

Raftsmen's Journal.

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GOOD-BYE.

Some words may often touch the heart,
Some oft create a sigh;
But none more meaning can impart,
Than one fond last "good-bye."
"Good-bye!" an aged mother said
Unto the infant son;
A word of prayer, a tear was shed
O'er that sweet angel one.
The spirit of the child is gone,
But on its pallid brow
A smile remained just like the one
Of angelic smiling now.
Ah! when I leave this dreary world
For brighter realms on high;
For love's dear sake, I'll not forget
To breathe a last "good-bye!"

THE UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

AN INTERESTING STORY.
On my last visit to Mississippi I arrived one pleasant Autumn evening at the village of Deepwoods, having come in the stage that day from Moody Creek. I found the inn well filled, and learned that the circuit court was in session there. At the supper-table I found the judge and some half dozen lawyers, besides the county officers, and numerous visitors who had come to attend the trials. I had some business to transact with a merchant in the place, whose name was Landon Wallack, and I made up my mind to call upon him during the evening. I knew where his store was and after tea I walked down to the place. The building was all fast, however, and I turned my steps towards his dwelling. I knocked at the door, and my summons was answered by a black woman. I asked her if Mr. Wallack was at home. She looked into my face a few moments, and then burst into tears.

"He's to hum, but he's dead!" she sobbed with much effort.
I managed to learn from the negress that Wallack had been murdered three days before, and that his murderer would be tried on the morrow. Under such circumstances I could not disturb any other of the family, and having gathered from the slave the leading particulars I left the door and returned to the inn. There I learned some further matters touching the murder, but those who understood the subject fully were busy, and I was forced to wait until to-morrow for a clear knowledge of the case. Though the murder had been committed so recently, the body having not yet been buried, yet as the court was in session, and the accused and witness on hand, the trial was to take place immediately.

On the following morning I entered the court-room with the crowd, and the first case that came up was that of the murder of Landon Wallack. The accused was not over five-and-twenty, Edward Demarton. He had been employed several years as Wallack's chief clerk, and was one of the most capable youths in the country. I had some dealings with him, and had learned to love and respect him. He was lightly built, remarkably handsome, and bore himself with native pride which, while it gave him firmness and dignity, never made him haughty or over-bearing. He was an orphan, of French descent, and had been born and reared in New Orleans. As he sat in the prisoner's box I could see him plainly. He was very pale, and seemed to suffer much; yet he did not look like a guilty man. I could not believe that he had ever committed a murder. He was too brave and honorable for that.

At length the trial commenced. The witnesses came on and gave their testimony, and my heart sunk within me as I found how strong the tide of circumstances set against him. It was proved that he wished to marry with Landon Wallack's niece, a young girl named Isabel Wallack, and that the uncle had objected. From this a quarrel had ensued, and the youth had left Wallack's service. It was further proved that Demarton had challenged Wallack to fight a duel, and that the merchant had refused on the ground that he could not consent to meet one whom he still regarded as a son. Then it was proved that the youth was very wrath at this, and that he swore Mr. W. should "either fight or suffer the consequences;" he was determined to have satisfaction. On the morning of the murder, the merchant started on horse-back for Dantonville, and in half an hour afterwards the prisoner mounted his horse, and started after him, saying, as he leaped into the saddle, that he "would easily overtake Mr. Wallack." And then he added, in presence of three witnesses, who swore to the words, "I can settle our trouble as well on the road to Dantonville as anywhere." This was at six o'clock in the evening. At nine o'clock, a man named Harold—Dunk Harold, he was called—was coming from Dantonville, and in a small piece of wood through which the road ran, he came upon the body of Landon Wallack, and at the same time he saw Edward Demarton riding away from the spot. The moon was shining brightly, and he recognized the prisoner very plainly. He leaped from his saddle and found the merchant senseless, and bleeding freely from several wounds. Close by he found a silver-handled bowie-knife which had been proved to be the prisoner's property. The knife was covered with blood, and the physicians had decided that the wounds had been made with it. The murdered man had also received a blow upon the head that of itself was nearly sufficient to kill.

