

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1856.

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For the Raftsmen's Journal.
LINES: BY J. R. CAZIER,
OF COUNCIL CITY, KANSAS TERRITORY.
There is a charm in all we meet:
The cooling wind—the waving grass;
And the sweet flowers look up and smile
In fragrant welcome as they pass.
And summer clouds come o'er the sky,
And murmur with the freight they bear;
Oh! why should sickness come to mar
The pleasure of a home so fair?
How oft we struggle on and deem
That just before us lies the goal,
Where sorrow will not come to blight
Each hope—each idol of the soul—
Where, for a cherished time at least,
We may have rest, and quiet joy;
And sweet, entrancing love to bloom
Our dream of life without alloy—
And find some talisman to turn
Each pain to joy, while borne along
The current of life's mighty stream,
With "purpose high, and spirit strong."
And as our changing fancy brings
Her treasures in some other form,
Like colors on a thunder-cloud,
We see the low, but feel the storm.
Oh, why alas! should ever thus
Some poisoned air, some brooding ill,
Where'er we go, in all this world,
Spread its dark shadow o'er us still.
It is that we may know how peace
From this dark world, by sin, is driven;
It is that we may learn to make
Our home—our shrine of love, in heaven!

COLONEL J. C. FREMONT.
From Sartain's Magazine, of October 1850.
BY PROFESSOR RHODES.

Since the mission of Him who came into the world to suffer that mankind might find redemption, the three greatest events that have occurred, are connected with the rise and progress of our own happy country;—the discovery of America, the American Revolution, and the establishment of the American empire on the coast of the Pacific Ocean; the last destined to be, in its effects, by no means the least important of the three.

When the announcement was made to the astonished nations of Europe of the existence of a new world far off over the wild waves of the western sea, a new principle introduced into the general mind a new impulse, which changed entirely the industrial relations and habits of the people, and produced effects, even upon the extent and permanency of empires, to which those of the conquests of Macedonia and Greece were but trifles. The overthrow of the Roman power, by the northern barbarians, sinks into insignificance, when its effects are contrasted with those of the emancipation in the Declaration of American Independence, and the practical application in the Constitution of the United States, of the great truths of the brotherhood and equality of man. And now, the discovery of the bright sands and rich rocks of California, and the issue thence of a golden stream to irrigate the nation, is destined to wield a mightier and far more permanent influence than the impulse which raised France to be for a time mistress of Europe. And not only were these events greater in power than those which I have compared them, they were also better in kind. On the one hand we find a train of woe and desolation; on the other, of happiness and prosperity. The greatness of the old world was the handmaid of ignorance and tyranny; that of the new led to civilization and liberty. Each great event is personified in a great man of corresponding character. Alexander led Greece and Macedonia to conquest; Aleric extinguished the flickering light of Roman refinement; with Napoleon, France "rose, reigned, and fell;" Columbus marked a pathway to a new-found world; Washington guided and sustained the patriots who consecrated that world to the advancement of human rights and human welfare; and Fremont lifted the veil which, since time first began, had hidden from view the real El Dorado. I purpose to introduce to the reader a short sketch of the life of the latter; the others belong to past time, and history has made up its record of their deeds.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT was born in South Carolina in January, 1813, and is consequently at this time (1850), a few months over thirty-seven years of age. When he was but four years old he was left an orphan by the death of his father, who, as the name indicates, was a native of France. The direction of his education, therefore, devolved entirely upon his mother, and his career in active life has shown that she lacked neither inclination or ability to direct it aright. Notwithstanding her limited means, she managed to support her son at Charleston College, where he distinguished himself by his industry and upright deportment. He graduated in 1830. About this time he became a teacher of Mathematics, and found means, not only for his own support, but also to contribute to that of his mother and her family. While discharging faithfully the arduous and responsible duties which were incumbent upon him as teacher, he still found time to attend to those of a student; and with that indomitable energy and perseverance which have marked his whole career, he devoted every leisure moment to perfecting himself in the science of civil engineering. In this pursuit, he was aided by the natural bent of his mind and talents peculiarly adapted to the subject. Having attracted the attention and secured the confidence and support of men of influence, he obtained the situation of assistant to Nicollut in the survey of the country around the head waters of the Mississippi. In this work he was engaged about four years, during the first half of the time in the ardu-

ous but interesting labors of the field, collecting information, making surveys, observations, &c., and during the last half in digesting and arranging the matter collected, and in preparing an accurate and valuable map of the country. He had now added practice to theory, and experience to enthusiasm and love of adventure. He had prepared himself for those great and wonderful expeditions and scientific researches by which he has since acquired imperishable renown.

