

Raftsmen's Journal.

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TWO PICTURES.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For light shines out across the way,
And a door with rapier is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Are dwelling side by side;
Perhaps the death of an early one,
And the crowning of a bride.
Bright eyes are filled with mirth,
Pale faces bend in prayer;
And hearts beside the household hearth,
Are crushed by pain and despair;
Ah! sorrow and hope and joy
Are parted by thinnest walls—
But on the hearts of the thoughtless ones,
No shadow of sorrow falls!
No thoughts of the funeral train
Come to the festive throng;
No hope that the past will come again,
To the anguished hearts belong;
The future's a sunny sea
To the lovers of joy and mirth—
But the past alone to those who weep
For the parted ties of earth.
Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For the lights are bright across the way,
And a door with rapier is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Enclose us on every hand—
A wealth of smiles and a flood of tears,
With hope and sorrow stand.

A FIST FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

AN OLD-TIME ADVENTURE.
Joe Logston was one of that class of half horse half alligator Kentuckians, that could—to use his own words—out run, out hop, out jump, throw down, drag out and whip any man in the country.
Joe was a powerful fellow of six feet three in his stockings, and proportionally stout and muscular, with a handsome, good natured face and a fist like a sledge hammer. Fear was a word he knew not the meaning of, and to fight was his pastime, particularly if his scalp was the prize he fought for. On one occasion he was mounted on his own favorite pony, (Joe owned two or three others which he had "run" from the Indians,) which was leisurely picking his way along the trail, with his head down and half a sleep, while his rider was enjoying a feast on some wild grapes which he had picked as he came along. He dreamt of any danger until a crack of two rifles on either side of the path killed one and wounded the other. One ball struck Joe, passing through the paps of his breast—grazing the skin above the breast bone, but without doing any material damage. The other passed thro' his horse, just behind the saddle and in an instant of time Joe found himself on his feet grasping his trusty rifle—he had instinctively seized it as he slipped to the ground and looking for his foe. He might easily have escaped by running, as the guns of the Indians were empty and they could not pretend to compete with him in speed. But Joe was not of that sort. He boasted that he never left a battle field without making his mark, and he was not going to begin now.
One of the savages sprang into the path and made at him; but finding his opponent prepared for him, he retreated again. Joe knowing there were two of the varmints, looked earnestly about him for the other, and soon discovered him between two saplings engaged in re-loading his piece. The trees were scarcely large enough to shield his person, and in pushing down the ball he exposed his hips, and Joe, quick as thought, drew a bead, fired, and struck him in the exposed part. Now that his rifle was empty the big Indian who had first made his appearance rushed forward feeling sure of his prey, and rejoicing in the anticipated possession of Joe's scalp. Joe was not going to lose the natural covering to his head, however, without a struggle, and stood calmly awaiting the savage, with his rifle clubbed and his feet braced for a powerful blow. Perceiving this, his foe halted within ten paces, and with all the vengeance of a vigorous arm threw his tomahawk full in Joe's face. With the rapidity of lightning it whirled through the air, but Joe equally quick in his movements dodged it, suffering a slight cut on his left shoulder as it passed, and then rushed in. The Indian darted into the bushes and successfully dodged the blow made at his head by the now enraged hunter, who becoming mad with rage at the failure of his successive efforts, gathered all his strength for a final blow, which the cunning savage dodged as before, and the rifle, which by this time had become reduced to the simple barrel struck a tree and flew out of Joe's hand at least ten feet in the bushes.
The Indian sprang to his feet and confronted him. Both empty handed, they stood for a moment, for the blood was flowing freely from the wound in Joe's breast, and the other thinking him more seriously wounded than he really was, and thinking to take advantage of his weakness, closed with him intending to throw him; in this however he reckoned without his host for in less time than it takes to recount it he found himself at full length on his back with Joe on top. Slipping from under him with the agility of an eel, they were both on their feet again—and again closed. This time the savage was more wary, but the same result followed, and he was again beneath his opponent. But, having the advantage of Joe in being naked to the breast clout and oiled from head to foot, he could slip from out of the grasp of the hunter and resume his perpendicular. Six different times was he thrown with the same effect; but Victory—fickle jade—seemed disposed to perch upon the banner of neither of the combatants. By this time they had, in their struggles and contortions, returned to the open path, and Joe concluded to

