The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1870. VOL. 17.—NO. 7.

Select Poetry.

"BY AND BY."

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand clasped very tight?
In a storm of tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it in the future,
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "by and by."

Was the priceless love you lavished
Sought for, played with and then slain?
Was it crushed and quiv'ring remnant
Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly, too, the remnants gather,
Bring them home without a sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you,
In a coming "by and by."

Are the eyelids very weary?
Does the tired long for rest?
Are the temples hot and throbbing?
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper rest is coming,
Rest forever, "by and by."

And when calm'd and cheer'd and freshen'd
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up! the heavens are bright'ning!
Cease your wailings and rejoice;
Cry not for the days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "by and by."

THE OLD HOTEL BILL.

I wonder if one could write a man's history if there remained no record of him beyond his bills? I cannot help thinking that if such a one's bills—receipted or not—for the last quarter of a century were placed before me, I could make a very good guess as to his life; just in the same way as Professor Huxley, on merely seeing one bone, is said to be able to construct the entire animal, antedeluvian or otherwise. Certainly, nobody could make more of me than that I was an average Englishman—perhaps I might say a very average Englishman—if they were to take the trouble to analyze this pile of old bills that is lying before me now. They are all old hotel bills, pleasant record—being all paid—of happy sojourns in sunny climes; peaceful memories they bring back of careless holidays and well earned recreation, and I would not put them in the fire or consign them to the waste paper basket on any account.

Look at this bill, for instance. Champagne and *diners apart* figure largely in it. The operation of changing more than one circular note had to be performed before that reckoning could be discharged. I remember it well. Here, again, is another—a perfect contrast. The Sybarite appears, by the items, to have been converted into a hermit. The former bill was incurred at a hotel in my first long vacation after I had successfully passed the intellectual snares and pitfalls of my little-go. Oh! how fearfully I should be plucked if I were to try to pass such an examination now. The latter represents my mode of living with a reading party in Normandy. We all worked hard—there can be no mistake about that. The pension, I see, was five francs a day; and the wine account must have been considered contemptible by mine host. Here is another batch of a subsequent date. Ah! this was when I was on my honeymoon. The Paris bill is unquestionably heavy; but after that they grow lighter—much lighter. Paying for two, it appears, is a very different thing from paying for one. Here is one, merely a slight reckoning at an inn upon a mountain pass in Switzerland. Ah! but as I look at it more attentive, I remember that thereby hangs a tale—a somewhat romantic tale; and it is briefly this:

Five and twenty years ago my wife and I were crossing over into Italy. After we had been slowly ascending for some time, we got out of the carriage, thinking we should get on quite as fast, and perhaps more pleasantly, on foot; and by taking short cuts across the zig zags we soon got far ahead of our conveyance. I had been over this same pass twice or thrice before, when a happy—I mean an unhappy—bachelor, and I remembered the bypaths pretty well; and we were soon in sight of the inn where we intended to pass the night, not very far from the summit of the pass. As we toiled on we overtook a gentleman, apparently an Englishman, and a little boy. I believe that—feeling pretty sure, from the appearance of the man, that we were compatriots—said something or other to him, remarked that it was a fine evening, or that the scenery was very grand—I forget what. He, however, made some monosyllable reply, and did not appear inclined to fraternize; and so we passed on. Still I took a hasty note of him. He was a man apparently of some eight and twenty or thirty years of age, of a delicate frame, and almost feminine countenance. One thing I particularly noticed—he had a slight but peculiar mark under the left eye, what Box or Cox might have called a strawberry mark. The boy that was with him, a child of not more than six years old, was evidently his son, for both I and my wife traced a very strong resemblance between the pair, and the little fellow looked very pale and tired as his father dragged him slowly up the steep ascent. We soon left them far behind, and my wife remarked that it was a curious circumstance that these two should be thus going over the pass; for we could see no other carriage on the road which could belong to them, and she naturally thought it very hard that such a young child should be forced to make such a tedious journey upon foot. However, when we arrived at our destination we tho't no more of them; and, after a pleasant and appetizing supper, in which red trout—I read them now in the bill—formed no unimportant item, we strolled out again, and watched the white glories of the rising moon spreading over the highland valley in which we were. When we entered the hotel again, and went into the *salle-a-manger* for some coffee, we discovered the younger of our fellow toilers sitting meekly by himself in a corner of the room. A table was spread for supper before him, and he was patiently awaiting the arrival of his father.

