

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1857.

VOL. 3.—NO. 34.

For the "Journal." TO THE WINDS.

BY MYRNA MAY.
Ye call us winds, but can ye tell
Whence we came or where we dwell?
O' wild, wild winds, your awful toned carolling
Wakes all the grandeur of this soul unfeeling;
Rouses a tempest of sublime emotion,
Restless and heaving as the far-off ocean.
Long have you slept but gloriously ye waken,
Strong as the hills whose firm base ye have shaken,
Proud as this soul, (but what is that to others?)
Reckless and wild as the waves, thy brothers.
Come ye yet nearer! for your tread of thunder
Wakens in me no feelings of poor wonder;
Howly and shriek! your cries of phrenzied mad-
Fill me with joy, intoxicate with gladness. [ness
Take me, I pray ye! as a leaf, or blossom,
Lift me and bear me on your heaving bosom;
Lending the impulse of your grandest passion,
Mould ye my thoughts to a diviner fashion.
Rage, for ye've roused me from my silent slumbers;
In a new rhythm will I write my numbers;
Proud as are ye, to your wild tones agreeing
Chime the full pulses of my poet being!
Rage, for I love you! and your awful power
Seems to me nature as its own true dower;
Thus will I struggle, and with strong endeavor
Look upward, upward, to my God forever.
Lumber City, March 18th, 1857.

For the "Raftsmen's Journal." THE INDIAN GIRL AT HER TOILET.

BY MARY HAMILTON.
Here sits the little Indian girl
Upon a turf of grass;
The moss green stone her toilet is,
The clear blue lake her glass.
She gathers wild flowers fresh and gay,
All plucked from nature's bed;
She views her image in the lake,
And thus adorns her head.

THE HUNTER'S DREAM.

AN INCIDENT OF MUSKINGUM VALLEY.
Some thirty miles above Marietta, on the Muskingum river, in the State of Ohio, is a beautiful portion of land, known in early times as the Big Bottom. In order to have it settled the Ohio Emigrant Company gave a hundred acres of land to all actual settlers, and in the autumn of 1790, a company of eighteen went up from Marietta, located their tracts and commenced building for the winter. A large block house was first erected, capable of accommodating all their number, if necessary, while two brothers named Francis and Isaac Choate, erected a small cabin on their piece of land, and two other brothers named Bullard, also erected a cabin several rods below the block house, on the bank of the river. Thus were the little company situated, and being mostly young men, without families, and little experienced in Indian warfare, they neglected the most important duties of a pioneer's life, viz: barring their doors at sunset and placing a sentinel without to give those within ample warning in case of an attack.
In the month of September, a young man named Joseph Waugh, went up from Marietta to spend the fall in hunting. The hills near there abounded in all kinds of game, while the numerous salt licks in the vicinity were visited almost hourly by deer. The most delightful of all seasons, Indian summer, threw its hazy atmosphere over the tinted landscape, as early on a cloudless morning, young Waugh started forth with his trusty rifle on his shoulder for a day's hunt. Raising the high bank on the east side of the bottom, he halted a few moments to gaze upon the scene presented to his view. The smoke from the block house and the two cabins, rolled up through the trees and was lost in the cloudy atmosphere, while here and there through the forest, the waters of the beautiful Muskingum sparkled brightly in the first rays of the morning sun. The birds were just singing their matin songs of praise, and their soft echoes sounded sweetly among the arches of nature's home, while countless squirrels, with their long bushy tails, and graceful motions, were springing from branch to branch on almost every tree, stopping now and then to bark at the intruder, or anon to leap on the ground and rustle the leaves at his very feet.
Suddenly the breaking of dry twigs startled him, and turning, he discovered a noble buck walking leisurely along, and stopping occasionally to browse from some favorite bush, while he was unnoticed. Fearing to stir, Waugh remained perfectly motionless, awaiting the nearer approach of the animal. Thirty yards only intervened between them, and an opening among the trees presented his whole form to the eye of the delighted hunter, when he set the triggers and leveled his rifle at the heart. The deer hearing the sharp click of the triggers, stopped, and his keen eye had just discovered his foe, as the loud crash of the rifle rolled among the trees, causing the birds to cease their songs and the squirrels to quit their gambols. Instead of dropping dead, Waugh was astonished to see the buck throw back his head and disappear in a deep ravine near by. Uttering a few words of disappointment at thus missing so fair a shot, he hastened to the spot where the deer stood, and upon examining it discovered a drop of fresh blood on the leaves, whereupon loading his rifle with the utmost care, he started upon the trail.—Although young, he had taken lessons from old and experienced hunters, therefore he easily followed the trail, although, after a few jumps the blood had ceased to flow. For hours he followed its course, which for the first five or six miles led in a circuitous route from the Muskingum, then seeming to run nearly parallel with the stream for several miles, when, turning a square corner, he seemed making directly for the river. Upon following it a short

