THE REPUBLICAN

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Clearfield Republican.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MILESBURG, Sept. 5th, 1853.

THOMAS H. FULTON, Esq.—DEAR SIR: —The undersigned were present at and heard you address a meeting of Lumbermen on the 4th of July last, in Karthaus township, Clearfield County. A resolution was passed requesting a copy of your speech for publication, which does not appear to have been complied with; and as there are many reasons why the attention of the public should be directed to the subject at the present juncture, we take this method of urging upon you a compliance with the unanimous request of the meeting, by furnishing a copy of your remarks on that occasion for publication.

Yours Truly,

Rob't Lipton, E. Perks, Thos. G. Snyder, D. M. Bilger, H. Groe, Jas. Askey and Wm. Holt.

BALD HILLS, Clearfield Co., Sept. 16th, 1853.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your note of the 5th inst., requesting a copy of my address at the Anti-Log Meeting, at Karthaus, on the 4th of July last for publication. I did not design it for publication at the time I prepared it, but at your request and that of others I will furnish the Press with a copy.

Respectfully Yours, &c.,
THOS. H. FULTON.

To ROB'T LIPTON, Esq., and others

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: Our meeting to-day, is one of no ordinary character. The circumstances that have convened us together here, to-day, are not light, and trivial in their true bearings.—No, they are of vital and momentus importance to the interest, prosperity, and welfare of our time honored little county.

You have chosen an appropriate day, to meet together, to deliberate and result with each other upon the great and exciting subject. I mean the business of floating saw logs out of our county, in our river and its tributary streams; a business, if tolerated much longer, must eventually, become the regular calling and pursuit of the citizens of our county, to the utter ruin, and final prostration, of all other branches of industry and enterprise in our land, which our citizens are proverbial for at home and abroad. Yes, it is high time, we should meet to deliberate, remonstrate, and publicly protest against a business founded in injustice towards a large majority of our citizens, a business which if allowed to run its course, will spread ruin, desolation and decay all over our happy and now prosperous country.

Our meeting to-day, is not marked nor characterized by revolution, revolt, or trampling upon the laws and institutions under which we live and enjoy so many great and glorious privileges. No, it is with due regard and reverence, to those institutions, in strict conformity and harmoney with their plainest teachings, that we are assembled here to-day, for one common purpose, in one common cause, to defend our rights and interests as citizens of this commonwealth and Freemen of this Republic.

Yes, to protect our rights and interests, from being disregarded, trampled upon, and crushed beneath the mighty few, who are riding over the many, to seek self aggrandizement, and self elevation. To protest against such invasions and usurpations, we have come up here to-day.

The fact can no longer be denied, that floating saw-logs, and rafting in our streams cannot be carried on successfully together; one or the other must eventually give way before the influence and growing powers of the other. They are so widely different in their nature, and their interests, that no middle ground can be taken; no compromise can be effected; one or the other must tuiumph and reign supreme. Now, the question comes, and is before the citizens of this county to decide whether log floating is to superceed, the regular, ancient, and time honored, system of lumbering, in this county or not. To discuss that subject we have come up here to-day. Let us examine for a moment the ruinous effects log floating would have on the developement and prosperity of our flourishing and interesting little county. If our ancient system of lumbering must go down, and be superceded by the floating of loose logs out of our river.

The question naturally suggests itself, who will buy those logs, who will pay for those logs, and where are they to be run to and manufactured into lumber?—Will they be purchased, owned, floated, and manufactured into lumber by the laborer, and capital of the citizens of our county, will the nett proceeds, derived from the business be brought back, and divided among the bone and sinew of our country, the hardy sons of toil, as it now is, under our present system of lumbering. No; it is impossible morally. The whole workings of the system will be the very reverse. The business of buying must all be done by mill owners and boom owners. The whole thing must be monopolized by a few foreign capitalists, who must locate themselves along the river from Lock Haven to Northumberland, erect booms in the river, and build mills sufficient to saw up through the course of time all the Pine trees in our county. Under an arrangement of this kind, the whole lumbering business of our country, will be monopolized and controled by a few wealthy, aristocratic capitalists, who are strangers to us, who will not become citizens of our country, whose feelings, sympathies and interest, are not with us, but must naturally be directed against our interest, and prosperity in every way, shape and form, imaginable.