The first of these expeditions he made in 1843, under the authority of the United States. At the head of a small party of frontiersmen, he entered the wilds west of Missouri and Iowa, and pursued his course to the Rocky Mountains. The main object of his expedition was to discover and explore a more practicable route over them than was then known. In this he was completely successful; and the comparative ease with which thousands of pilgrims to the golden shrine of California have passed in safety through the mountain barrier, testifies to the correctness of his judgment in pointing out the South Pass as the proper place, and to the care and skill with which he explored and laid down the route. Upon his return, he prepared a report replete with the most valuable information, not only respecting the geography of the country thro' which he had passed, but also in relation to its climate, to its geological characteristics, to the principle points of its military susceptibilities, locations for forts, &c., to its mineral wealth, to its rich grasses and its beautiful flowers—contributions in short new and valuable to almost every department of science.—This report was printed by the Senate of the United States, and has since been translated into various foreign languages, attracting attention and admiration from the learned in every quarter of the globe.

With man of Fremont's energy and enthusiasm, success acts merely as a stimulant to further exertion. As soon therefore as one expedition is concluded, we find him planning another more extensive and more hazardous. In the spring of 1843, he started upon his grand expedition, which has gained for himself the gratitude of the votaries of science everywhere, and for his country the great gold-bearing region of the west. His orders directed him to co-operate with the naval exploring expedition under Wilkes, in making a scientific examination of the basin of the Columbia River, the upper districts being allotted to him, and the tide-water regions to Wilkes. In May he left the frontiers of Missouri, and sealing the moraine as south of the South Pass, followed the windings of Bear River, until, in September, he arrived at the Great Salt Lake. Despite the warnings of the Indians, who imagined, that as the lake had no outlet for its waters, a great whirlpool must exist in the centre, he and his companions trusted themselves upon its waters in a frail boat of India-rubber cloth, and spent a night upon one of its islands, where, doubtless, foot of man had never trod before. Upon the shores of this inland sea, the poor deluded Mormons, driven by violence from their hard-earned possessions in Illinois, established their city of refuge, about four years after the visit of the gallant Fremont. After occupying about a week in making such partial exploration of this strange and interesting region as the lateness of the season would permit, our explorers pursued their course through Oregon, making the observations directed by the government orders, and in November arrived at Fort Vancouver, the goal of their journey.—The active mind of Fremont could not endure the thought of returning upon the same track. He determined to seek new scenes and discoveries through the vast region to the south of him, of which little had been known, and where civilized man had never penetrated, and of which the only sources of knowledge heretofore had been the wild and romantic but often contradictory stories of the Utah and his kindred races, and of the half-breed hunters who frequented Fort Hall.

Our adventurers, twenty-five in number, accordingly plunged without hesitation into the wilderness. They feared not. The men had confidence in Fremont, and he, under God, had confidence in himself. Nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly the varied powers of his mind, and his fertility in resources, than the success of this expedition, undertaken at the approach, and executed in the depth of winter. Of the way which he exercised over the minds of his men, we need no better evidence than the fact that they bore all the trials, the sufferings, and the hazards of this winter journey, almost without a murmur. For nine months the little band and its noble leader were unaided by their friends. Many a heart ached with doubt, and many a lip paled with apprehension for the fate of a husband, a brother, or a son, thus daring unknown perils. At length the news of their safety, and of their glorious achievements, sent a thrill of joy through the hearts, not only of their immediate relatives, but also of the whole nation. Three thousand five hundred miles had the weary wayfarers travelled. They had crossed the mighty, snowy Sierra, they had explored the wonderful valley through which roll the golden floods of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, they had skirted the great interior basin of California, and examined its prominent features, and they had returned in safe-