distance, he was surprised to find that some person had struck the same trail and was following it ahead of him. For a moment he could scarcely believe it could be so, for no other person from the settlement below was out, and it was thought that no Indians were within a hundred miles, yet the leaves that had been misplaced, together with the twigs and occasionally a spear of grass that had been bent in that direction, were proof positive to a hunter's mind. With a bold heart he resolved to solve the mystery, with cautious steps he proceeded onward. It was afternoon when he reached the bluff bank of the river, some ten or twelve miles above the settlement, and after taking a careful survey of the bottom and seeing nothing, he proceeded towards the stream. In the sand that lines the water's edge he saw the tracks of the buck as he entered the river, and close by, the well known prints of a pair of moccasins. The deer had swam the river, while the Indian had gone on up to cross at a ford some two miles above.
After revolving the matter in his mind for some time, Waugh concluded to give up the chase for the present, and returning to the bluff bank, he sat down at the foot of a large oak to rest. For a few minutes he thought of the strange adventure, and many were the conjectures he formed as to what tribe the Indian could belong to, and why he should be here apparently alone. Being, however, of a romantic turn of mind, he was soon absorbed in contemplating the scene by which he was surrounded. Afar off he could discern the hazy atmosphere, seeming like a light cloud that had descended from the skies to play amid the tree tops, and the rays of the noon-day sun fell through it with a dreamy sort of light which caused the mind to wander away in the vacancy of nothingness.
The birds had ceased their songs and sat on the thickest leaved branches, seeming to partake of the same dreamy nature that pervaded all things around, and only here and there a solitary squirrel could be seen leaping among the branches. The little rill that flowed through a ravine a few yards distant, alone seemed filled with life and animation, and it coursed gaily along leaping over a stone or a root with a murmuring sound that seemed more like artificial music the longer we listen. The lulling influence of the rivulet, the lazy motions of the squirrels, and the sleepy attitude of the birds, were too much for the weary hunter to withstand, and ere long his eyes were closed in sleep, his head dropped forward on his breast, while his breathing became heavier and more steady.
As this change came over his physical nature, a change also took place in his mental faculties, and a different scene was presented before him. The ravine by his side, the tall forest around him, and the river in the distance passed away, while he seemed to be in the cabin of the brothers Choate. They were all seated around the rough table, engaged in their evening meal, and Francis Choate was telling of his day's adventures in the forests when the words were frozen to his tongue as the horrid Indian war-whoop broke the stillness without. Seizing his rifle, Waugh ran for the river and there saw a party of Indians surrounding the block-house. As there was no thinking between the logs, he could plainly see their forms by the light of the huge fire blazing within, and by the aid of starlight, he took aim at one and fired. Great was his joy at seeing his victim fall to the earth, and loading again as soon as possible, he again fired, and again his faithful rifle had done its duty. At this moment two rifles in the hands of Indians were discharged, and a white man's voice in the agonies of despair, cried, "Oh God, have mercy on me!"
He awoke, with a sudden start, while the cry for mercy still sounded in his ear. Gazing around him, it was several minutes ere he could collect his scattered thoughts sufficient to remember where he was and how he came there. Getting up he looked on all sides, but could see no living thing moving, but a flock of turkeys that were passing slowly at the foot of the hill. So great an effect, however, did his dream have upon his mind that he feared to shoot at them, and keeping on the high hill, so as to have an extended view on either side he started for the settlement.
It was just dark when he reached it, and calling in all the block-house, he related his day's adventure, together with his fearful dream.
In expressing his fears for the safety of the settlement, he was laughed at for superstitious whims, as they termed them. That night he slept in the block-house, and again he dreamed the same dream; Choate was telling his adventures; they heard the same yell; he killed the two Indians, as before; and the same awful cry of mercy awakened him. The next morning they were told of the remarkable coincidence in the two dreams, and were again warned to beware of the threatening danger, while he was again laughed at by a majority of the settlers. It was, however, too much for him, and after two or three days unsuccessful hunting, he left for Marietta, after begging them to be prepared for a better defence, should they be attacked.
A few days afterward, a trader, on his way to Marietta, stopped there for the night and told them that the tribes above were sending their squaws away, which was a sure sign that an attack on some white settlement was inten-