Their interests will be to purchase our logs as low as possible, when the whole business will pass into the hands of a few individuals, it is easily seen how the prices will be controled by them. They will come up here, or send their agents up among us, to purchase our logs, and give us just what they may please, as the whole matter will be entirely in their own hands. No choice is left us, we must take their prices. When it becomes the regular business of the country, you must recollect the privilege of running, and navigating the river with rafts as now, will be yielded up and gone forever, from the fact, that when the business of floating grows up by our encouragement, and becomes the regular system of lumbering and a monopoly in the hands of a few, you will find the river closed below with booms, and saw logs running so thick that it would be impossible for a few rafts to get through. So no other alternative is left but submission to their laws, regulations and prices.

Such it is plain to see, even to the most casual observer, are the natural results and consequences that must inevitably follow the floating system. A greater, a grander, or a more magnificant monopoly, will never be witnessed, either in this or any other country, than would naturally grow up out of the floating business. It is just as certain as that the glorious luminary of the day, is to sink beneath the Western hills, and rise again in the East, and usher into existence another day. Will we stand with folded arms, and apparently disinterested looks, and view the growing monster, without making an effort or a struggle to arrest him in his onward career. No, there is something within, that tells me the citizens of this free and Democratic county, will never submit to see their rights and privileges disregarded and trodden under foot. No, never, it is wholly contrary to our education. We have been taught from the cradle to manhood, to struggle and contend against monopolies and against special privileges to the few. Yes, we have imbided our free and republican principles from our mother's breast—it is in us—grown up with us; hence we must, and will forever resist all and every encroachment, upon our rights and interests. We ask no special privileges—no charters from the Legislature to build booms on our river, and obstruct the great highways, which nature in her bountiful Providence has intended for all, both rich and poor. No, if the log men wish to follow their business, they are welcome to use the river the same as we do—they must raft their logs, and run them the same as we run our lumber. We are willing to meet them upon this great and grand Republican platform of equal rights and equal privileges. We ask no special favors, neither must they. There is not a citizen in the old Keystone State to-day, dare get up and deny that this is not Republican and Democratic doctrine. Why not enforce it? Why not carry it into practice?

That is a delicate question to answer. That is where all the trouble lies. We are the aggrieved and injured party, and in our hands alone lie the means and source of redress. We must come out in a united body, in a solid phalanx, and demand at the hands of our legislators next winter, laws to protect us against such wholesale usurpations. If we remain silent, and view the struggle, with indifference, it is unreasonable to expect that anything will be done to protect our rights.—

We must work, we must thunder at the doors of our Legislatvie Halls, until we are heard and answered. We might have had legislative action upon this subject last winter if we had used the proper means. Your humble speaker spent a few days in Harrisburg before they voted on that bill. Several of the members told him they would vote for the bill if they could be satisfied that the interests off our county demanded such a law; many of them were under the impression it did not.—They spoke of several of our citizens who were using their influence to defeat the bill. They also referred him to our county paper as opposing the bill. Under these influences many of them voted against the bill.