This Dunk Harold was a hard-looking customer. He was a stout, broad-shouldered man, somewhere about forty years of age, with dark, coarse, animal features, and looked the perfect villain. In defence it was proved that Harold had some difficulty with the prisoner, and that he had sworn to have revenge; but this amounted to but little.
Surely the case seemed very clear against the prisoner. He had difficulty with the murdered man—challenged him to mortal combat—swore to have revenge—followed him on the road to Dantonville with the avowed purpose of settling the trouble—been seen to flee from the bleeding body—his knife found all bloody by the murdered man's side—and, when he was apprehended, his own hands and clothes were bespattered with blood! Were not these circumstances conclusive? At all events, so were they generally received.
At length Edward Demarton was permitted to tell his story. He arose, and though he was pale and wan, yet his voice was firm. He first called upon God to witness that he spoke the truth, and then went on. He said, on the afternoon before the murder he had spent over two hours with Mr. Wallack; that all their difficulty had been settled, and the merchant had explained to him that his only objection to the marriage of Isabel had been the fact that he had promised her father, on his dying bed, that she should not be married until she was twenty years of age.
"We made our differences all up at that time," continued Demarton, "and Mr. Wallack asked me if I would come back into his service. He said if I had been willing to have asked the reason of his refusal of Isabel's hand he would have given it, but I was hot and impetuous, and he was a little nettled by it, so he resolved to tell me nothing. He had just asked me if I would come back into his service when some one entered the store who wished to see him. I told him I had planned to go to Dantonville that evening, but would call on him when I returned. He said he had got to go to Dantonville, too, and bade me call on him in that place, at the same time signifying that he would arrange matters there.—After that I went over by the lake, and when I came back I learned that Mr. Wallack had been gone half an hour. I got my horse ready at once, and when about to start I did make the remarks which have been sworn to; but I made them jokingly, in view of the friendly meeting we were to have, little thinking of what was to occur. I rode off, and at the distance of some ten miles, in the little wood, I found Mr. Wallack's horse standing by the side of the road. A little further on I found the merchant weltering in his blood. I leaped from my saddle and knelt down by the side of the body. I turned the face up and called his name several times. The flesh was yet warm, but life seemed extinct. I got my hands and clothes thus bespattered with blood, but I thought not of that. When I found that life was gone, and that I could not well handle the body alone, I remounted my horse and started back for help.
"It has been urged that if I had really sought help I would have ridden on towards Dantonville, where I could have found it within half a mile, rather than towards a point where there was no house for over six miles. But I could not stop to think then. My first instinct was towards home, and I followed it. I had gone four miles when my horse fell.—He was too lame to trot. Soon afterwards I was overtaken by Dunk Harold and another man, who arrested me for the murder. With regard to the knife—the knife found was mine, and it had been stolen from me that day."
The youth sat down as he ceased speaking and the judge shook his head.
"Any one can invert a story like that," he said, in his charge to the jury, "but no one could have invented the circumstances which bear against the prisoner."
In short there seemed to be no hope for the youth. Though people pitied him, yet I could see that they shook their heads dubiously when he pleaded his innocence.
The judge had summed the evidence all up, making it more strong against the prisoner than before, if possible, and the jury were on the point of retiring, when a sudden commotion was perceptible at the door, and in a moment more a young girl, or maiden, rushed into the court-room, with her long chestnut hair floating wildly in the wind, her bosom heaving deeply, and her eyes fairly burning with intense eagerness. It was Isabel Wallack. She was a beautiful girl; tall, straight, and nobly proportioned; with a face of striking loveliness, and a form at once voluptuous and queenly. She cast one quick glance upon the prisoner, full of love, eagerness, and hope, and then turning to the judge, she cried—
"Is he tried yet, sir? Is he found guilty?"
"Not yet—but he soon will be," answered the judge, overcoming his astonishment as quickly as possible for the benefit of his dignity.
"Oh! he's innocent! he's innocent!" the fair girl exclaimed. "He's not the murderer. He! officers, seize upon Dunk Harold, and see that he does not escape! Quick! quick!"
Even as the maiden entered the room, Harold had moved nearer to the door, and as these last words were uttered he made a rush for the street; but a stout boatman in the doorway held him until the sheriff came up. The fellow struggled hard, but a pair of iron cuffs were soon placed upon his wrists, and he was carried back.
"Now," continued the girl, turning to the judge, "will you send whom you please to take