ded. He further stated that a small hunting party had been down that way and discovered their settlement, by one of their number trailing a deer, which upon shooting he found had been shot the same day by a white man's bullet.
For a time, this news caused them to keep their rifles in shooting order, but as a month or so passed by without anything transpiring, the same careless negligence as before pervaded the block houses and both cabins. Thus the fall passed away and winter drove the beauties of the Indian summer from the scene, and winter took possession with all the pride of conqueror.
It was at the close of a cold and dreary day that the persons who lived in the block house, were just preparing their evening meal. Some were cooking provisions over the fire, some preparing their few dishes, and others were telling stories without a thought of Indians entering their minds, as an attack in the middle of winter had never been heard of.
The darkness became deeper without, but the huge warm fire sent its blazing warmth and cheerful light over the whole apartment, so that all other lights were entirely dispensed with.
Suddenly the door swung open—a huge Indian stepped within, while several rides were fired through the open door and over half the number fell dead on the spot. All the others were killed except two brothers, named John and Philimon Stacy. John, a young man just in the prime of life, rushed up the rude stairs and tried to make his escape through the roof. He was discovered however, by the Indians from without and knowing he was seen, he said, "Do not kill me, for I am the only one left." His answer was the report of a rifle, and feeling the ball enter his vitals, he cried, "Oh God, have mercy on me!" and fell to the ground a corpse.
Philimon, the youngest of the two, hid himself in one corner of the building; but being found was about to be dispatched when a chief interposed, probably on account of his youth, and saved his life.
While this work of death was going on at the block house, another scene was transpiring at the cabins.
In Choate's cabin they were just engaged in eating supper, as a small party of Indians entered. Thinking they were friendly, a portion of the meal was offered them, whereupon they were seized and bound. Upon being told they would not suffer if they kept still, but that instant death would be their portion if they made the least noise, seized their rifles and went out, and soon discovered the attack by hearing the cries of young Stacy, fled to the woods and made their escape. Hastening to Marietta, the dreadful news was told and the next day a company started for the Bottom, among whom was Waugh. Upon arriving there, they found the cabins had been burned down and the block house set on fire, but the logs being green nothing had burned, but the roof and floor.—Piled in the centre lay the unfortunate men who had fallen easy victims to their own heedlessness. They were so charred and disfigured by the fire that only one or two were recognized. So, digging a large grave in the centre of the building they were all consigned within it when the party left with sad hearts for Marietta. All was silence and desolation, where but a few moments before was life and animation, while the cold winds of winter, as they swept among the leafless trees, howled a dismal dirge above their untimely graves.
In the spring a few persons went up there and built a cabin or two, but no permanent residence was established until five years afterwards.
ARCHBISHOP HUGHES DISPLAYING HIMSELF.—A very singular scene was witnessed at the Tabernacle, in New York, on the 26th March. A meeting was held there, that night, to aid the movement for promoting Irish settlements in the West, which was addressed by a priest from the West named Tracy. As soon as he was through Archbishop Hughes rose and delivered a severe rebuke to him. He said that Tracy was introduced to him a few days before, and had asked permission to celebrate Mass, but had not asked permission to address this meeting nor even alluded to it. He charged him, therefore, with having acted in bad faith, and rebuked him for daring to hold or address a meeting without first obtaining the Archbishop's consent. From reading the tirade levelled at this priest's head, the impression is forced upon the mind that the Archbishop allows no freedom of action to those under his archiepiscopal control. They must ask his gracious leave before taking any step in public. Poor Tracy tried hard to defend and exculpate himself, but the bulk of the audience being composed of those who submit from habit to the dictation of their church dignitaries, they slunk away, awe-struck, and left Tracy under ban for his contumacy.
"Beautiful is the love and sweet the kiss of a sister," says an old paper. Exactly so, and of a pretty cousin, too. And if you have not a sister or a cousin, try somebody else's sister or cousin; it's all the same.
"A gentleman who has a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hoop-skirt the other day, and with a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, 'I'm sitting on the sly,' Mary."