These were facts, facts that were to be regretted and deplored; but such I am happy to say, is not the case at present, nor will not be in the way next winter.—Our County paper has seen the error of its course, has seen that it was giving aid and comfort to the enemies of our dearest and most cherished interests; hence, she has come up to our aid and support, and will be a warm advocate of our cause and stand by our side. Many of the citizens of our county, who were luke-warm or favorable to log floating, are on the side of right and justice now, and will stand there, firm and able supporters of our cause.—Therefore if we use our efforts and exert ourselves in the proper way we will be able to obtain that protection which we so much desire and seek, through legislation, at the earliest possible period next winter. We are told by those favorable to log floating, that we should not demand the passage of any laws against it—that to prohibit men by legal enactments from doing as they please in this country would be unconstitutional acts—that in this land of liberty and freedom every man has a perfect right to use and navigate our great high-ways as he may see fit—that they were made free for the use and benefit of all—that every man may choose his own method of navigating them. This is correct and true, in one sense of the word, but we must not loose sight of the great and important fact, that it is the laws of our country, and the restriction of those laws upon the action of individuals and society, that makes our country so great, so noble and so free. Every individual has a right to follow whatever pursuit or calling in life he may choose in the persuit of happiness. But in the pursuit of happiness if an individual, in following his calling or profession, encroaches upon your grounds, destroys your ancient rights and privileges, which you have inherited form time immemorial, which, as a matter of course, must cause you to turn aside from the broad and well known road which you are following in the pursuit of happiness, it is your right, your duty to your self and to posterity, to demand of him to stop. The very genius and structure of our glorious and time honored institutions under which we live, and enjoy so many great and ever blessed privileges will demand of him to stop. If he is a good citizen of this Republic—a law loving and a law abiding citizen of this Commonwealth, he will stop. These are rules and laws which were observed and enforced by the ancients. We find them existing among men even in a savage state. They are the grand fundamental principles which civilization and civilized society are based upon and existed upon from the earliest history of man down to the present period of time. In our case, we have been disturbed, molested, and interrupted in the pursuit of our regular calling by the log floaters, and our business threatened, seriously threatened, by them with annihilation. There are to be seen among us to-day those who were the Pioneers of this country, who in the morning of life shouldered their axe and their gun, and emigrated into this country, when it was a vast wilderness, when the foot prints of the red man of the forest were visible here yet, when nothing broke the still and quiet nights amid those forests of pines, save the shrill and piercing yell of the Panther or the dismal howl of the Wolf—when no roads, or pikes, or highways or none of the comforts and luxuries of a civilized life were here. Yes, when everything around was yet a dreary wilderness, and no mark of civilization was to be seen came the early settlers of this country, and commenced the work of clearing and opening up the country. When every disadvantage stared them in the face, they begun to toil and struggle amoug our lofty forest trees for a bare subsistance.—Through years of perseverance and diligence their efforts were crowned with success; but it must be owned, it was almost entirely owing to the lumber which our forests produced. They have prepared for themselves comfortable and happy homes to cheer and enliven their declining years, and will leave a rich inheritance for their children if the present system of lumbering is left unmolested and undisturbed. They spent the morning of life in those forests. They wasted the noon tide of their strength and manhood in subduring those wilds, and making the wilderness to bloom and blossom like a rose. View them to-day—their heads are silvered o'er with age; their robust and stalwart forms are bent with the hardships they have endured in this country. And now must they be deprived of that business which they have struggled so long to bring to perfection, and which has been the great secret of their success and prosperity? The sun of their life has shed its morning rays, which was so cheerful, encouraging and so promising; has wasted away its noon-day of vigor and strength and glory, and is now fast sinking beneath the horizon of time to rise no more. Must thick clouds of trouble and vexation arise to ruffle their serenity and obscure its declining eve? No! methinks I here the responce from every bosom present saying, forbid it heaven! forbid it justice.

In justice to ourselves, our country and posterity, we should cause the log floaters to desist. If through our own supineness and indifference to our interests, we let the thing run on a few years longer it will then have arrived at a point beyond our reach and control. The time is here that requires firm, decided and unwavering action. Another year or two and you will see hundreds of thousands of dollars of capital invested in closing the river below with new booms, and building new sawmills. Already we are pointed to the capital invested there in booms and mills, and told that we dare not take any action to prevent the floating of saw logs, or else those mill owners and boom owners will be broken up! How uncharitable they are in their demands; they never take into consideration the *millions of dollars* invested here in saw-mills and lumbering establishments; they never think of the sad and sickening results the consummation of their plans would have upon our operations here; they never raise the curtain and look beyond to see the hundreds and thousands of the honest struggling sons of *toil* engaged in this country in the lumbering business, who, through the aid of our system, will be able to secure for themselves comfortable and easy homes through life that would be compelled to seek other and new callings to obtain a livelihood.

They never think of the innumerable mills in operation here; nor, consider for a moment, the toil and labor of the body—the anxieties, uneasiness, excitement and vexations of mind, they cost the country and their proprietors. Those establishments now are building up and enriching the country—still we are asked by the log floaters to abandon them all for their special benefit.

There are to be found to-day, several of the hardy yeomanry of our country, at this early period in the history of saw log floating, who are in a manner ruined by it.—All the bright and glowing prospects of future happiness, and future greatness, which was just beginning to dawn upon them are blasted, and blotted out forever by the effects of the floating system. For the truth of this I would refer you to the Mushanon and the citizens who lumber upon its waters. Go there, and you will find, that most all the lumber, is yet remaining in the creek; floods enough to run it, but the saw logs prevented them from doing so.—They were deprived of the privilege of realizing for the lumber in the Spring, the highest prices ever paid for lumber, since it became a buisness—they are compelled after a whole years labor spent upon it, with all the toil, and vexation incident in preparing it for market, to lay out of their *money*, their lumber laying in the streams where doubtless it must lay till Fall, then to be hauled out or go adrift, with the ice freshets. Without something is done, to prevent the log floating, another Spring will not see their condition bettered. It is not the interest of large land holders in this country, to go in for the floating system.—By no means, it is not. The way they can realize most out of their lands, and timber, is to build mills and saw it up, and make it into square timber, or sell them out in lots to settlers who will erect mills, and make square timber.