my uncle's words down? He is alive!"
At these words Edward Demarton started to his feet and uttered a cry of joy. But his feelings quickly overcame him, and he sank fainting back. As soon as the first outburst of astonishment consequent upon this startling intelligence had passed, Isabel explained what had happened. She said two physicians were with her uncle, and that he had revived from his lethargic sleep; that he had his senses perfectly, and that he wished to give to the proper persons an account of the assault which had been made upon him.
The Court was adjourned at once, and then, the judge himself, accompanied by three of the lawyers and the foreman of the jury, went to the merchant's house. They found the wounded man very weak; and the physicians said he could not live long. As soon as the new comers were arranged about his bed, he related to them as follows:
He said that on the day he started for Dantonville he saw young Demarton at his store, and that all difference between them was there made up, and also that he promised to meet him in Dantonville. He started alone on horse-back, and he was to carry with him. It was dusk when he started, and in half an hour it was fairly night, only there was a bright moon. When he reached the little wood, he was overtaken by Dunk Harold. He felt a sudden tear that Harold meant to rob him, for he (Harold) had seen him packing the money away in his pocket-book. So he made a move for his pistol, but before he could reach it, Harold gave him a blow on the head with a short club, which knocked him from his horse. He remembered well of the villain's stabbing him several times, and he knew, too, when he took the money from his pocket. He could remember nothing more until he had come to his senses on the morning of the then present day.
The physician said that the sufferer had been in a sort of cataleptic state, induced by one of the stabs, and partly aided by the blow on the head. His account was taken down, word for word, by one of the lawyers, and duly witnessed; while the two physicians swore that the man was in possession of full sense and sound mind. With these attested documents, the party, returned to the court-room.
The court was quickly opened, and ere long the jury returned a verdict of acquittal for Edward Demarton, and thereupon the joy of the spectators burst forth in a shout, which the court tried not to stop.
Mr. Dunk Harold was soon put upon trial for the murder, and duly convicted of the crime. When he found that all was known, he made a full confession. He confessed that he did the deed, and that he did it for the money. He knew that young Demarton was going on the same road, so he contrived to steal the youth's knife, meaning to fasten the murder upon him. And but for the wonderful interposition of the Power which had held the murdered man for a witness, the scheme would have succeeded.
Mr. Wallack lived till noon of the next day, and before he died had placed the hand of his niece within the grasp of Edward Demarton, and bade them live together upon his bounty. He had no family of his own, and to Isabel he left all his property; but it was with the understanding that Edward should manage it for her, and be her companion for life. Though there was deep sorrow in the loss of so kind and generous an uncle, yet there was joy in the thought that she had now a noble and affectionate husband.

GEN. WM. WALKER AND NICARAGUA.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.
The latest arrival from Nicaragua brings to this country the intelligence that peace will be shortly made between Walker and his enemies; that his affairs are in most a flourishing condition, and that a large number of recruits from New York, New Orleans and California have been added to his forces. There now remains but little doubt that he will be able to permanently establish himself and his followers in that country, and retain possession of the Government. Settlers have been invited from all parts, and free farms offered to them. The decree of 1824, abolishing Slavery, has been repealed, and the importation of Slaves into Nicaragua is solicited. The soil, the climate and the productions—such as rice, sugar, cotton and tobacco—are suitable to Slave labor, and this is held to be necessary for the prosperity of the country, and the full development of its rich resources. A large quantity of the landed property, which belonged to the native inhabitants, has been confiscated to the use of the Government. Pierre Soule has purchased one of the confiscated estates, and a number of the remaining estates will be purchased by Southern Slaveholders, or by capitalists who are willing and able to purchase Slaves to stock them. If the future may be judged by the past, there will be an attempt made to annex Nicaragua during the administration of James Buchanan. The attempt to annex it to this country may be postponed until the eve of another Presidential election. The question of the extension of Slavery will then be used to elect Judge Douglas President, and will agitate the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to the Isthmus of Darien.—The South will present, as in the late election, an undivided front, and the North will be di-