For the Raftsmen's Journal. SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

At a meeting of the "Curwensville and Pike Township Lyceum and Teachers' Association," March 7th, 1857, the subject of School Government being under consideration, JESSE BROOMALL read the following communication; after which a resolution was adopted requesting a copy for publication.
WORTHY PRESIDENT:—Individuals who are desirous to be employed as teachers or instructors of children and youth, should, in the first place, qualify themselves to instruct their pupils in the several branches required to be taught in the schools they wish to enter.—They should also qualify themselves to govern their schools with a good degree of moderation and temperate feeling. Teachers can then, with great propriety, ask such compensation for their services as will remunerate them for the time, labor and expense they have incurred in preparing themselves to become instructors of youth.
The first duty of a teacher when he enters a school where he is a stranger, is to be very careful of the danger of making an unfavorable impression upon the minds of his pupils. An unfavorable impression created at first may prove fatal to his success both as a disciplinarian and teacher as long as he remains in that school. Jacob Abbot says, when he was a small boy, "we were thunder-struck when our new teacher, with a stern voice and sterner brow accosted us thus: 'Take off your hats!' 'Take off your hats, and go to your seats!' The first emotion was that of surprise, and the second was that of the ludicrous." No doubt an impression made on the minds of children so unexpectedly would remain with them as long as they lived: so strong are impressions received in youth. I do expect, "take off your hats," would be a by-word with the boys in many a playful gambol while that teacher remained. The writer is of opinion that it would have had a much more wholesome effect upon the minds of the children for the teacher at such a time to go among them, take some or all of them by the hand, inquire after their health and the health of their parents, make remarks on the state of the weather, &c., and endeavor to show a degree of sociability that nearly all children are pleased with. In this way a teacher would gain the good will of his scholars from the commencement of his school.
All teachers of any experience have, or ought to have a plan digested and settled in the mind before they enter the school room, how they mean to conduct it. Their duty then is to put their plans into execution as they come in course; and the writer's advice is to follow out those plans until they are found not to answer the end intended, or until better offer. Dr. Blair says, "He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread that will guide him through the labyrinths of the most busy life." Those teachers who commence school without any system, or without much idea of classification, and let business take its chance, will find themselves in a short time so burdened in endeavoring to do many things at once, that they will scarcely find time to do any thing as it ought to be done.
Young teachers, or those who have never taught, we cannot expect will have very many good plans. They had better apply to the Superintendent, or to some experienced teacher, for advice in opening and conducting their schools. In commencing school, a new teacher should do but little the first day, other than having his or her pupils properly seated, ascertaining their names, how far in different branches they are advanced, and above all, require them to sit and do nothing during various portions of the day. At such times, watch the children closely, without seeming to do so—observe on whom this treatment sets easily, and who are irritable under it. By this means, the dispositions of a large number of pupils may be obtained with a good degree of accuracy.
The writer don't think it needful in governing a school to have very many rules, and what there are may be short, somewhat like these:—"Keep yourselves clean. Let every one attend to his own business. Do to others as you would have others do to you. No whispering or leaving seats during study hours." I don't mean the above should be adopted in all cases, or even in any—they are only samples of what teachers might choose.
As a general thing our schools are governed too much. Children have, commonly, too little to do during school hours; hence their dispositions and inclinations lead them to find something to do, and what they find is not always the thing most needful to be done. Many a teacher, therefore, thinks those whose youthful misconduct is somewhat reprehensible and who come immediately under his notice, must be governed forthwith, while others they don't see are equally guilty. It is not best, as many teachers do, to seize only on those particular cases of transgression, which may happen to come under their notice. Those individual instances are probably very few when compared with the whole number of faults, even of the same character, against which the teacher ought to exert an influence. It is of but little consequence to punish one particular transgression. The grand point is to devise some plan to reach the whole evil, and to correct it if possible.

