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FACTS RESPECTING LOG-FLOATING IN CLEARFIELD COUNTY.

Lumbering is the main business on which the people of Clearfield county depend. And the same may be said of some adjacent districts in Cambria, Indiana and Centre counties. The lumber is made in the form of square timber, boards, shingles, &c., which are put in rafts and arks and sent to market along the Susquehanna from Lock Haven to the Chesapeake Bay.

A Clearfield county has within her limits from 400 to 500 saw mills and annually sends to market from 2,000 to 3,000 rafts, worth in the aggregate from one to two millions of dollars. This lumber is floated out of the West Branch of the Susquehanna and its tributaries, the Big Musshannon, Crooked, Clearfield Creek, and Chest Creek.

The risk and danger is great, even under the most favorable circumstances. It is necessary to have freshets to continue long enough to enable the lumbermen to reach market. For this reason the summer freshets are seldom of much service. They rise one day with sudden showers and fall the next. The lumbermen have scarcely time to start before he is compelled to stop and leave his craft in some unfavorable spot where it is almost certain to be lost. The only freshets that prove of much service are those which occur in the spring after the ice is gone. Nearly all the lumber sent to market is carried there by the spring floods. But even then it is necessary to start early. The delay of a single day is frequently fatal.

Second, it is necessary to have experienced pilots and sufficient force. The channel is dangerous to the very mouth of the Susquehanna, but especially is it so in Clearfield county, where the river and its tributaries are small. With all the prudence that can be used many rafts are annually stove and much lumber lost. It is impossible to run lumber except by day light. No pilot however skillful will risk his life and property by running at night, and whilst the raft stops the water falls.

Yet, in spite of these things, the lumber business, carried on by those who understand it, is highly profitable and successful. The interests and prosperity of the whole population of Clearfield county rest upon it.

Lumber is the great product which goes out of the county for which money is received in return, and on the sale of which they depend for all their supplies. Yet this important branch is threatened with total destruction by a practice lately introduced of floating loose saw-logs in vast quantities to supply mills more than a hundred miles below.

These logs are generally cut and hauled to the stream in the winter in quantities varying from 10,000 to 50,000 logs. They are thrown in the water to float down the stream at random during the spring freshets, coming by hundreds and thousands, they literally fill the channels of the creeks, for several days. Whilst they are running and filling up the channel no raft can venture with safety. They get under the raft, around it, under the oars, and render it entirely unmanageable. But there are other difficulties. The logs driven by the force of the wind and current against the rafts tied to shore, by night as well as by day, batter them loose. Again, a raftman coming to start his raft the next morning, finds that during the night the water has fallen, and his raft having fallen on with it rests on a saw log. It is then impossible to move without cutting it to pieces. Such things are common.

It also frequently happens that the logs going in the narrow passages. Rafts descending the stream and their pilots not seeing the danger till it is too late to avert it, are successively run upon the gorge and are broken to pieces. Thus not long ago fifteen rafts, were broken up and finally lost at Chest Falls on Chest Creek. The loss occasioned at that one spot was not less than \$25,000.

Frequently the logs will get under the raft or oars at short turns and dangerous places where the loss of a single stroke of the oar has the effect of running it on the rocks.

In fact it is impossible to mention all the ways in which log-floating hinders navigation and injures those engaged in rafting. That injury has for the last two years amounted to many thousands of dollars annually. The losses occasioned in at least half the cases fall upon poor men, who in losing a raft, lose the labor of an entire winter.

It is not possible under existing laws to obtain adequate redress. It is difficult to ascertain who is legally responsible for the injury, and when that is ascertained, he is generally found to be some person from whom no damage that may be recovered can ever be collected. In truth, so unsettled is the law upon the subject that it is boldly asserted that log-floaters are authorized under the law to float their logs without being responsible for the damage done.

It is an established principle of law as well as of justice, that every one must so use his rights as not to destroy the rights of others. The streams we have mentioned are all public highways, and every man has a right to navigate them at all times with his rafts and vessels. No one has a right to monopolize the stream and deprive others of its free use and navigation. There is nothing to authorize such a thing for a single hour, much less is there anything authorizing one man in the prosecution of his business to destroy or damage another's property, either on the public highway or elsewhere.