vided into two parties, Pro-Slavery and Anti-Slavery. A large portion of the Northern Democracy will act with the South. John Randolph declared that the South was as sure of the Northern Democrats as she was of her own negroes. Our large Atlantic cities will give their votes, money and influence to aid the alliance of the Southern Slaveholding Aristocracy and the Northern Democracy, composed of office-holders, office-hunters, ignorant and narrow-minded partisans, Roman Catholic Germans and Irish, gamblers, grog-sellers, and the obscure rabblement, whom they influence. "Property is sensitive and trade is timid." Threats made by the South against the business and breeches-pockets of the merchants of our Northern cities, will at once frighten them into a coalition with the most corrupt and sycophantic demagogues of the Democratic party.

As, in all probability, Gen. William Walker will be a conspicuous person in the history of the events of the next four years, and will be the first Senator elected from the State of Nicaragua, we condense a biographical sketch of him from a New Orleans paper, the Louisiana Courier. The writer of the sketch has been acquainted with Gen. Walker from his childhood, and has given some interesting particulars in regard to his relatives, his life and his personal appearance.

William Walker was born in Nashville, Tennessee. His father was a Scotchman, from Glasgow, or its neighborhood. The name of his mother was Norvell. She was a native of Kentucky, and was a sister of John Norvell, once United States Senator from Michigan. John Norvell was a gentleman of talent, high character and pleasant and agreeable manners. He was a lawyer and politician.—He was appointed a Judge, was elected to the United States Senate, and was appointed U. S. District Attorney for Michigan by Gen. Zachary Taylor. Judge Norvell had a son in the U. S. Army, Captain Spencer Norvell, a most accomplished gentleman, and he had a daughter married to a Capt. Miller, of the U. S. Army. When on a visit to Niagara Falls it was reported that his daughter had fallen or thrown herself into the cataract. It was soon discovered that this was not true, but that she had eloped with a paragon. Her paragon and her place of concealment was unknown, but her conduct killed both her father and her brother. In less than a year after she eloped her paragon deserted her, and she returned home to Detroit to seek the protection and solicit the mercy of her afflicted family. She found an empty home and two graves, one filled with her heart-broken father, and the other with her gallant brother. They were too high strung to survive the disgrace she had brought upon her family. These unfortunate persons were the uncle and first-cousin of General Walker, of Nicaragua.

William Walker has received a liberal education. At school and college he was taciturn and studious. He was very proficient in the mathematics and exact sciences. After he graduated at the University of Nashville, he went to Edinburg, and graduated in the Medical school of that city. He then went to Paris, attended a course of lectures on the medical parts of Middle and Southern Europe. On his return to Nashville, he found that neither his taste nor his temperament fitted him for the practice of medicine, and he then emigrated to New Orleans, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He did not succeed in the profession. He then connected himself with the Crescent newspaper, and devoted himself with great earnestness and zeal to the labors of editorial life. This experiment was also unsuccessful, and he emigrated to California. He was for a while connected with the Press in California, and for some time practiced at the bar. Collecting around him a band of adventurous and restless men, he made a descent into, and attempted the conquest of, the Mexican province of Sonora. He was beaten in some engagements with the Mexicans, and driven back into California. Although his expedition failed, yet it is admitted that Walker displayed courage, fortitude and heroism, in the midst of great hardships, difficulties and dangers. Civil war broke out in Nicaragua. Walker collected as many followers as he could, sailed for that country, and joined one of the parties. The party he joined was victorious, and they owed their victory principally to his assistance. By degrees he has made himself sole ruler of the country. The native rulers have been deposed, banished and shot. Conspiracies against him have been detected and suppressed. Extensive confiscations of property have been made, and domestic foes and foreign invaders beaten in several decisive battles. A treaty was made by him with this country and diplomatic relations established. It is positively affirmed that there can be no doubt that he will maintain his position and power against any force the Central Americans can bring against him, while the great and rapid immigration from the United States will secure him against any danger from France and England.