ty to their happy homes, proud of themselves, and proud of their beloved leader. Immediately after his return, Fremont proceeded to Washington, to submit his report and to prepare it for publication. When the war broke out between the United States and Mexico, it found him again on the shores of the Pacific. He had entrusted the oversight of the publication of his great report to other hands, and sought again the country of his many labors, for the purpose of exploring the western slope of the mountains which lie between the Sacramento valley and the Pacific. The limits of this article will not admit of even a condensed account of his services during the war. Suffice it to say, they were but ill rewarded.—"He had been explorer, conqueror, peace-maker, governor in California; and the victim of a quarrel between two commanders, like Columbus, he was brought home a prisoner." Being condemned by a court-martial, he refused indignantly a proffered pardon, and determined to continue his explorations with his own resources, and as a private individual.—He set out to seek a favorable road to San Francisco. Overtaken by terrible snow-storms among the mountains, he lost all his mules, and many of his men, and arrived at Santa Fe in the most destitute and suffering condition. Still he did not despair. The assistance of the honest frontiers-men, enabled him to pursue his journey, and after surmounting every difficulty, he again arrived in the valley of the Sacramento. He now, for the first time in his life, began to look well to his own interest, and in a few years he has amassed great wealth. He did not, however, devote himself wholly to gain, but found time to render valuable aid in organization of the young noble Pacific State, which evinced her gratitude and her confidence by appointing him one of her first two Senators to the Congress of our country.

[We will merely add to the foregoing sketch that a short term of two years fell to his lot, and, owing to the delay in the admission of the State, he sat in the Senate only one short session. On the expiration of his term the political control of the State had passed into new hands, of which a striking proof was given in the choice of John B. Weller, a decided pro-slavery man, as his successor in the Senate.]
Mr. Fremont now devoted himself to developing the resources of his California estate, which had been discovered to be rich in gold; but, in addition to the loss of his commission, as the only reward he had realized for his services in California, he now found himself greatly annoyed by claims against him for supplies which, during his campaign in California, had been furnished to the United States on his private credit. During a visit to London he was arrested on one of these claims, and it was only after great delay that the Government of the United States was finally induced to relieve him from further annoyance by the payment of these debts. In maintaining his right to the Mariposa property, he was also obliged to encounter many on the part of the Government which resisted his claim, but finally, by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States he triumphed over all of them.]

TWO URGINS SELECTING A PROFESSION.—
"Joe, when you grow up do you mean to be a lawyer or keep a confectionary store?"
"I haven't made up my mind, Tom, but ma wants me to be a minister."
"Oh, don't be a minister, Joe, for you can't go to circuses then."
"I know that, Tom, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know Mrs. Loveweg adores Mr. Prettyface, and wouldn't you like to be adored, Tom?"
"Perhaps I should; but then you can't drive fast horses."
"Oh, yes you can; ministers drive fast horses now-a-days; and besides that, Tom, when they have a bilious attack, the worshippers send them on a foreign tour; then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents; and ma says it won't be long before every minister has a country seat, and a collegian to write his sermons. Won't that be high?"
Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game of marbles.

WASH FOR SUNBURN.—Take 2 drachms of borax, 1 drachm of Roman alum, 1 drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy and a pound of ox-gall. Mix and stir well for ten minutes or so, and repeat this, stirring three or four times a-day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting paper, and bottle up for use.

NEW YORK CITY SENDS AN AVERAGE OF 1,800 unpaid letters per month to the dead letter office at Washington, not one reaching its destination. Persons writing letters should be as careful to prepay as to address them.

"Shure, and it wasn't poverty that druv me from the old country," said Michael the other day, "for my father had twenty-one yoke of oxen and a cow, and they gave milk the year round."

A lad, 13 years old, with an old rusty sword in his hand, drove a burglar out of a house in New Castle, Lawrence county, a few days ago.