It is not the interest of mill owners, in this country, or of men engaged in square timber They are draining away the timber from us, and keep the prices down in market. To my certain knowledge the mills from Lock Haven to Williamsport, have time over and again, sold lumber in the Philadelphia markets, below the actual costs. Here again they are an injury to us. The lumbermen in this country who devote their time and attention to square timber, live in this country, their funds and means are spent among us, their feelings and sympathies are with us, and go for the prosperity and welfare of our county. Hence if you cut off and destroy their buisness, you will paralize and weaken the efforts and enterprize of our country to a very great extent. It is not the interest of the farmers in our country who own farms and timber, who farm and lumber in connection with each other. There are many of the citizens of our country, who have purchased and own farms, with considerable timber standing upon them. Under our present system of lumbering and living along, they will realize enough from their timber. A great deal of it perhaps may be Oak, which is getting now to be very valuable in square timber, but would be worth nothing at all in saw logs. There are a great many men now, who live remote from the river, that make and haul a raft a year of pine and Oak, for which they realize from three to four hundred dollars for in clear cash; their timber perhaps may be cull timber, and of that class that would not be worth one cent to them in saw logs. I mean such men will realize enough from their timber, to enable them to clear up their farms, enrich it, put up neat and comfortable buildings, and fix themselves, so by the time their timber is done and gone, they can live easy and comfortable off their farms, for you must bear in mind that timber is not going to be with us always, the day is not far distant when the country will be stripped of her valuable Pines.

Neither is it the interest of the laboring portion of our fellow citizens, the bone and sinew of our country. To give support to the floating system, they would not be employed as now in the Spring to run lumber. Many of them, have learned to navigate our river, and reduced it to a science, make a regular and a grand profession of it. All this would be lost to them wholly lost, if the floating system must be adopted. The hundreds and thousands of dollars, spent in blowing out rocks, and making this river fit for navigation, would then be of no avail.

Gentleman, the floating system is impractible with us, and not adapted to our country, our streams, or our wants. It is wholly impractible, absolutely so. It is all wrong, mad wrong from beginning to end; and the sooner we bring it to a close, the better it will be for ourselves, our country and those who are engaged in it and others about entering into it. Look at it for a moment, examine it, and decide for yourselves, whether it is practicable or not.—I will venture to say, there is not a school boy in our land to-day, but will tell you, it is impossible to float our square timber, from the heads of our streams to Port Deposite, owned as it is, by hundreds of different individuals, and its places of market and consumption, at every landing and town from Northumberland to Port Deposite. Even if it could be floated down, it could not be stopped at these points needed, neither would the owners be able to recognize it. No, you might as well attempt to lay a Telegraph wire to the *Moon*, and converse with the inhabitants of the lunar World, as to attempt floating square timber down this river and make it pay the owners, and supply the eastern markets as we now do. As long as we have a Pine tree left standing in our country, the eastern markets will require a certain portion of it to be taken to them in square timber to meet the demands, and necessities of their consumption, regardless of the prices. No matter what we see fit to charge them for it, they must have it. And as long as we lumber, we must make more or less of it into square timber. A certain portion, and a certain quality of it will always pay better in that, than any thing it can be made into. It is true, in some lumbering countries, the floating system appears peculiarly adapted to the country, but with us it is entirely different. In Maine on many of the streams there, they float every thing down them, from the fact that those streams are short, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles, and in many places so rapid that they could not be navigated by rafts. There the floating system is suitable and pays. In many of the lumbering districts of Canada, they float every thing, for the same reasons. Their timber is only laid out, scored, and juggled. In that rude state it is hauled, and floated to the mouth of those rivers which discharge their waters into lakes, the bays, and gulf of St. Lawrence: there they haul it out into yards, and hew it; then it is loaded into ships and carried to the remotest corners of the earth.

Other countries may boast of their riches, and inexaustible beds, and mountains of Iron ore. Some are prized, and sought after for the precious metals they contain; their mountains producing rich mines of silver, and their plains all studded with diamonds, and glittering with fine particles of gold. Others again, may point you to their fertile plains and vallies, groaning beneath luxurious crops of grain, their graneries filled to overflowing, at all times prepared to feed a starving world. The citizens of Clearfield county, if asked for their riches, their treasure, or their jewels, can point you to our sturdy oaks and towering pines—they are our jewels, brighter by far, than all the gems that glitter and shine in the country of the Ganges, and of more real worth than California's gold.