The rafting and lumber business, has gradually grown in Clearfield county till it is now of such importance that it exceeds all other branches of the county, and is worth about a million dollars annually. Money to an equal amount has been invested in saw mills and other property in prospect of the

continuance of the business. Suddenly, however, a few strangers enter the county, and in effect demand that all this business shall be checked, the mills shall cease, the lumber ready to be rafted shall remain piled upon the shore, and the public highway be closed in order that they may send 100,000 saw logs to some mammoth saw mill 150 miles distant and make a profit of fifty thousand dollars.

Those who have been injured have borne their injuries patiently till they can bear them no longer. It has been demonstrated beyond a controversy that if log-floating is to prevail, rafting must cease. It cannot be carried on without driving every thing else out and depriving all others of the right of using the public highways.

They therefore respectfully ask the Legislature of Pennsylvania to pass a law with suitable penalties to protect them in the enjoyment of their rights of property and rights of navigation, and to prevent the floating of loose saw-logs in the streams above enumerated.

THE RAILROAD DIFFICULTIES AT ERIE. From the Pittsburg Dispatch of Monday, we clip the following account of the latest troubles at Erie. It contains some facts not previously published here:

By advices received from Erie on Saturday night, we learn that the U. S. Marshall, Mr. Frost, his deputy, Mr. Sproul, and fifty railroad laborers, were arrested on Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, and placed in the county jail for safe keeping. The Marshall and the remaining prisoners were engaged in re-laying the track thro' the city, when Mayor King, assisted by the citizens, took them into custody. Mr. Frost and his deputy were subsequently released, on giving \$2,000 each bail to appear before the criminal court and answer the charge of endeavoring to obstruct the streets of Erie by laying an illegal track through that city. The remaining prisoners are, we believe, still in custody. The Mayor of Erie, Mr. King, and Messrs. Lowrie, Lynch, Beatty and Arbuckle, arrived in this city, per the western cars, on Saturday night, and put up at the Monongahela House. They came here in compliance with a notice served on them from the U. S. Circuit Court, which meets on Monday.

SOLAR PHENOMENA OF '54.—On Friday, the 20th of May next, there will be an eclipse of the sun, which will be more or less visible in all parts of the U. States and Canada, and in a portion of both will be annular. Its commencement in the city of Washington will be at 4h. 20m. in the afternoon, its greatest obscuration at 5h. 18m., and its end 5h. 27m. As the apparent diameter of the moon will be a little less than the sun, the eclipse cannot be total anywhere. The *Christian Almanac* says, "the ring will be only about one-third of a digit wide, and will be visible only in the vicinity where the line of central eclipse passes. The eclipse is central in longitude 72. 53. west of Greenwich in latitude 44. 14. north; and in longitude 64. 25. west, latitude 41. 10. north. By finding these positions upon a map, and drawing a line from one to the other, the towns and countries through which the central eclipse passes will be readily discovered. The path of the annular eclipse will extend about one hundred miles wide, and extend about fifty miles each side of the lines we have described. The annular eclipse will move about one hundred miles per minute. The first time this eclipse ever occurred was in 1813, July 2d; since then it has returned thirty-one times, including its return next year. It occurred in April, 1816, in May 1818, and in May, 1820. It will return again in June, 1822. Its last return will be in the year 2594, August 18th. The next solar eclipse that will attract much attention in this country will be in 1858, March, 15th."

Mr. Prentice of the Louisville Journal, thus touchingly alludes to the death of his associate, Mr. Shreve:—
"We, the surviving editor of the Journal, feel that the prison of life is scarcely yet gone; yet as we look back upon our long career in and far, only the graves of the prized and the loved, that were in our midst, and our first commenced publication, when we first met our first partner, our second partner and our third partner are dead, our first assistant our last assistant are all dead." "When these moments come over us, we feel like one alone in the night, in the midst of a church yard, with the winds sighing, and the voices through the broken tombs, and the British of departed joys sounding dolefully in his ears. Our prayer to God is that such memories may have a chastening, purifying and elevating influence upon us, and fit us to discharge better than we have ever yet done, our duties to earth and to heaven."

Dr. Negler's *French Surgeon*, says that the simple elevation of a person's arm will stop bleeding from the nose. "It explains the fact," says the *Physician*, "that a positive remedy is certainly easy of trial."