It is stated that John Van Buren is about to wed the only daughter of the late John C. Calhoun.

CLEARFIELD, PA., JULY 9, 1856.

KANSAS.
Extracts from a Letter, to a gentleman in Clearfield County, dated

COUNCIL CITY, Kansas Ter., May 27, '56.

DEAR FRIEND:—In yesterday's letter I gave you a short account of the affair at Lawrence. The details you must seek in the papers, for I cannot write them—not in the "Banner & Advocate," however; you will find no account of them there! But you may, perhaps, in the "Tribune." But Greely, you say, is a President-maker. Well now, brother, possibly he is; but somehow he does tell the truth about Kansas; for he keeps a correspondent here who represents things just as they are, till the hearts of the people thrill with gratitude, and turn to the Tribune as their truest earthly friend, which shall yet break the spell of the sorceress, and cast our shackles off. Don't think that I mean to chide you, George, for your opinion of the Tribune, but believe me, Greely is right in respect to slavery. It is the one question, which if lost to us, all else is lost. Don't think that I mean by the term slavery, negro slavery alone. The race of the enslaved is only incidental. We here, who have been accustomed to so high a degree of liberty, are in imminent danger of a servitude more abject and more hateful than European despotism—more abject, because we were so free, and more hateful because our oppressors have not even the glitter of royalty, but are bandits and drunkards. The whole Territory is to be subjected to a complete guerilla surveillance, intolerable to bear. Spies are in every settlement. Many of our best men are in prison. Our stronghold is sacked—not by the superior strength of our enemy, however, but by United States authority, which they (the people) would not resist. Since this occurrence, a terrible gloom has settled upon all the land. The enemy is rampant—the highways are unsafe—murder is abroad, and anarchy reigns. Beneath all these brooding elements a civil war is warming into life. The North, perhaps, will think that things are going on pretty quietly here, now that our best presses are destroyed, emigration stopped, and communications generally interrupted. They will not hear much from us, except the Missouri version of matters. And as for ourselves, what shall we do? Our numbers are by no means insignificant; but we are mostly poor—too poor to live well—much too poor to fight. Yet in view of all these disadvantages, I believe the general sentiment is to place our property, our lives, and our undared honor by the altar of liberty, and resist every encroachment upon those rights, with which the constitution of these United States and the God of nature have endowed us; and we appeal to every lover of liberty throughout the land to render us speedy assistance, and protection in the use of these blood-bought and priceless treasures. Shall we appeal in vain? Must we die here unaided and unweared? Or, what is worse, must we be shorn of everything which makes life more than a brutish existence; of everything which goes to dispel the gloomy cloud that floats between us and eternity? Oh! Brothers of the North, we appeal unto you. Shall it be in vain? But I almost forgot that I am only writing to a few persons. However, you can do something—wake up your neighborhood. We must have the next President favorable to us, or we shall be lost. Labor for that. . . .

I do not anticipate that there would be much fighting—not that the Southerners lack war-like qualities, but they are under no necessity to fight, but can go whenever they please. They are contending to enslave us, while we are contending for Freedom and for existence. But you may think that the President would send the military to drive off such a force. Then why don't he send them to drive off or disperse the Georgians and Alabamians, who are causing this trouble? Let him do this, and we will be satisfied. Our friends could then settle together, and make themselves homes in this beautiful country. . . . The President is chief in this wickedness, and holds over us the terror of U. S. authority to enable a reckless banditti to rob and destroy us with impunity. This is the way in which we are to be subdued. This is the way in which the plots of Douglas, Atchison and Stringfellow are to be executed. Must it be so much longer? . . .