The best plan that I have discovered is for the teacher to give a short lecture on the subject, enumerating a number of transgressions, from his note-book or from memory, with the date of the offence, some of which the children no doubt thought the teacher had no knowledge of, and of others that he had forgotten. Appeal to the children's own good sense of what is right or wrong; make no promises of punishment, but rather let them know they are not to receive any at this time. The salutary effects of this process have often been realized. I am fully aware that there are vastly too many teachers in our country from whose month an appeal to the children's good sense of propriety, would be wholly in vain—it would literally be like firing a popgun against the heights of Abraham. The man who is accustomed to scold and storm, and use the terms blockhead, scoundrel, dunce, numskull, or, if you do that again I'll knock your head off, without doing any such thing or ever intending to do it—with many other degrading names and threats—and all this because children do not completely comprehend the thing that has never perhaps been clearly explained to them, or who magnifies trivial faults into great offences, and then punishes the offender while under the influence of irritation or anger. I say such teacher must not expect to win over his pupils to have confidence in him, or to the principles of their own duty; but on the contrary an appeal will not be lost when it comes from a man whose daily and habitual practice is laudable and excellent and corresponds with his profession. Hence we may see the indispensable necessity of employing teachers of pure morality and fervent piety, as the instructors of our children and youth.
Children ought to have plenty to do in school. To this end I would furnish every child, large and small, with a slate and pencil, or paper and crayon, that they might make letters, write, draw, scribble or do any thing to which their inclination would lead them.
When the small children are through their lessons, if, in summer, let them out into the open air to amuse and exercise themselves as they may see proper, until the time arrives for the next lesson. Here we may see the great necessity of shade trees near a school house. The writer knows by considerable experience the salutary effect this practice has upon small children.
Children should not be permitted to whisper and leave their seats during study hours; and in order to alleviate the monotony of this rule, permission might be given at the end of every hour, to whisper, leave seats for special purposes, or communicate by signs, during a period of three or four minutes; but nothing should be done at this time to interrupt the studies of those who do not wish to participate in this privilege.
There are teachers who seem to think before they go into their schools what sort of living things boys and girls are, and any common case of youthful misdeeds does not surprise them—they look for such things and prepare themselves accordingly.
There is another class, and perhaps far the most numerous, who seem never to make it a part of their calculation that their pupils will do wrong—forget that they themselves once were young—and when any misconduct occurs, they become unsettled and irritated, and look and act as if something terrible had broken in upon "the spirit of their dreams."
Much has been said and written in latter times on the subject of abolishing corporal punishment in schools; and there has been within my recollection a very perceptible abatement, as far as my knowledge extends, of that kind of punishment called flogging, putting a split stick upon the nose and standing the offender upon the stove-heap—standing on one foot and holding up one end of a bench, and all that sort of thing. When the writer commenced going to school, say about the beginning of this, the 19th century, the above kinds of punishment, and many equally curious I could mention, seemed to be a large part of the discipline of our schools. The teachers were foreigners—but they could teach. Had I and my cotemporaries had the advantages in school books and other things in those days that children have now, it is uncertain where our learning would have found bounds. But to return—there are some children so perverse and ill-disposed that there seems to be no way to reach their moral perceptions or nerves of sensation, but through the pores of the skin. If this is the fact, it does seem that the "thrashing machine" ought not to be totally abolished at this time.
In order to avoid corporal punishment as much as possible, in cases where otherwise it would appear to be needful, my advice is, when children happen to be in a trefful humor, an unpleasant command that is not indispensable ought to be avoided, for it is best to prevent collision at a time when children seem disposed or determined to disobey.
Finally, never represent to children any thing that is not strictly in accordance with truth—never make a promise that is not intended to be performed—never threaten a punishment that is not intended to be executed.
"The man who knowingly circulates a lie, may have to pay the truth for it, and be punished besides."
"Ingratitude is a homeless dog, which lives upon all and devours none."