DAD'S EXPERIMENT ON BILLY.—Less than a hundred miles from Syracuse lives an old farmer, whose given name is Zury, a hard working, honest old Englishman, owning a good farm of over a hundred acres, and two faithful boys, who had been brought up to wield the "agricultural implement,"—from one of these I have my story.

Old Zury had an old goat on his farm who was not one of the most peacefully disposed creatures in the world, and on this account the boys took no little delight in putting his lordship on his taps once in a while by way of amusement. For a long time the old man had noticed that when Billy came home at night he was completely covered with mud and water, and old Zury could not imagine how he should become so, so he determined, if possible that he would find out the cause of poor Billy's misfortune.

One day he left the boys—to pick up the rakes, &c., after a hard day's work at hay-making—and walked to the ridge, where Billy generally kept himself. It was about time for the goat to go to the house, but there he lay, quiet and dry; so old Zury seated himself behind a stump; determined to watch his movements, for that night at any rate. He had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when who should he see coming along the ridge but the two boys. His first impulse was to tell them to keep back, but upon second thought, he said nothing.

"Take my load, Hank," said Dick, "it's my turn to take the load to-night."

Hank took Dick's load from his back; and Dick going down the hill a little ways soon showed himself within a few yards of where the goat was lying.

Billy had already caught a glimpse of the boys and was soon on his feet. Hank laid flat on the ground, and Dick, on the edge of the ridge, now presented a full front, which did not seem exactly to please his goatish; for he only pointed to him and down went Dick to aggravate Billy to a still more desperate lunge; again the signal rose, and Billy jumped out; just as he got within a few feet, Dick lowered himself about two paces, and Mr. Goat dived himself about fifteen feet into a ditch of marsh and water. Hank had caught sight of a small corner of the old man's hat above the stump, and sloped for the bars, while Dick was not a little surprised at the sudden transformation of the old stump into a human being, and that, too, the old man, at fifteen paces who by the way was not one of the most forbearing persons in the world; and as he looked around on the ground, Dick, thinking that a club or a stone might possibly be the object of his search, started on a keen run for the barn. The old man made up his mind that the mystery was solved. That night Dick and Hank didn't come home to supper.

I thought I should not be able to hold myself together, as Hank related the surprise of old Zury and his son, as they stood face to face.

"But hold on," said he "I haven't told you the best of it yet. About two weeks from that time, one day I and Dick had been working all day, and we made up our minds that we should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been in the field at all that afternoon, and he always kept a good barrel of ale in the cellar; but when we had started going to see him, the old man edged around the ridge, so Dick and I went over that way. There was old dad, and there was the goat.

We laid flat on the ground, anxious to know what the old man was going to do. What was our surprise to see him take the position Dick had taken a couple of weeks before.

We said nothing for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport for a long time. The old man presented rather a formidable appearance, but Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for the mark. The old man lowered, but a little too late, for the goat took him "plump." We heard something strike in the mud, and it wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down over the ridge. I and Dick pulled for the barn, and a few minutes after we saw the old man paddling for the house, covered with mud from head to foot.

That night the old man dressed up in his best clothes. I ventured to ask him if he was going over to see the deacon.

"See the deacon, no! Can't a man put on good clothes without going to see the deacon?"

"Yes," said Dick, leaning out of the door, "can't a man go and see the goat without tumbled into the mud?"

Dick was gone, and the old dad looked at me, and then very significantly at a heavy wooden boot-ack. I stepped out of the back door.

Old Hickory.—A young Tennesseean having been taken prisoner by the British near New Orleans, was asked by one of his captors how far it was to the city. "Six miles," was the reply. "Then we will reach there to-morrow," said the other. "You will find it a rough road," said the Tennesseean. "Ah! what is in the way?" "Old Hickory!" said the young man. "The obstacle proved more formidable than the traveler had anticipated."

CAPTAIN TOBIN'S LETTER.

A friend has handed us the following correspondence, which actually occurred, in 1846, between the Second Auditor and Captain Tobin. The gallant captain was a son of Erin. Full of mirth, wit, and vivacity, he could not be grave even in official correspondence. His letter was published all over the country at the time it was written, and excited the merriment of every body. We republish the letter, not doubting that it will be generally acceptable.