There are many, very many reasons, why we should prize our pines, and not be prodigal of them, nor tolerate a business that is calculated to sweep them down like a tornado and hurl them from us with electric speed, and give us at the same time no equivalent for them. One in particular and an alarming one it is, that there is not to be found to-day, one single, solitary or isolated spot on the whole American Continent from Behrings Strait to the Straits of Magellen that you can lay your finger upon where you can find young, growing sappling forests of pines. And it is no loss strange than true, that whilst no young forests of pines are growing up on the American Continent, you will find by examination that the pine regions are confined to but small spots and localities over this continent—that many of them now are already exhausted. Hundreds of the Pineries in the United States have been swept down and totally destroyed by the irresistable march of civilization. Yes, the pine is a doomed species of timber.—It appears to be an irrevocable decree of fate that it must vanish away and for ever disappear from the American Continent.—Like the original inhabitants of this country, it is wasting, dwindling and fast melting away before the rapid strides of civilization. When the pines are all hewn down and exhausted in Clearfield county, they will be growing scarce on the continent. Their value will be increasing every year. We should husband them with becoming care and appreciate their real worth, for in them we possess a store of real wealth, which we are only beginning to feel and know. In travelling over our country and through our forests of pines, it has ever filled my bosom with feelings of pleasure and pride in viewing our majestic pines with their beautiful trunks and wide spread branches extended far above our heads. Truly it presents a scene that is at once impressive and sublime and has repeatedly brought to my mind the beautiful language of the poet:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself has said,
This is my own my native land."

Now, in conclusion, permit me to assure you my humble prayer shall ever be, for the prosperity and advancement of our country, and that the citizens one and all will cordially unite in suppressing the ruinous system of log floating.

GONE ASTRAY.—Cold words to fall on a loving heart—he has gone astray. And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No! he passes under clouds; be his light now; perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been frightend beyond recall by the angry look and mence, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotions of repentance.—Beware lest those pleading words, unheeded now, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow. Repentance, changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould.—Trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye—pour the balm of consolation on the wounds that guilt has made. Let your heart be the grave for his transgressions, your pity find vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. O, forgive the erring! Did not He who died on Calvary, shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cloud and storm before in his sad life?

END OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—Gov. Poindexter, who died at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, on Monday last, closed an eventful political life. The *Herald* says he was the first delegate to Congress from Mississippi, and, on her admission into the Union, was immediately chosen United States Senator, which position he held for a great number of years. He was likewise, at one time, Governor of the State. In early life he was a supporter of Gen. Jackson, but in later years he quarrelled with and became an inveterate opponent of the Old Hero, withdrew from the Democratic ranks, joined the Whigs, advocated a recharter of the United States Bank, and supported Whig measures generally. Owing to his inconstancy in politics Mississippi eventually repudated him, and he was compelled to retire to private life. Mr. Poindexter possessed talents of a high order, and, while a Senator of the United States, his position was among the foremost men of the country.

Cin. Eenquirer.

CAPACITY OF FRIENDSHIP.—We may often exercise a choice as to who shall be our companions, but we have little control over the circumstances out of which friendship grows; and therefore instances of its accessful formation, though delightful to hear of, can seldom be held forth for imitation. Yet the experienced may well warn the warm-hearted and confiding not to rely implicitly on any man, however kind and generous may be his present conduct, if he does not possess, besides a naturally amiable disposition, a conscience regulated by principle, and an understanding clear of discernment, and too strong to be swayed by the opinions of a multitude, or,—what is not less influential on the weak-minded—the vicissitudes of fortune.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rain-bow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp, of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory! And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, the thousand stream of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence forever.

Prentice.

FEEDING HORSES.—A Correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: Having two horses to feed I tried the two following methods:—First, I took a grist to the mill, consisting of half corn and half oats for feed. Counting the toll at the mill, waste, and loss of time, it cost one-seventh of the grist. I save all this now by soaking the feed in water for about two hours, with just about as much as will cover it, which makes it greatly increase in bulk, and the horses thrive just as well on it as on other feed.

☞ The York (Pa.) *Republican* says, that of the commissioned officers of Captain M. U. Spangler's Company of York Volunteers, who marched to the defence of Baltimore, in 1814, General Jacob Barnitz, the First Lieutenant, is the only survivor; and the broaken ranks of the company show the havoc made by death and disease.