A SOUTHERN OPINION.

The Louisville Journal contains a long and able communication, signed "A Kentucky Lawyer," reviewing and denouncing the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. The Journal says it was written by one of the ablest men and soundest jurists in that State: The author says:
"The majority of the court decided in this case, that plaintiff Scott, being a negro, could not be a citizen of Missouri; that therefore the court had no jurisdiction or power to decide the case on its merits, and it was accordingly dismissed for want of jurisdiction."
Having so decided, the court should have stopped there, and not attempted to go any further into the case. All beyond that was extrajudicial, and entitled to no further respect than if the judges had expressed the same opinions in a debating club, or had published them in a newspaper, for the undisputed purpose of aiding a political party."
This is precisely the ground occupied by the Republicans of the North. We append the concluding paragraph:
"The inference from the whole is that these Judges, in thus attempting to overrule former decisions and thwart a course of legislation of more than sixty years' standing, are endeavoring to deprive Congress and thereby the inhabitants of a Territory of a proper, beneficial power, indispensably necessary to the permanent well-being of the Territory. Such a result should never be attempted but upon compulsion and for reasons of the clearest and most indisputable sufficiency. Such is not at all the character of the reason upon which these Judges have ventured to base their intimated opinions. On the contrary, no lawyer will feel that he hazards anything in characterizing them as about the blindest and least satisfactory that ever influenced the opinion of any respectable tribunal upon an important question. As to the nation acquiescing in such an opinion, the idea is preposterous. Instead of quieting the subject, it will only serve still further to inflame the controversy, by stimulating the already too highly excited jealousy of Northern people against the imputed audacious influence of the slaveholding power."
FORTY-TWO YEARS COURTSHIP.—We find in the New York News the following marriage notice:—"At Wilmington, on the 29th Feb., Asahel L. Beers, of Albany, N. Y., and Miss Ann Elder. Their united ages are 24 years, and the courtship commenced forty-two years since."
A forty-two years' courtship! Why, during that time we have concluded one war with England, and almost had two more; have invented railroads and steam printing presses; had a war with Mexico; invented the electric telegraph; brought out spirit rapping and discovered the northwest passage; annexed Texas, and brought to light the gold of California; have extended our national area 200,000 or 300,000 square miles, and arrived at such a point of civilization as to appoint special corruption and investigating committees in Congress. What great results have been attained, all about us, during the forty-two years it has taken the modest Mr. Beer's to "pop the question?"
SHARP.—Three small boys went into an apothecary's store, a few days since, when the youngest urchin cried out: "A cent's worth of rock candy?" "Don't sell a cent's worth," was the reply. The boys adjourned outside, and held a consultation and then entered, all smiling. "Do you sell three cents' worth?" "Yes, I will sell three cents' worth." "Well we don't want any," was the quick response, as the boys left the store.
"A young gentleman was lately engaged in teaching mutes. He was explaining, by signs, the use and meaning of the particle, 'dis,' and requested one of them to 'write on the blackboard a sentence showing her knowledge of the prefix.' A bright little one immediately stepped forward and wrote the following:—"Boys love to play, but girls to display."
"There's no use in saying that worth makes the man. A poor acquaintance says that he put on a borrowed suit of broadcloth to accompany his family to the show, and was surprised to find how affable all his acquaintances were. The next day he entered town in his overalls and was not known, nor could he obtain credit for a mackerel."
TAKING CARE OF THE BABY.—"Mother!—Mother! here's Zeke fretting the baby."—"Make him cry again, Zeke, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it from him; then he'll squall and mother will give him more, and you can take that, and we'd loth have some."
"An Irishman was asked at dinner whether he would take some apple pie. 'Is it heul some?' inquired Teddy. 'To be sure it is; why isn't it?' 'Because,' said Teddy, 'I once had an uncle that was killed with apple-pie, and, sure enough, I tho't it was something of the same sort.'"
"In the museum at Hifalutin is a flea skin containing seven misers' souls, seven rich men's consciences, the 'principles' of seven leading politicians, seven old bachelors' hearts, and all the remaining sweetness of seventy old maids."