SOME THINGS "RICH AND RARE."—The *New Orleans Delta* publishes the following correspondence, as an illustration of the philosophy of letter-writing. Mr. McCalla, it will be seen, (says that paper,) is positive, pointed, and sententious. Capt. Tobin is candid, discursive, and didactic. The whole, if not trenching on the sublime, belongs at least to the beautiful.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
Second Auditor's Office, July 31, 1846.

SIR: You are charged on the books of this office with \$1,525, the value of the clothing and blankets furnished for the use of your company, and for which you will be held accountable. In order to relieve yourself from this accountability, you will enter on your muster-roll all articles of clothing and blankets issued to the men under your command, and request the paymaster to deduct the several amounts from their first payment.

You are held responsible for the camp and garrison equipage received for your company until turned over to a United States quartermaster.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JNO. M. McCALLA,
Second Auditor.

Captain G. H. Tobin, Washington Regiment Louisiana Volunteers.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
Second Auditor's Office Aug. 8, 1846.

SIR: By a decision of the honorable the Secretary of War, each soldier under your command is entitled to six months' clothing, to the amount of \$21; all over that they are to be charged with. There will be other charges, of which you will be informed by this office. You will please consider this letter your guide, in addition to the one you received from me of the 31st ult. Very respectfully,
JNO. M. McCALLA,
Second Auditor.

Capt. G. H. Tobin, Louisiana Volunteers.
New Orleans, September 17, 1846.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of two favors from you, one dated 31st July, the other 8th August. I can only answer by a yarn.

A countryman of mine was once indulging in the very intellectual operation of sucking eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed: "Be the powers, my friend, you spoke too late!"

I can only say, sir, that your favors have reached me too late. They have been chasing me through the Mexican post offices; that is to express myself more clearly, when I received them, they (the letters) were down in Mexico and I was up here; and when I didn't receive them, they were up here and I was down there.

The fact is, that most of my men have been paid off, and are scattered to the four quarters of the globe. They were mostly sailors, as I was myself. From them (if the arm chair, in favor of its legitimate there be charges) nothing can be expected. The camp and garrison equipage has been turned over to the proper officers with the exception of sundry axes, smash-downs, and placed hors de combat in chopping the down those amiable chaparrals on the banks of the Rio Grande. I except, also, the camp-kettles and pans, many of which were used in roasting, boiling, stewing and frying our pork and beans, bacon, and fresh beef, not to speak of the slow venison, which some were ill-natured enough to call Mexican beef.

For my own responsibility in the matter, I regret, more on Uncle Sam's account than on my own, that I am not worth a continental damn. I have been not only paid, but I believe overpaid by about \$40. My conscience compelled me to renege with the paymaster, but they assured me that they made no mistakes; bank tellers sometimes say the same. I considered their feelings, and indulged them. However, I made good use of the money. I gave it to the sick and unpaid soldiers.

Most of the other captives are in the same fix with myself (barring the over-pay) about responsibility, and refer to my epistle as an answer.

If you have any further communications for me, please direct them to the care of Major General John L. Lewis, New Orleans. I seldom go to the post office, because I have nobody to correspond with, and yet I am not the man who never had father nor mother, but was "won in a raffish." Very Respectfully,
G. H. TOBIN,
Captain Company D,
Washington Reg't Louisiana Volunteers.
JOHN McCALLA Second Auditor.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might." "So I did this morning," replied Bill with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah, what was it, my darling?" and the father's hand ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why I whopped Jack Edwards till he yelled like thunder; you should have heard him holler, dad."

"Dad!" looked ungladly, while he explained that the precept did not imply a case like that, and concluded mildly with, "You should not have done that, my son."

"Then he'd whopped me," retorted Bill.

"Better," expostulated his sire, "for to flee from the wrath to come."

"Yes but"—by way of a final clincher—"Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself and a sermon reconciling practice with precept.

"Yes, yes, nature balances all things admirably, and put the sexes and every individual of each on a par. Them that have more than their share of one thing commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength there ain't apt to be much gumption. A handsome man in a general way ain't much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that have genius have no common sense. A fellow with one idea grows rich, while he follows with him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked meat pie; the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy and is undone; the middle is not bad generally, but the small piece of all is that which favors the least part.—Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances.