Gen. Walker is now about thirty four years of age. His stature is diminutive; his hair whitish; his eyes grey; his cheeks and the portion of his face round his eyes covered with freckles; and his whole countenance tame and unprepossessing. He talks through his nose in a sing-song, monotonous tone of voice, and his manners are constrained and awkward. Although his exterior is not promising, yet it is said that Walker possesses stern determination and undaunted courage. These qualities are quite consistent with bad exterior; for all have read, or heard, of the coarse features, clownish person and big copper nose of Oliver Cromwell, and we are all familiar with the long visage, lantern-jaws and erect bristles of Gen. Jackson. In temperament and mental disposition Walker is prone to be fanatical. If born and educated in the West of Scotland, he might have been a bigoted Presbyterian or Covenanter, willing to persecute any one who doubted the doctrine of predestination, or denied the orthodoxy of the Solemn League and Covenant. Born and educated in the South, he is a manifest-destiny man, willing to denounce, tar, feather, shoot or burn any one who disputes the doctrine that Slavery is a blessing, and most anxious to extend its blessings, and the dominion of Southern Slaveholders, over the West Indies and Central America. "Verily, the earth is the Saints', and the fullness thereof."

whose nationality would have been endorsed by Jackson, as they were by Blair and Ingham. 3d. The American party, aiming at the restoration of that Compromise policy, which had so often reconciled the North, preserved the integrity and honor of the South, and diffused the blessings of peace and concord over the Union—a party which presented to the suffrages of the people, a candidate whose antecedents were such as to make him an unexceptionable umpire, to whom to refer the questions of sectional agitation, which—through the atrocious villainy of that reprobate arch-traitor to political truth, honor and integrity—Douglas—and the pusillanimity and mismanagement of Pierce—had been made the prominent issue in the contest—a party which, deprecating the commitment of the balance of power in our elections to the foreign hands to whom it had been consigned by the Democracy, called upon the country to throw around the purity of the ballot box such safeguards as would secure to a just majority of the people at the polls their rightful weight and influence in the government of the nation.

THE LATE CONTEST.

The following article, from the Philadelphia Sun, of the 24th November, we give to show what others, who stand prominent in the American party, think of the position occupied by the different sections of the Opposition in the recent Presidential contest in Pennsylvania. It should be remembered that the Sun is one of the oldest and most reliable American papers, not only in this State, but in the Union, and has for the last twelve years been battling foreignism and Catholicism in the most determined manner.

THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

The Democratic party never had to contend against greater odds, and never made a more narrow escape from defeat than in the late campaign. Never were its leaders more startled from their propriety than when they saw, gradually more and more clearly, as the returns of the election came in, the magnitude of the peril they had escaped. Never was Pennsylvania more important to them, and never did they congratulate themselves so much upon their partisan skill, as they have over the tact they displayed in dividing the opposition vote in the Keystone State and in New Jersey, in the late contest. They were aware they had two parties to contend with, but they had no idea that those parties, had they been united, could have brought so overwhelming a numerical force to overcome their trained bands, and render futile all their best-conceived plans.—They were aware that to carry a candidate, whose nomination was the dictate of policy and not the spontaneous choice of the hearts of the people, but, on the contrary, was bitterly opposed by the Dallas section of their own party in this State, though a hollow truce had been temporarily patched up—would be a difficult task against a well tried statesman, who had already won laurels in public estimation, and a young giant of intellect, indomitable perseverance and courage at the head of a host whose battle cries were the thrilling notes of freedom and the rights of free labor. They felt all this—but they had no idea that the struggle would be so fearful, their escape so narrow. And, in fact, defeat would have been their lot—an overwhelming defeat even to the exhaustion of recuperative power, had the American leaders of the Pennsylvania opposition, and that of New Jersey, been true to their trust; had they fully understood their duties; correctly appreciated the comparative strength of the two parties; had they duly informed themselves of the position occupied by the American party in the South, or heeded the proofs daily given them of the determination of the people to decide the contest at the ballot-box; had they adopted the only course which will ever secure them a victory over the wily and unscrupulous spoilsmen with whom they have to deal. Could they not see that there was no more than the ghost of a chance for Fillmore in the South, as clearly as the South saw there was not even that chance for him in the North? Could they not read, and reading learn, from the course of the Democratic press, if from no other source, that they were aiding and comforting the very party they were called upon, by every obligation, to defeat, at all costs and hazards?