change his tactics. He was becoming sensibly weaker from loss of blood, while, on the other hand, the savage seemed to lose none of his strength from the many falls he had had. Closing again in a close hug, they fell as before; but this time, instead of endeavoring to keep his antagonist down, Joe sprang at once to his feet again, and as the Indian came up he dealt him a blow with his fist between the eyes which felled him like an ox, at the same time falling with all his might upon the body. This was repeated every time he rose, and began to tell with fearful effect upon his body as well as his face, for Joe was no light weight, and at every succeeding fall he came up weaker and seemed disposed to retreat; this his foe decidedly objected to and dealt his blows more rapidly, until the savage lay apparently insensible at his feet. Falling upon him he grasped the Indian's throat with a grip like a vice, intending to strangle him. He soon found however that the savage was playing possum, and that some movement was going forward the purport of which he could not immediately guess. Following with his eye the direction of the movement he discovered that he was trying to disengage his knife, which was in his belt, the handle of which was so short that it had slipped down beyond reach and he was working it up by pressing on the point. Joe watched the movement with deep interest, and when he had worked it up sufficient for his purpose seized it, and with one powerful blow drove it to the hilt in the Indian's heart, and he lay quivering in the agonies of death.
Springing to his feet, Joe now bethought him of the other red-skin; and looked around to discover him. He still lay with his back broken, by Joe's ball, where he had fallen; and having his piece loaded, he was trying to raise himself upright to fire it—but every time he brought it to his shoulder he would tumble forward, and again renew his struggle.—Concluding that he had enough fighting for exercise, and knowing that the wounded Indian could not make his escape, Joe took his way to the fort.
Although he presented a truly awful sight when he reached there—his clothes being torn nearly off from his person, and covered with blood and dirt from his head to his feet—yet his story was scarcely believed by many of his comrades, who thought it one of Joe's big stories. "Go and satisfy yourselves," said he; and a party started for the battle ground, where their suppositions were confirmed, as there were no Indians to be found, and no evidence of them except Joe's dead horse in the path. On looking carefully about, however, they discovered the body of the big Indian buried under the leaves by the side of a stump, and following on they found the corpse of the second, with his own knife thrust into his own heart and his hand still grasping it to show that he came to his death by his own hand. No where could they discover however the knife with which Joe had killed the big Indian. They found it at last thrust into the ground: where it had been forced by the heel of his wounded companion, who must have suffered the most intense agony while thus endeavoring to hide all traces of the white man's victory.
REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HEROISM.—The Rev. Mr. Sender, of India, in a letter to the Christian Intelligencer, gives the following instance of heroism, called forth by the Indian mutinies:—This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with those valorous actions which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place an English lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among toes, and a rope stretched across the road, made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, beating it down, stumbled, she, by the rein and whip, raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his sepoy, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell.
BEER DRINKING.—The greatest lager beer drinking city on the globe is, undoubtedly, the city of Munich, in Bavaria, where revolutions are caused by the slightest rise in the price of beer. On the 1st ult., there were in the different vaults 28,769 Eimers (about 521,880 gallons) of winter-brewed beer, the "genuine lager;" and 398,580 Eimers (7,139,541 gallons), a total of 7,661,421 gallons. The quantity brewed this season exceeds that of the previous one by 42,739 Eimers. Twenty-three brewers have manufactured this enormous quantity of beer, which will just suffice to supply the 130,000 inhabitants of Munich for 180 days.
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.—It is thought by many that economy will be "fashionable" this winter. The "oldest inhabitant" has never before heard anything like it.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