You will think it strange that I should have so far overcome my repugnance to war, as to be wishing for revolvers. Think rather how great must have been the wrongs which have driven me to it. Not that all Kansas is actually destroyed, for it would be an absurdity to talk of fighting if it were. But the eastern part of the Territory has, in many instances, suffered terribly from the "President's Banditti," and the whole of it is kept in a state of anxiety and suspense; which things have a tendency to harden our hearts. I deplore this, but so it is. Our teams from this place have not as yet been robbed, but only stopped and searched for arms. Individuals, on this road, have also had their arms taken from them. In view of this condition of affairs, I could not make up my mind to forsake Kansas in the time of her danger; neither could I think of staying here and idly looking on until we are completely gagged and bound beneath an intolerable and hopeless oppression. The only alternative, then, which I can see, is to fight.

It is a sad one indeed, and I pray God to forgive me if I be wrong in my conclusion.

It is with relief that I cast off from my mind the prospect of strife for a moment, to speak of the ready-made, and exuberantly fertile and beautiful farms with which nature has provided us. We have had plenty of rain thro' April and the fore part of May, and the country wears a very luxuriant appearance. We sowed no rye, but that among the wheat headed early in May. The wheat is very promising. The prairie grass has long been in head. On the uplands it is a little shorter than timely, and waving in the summer breeze, with its sprinkling of superb flowers, it presents a scene of magnificence—of exquisite and thrilling, yet boundless beauty—together with an impression of exhaustless fertility, that wins the mind for a time from its sorrows, and leads captive all the faculties of the heart. You may think me extravagant in this description, but I assure you I am not. I have endeavored to inform you truly and faithfully respecting the appearance and prospects of the country. I have represented its shadows—permit me also to reflect its sunlight—its promise—its joy. There has been but little sickness this season, except the remains of last August's ague, from which we are recovering. Then there has been plenty of rain this spring, which has put everything forward. Besides the insects which were very numerous last spring, seem to have been demolished by the cold winter. Crickets are scarce, and grasshoppers are nowhere. Moreover the thunderstorms have been milder this season—more like those of the eastern States—and not of such a terrible, tho' magnificent, character as those we witnessed last year. In addition to all these encouragements, an impression takes possession of the mind, and keeps possession of it, that a very little labor will produce an abundant living, together with all the luxuries of life, if we feel disposed to indulge in them. You will cease then to wonder that we love Kansas—too dearly perhaps for our spiritual welfare—far too dearly for the danger which menaces her to drive us from her. I was conversing lately with the wife of a neighbor, who has been mourning that they were not back in Pennsylvania. Well, she received a letter from a sister-in-law, who did return last winter, in which she regrets that she is not again in Kansas, and this lady here, in view of the danger of being driven out by the Southerners, says that she "just begins to love Kansas, and that she did not think that she would cling to it as she now does, and that she could not possibly be contented in Pennsylvania again." The fact is she has hitherto considered only their immediate trouble, and the care of a large family; but now she begins to awaken to the latent wealth which surrounds her.

June 2d.—Trouble thickens upon us. Buford's company is an avowed band of robbers. At all events, we begin to feel their presence in that character. Our citizens on the road are now robbed of money, as well as arms. Spies are scouring the country to ascertain where a descent can be profitably made. And the government sustains the banditti. It does not disperse the robbers, but it disperses the gatherings of Free State men, by means of a few soldiers, which they will not fight, and then leaves them at the mercy of the enemy. A Free State man recently expostulated with the Governor, and entreated him to protect us against these outrages, telling him that they must inevitably end in civil war. "Then war it is, by God!" was the reply. Since that he has been somewhat softened, I understand, by an apprehension that the free men, driven to desperation, might speak to him in another manner. In addition to all this, the Missourians are now making another irruption into the Territory. The immediate pretext is that the free men are committing outrages on the opposite party. In one case, some rash free state men did notify a man to leave. He left accordingly, and took several other pro-slavery families with him, telling all sorts of horrible stories as they went. Next we heard that there had been a fight in another place, and several killed on both sides. Then we heard that the killed were all on one side, the free men having called them out and shot them in cold blood, they having previously threatened to burn these free men at the stake. The final account, however, is, that they were endeavoring to hang a free man, and had one end of the rope round his neck, and the other over the limb of a tree, when the thing happened. But I cannot write every thing. I am not expecting to fight immediately, if it be possible to avoid it; and yet any letter which you may get from me now, may be the last one. I cannot tell, but would continually rest upon the pity of Him who has hitherto been to me a refuge and a shield. You have my prayers, brother; let me also have yours—not so much that God will spare my life, as that he will keep my soul from evil unto the end.

