with Mr. Trumbull," he replied, enthusiastically—"that you are worth your weight in gold."

Eating Habits of Americans.

It has been the remark of every intelligent foreigner who has enjoyed the opportunity of studying our social customs, that no people on the globe eat as much as Americans. Medical men in our midst attribute the prevalence of dyspepsia chiefly, if not altogether, to this gluttony. We begin, they say, to stuff in childhood, we continue it through adolesence, we persevere till middle age and when at last the stomach succumbs, worn out by over-tasking, we lament for the rest of our life our compulsory abstinence. It must be confessed that these charges are sub-tantially true. In the dwellings of the comparatively poor, as well as in the households of the rich, there is, on the average, twenty per cent. more food consumed than nature requires or health will allow. So universal is this national foible, that few are really aware of it. Hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children in these United States daily eat to excess, yet will smile incredulous when first accused of it.

To this gluttony, more than to our climate, is to be attributed the sallow complexions we have as a race. To this also may be traced that tendency to depression of spirits which is equally characteristic of us. The overloaded stomach is never permitted to have rest, and, as a consequence, the skin acts sluggishly, the mind feels dull, and a lassitude pervades the entire system. Let any one of our readers who has been accustomed to hearty meals, and who complains that he feels stupid after dinner, and indisposed to work, try for a week or two a more frugal diet; and our word for it, he will find that he will sleep better, that his animal spirits are higher, his intellect acts more clearly and rapidly. Even his personal appearance will improve, his complexion becoming clearer and his eye brighter. Nor is it our sex alone that would be benefitted by more temperate eating. Many a fair belle who now flies to cosmetics, would be vastly lovlier, without the aid of art, if she was less fond of luscious cookers, and more self-denying in disposing of it.

It would be a curious, but instructive calculation, to count up in dollars and cents the amount annually wasted in the U. S. in excessive eating. We have no doubt that the aggregate would buy up food year by year for all the famine-struck nations in the world. Millions would be inadequate to represent the total. Think how much greater the realized wealth of the American people would be, if a healthy temperance in eating had characterized them for the last two generations! There would have been, in that event, more than enough to liquidate our whole foreign debt, including all the money borrowed for our railroads, canals coal mines, &c. It is probable that, on the average, one-fourth of the money now spent on the table everywhere throughout the Union might be saved, not only without injury to those eating, but positively to their advantage. Intemperance in food is almost as general as intemperance in drink once was, only the former, from being less immediately deleterious, does not attract so much notice.

Cheap Pleasures.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks some excellent writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chesnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow who lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of a half a dezen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him, and he mourns sadly; help him find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, ond he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut a vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say, "you scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familliar face—say, "good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the window of the cot, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discomfited cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

THE WEDDING RING.—The ring is the emblem of fidelity; whenever it is looked upon the marriage vow should be remembered. The Russians have several emblems not at all greatful to the feelings of the weded pairs, which they make use of at their marriage rites. The bride, on her wedding day, is crowned with a garland of wormwood—implying not only the bitterness of trials of the marriage state, but the duty of married women to triumph over these difficulties, and thus make them what they rerlly can be made, a crown or emblem of victory.

Boys Using Tobacco.

A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. "It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it gently injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys, who want to be any thing in the world, to shun tobacco." The laws of health are infallible; the relation between transgression and the penalty is invariable, and the infliction of the latter is certain to follow upon the former. There is nothing about which young persons are more beguiled and deluded than the belief that they can transgress natural laws and jump the penalty. Punishment for a violation of natural law is just as certain as that the sun itself shines, and one cannot violate a law of his body, or any part of it, that there is not registered in him a penalty.

The Power of the Heart.

Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and backward through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time they will be found to agree with the beating of the pulse. Every one knows that at fires, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, if the bend is a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the arteries tend to straighten them, and it is this effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such peculiar demonstrations, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

A HAPPY ILLUSTRIOUS.—Elder Knapp occasionally hits off a good thing, notwithstanding his bad ones. During his recent stay in this place he was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, says the "Dover Telegraph," and remarked that we could find no example for these in the scriptures. The prayers of our Savour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters to meet his master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under water.

A friend tells us that as he was riding through Berkshire, last week, in the stage coach, a merry fellow was observed in the road, who appeared to have business on both sides of the way, it was supposed he might be making Virginia fence. He was hailed by a passenger who inquired, "Well, John, how do you get along now-a-days—what are you doing now?" "Oh, I get along well enough," replied the jolly old cider sponge, "I am *laying out a Rail-Road!*"

CHOOSE WELL.—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty, will in almost every instance determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope, or calculate his chances in life.

A HAPPY MAN.—The editor of the Pittsburg Chronicle must be a happy fellow. Just hear how he talks. "Talk about the enjoyment of wealth—it never was—never will be enjoyed. An abundance of money a heap of misery. A man who owns a small house, a small farm, a small wife, a big dog, a good cow, two or three fat pigs, two children, ought to be satisfied. If he isn't he never can be."

One may live a conqueror, a king or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every man to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest of all relations the relation between the Creature and the Creator.

A gorgeous flag for the Chinese Embassy has just been made in Boston, by order of Mr. Burlingame. It is made of yellow bunting, thirty feet long, by twenty wide, and displays upon its folds a monster dragon in blue.

An exchange reports a very natural comment on the æronaut's action in throwing a bottle of claret overboard to lighten the balloon. "An' why the divil didn't they drink it?" said Pat.

Heaven sends us ten thousand truths; but because our doors and windows are shut to them, they sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away.

It is said that the Democrats have adopted the apple blossom as a campaign badge. It will be worn on the nose.

"I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred.

Why are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.

Business Directory.