His large blue eyes looked tired and sad; his golden curls hung tangled over his shoulders; no tender hand had cared for him after his weary walk; I saw the tears standing in my wife's eyes as she whispered to me, "He has no mother to take care of him." This, I thought, was a hasty conclusion to arrive at; and I said so. My wife—wiser than I, I suppose—shook her head and entirely disagreed with me.

We lingered over our coffee for some time longer than necessary. The patient child sat silent in the dark corner; now and then the blue eyes wandered inquiringly toward the door, but found no answer there. An hour passed away, but his father—if the man we had seen was his father, and of this we had no doubt—never came.

"I can't stand this, John," said Laura to me, indignantly. "If somebody doesn't give that poor child his supper, I'll give it to him myself."

I remonstrated mildly; "I don't think we have any right to interfere, my dear. No doubt his father is taking a nap up stairs, and he will wake up and be down directly."

"Nap, indeed!" retorted Laura, rather savagely. Indeed, I had no idea till then that my sweet bride could be so savage if she choose. "Nap, indeed! with that darling starving in uncomplaining silence! I've half a mind to ask which is his room, and give him a rousing he won't easily forget."

This, I thought, would be a highly improper proceeding upon Laura's part; and I ventured to say so. She contented herself with repeating, with greater vehemence than before, "Nap, indeed!"

At that moment we heard the heavy sound of the diligence, and the gay jingling of the horses' bells, as it stopped at the door of the hotel. Cold and muffled passengers—for we were some seven or eight thousand feet above the sea—came into the room and partook of various drinks; but they soon cleared out again. The horses had been changed; and, with a great smacking of whips and loud pealing of bells, the huge diligence pursued its road to Italy.

The pale-faced, golden haired child still sat quietly in the dark corner. Once or twice the tired head sank upon the little shoulder, and for a moment or two he dropped asleep. Then he would wake up again and stare at the unkind door, which at every opening brought no relief.

After the diligence had been gone some twenty minutes, and Laura had got into a state of fidgets which threatened to pass all control, the landlord and head waiter came into the room, looked at the little boy, then talked together volubly in a whisper, looked at the little boy again, and shook their heads in a mysterious manner. Then the landlord advanced straight to where we were sitting.

"A thousand pardons for asking the question; but do Monsieur and Madame know anything of the little gentleman yonder?"

"No, nothing; beyond that Monsieur and Madame passed the little gentleman and his father as they ascended the pass."

"Is Monsieur aware that the father is an Englishman?"

"Well, Monsieur had guessed as much, but could not say more."

"Well, it is very strange. It is some time now since these two arrived. The father engaged a room, and ordered supper. The father had said that his luggage would be deposited by the diligence; but the diligence had come and gone, and though particular inquiries were made, the conductor was quite sure there was no luggage such as had been described to be deposited at this hotel."

"There must have been some mistake."

"Not possible. The authorities are very particular in these cases. And where is Monsieur le pere?"

"Gone to sleep in his chamber, probably," I suggested.

"Not at all! It is empty. There is nothing whatever in it. In fact the gentleman was seen to leave the hotel the moment after he had ordered supper and given instructions about his baggage, and has not returned."

Laura was watching the uncomplaining child. The large blue eyes were directed toward us, as if guessing that he was the object of our conversation. She could not restrain herself any longer; and she rose from her seat and went up to the child. He shrank a little, I thought, as she approached, but there was something about her face which speedily reassured him.