Three parties were in the field. 1st. The Democratic party, catering to the fears, prejudices and passions of the South by its endorsement of the policy of the Pierce administration on the subject of Slavery in the Territories, to the lower passions of both North and South by the countenance it extended to filibustering schemes, which offered to all the vagabonds of the country an idle life of plunder and dissipation in Cuba and Central America, and evincing its sectional bias and control, and its selfish aims and hopes, by the promulgation of a platform embodying all the political debaucheries of Calhounism, and in all that "obnoxious import" against which Mr. Madison protested, the doubtful orthodoxy of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1792 and 1798.—2d. The Republican platform was an echo of the views of all true conservatives North and South, an embodiment of the opinions of Jefferson and of all the great nursing fathers of our institutions, from Washington to Van Buren, and of Mr. Fillmore himself—whose purposes and aims were strictly legitimate, and

not involved as agents for either party in the contest, took of the plan of the campaign?—Could any sane man have even dreamed that either Fillmore or Fremont could be elected in a bona fide triangular contest? Could any reasonable idea be formed of the contest other than this—that Mr. Fillmore was nominated for the South, and Mr. Fremont for the North? The South was not represented in the Republican Nominating Convention, and though the platform was truly national, it was clear that it would be maligned as a sectional one. It was apparent that the great issue was the question of the extension of slavery into the Territories, that Americanism, though evidently approved by the Republicans, could not live except as an ally in the North, and that the contest was between the Douglas and Pierce aspect of Calhoun Democracy, aided by a foreign vote, and the Fremont interpretation of Jacksonian Democracy, aided by the forces of the American organization; and it was clear, that properly united, and using their strength judiciously against the former, the latter combination would triumph, to the mutual advantage of both interests, or that if the worst came to the worst, the election would be returned to Congress, where the Buchanan party would be utterly powerless. It is true that doubts and fears were felt and entertained by the enthusiasts of the hour among us as to the position the cause of Americanism would have occupied in case of Fremont's election; but let it have been what it might, its prospects would have been sunshine compared with the dim twilight which now bewilders our view. But on the other hand, if the election had been returned to Congress, the American party, if in the minority, as it expected to be, would still have a chance for the election of Fillmore, and could at all events have had it in its power to save the Vice Presidency from Breckenridge. Surely the success of the opposition could have been secured, and Americanism have lost less than it has, as the case now stands.

In the field was Fillmore, who, whatever might be his personal views and feelings, had nevertheless, while in office, succeeded in conciliating all parties to the great issue. It is well known how he had voted in 1838, and afterwards during his whole congressional career, on matters connected with the celebrated 21st rule, and it was not forgotten that he had signed, when President, the Fugitive Slave Law, only in obedience to the doctrines on the subject of the veto power of the platform on which he had been elected. Straight Fillmore men complain that the Republican party did not unite with the American on him. They could have done so on Mr. Fillmore's record, and their principles would have found a supporter in him, beyond all doubt. But it will be remembered that Mr. Fillmore was nominated on an exclusive platform of Americanism, and that the Nominating Convention had by their action distinctly ignored the Free Soil sentiment, and repudiated all interference with the question of slavery extension, and all rebuke of the course pursued by Pierce, and had kept silent in regard to our foreign relations, and all the great questions of important domestic interest, such as the Pacific Railroad. Mr. Fillmore might readily have been endorsed by the Republican party, but he had already been killed in the house of his sponsors in political baptism. While as a man and statesman placed at the bar of public opinion without a platform, he could certainly have proven himself the most acceptable of candidates; yet nominated on a platform of pure and exclusive Americanism, he was beyond the reach of chances, even in the minds of a large mass of American voters, who remembered that when he had enjoyed the simplest opportunities he had essayed nothing for the good of the cause which had done so much for Taylor and himself in 1848. It is not to be wondered at then that Fremont was nominated on a platform which responded more fully to the feelings of the North, and which, while it contained nothing objectionable except to Disunionists of the Abolition class in the North, and fire-eating conspirators of the same character in the South, was one which any one

(Continued on Fourth Page.)