The survey has been suspended, I am told, in consequence of the "lower House's" non-concurrence in paying for it. I wish you would petition it to adhere to its position, and strike out any provision for paying for it at the present from the general appropriation bill. Help us every way you can. Oh! how I would like to see you. . . .

If I had had a deed for my land, early in the spring, I should have been very apt to have picked huckleberries on the Alleghenies

this summer. But as it is I cannot leave—that is, I do not expect to unless I am driven off. I cannot think of abandoning the cause of freedom for Kansas, till the last hope is gone; and when that time comes I can leave my native land forever, with only the memory of what it has been, to stir in my bosom one lingering regret. Your own devoted friend,
JOHN.

AN ADDRESS.
Delivered by Hon. John T. Hoyle, to the Centre County Agricultural Society, Oct. 1855.
COLUMBUS.

We will in the next place, consider some of the inorganic elements, which enter into the substance of plants, and are found in the ash. And we will first notice lime, which is very abundant in nature, there being few portions of the earth which will not furnish a sufficient supply for agricultural purposes. The farmer, before applying lime to his land, should have it reduced to atoms—as fine as possible, which can be done in no more expeditious, or cheaper way, than by expelling the carbonic acid gas by burning. After which, by the application of water, or by exposure to the air, it falls into a fine powder. In burning, it loses about 41 per cent of its weight. It then has a great affinity for acids, such as sulphuric, oxalic, &c., which are so much in excess in many regions and fields as to render them unproductive, producing sorrell and what is commonly called wild and sour grasses. The sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, is formed in nature, and is composed of atoms of oxygen and sulphur, while uniting with lime, forms gypsum or plaster of Paris and the oxalic acid, composed of oxygen and carbon forming oxalate of lime, these new compounds formed by the lime and acids, are not unfavorable to vegetation.

Where these acids, as well as humic and pyrogenous acids, are too abundant in the soil, they prevent the decomposition of the dead vegetable matter, and of course are not fit to be used as food for the plants. Hence the great utility of applying fresh burnt lime, to take up a portion of those acids, and the consequent decomposition of dead vegetable matter, making it more fertile, not so much from the amount of lime entering into the composition of the vegetable, as from its power in neutralizing the soil. We have seen by the above table that the ash of the grains, have but a small per cent of lime as in Indian corn 1-10 of one percent, wheat 20-30 per cent, rye 32, and oats 27 per cent, of potash and soda, and potatoes 51 1/2 per cent, turnips 42, and hay 18. Potash and soda are nearly allied to each other, properties and powers both being alkalies. Potash must be in considerable quantity in the earth. The farmer will add it to the soil, when he applies wood ashes, mineral coal ashes, and all decayed vegetable substances. Salt petre is the nitrate of potash, but too expensive to be largely used. Common salt is a muriate of soda, by applying which to our fields we have soda; and we have more, for the muriatic acid is composed of chlorine and hydrogen, so by the decomposition of the acid, we have chlorine, which is in the ash of most plants, though not largely.

There is a fair proportion of magnesia in the ash of corn, wheat, &c., but it was formerly thought unfavorable to vegetation. The farmer need not seek to apply it to his field, for it is abundant in the soil—in many clays, and is from 30 to 40 per cent of some limestones, and 50 or more per cent, in that which is called hydraulic lime.

Phosphoric acid is a very important element in the grains and grasses, and does not exist in a free state in nature, but is found united to potash, soda, lime, &c., forming phosphates and in these states are taken up as food for plants, and is absolutely necessary for their healthy growth and perfection.

The farmer can increase this element, on his fields by adding decayed vegetable matter, and decomposed dead animal and insect matter, in which it is most abundant. Some composts are made containing a great per cent of phosphoric acid, and fixed ammonia, which,

Remains on Fourth page.