I was once engaged to be married (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still,) but an accident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of the question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lakes, when I met with—Lucy, and got, in short to be accepted. She was residing with her mother, in the same hotel in Killarney as ourselves, and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished, and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded islands in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gipsy fashion, and to sketch; but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all, as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric; only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices and to speak low and soft.
Once, in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away. It was the heyday and the prime of my life, my friend, and that youth of the spirit which no power can ever more renew. I knew what she felt, and what would please her, as soon as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought—my thought, at least—"lept out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed itself with speech." She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman; and I bought it for her at once, although it was terribly savage, and (except for Lucy's liking it) not either good or beautiful. Its name, also—the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not to that—"Towser; not a name for a lady's pet, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field, hedged in by a copse, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there before breakfast, at eight o'clock in the morning, and you may be sure I was there at six—with Towser.
Perhaps I was never happier than at this particular time. The universal nature seemed in harmony with my blissful feelings. The sun shone out bright and clear, so that the fresh morning breezes could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbing of my blood, but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irresistibly tempting, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I; for though I had such plenty of time to spare, I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy might, like myself, be a little earlier; and at all events, with such an awful consequence in possible apprehension, I would run no shadow of a risk. "Mind my clothes, mind them," said I to Towser (who took his seat thereon, at once, sagaciously enough,) for I had heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers before them, with results not to be thought of; and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath even to this day, the glow, the freshness, the luxurious softness of each particular wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on is painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last heard melody is treasured in that of a man struck deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure, and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over.
When I had bathed as long as I judged to be prudent, I landed and advanced towards the spot where my garments and Towser lay; as I did so, every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with fury, his eyes kindled with coals of fire; he gave me notice, by a low, determined growl, that he would spring on me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer; it was evident that he did not recognize me in the least without my clothes. "Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow," said I pleasantly, "good old Tow, you remember me;" but the brute, like the friend we have known in a better day, and appealed to when in indifferent apparel, only shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more. "Towser, be quiet, sir; how dare you—Tow, Tow, Tow—Towser—(here he nearly had a bit of my calf off)—you nasty, brutal dog; go away, sir—go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood up with tail erect at these reproving words, but he manifested no sign of remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme; what if he chose to sit there, on my personal apparel, until—
At this idea, too terrible to be concluded, a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently feeling a little cold, I went back into the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolved the fell design of enticing Towser into the water and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery being thrown away upon him, I tried stones; I heaved at him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he evaded by leaping from side to side, and those that struck him rendered him so furious that I believe he would have killed and eaten me if he could, whether I was dressed or not, but he would not venture into the water after me still.
At last, the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview, which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectation, I was vain, in an agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place with-

ROMANISM AGAINST FREEDOM.