"You are a little English boy, are you not?" she said, as she sat down beside him.

He murmured, "Yes." But I could see a working in the little white throat; the poor, tired manikin was striving bravely to keep down his tears.

"You want your supper, do you not?" asked Laura, as with one hand she stroked the golden curls. "You are very tired, and ought to have your supper and go to bed. Where is papa? Was not that your papa who brought you here?"

"Yes, my papa brought me here; and he said we were to have something to eat; and I was to wait here quietly until he came back. Very quietly, he told me, and he should soon be back."

"Would you not like to have your supper at once?" said Laura. "Your papa is taking a longer walk than he intended, and he will be very sorry that you should be so hungry. Shall I not ask the gentleman," pointing to the landlord, who had come up to the table, "to bring you something to eat at once?"

"No, thank you, I must wait for my papa."

Entreaties and coaxings were all in vain, and Laura, fearful of distressing him still more, left him alone, and resumed her seat by me.

Nearly another hour passed away. Laura insisted on remaining in the room, and we listlessly studied the *Livre des Etrangers*.

By-and-by the silence of the dark corner was broken. The courage of the gallant little mite had given way; he was sobbing as if his heart would break. Laura had him in her arms in a moment.

"Oh, papa! papa!" he cried, in his bitter agony. "Oh, papa! papa! how could you leave me so long alone? Oh, papa! come back—come back!"

Above his low, sad wail I heard the sound of persons entering the hotel, and then there was a busy hum of voices, and a minute or two afterward the landlord, with a strange expression in his face, looked in at the door and beckoned to me. I hastily left the room. There, at the entrance of the hotel, I found the waiters and other people gathered. Three peasants had just come in, bringing with them something they had found—something which lay in a disfigured heap upon the ground.

They had found the body of a man. I was quickly told, at the bottom of a low cliff about a quarter of a mile from the hotel. Then they uncovered the face, and I at once recognized the man Laura and I had passed on the ascent. Then, as a cold shiver came over me, I heard a cry within the room I had left.

"My papa has come back—I know he has!" and before any one could interfere the door of the *salle-a-manger* was thrown open and the palid, weeping child tottered out, followed hastily by Laura.

"Where is papa? I know he is here!" And, checking his violent sobs, he looked eagerly at the solemn faces around him.

"Why won't you tell me where papa is? Oh! what's that upon the floor?"

Then, before any one could stop him, he cast himself down and laid his cheek by the cold white lips that nevermore could kiss him or breathe a word of love into his ear.

Gentle hands raised him softly, and bore him away to the room the dead man had prepared, and laid him down upon the bed. He seemed to know his own utter desolation, and the paroxysm of grief was strangely stilled. Laura remained with him all night; and when the first red lights of the rising sun bathed with deep splendor the silent glaciers and the snowy peaks, the young heart had broken beneath its burden and the weary spirit fled away.

Shortly afterward—at Milan, I think it was—I saw a copy of the Times, and in the second column I saw an advertisement for a man with a red mark under his eye; and when I returned to England I learned the whole story.

This man, who had ever borne the highest character, had got into deep distress, owing principally to the shameful conduct of a friend for whom he had become surety, and in an evil moment he had fallen, and had forged a check for a considerable amount, intending—as such unhappy men always do intend to replace the money. He failed in doing this, and, conscious that his fraud must infallibly be discovered, he had fled from England, taking with him his motherless child. Whether, in a fit of despair, he had thrown himself from the cliff, or whether he had simply missed his footing, it is impossible to say. Father and son rest in one grave in a churchyard on that mountain height; and on every anniversary of the awful tragedy the good peasants place wreaths of immortelles upon the simple white cross that marks the nameless tomb.

One of the amusements at Long Branch is to watch the New Jersey mosquitoes open clams with their bills, on the shore. Several of these useful insects are being domesticated and taught to punch rivets holes in steam boilers.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson W——, the laziest man living, writes such interminable long sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

Patience is exemplified in the man who left his wagon while the horse balked, and sat on a stump and read the Bible till the animal was hungry enough to go home.

