

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 50.

## THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

I really think it is a shame  
A woman can't propose.  
Instead of waiting the caprice  
Of obstinate young beaux;  
Our foolish custom ne'er allows  
A timid maid to choose.  
But she must listen to man's choice,  
Then take him or refuse.  
They tell us that when leap year comes,  
This privilege we have;  
But 'tis an idle tale I vow—  
We're nothing but man's slave.  
I wish some one would make a law,  
To take effect direct,  
That man should henceforth sit,  
And woman should select.  
Why, if a woman now declines,  
If asked some time or other,  
And thus let one proposal slip,  
She ne'er may get another;  
But man can poke his nose around,  
And pick where he's inclined to,  
Or he can let the matter pass,  
Just as he has a mind to.  
It clearly is a shameful thing,  
To say the least about it.  
That man alone should have a choice—  
Male bipeds, do you doubt it?  
If custom gives the man to man,  
Why don't they do their duty,  
And pop the question, sans delay,  
To every smiling beauty.

## A ROMANTIC STORY.

Some twenty years ago a young man whom I shall call "Jamie," was the pastor of a large congregation of the established Church of Scotland. At school and at college he was distinguished for his love of learning, and as a minister was distinguished for his eloquence and mental attainments. He had been settled about a year, and was upon the eve of being married to a fine young woman whom he had loved from childhood, when the heritors and several English gentlemen who were then on a visit to the North, attended the kirk to hear the famous preacher. He more than verified his fame; he enraptured his audience. His theme was the story of his church. Its many disastrous wars, its martyrs, its undying hopes, even when despair seemed to shroud it in endless night, its unwearied toils, and its final triumphs, were each in turn presented to the minds of the hearers, with a power and feeling which defy description. He stood the genius of eloquence personified. But there was one among his hearers who was not bewildered by his glowing pictures.

The gentle hearted Belle, his betrothed, when the congregation dispersed, followed him to the manse. He received her in his study, but while conducting her to the chair she sank to the floor and burst into tears.

"O Jamie!" she exclaimed, as he raised her tenderly in his arms, and seated her on a sofa, "ye has broken my purr heart!"

"How so, my Belle! explain!"  
"Ye were drunk, Jamie, and I wonder the elders did nae tak ye o' the pulpit! Ye whined and ranted, and sometimes, God forgive me for saying sae, I thought I saw the evil one standing behind you, laughing and clapping you on the shoulder. My poor brain reeled—I was mad and knew it—I'm mad now—I cannal out this day—I feel my blood freeze. Oh, God be merciful to me a sinner, and save, oh, save my Jamie!"

Her head reclined upon his bosom, she gazed upon him for a moment, and expired in his arms.

He had preached his last sermon. No entreaties of a congregation who loved him—no flattering offers of future preferment tendered by the genry, could induce him to resume his labors as minister.

Five or six years passed, when the writer of this, who was his schoolfellow, accidentally met him in London. Jamie was then one of the principal teachers in a large educational establishment, and was highly esteemed for his moral excellence of character, as well as his learning and skill as a successful teacher. He was dressed in deep mourning, shunned society, and when the labors of the day closed he either wandered alone through the streets, or retired to his lodgings. The scene of Belle's death was ever present to his memory.

Her pure soul, he said, saw him as he was, a poor, vain, self-conceited sinner.—For the purpose of concentrating his thoughts, and infusing life into his sermons, he was in the habit of taking a glass of whiskey before entering the pulpit.—The morning before he preached the fatal sermon he felt rather nervous, for he knew there would be strangers to hear him, and he took nearly two glasses. What he said or how he conducted himself—no effort could recall—the death of Belle alone had merged in itself the doings of that fearful day. The compliments which he received sounded in his ears like satire and mockery, and the very name of liquor impressed him with horror.

He left home and came to London, where he obtained a situation as a teacher; but everything appeared so black to him that he expressed fear he should, in some unguarded moment destroy himself.

His friend, who was a sailor, suggested some active employment that would call into play his physical faculties, and thus give his mind a resting spell, before the mast in a ship.

"I like your suggestion," said he, "but I dislike the sea."