There is a spice of quiet, but telling sarcasm in the following:—"Got a paper to spare?" "Yes, sir, here is one of our last. Would you like to subscribe, sir, and take it regularly?" "I would—but I am to poor." He had just returned from the circus, which cost fifty cents; lost time from his farm, fifty cents; whiskey, judging from the smell, at least fifty cents—making a dollar and a half actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it! That is what we call "saving at the spile and wasting at the bung-hole."

BE GENTLE.—Violence ever defeats its own ends. When you cannot drive, you can always persuade. Few people will submit to coercion. A gentle word, a kind look, a good natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you. In the domestic circle especially, kind words and looks are most essential to domestic felicity. Children should never be spoken harshly to. It does them no good. If they commit a fault they should be corrected for it in a mild but firm manner, and the impression it makes upon them is sure to prove salutary.

EDITORIAL "ARM CHAIR."—The editor of the *Herald*, in the interior of California, retires from his post in a suitable valedictory, in the course of which he says,—"I shall abdicate with dignity the arm chair, in favor of its legitimate proprietor. By the way, this arm chair is but a pleasant fiction—the only seat in the *Herald* office being the 'empty' nail keg, which I have occupied while writing my leaders upon the inverted-auger box, that answers the purpose of a table. But such is life."

Pickles was decidedly opposed to the *Erans* until the late demonstration made by the women of that city. His views have since undergone a radical change. So long as the contest lay between the men of Erie and the railroad company, his sympathies were with the latter—but the ladies having entered the arena, he now considers it the duty of all good citizens to uphold the petticoats. Gallant fellow, that Pickles!

SUBTLY RITICULOUS.—A man in Wisconsin, who recently inserted a long advertisement in the papers, offering his farm for sale, closing it in the following sublimely ridiculous style: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful of God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine—also, two wags to sell and a yoke of steers."

ADVANTAGE OF LAZINESS.—A wag was one day speaking of a couple of his acquaintances who had gone West, where new comers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—"Neither of these two men will be afflicted." "Why not?" inquired a bystander. "Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets paid for it!"

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOUD.
There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, then replied—
"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who, in his life, was Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and gazed on Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty, was clad in a dark but distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English:
"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I will be able to earn my bread. I am willing to work in any manner—the scenes of Paris have seized me with such horror, that a life of luxury in a paradise to a career of luxury in a France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends?"

The strange gentleman rose. "With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice was full of meaning."
"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one in all America!"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.
"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied with a smile that had more mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—
"Arnold, the traitor!"

Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room at that Inn at Havre, his critics found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonyme of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flashed out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not exactly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre in his ear, and that the memory of this course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring, forever—"True to your country, what might you have done, oh! Arnold, the traitor!"

FRUIT TREES.—We occasionally hear of people being quite at a loss to know what to do with trees received in a cold time, or when the ground is frozen. The way is, either deposit the packages in a cellar as they are received, or open them and set the roots in earth until the weather changes; or a trench may be made in the open ground, even if the surface must be broken with a pickaxe, the trees laid in until they can be planted. They may remain in this state quite safe all winter. Every season we receive packages of trees from Europe in mid winter, and we find no difficulty in taking care of them in this way.—*Horticulturist*.

MAKE YOUR OWN CANDLES.—Take 12 ounces of alum for every ten pounds of tallow; dissolve the alum in water before the tallow is put in, and then melt the tallow in alum water, with frequent stirring, and it will clarify and harden the tallow, so as to make a most beautiful article, for either winter or summer use, almost as good as sperm.

If the wick be dipped in spirits of turpentine, the candles will reflect a more brilliant light.—*American Farmer*.

TO MAKE A BALKY HORSE DRAW.—In India when a horse can and will not draw, instead of whipping, spurring or burning him, as is frequently the practice in more civilized countries; they quietly get a rope and attaching it to one of the fore feet, one or two men take hold of it, and advancing a few paces ahead of the horse, pull their best. No matter how stubborn the animal may be, a few doses of such treatment effects a perfect cure.

USE OF CORN COBS FOR CATTLE FEED.—It is stated that if corn cobs be soaked in salt water, that cattle will eat them readily and thrive on them as part of their food. Half a peck to an ox every morning, is known before, and so of all other grain.