A tombstone in a Maine graveyard, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription: "Tears cannot restore thee; therefore I weep."

"Waiter, this bit of turbot is not as good as that you gave us last week." Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir, its off the very same fish."

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.

The man that attempted to look into the future, had the door slammed in his face.

The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

Cost of Loaferism:—Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loaferism is more ecomical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time in the first place—days, weeks, months of it—in fact about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting nearly his whole time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, dri—we had almost said drinking, but on reflection we except that. The loafer finds time to drink, whenever invited.

It costs friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loaferdom, and you may bid farewell to every friendly sail that floats under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society. It costs money; for though the loafer may not earn a cent, or have one for months, time lost might have produced him much more if devoted in industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort—all the true pleasures of living; honor, dignity, self respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally, all regret, or consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

Couldn't Stand It.—A steward on an Ohio river steamer was addresced by an uneasy and excited individual, who wanted him to put somebody off the boat. The candidate for a forcible disembarkation was pointed out, but the steward could see nothing out of the way. "You don't eh? Don't you see a man there hugging a woman?"

"Well, yes," replied the steward, "but what of that; hasn't a fellow a right to embrace his wife?"

"That's just what I want you to run him out for," replied the stranger dancing around "that's my wife, and I've stood it so long that I've got mad!"

An old toper started for home one night in his normal condition, with a turkey he had obtained for a holiday dinner. He found the road very rough, and fell several times over all sorts of obstructions in the path. Each time he fell he dropped the turkey, but contrived to pick it up again. On entering his house he steadied himself as well as he was able, and said to his wife, "Horo, wifey, I'vy got 'leven turkeys for you." "Eleven turkeys! What do you mean? There is only one." "There must be 'leven turkeys, wifey, for I fell down 'leven times, and every time I found a turkey."

A "loving" couple eloped to a city in North Carolina last week, for the purpose of becoming one in the flesh. Tho job was done for them by an obliging clergyman. Still full of romance, they went to the hotel to spend the honeymoon. At dinner the bridegroom accidentally struck the bride with a piece of ice over the left eye. She took the matter as personal, slapped him in the face and returned to her parents on the next train. It is a pity that a single lump of ice should have caused such a sudden "coolness" between them.

"My gracious," said Ike, "if some fairy would give me wings wouldn't I go round among the planets though; I'd go to Mars and Venus, and Jupiter, and all the rest of them."

"And Satan," said Mrs. Partington, striking in, "and I'm afraid you will go there whether you have wing or not."

Ike wh istled and turned the subject to an orange the old lady had.

A citizen of Buffalo was passing through one of the back streets of that city Sunday afternoon, when he both observed and heard a little doy crying lustily. Approaching the little urchin he kindly asked: "why, little boy, what do you want?" Looking up into the interrogator's face the precocious juvenile responded, in whining accents. "Iv'e got the beller-ache, that's what I want."

A woman over eighty years of age went into one of the dental establishments in Hartford, Conn., to have a set of teeth repaired, and gave as a reason for being particular about the work, that, though she did not expect to live long, she desired her corps to look as well as possible.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, who had just sent his cup forward the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I never should have drank so much water to get a little."

A passenger, having hired a boat to take him across a very rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if any body was lost there. "No," said Pat; "me brother was drowned there the other week, but we found him again the next day."

A rural Englishwoman had the right idea, finding herself unable to whip her husband, she shouted to her son who was up stairs in bed: "Bill! come down stairs and lick thi feyther, or else he'll be the misster o' th' whole house!"

Josh Billings says, "Give the Devil his dues" reads well enough in a proverb; but "what will become uv you and me if this arrangement is carried out?"

Men don't commit suicide in Memphis. When tired of life they go out and insult some one, and are at once shot dead.