"Then turn soldier and seek employment in India, where there is always plenty of fighting."

"I will," he said springing from his chair, "when my engagement expires. I will purchase an ensign's commission. I wonder the thought never suggested itself to me, for my

ancestors, as far back as I can trace them, were soldiers. Better, far better die in the field of battle than by one's own hand." We separated.

A few weeks since in running my eye along the list of those who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Inkerman, I saw the name of Lieut. Col. —. A letter from my friend has since informed me that he had served in India, with Lord Gough, and was promoted for his gallant conduct in three campaigns. He was present at the battle of Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, and at last accounts was in good health, engaged in the siege of Sevastopol. He was still single; his heart was dead to love.

## ABOUT THOSE BOOTS.

"Who dares those pair of boots displace  
Must meet Bombastus face to face."

Recalling an old laugh the other day and trying to remember what caused it, we bethought ourselves of an adventure that poor B— (dead now) was very fond of relating in years past. It occurred on board the "Lexington" on one of her up passages from New York to Providence. The hero was a Vermont lad of twenty-five, sharp enough in a horse trade, but very verdant in everything else, who had just sold a string of nags in New York, and was now working round home via Providence and Boston. He "turned in" pretty early, and "turned out" again about sunrise the next morning, with the idea of "going up stairs," as he called it. Soon after he had put on his coat and hat, the passengers were astonished by a heinous outcry from "Yarmout."

"What's the matter?" said a quizzical looking gentleman in green glasses.

"Matter?—matter enough, I reckon!" said Yankee. "Here's some onrightheous individual has gone and stole my brain new cowhide bates; cost me twenty-two York shillin's; and left me these ere slippers, made out o' yaller dog skin, not worth a darn!"

"Hush!" said the man with green glasses; "don't speak so loud. It's a common occurrence—on board this boat. Some of the niggers must have done it. Did you never notice that all the steamboat niggers go well shod?"

"Wall I have, old boss!—and that accounts for it, hey? Speak!—speak out! It does account for it, hey?"

"Hush! Yes—it does."  
"Wall, I'll holler 'cap'n,' and get the boat stopped till I find my bates—cost me twenty-two shillin's, York—I will, by gravy!"

"No, no! don't make a row. If you do, the theft'll throw 'em overboard. No, no! you watch the niggers, and when you find the delinquent, take him to the captain's office and make him settle!"

"I'll settle him! I ain't goin' to throw away a pair of twenty-two shillin' bates, no how."

It affords much amusement to the man in green glasses and his cronies to see the Yankee shuffling and scuffling about the cabin in yellow slippers, dogging every darkey and examining his feet. After a weary search, he came to his tormentor, and said:

"I'm going up stairs to plead around there, and see if I can trail 'em."

So up he went and the cabin passengers could hear his heavy tread, and sniff of his slippers all over the deck. By and by he came down again, just as a shiny African, with a pair of polished boots in his hand, went towards 93, the Yankee's berth. Just as he was drawing aside the curtain, to peep in "Yarmout," lit on him like a fierce cat, seizing him by the scruff of the neck, and yelling:

"I've cotched you, you double distilled essence of Day and Martin boiled down to the spirits of darkness, and mixed up with the hyper-sulphate of rascality! After my wallet, was you? Come along with me!"

"Lem me go," said the indignant darkey struggling to get free from the iron grasp of his antagonist.

"Not as you knows on, you rambunctious old wool grower!" said the indignant Yankee. "I've handled severer colts than you be."—And he dragged the terrified black up the cabin stairs, followed at a safe distance by the gentleman in green glasses and his companions.

Bringing the culprit before the Captain, he told his story, and agreed to abide by his decision. Of course an explanation followed, with a verdict for the defendant, and the plain tiff sentenced to pay nine-pence to the injured African.

"Sold, by maple!" said "Yarmout."—"Here, nigger, here's a quarter, and give me the bates; but if I can kitch that chap in the green goggles, pickle me! if I don't leave him into the Sound!"

It is needless to say that while the boots were only half on, the gentleman in green glasses disappeared, and was the first man to make himself scarce when the boat touched the wharf of Providence.