The advocates of Romanism claim that she is the patron of learning and of freedom!—the encourager of free thought, free opinion, and free expression; and there are some favorite examples quoted to maintain this monstrous proposition. The Magna Charta, the very groundwork of freedom, is held up as the fruit of Catholic liberality. Unfolding the page of history, we find that John, king of England, engaged in a controversy with the Pope, which resulted in the king yielding up his possessions to the Holy See, and receiving them back as a vassal. The proud Barons, who at the time possessed no defined rights, could not brook the insults and degradation which were heaped upon them through the weakness of their king, and solemnly demanded, for their protection, what is now known as the Magna Charta. In the struggle between the lords and the crown, the Pope took part with John against the Barons, and brought the whole of his temporal and spiritual power to defeat their demand, and from the Council of Lateran, Innocent thundered against them his bulls of excommunication.
The example of France, which has several times shaken off a tyrannical monarchy and made approaches towards republican institutions, has been held up as a testimony that Romanism favors liberty. The French people always resisted, more perseveringly than those of any other Catholic country, the assumptions of Popery; to France, the world is indebted, not only for catholics imbued with a true spirit of christianity, but for some of the most powerful writers against the assumptions of the Holy See. The Kings of France ever contended for the right of appointing their own Bishops, and it was only under monarchs most deeply imbued with Romanism that France found her greatest tyrants. Of late years, as the light of true liberty has made encroachments upon the domain of despotism, it has modified the illiberality of darker times, and one of the first fruits of the late popular revolutions in that country was the separation of Church and State, and protection to every religious belief. But France, liberal as her people naturally are, is yet too much under the influence of Roman supremacy to be quoted as an example of religious toleration.
It seems that yesterday that Rome herself, woke from her long night of slavery, and declaring herself free, her spiritual and temporal despot, the Pope, fled from her walls, and took refuge in Gaeta. The regenerated Romans offered to receive the Pope as their spiritual head, but resolutely insisted on the abolition of his temporal power, and that of his tyrannical cardinals. The overture was scorned, and the work of their subjugation to despotism was assigned to France, and, in spite of her Republicanism, the lingering slavery of priestcraft was so wrought into the blood and bones of her rulers and her soldiery, that she accepted the work, marched her armies on Rome, bombarded and carried the city by assault, and crushed the new Republic and the liberals of Italy in the dust.
In the United States toleration is claimed as a Papal virtue, because it is known to be harmonious with public sentiment. Upon the Continent of Europe all is different, and Romanism becomes the strong right arm of despotism, and the enemy of everything that is free. Not the supporter of tyranny by interference of its enthusiastic devotees, but by the powerful precepts of its written laws, sanctioned by all the solemnities of tradition, and all the massive machinery of the Church.
The establishment of the Inquisition in the sixteenth century was for the avowed purpose of putting down free thought, free expression, and free opinion. Under its sway, enormities were committed which make humanity shudder. Under its administration, John Louis Vivis, a Spaniard of great learning and reputation, bewails the fate of moderate and charitable Catholics even in Spain; what must have been the fate of avowed Protestants who came under its condemnation? Says Vivis, in a letter to Erasmus, dated May 18th, 1534, "We live in hard times, in which we can neither speak or be silent without danger." In the forty-three years of the administrations of the first four Inquisitors-General, which closed in the year 1524, they committed eighteen thousand human beings to the flames, and inflicted inferior punishments on two hundred thousand persons more, with various degrees of severity. It was this work of the Inquisition in Spain, with a knowledge that the Spanish and French monarchs meditated the extension over all Christendom of the Inquisition, that seated Elizabeth firmly on the throne of England, and secured that political toleration that led to the brightest triumphs of the Reformation.
The fact that the Romish Church assumes to be infallible, of necessity makes her intolerant. Her arrogant claim of supremacy above all governments of the earth in things spiritual, must also of necessity make her an enemy to free thought and action. The Romish Testament urges that "the blood of heretics is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors, for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no commonwealth shall suffer." Cardinal Bellarmine says, "experience teaches that there is no other remedy for the evil but to put heretics to death," the Church having

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

All the world is looking with interest and anxiety to the battle-field of India, and every one is speculating on the probable results of the rebellion. Questions are daily asked: "What was the origin of the mutiny?" "Is it a fight of caste or religion?" We will attempt to answer by giving a short account of the commencement of the insurrection.
There are many castes in India, who, like the Jews, will not eat pork, and any one doing so at once loses caste, that is, his friends will not eat with him or speak to him, and he is regarded as an abandoned character and an outcast. Thus with the Hindoo to lose caste is a serious misfortune, and which every one of them carefully avoids. Now for the mutiny. On the 22d of July last, Lieut. Wright, at Dum Dum, informed his commanding officer that a report had spread among the troops that the effect that the paper of the cartridges of the Enfield rifles were greased with pork fat, and therefore to bite them was to lose caste. We quote an anecdote from his letter: "The belief in this report has been strengthened by the behavior of a classic attached to the magazine, who asked a sepoy of the 2d Grenadiers to supply him with water from his lota. The sepoy refused, observing he was not aware of what caste the man was; the classic immediately rejoined, 'You will soon lose your caste, as ere long you will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows,' or words to that effect. Major Bontein then called the attention of the Commander-in-chief to it by a temperate and sensible letter, requesting him to allow the men to buy the grease themselves and grease their own cartridges, so that they might know there was no fat used which their religious prejudice prevented them from tasting."
The following order was then issued from Calcutta to the army: "In order to remove the objection the sepoys may raise to the grease used for the cartridges of the rifle muskets, all cartridges are to be issued free from grease, and the sepoys are to be allowed to apply, with their own hands, whatever mixture suited for the purpose they may prefer."
The day after the date of this, and we may fairly suppose before it had become generally known, a sergeant's bungalow (or house) was set on fire at Rungegun by one of the same 2d Grenadiers, other incendiary fires followed, and it is the embers from the ruins of this house, helped by pig's fat and Hindoo prejudice, which have set India blazing with such fearful strength that it will take Great Britain some years to thoroughly overcome the power of the flames.

LAPLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The number of the Russian Lapps does not exceed 2,000; those of Swedish Lapland were estimated in 1841 at 4,000—an aggregate of only 11,000 souls. Besides the Lapp population, there are to be found on the shore of the White Sea several villages of Russians, stretching along from Kerrett to the Bay of Kandalaesch (or Candalex.) Between the village of Kandalaeschka and Kola, on the coast at the mouth of the Touloma, a distance of 213 wersts, (141 miles,) there are seven post stations, the mails being carried from one to another by reindeer, four of which animals are kept at each station. This mode of transport, however, is only employed in winter; in summer everything being transported first, a few miles by land to Lake Inandra, then the whole length of that fine body of water, some sixty miles, thence across to the river Touloma, and down that stream to Kola. The navigation of the Lake, by the way, is not always free from danger.
The language of the Lapps is similar to that of the Finns, from which race they are originally an offshoot. The Lapps, in general, are of middle stature. They have large heads, short necks, small brown-red eyes, owing to the constant smoke in their huts, high cheek bones, thin beards and large hands. Those of Norway are distinguished from the Russian Lapps, by the blackness, luxuriance and gloss of their hair; the more northern portion of the race are somewhat larger, more muscular and of a lighter complexion than the rest. Those of Sweden and Norway are to some extent more cultivated and enterprising than those of Russia, and make light of the greatest privations and hardships. The richest of the latter have not more than 800 reindeer, while the former possess from 2,000 to 3,000. In Sweden and Norway, whoever owns from 400 to 500, passes for a man in moderate circumstances, with 200 a small family with proper prudence can live without suffering from want, but less than this number plunges a family into all the troubles of poverty. Whoever has not more than fifty, adds his herd to that of some rich man, and becomes his servant—almost his slave, and is bound in the proper season to follow him to the hunting or fishing grounds.
Fish, game, and the flesh of the reindeer, are the usual food of the Lapps. Bread they never eat, though of the rye cake, which they procure in Kola or of the fishermen in barter for the products of their reindeer herds, they make a sort of flat or pan cakes, mingling the meal with the pounded bark of trees. For this purpose the meal is first soaked in cold water, and the cakes baked upon a hot iron. They are eaten with butter or codfish oil, which is esteemed a great luxury. The mingling of the bark with the meal is not done merely for the sake of economy, the Lapps considering it an excellent anti-scorbutic. They are very fond of salt, and eat nothing unseasoned. Their cookery is all done in untanned copper vessels, perhaps because in all Lapland there are no pewters, more probably, however, it is a long descended custom, since in all Northern Asia, the use of copper was formerly universal, and the art of overlaying that metal could hardly be known by the rude inhabitants. Nevertheless, cases of poisoning from the copper never occur, being rendered impossible by the perfect cleanliness of the copper vessels, which after every meal are scoured with sand till they shine like mirrors. Besides, after the food is sufficiently cooked, it is immediately poured into wooden vessels of home manufacture.
The Norwegian and Swedish Lapps make cheese of reindeer milk, and carefully save for use all the whey, &c. They milk their animals summer and winter, and freeze the milk which is set apart for cheese. The women consider this as a great luxury. It is remarkable for its pleasant odor, and has a ready sale in Norway at a rather high price. The Russian Lapps have no idea of making cheese from their reindeer milk, although the manufacture, beyond a doubt, would be of great advantage to them. This milk is distinguished for its excellent flavor; in color and consistency it is like thick cream from the milk of cows, and is remarkably nourishing.
FLOUR.—During the war of 1812, a barrel of flour at Buffalo cost \$70, in consequence of the almost impassable roads thither, and the snail-like travel of the horse and wagon line.