A nobleman was one night at a theatre in a side box, when a person entered the same box in boots and spurs. The duke arose from his seat, and with great ceremony, expressed his thanks to the stranger, who, somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason he received those thanks.—The Duke gravely replied, "for not bringing your horse into the box."

As a man lives, so shall he die;  
As a tree falls, so shall it lie.

## ORIGIN OF FILLIBUSTERS.

Toward the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, before the English navy had acquired a decided supremacy over the fleets of the other maritime powers of Europe, the seas were infested by gangs of pirates who treated the flags of all nations with contempt. In consequence of the naval power of Spain, bands of adventurers were formed, particularly on the shores of the Atlantic, who at first were tolerated and even supported by the powers hostile to Spain, but afterwards turned their arms against their protectors, and plundered indiscriminately the vessels of every country so unfortunate as to come within their reach. They were called *Fillibusters*, and their principal place of concealment was in the bays and inlets abounding on the coast of San Domingo, where they obtained assistance and recruits from among the half-civilized Buccaneers.

The first fillibusters were Frenchmen, possessing nothing but their daring courage, which conducted them to fortune or to the gallows. One of them, named Legrand, from Dieppe, assembled fifty chosen and determined followers, and sought his fortune in a bark, the name of which was never known. Not far from Spain, they spied a galleon, which had separated itself from the Spanish fleet. They approached her as if they were going to sell fish or fruits. Legrand and his band boarded her, entered the cabin of the Captain, who was playing cards, put a pistol to his head, forced him and his crew to surrender, and then returned with his booty to Dieppe. This adventure, says a cotemporary writer, was the first of a series of the most incredible enterprises during the following forty years.

French, Dutch and English Fillibusters used to assemble in their hiding places, in the Islands of San Domingo and Saint Kitts, and choose from their number a chief for each expedition. When they had gathered a large amount of booty, they bought a small vessel armed with cannons, with which they captured ships by hundreds. It was hard to escape them, and still harder to pursue them. They resembled ravens pouncing upon their prey from all quarters and then disappearing in nooks and retreats impossible of access by their pursuers. They often laid waste the coast for a distance of 500 miles, and have ventured frequently into the interior a distance of 200 miles.

In this way they over-ran and plundered the rich towns of Chegres, Mecaizabo, Vera Cruz, Panama, and the suburbs of Carthagena. One of the number, called Olonias, came to the very gates of Havana, with 20 men. When he and his companions had returned to their ship, the Governor dispatched a vessel of war, with soldiers and hangman on board, to pursue them. Olonias took possession of the Spanish man-of-war, beheaded the soldiers with his own hand, and sent the hangman back with his compliments to the Governor.

Whenever they captured a ship, they generally forced a portion of the crew to take service along with them, in this manner filling up the vacancies in their ranks made by the enemy's bullets. In most cases, however, compulsion was not needed; the adventurous life, and the prospect of rich booty, proving sufficient attraction to induce the greater number of sailors to join their party of their own accord.

The term "fillibustering" is now used to designate such expeditions as the one to Cuba and Walker's to Nicaragua.

## HOOPED PETTICOATS.

This is no new invention, as fashionable dress-makers would fain have us believe, but dates back to the time of Queen Anne. We find the following account of the origin of hooped petticoats, in an article on the "History of Female Dress," published in the *American Magazine*, of November, 1746, one hundred and ten years ago. So it appears that our great-grand-mothers were as fashionable as the belles now-a-days:

"On resuming the War under Queen Anne, the sprightly Gauls set their little wits to work again, and invented a wonderful machine, commonly called a *Hoop Petticoat*. In this fine scheme they had more views than one; they had compared their own climate and constitution with that of the British; and finding both warmer, they naturally enough concluded that would only be pleasingly cool to them, which would perhaps give the British ladies the Rheumatism; and that if they once got them off their legs, they should have them at advantage. Besides, they had been informed, though falsely, that the British ladies had not good fashions, and then, at all events, this scheme would expose them. With these pernicious views, they set themselves to work and formed a Rotund, of near 7 yards about, and sent the pattern over by the Sussex Smugglers, with an intent that it should be seized, and exposed to public view; which happened accordingly, and made its first appearance at the Great Man's house on that coast, whose Lady claimed it as her peculiar property. In it she first struck at Court, when the learned in dress call, a bold stroke; and was thereupon, constituted General of the British ladies during the war. Upon the whole, this invention did not answer; the ladies suffered a little the first winter, but after that, were so thoroughly hardened, that they improved

upon the contrivers, by adding near two yards to its extension; and the Duke of Marlborough having, about the same time, beat the French, the Gallick ladies dropt their pretensions, and left the British mistresses of the field; the tokens whereof are wore in triumph to this day, having outlasted the colors in Westminster Hall, and almost the great generals glory.

## ACCEPTANCE OF COL. FREMONT.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:—You call me to a high responsibility by placing me in the van of a great movement of the people of the United States, who, without regard to past differences, are uniting in a common effort to bring back the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson. Comprehending the magnitude of the trust which they have declared themselves willing to place in my hands, and deeply sensible to the honor which their unreserved confidence in this threatening position of the public affairs implies, I feel that I cannot better respond, than by a sincere declaration that, in the event of my election to the Presidency, I should enter upon the execution of its duties with a single-hearted determination to promote the good of the whole country, and to direct solely to this end the whole power of the Government, irrespective of party issues, and regardless of sectional strifes. The declaration of principles embodied in the resolves of your Convention, expresses the sentiments in which I have been educated, and which have been ripened into convictions by personal observation and experience. With this declaration and avowal, I think it necessary to revert to only two of the subjects embraced in these resolutions, and to those only because events have surrounded them with grave and critical circumstances, and given to them special importance.

I concur in the views of the Convention deprecating the foreign policy to which it adverts. The assumption that we have a right to take from another nation its domains because we want them, is a direct abandonment of the honest character which our country has acquired. To provoke hostilities by unjust assumptions would be to sacrifice the peace and character of the country when all its interests might be more certainly secured and its objects attained by just and healing counsels, involving no loss of reputation.

International embarrassments are mainly the results of a secret diplomacy which aims to keep from the knowledge of the people the operations of the Government. This system is inconsistent with the character of our institutions, and is itself yielding gradually to a more enlightened public opinion, and to the power of a free press, which, by its broad dissemination of political intelligence, secures in advance to the side of justice the judgment of the civilized world. An honest, firm and open policy in our foreign relations would command the united support of the nation, whose deliberate opinions it would necessarily reflect.

Nothing is clearer in the history of our institutions than the design of the nation in asserting its own independence and freedom, to avoid giving countenance to the extension of Slavery. The influence of the small, but compact and powerful class of men interested in slavery, who command one section of the country, and wield a vast political control as a consequence in the other, is now directed to turn back this impulse of the Revolution and reverse its principles. The extension of Slavery across the Continent is the object of the power which now rules the Government; and from this spirit has sprung those kindred wrongs in Kansas, so truly portrayed in one of your resolutions, which prove that the elements of the most arbitrary governments have not been vanquished by the just theory of our own.

It would be out of place here to pledge myself to any particular policy that has been suggested to terminate the sectional controversy engendered by political animosities, operated upon by a powerful class banded together for a common interest. A practical remedy is the admission of Kansas into the Union as a free State. The South should, in my judgment, earnestly desire such consummation. It would vindicate its good faith—it would correct the mistake of the repeal of the act known as the Missouri compromise; and the North, having practically the benefit of the agreement between the two sections, would be satisfied, and good feeling be restored. The measure is perfectly consistent with the honor of the South, and vital to its interest. That fatal act which gave birth to this purely sectional strife, originated in the scheme to take from free labor the country secured to it by a solemn covenant, cannot be too soon disarmed of its pernicious force. The only genial region of the middle latitudes left to the emigrants of the Northern States for homes cannot be conquered from free laborers, who have so long considered it as set apart for them in our inheritance, without provoking a desperate struggle.

Whatever may be the persistence of the particular class which seems ready to hazard everything for the success of the unjust scheme it has partially effected, I firmly believe that the great heart of the nation, which throbs with the patriotism of the free men of both sections, will have power to overcome it.—They will look to the rights secured to them by the Constitution of the Union, as their best safeguard from the oppression of the class

which—by a monopoly of the soil, and of slave labor to till it—might in time reduce them to the extremity of laboring upon the same terms with the slaves. The great body of non-slaveholding freemen, including those of the South, upon whose welfare Slavery is an oppression, will discover that the power of the general Government over the public lands may be beneficially exerted to advance their interests and secure their independence. Knowing this, their suffrages will not be wanting to maintain that authority in the Union which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of their own liberties, and which has more than once indicated the purpose of disposing of the public lands in such a way as would make every settler upon them a free-holder.

If the people entrust to me the administration of the Government, the laws of Congress in relation to the Territories will be faithfully executed. All its authority will be exerted in aid of the national will to re-establish the peace of the country on the just principles which have heretofore received the sanction of the Federal Government, of the States, and of the people of both sections. Such a policy would leave no ailment to that sectional party which seeks its aggrandizement by appropriating the new Territories to capital in the form of Slavery, but would inevitably result in the triumph of free labor—the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions.

Trusting that I have a heart capable of comprehending our whole country, with its varied interests, and confident that patriotism exists in all parts of the Union, I accept the nomination of your Convention, in the hope that I may be enabled to serve usefully its cause, which I consider the cause of Constitutional Freedom.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
J. C. FREMONT.

To Messrs. H. S. Lane, President of the Convention; James M. Ashley, Anthony J. Bleeker, Joseph C. Hornblower, E. R. Hoar, Thaddeus Stevens, Kingsley S. Bingham, John A. Willis, C. F. Cleveland, Cyrus Albrich, a Committee, &c.

## HONESTY AND TRUST.

The following pleasant anecdote is from "Glances and Glimpses," a new book by Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, who was once a teacher in Boston:

"A cousin of mine in Charleston, having passed away, it became proper that I should attend her funeral. It was school afternoon. I did not dismiss the scholars, and as they always disliked a monitor, I hit upon the following plan of leaving them:

I placed in the chair a large, old-fashioned slate (it had been my father's,) wrote on it the name of the scholars in the order in which they sat; arranged the needle work and reading—for I always had something interesting read aloud by some older pupil every afternoon; and then said:

"Now, children, when the clock strikes five, leave your seats orderly, go to my chair and place on the slate, by each of your names, a cross for good behavior, and a cross for bad. When I return, I shall anxiously look at the slate, and in the morning, when you are all assembled, I will read the list aloud that everything may be confirmed. But I trust in you!"

On my return I visited the school-room, and found but one cross on the slate, and that where I least expected it, appended to the name of a beautiful, open, bright, brave child, who then promised much for the world—the fact of her having rich parents being her greatest drawback. She was the last child in the school I should have thought capable of any misconduct. Well, the next morning came; the list was read; it proved truthful, but when I came to this name, I said:

"My dear child, you must explain; why is this? what did you do?"  
Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, and speaking with a soulful tone, which always made her an object of sacred interest, she replied:

"I laughed aloud; I laughed more than once; I couldn't help it, because a slate was keeping school."

How TO CULTIVATE TOMATOES.—Tomatoes are benefited by shortening in. Three-fourths of the mature fruit is produced upon a small part of the vine nearest the root, say one-third or one-fourth of its length. It is recommended to stop the further development of vines after a fair supply of fruit is set, by clipping off the vine growing beyond. The clipping should not be carried too far, as a supply of foliage is required to gather food from the air. One of the most successful cultivators in our acquaintance made it a rule to let no vine extend beyond four feet from its root.

In Roshia, India, according to the Rev. Mr. Walpole, any man of that place who may be inclined to matrimony, if he happened to be pleased with any of the girls whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief on her head and neck; the girl is then obliged to return home, regards herself as betrothed, and appears no more in public!

THERE ARE NOW five persons in the Blair county jail charged with murder.

CLEARFIELD, PA., JULY 30, 1856.

[The following letter was intended for last week's paper, but was delayed on the way until after our publication day.—ED. JOURNAL.]

## LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

MOUNT VERNON HOUSE, July 21, 1856.

Friend Row:—I presume that ere you receive this letter, you will have seen a detailed account of the circumstances connected with the late horrible catastrophe on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, near this city, which exceeds, in its frightful features, even the burning of the steamboat New Jersey. It has spread a gloomy pall over the entire city, and since its occurrence but little else has been thought of or talked about. A large amount of money has been subscribed, for the relief of the sufferers—the sick, the wounded, the widow, and the fatherless. The guests, boarders and employees of the Mount Vernon House made a very handsome donation, for which manifestation of their sympathy they deserve great credit. (We were not a contributor, and can thus speak of it, as it deserves, without being charged with egotism.) By the way, both the Mount Vernon and its accommodating proprietor are in a highly prosperous condition, and notwithstanding the oppressive heat, the house is well filled with guests. It would be impossible to stop with a more obliging, clever fellow, or at a house where you will be better waited upon and attended to. The people of Clearfield manifest their good sense in so extensively patronizing the Mount Vernon. We had rather a singular accident here last night. A man, some sixty or seventy years of age, employed for making fires, &c., has been in the habit, during the warm weather, of sleeping upon the top of the house—on the flat. Last night, whilst asleep, he either rolled or walked off, and was precipitated head-long to the ground, from a building five stories and a half high! Yet, singular to say, the only injuries he has apparently sustained are a flesh wound on one arm, and a few bruises on the back! He is doing well, and is expected to recover.

Business here is very dull, of course, and the weather is intensely hot. Last Friday, the mercury was up to 104! Sherry cobblers, ice cream and soda water, are going down in about the same ratio that the mercury rises, and every body seems to be busily engaged trying to keep cool. Dreams of Kamskatchka and the Arctic Regions, of sea bathing and mountain breezes, utterly fail to keep up the animal spirits as high as the mercury, and one is almost led to believe that the clerk of the weather, overcome by the heat, has fallen to sleep, and the thermometer gone on a spree.

The political battle wages hot, and Buchanan's stock is decidedly below par. A frequent topic of conversation, is the exceedingly low schedule of prices which the Judiciary of the District of Columbia have prepared, to foster that important branch of business. For example, at the low price of \$300, one may now beat a Senator almost to death, and stain the floor of the Senate-house with his blood, for words spoken in debate. The maintenance of such ruffianism has become one of the new Democratic doctrines, and should that party succeed, they will doubtless turn the Senate chamber into a gladiatorial amphitheatre.

The opposition to the present Administration in this city, as might be expected, is decidedly for Fillmore. This is easily accounted for by their affinities to Southern trade, though there are many of them, doubtless, actuated by more patriotic motives.

It seems that Mr. Van Buren is about to learn something that he ought to have known long ago; that it is very easy for a man to lead a large party astray, but not so easy to drive them back again, or in other words, that, notwithstanding the late coup d'etat from Kinderhook, the Democratic Free Soilers of New York refuse to follow the old "bell wether," and have called a State Convention, to meet on the 24th inst., from which Mr. Buchanan and his party may anticipate some startling results.

The Whig State Convention of Virginia, which has just adjourned, has called a National Old Line Whig Convention at Baltimore on the third Wednesday of September. The Virginia Convention supports Fillmore, as a Whig, and the movement at Baltimore is destined to exert an important influence on the result of the contest.

I see "your neighbor" don't like one of the speeches delivered recently at the exhibition of the Academy. From the statements made in regard to Col. Fremont's gastronomic accomplishments, if he is elected, the sapient editor, should he visit Washington, had better keep away from the President's levee, for it is hinted that, among other things, the Col. is addicted to eating puddles, jackasses, and such like cattle. If his choice is made from the length of the ears, I very much fear "your neighbor" would be in danger.

Yours, X.

DECENCY is a matter of latitude. In Turkey a man with tight pants on is considered so great a vulgarian that he is not tolerated in respectable society. To spit in presence of an Arab is to make the acquaintance of his cheese-knife. In Russia that man is considered low who refuses a warm breakfast of fried caudles. In this country, vulgar people are such as keep good hours and live within their income. So wags the world.