

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Let us all help one another,
And a heart of kindness show,
As down Time's flowing river
In the boat of life we row;
For rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together,
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us all help one another
In misfortune's wintry day,
And be kinder still, as ever,
Earth's best gifts are snatched away;
When bright fortune glides the morrow,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling,
But when comes the night of sorrow,
Only true hearts comfort bring.

Let us help one another,
And do good where'er we can—
Who withholds the hand of kindness,
Scarce deserves the name of man;
For the one great law of nature,
Which was meant mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow creature,
When we find him in distress.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ROBERT BENHAM.

It was in the autumn of 1799 that a part of us left the Falls of the Ohio, in keel-boats, under the command of Major Rodgers, for the purpose of making an attack upon the Indians at the old town of Chillicothe. On our way up the river we met with no remarkable adventure, till we approached the mouth of the Licking—which we did about sunset of a delightful day. We observed a few Indians standing upon a projecting sand bar, at a point where the two streams unite, apparently watching some companions in a canoe, who were crossing to them from the opposite bank of the smaller stream. If they saw us there was nothing in their manner to indicate the fact; and thinking it possible to take them by surprise, Major Rodgers ordered the boats to be run up under some bushes along the shore, and all the men, save five—some seventy in number—to advance cautiously through the wood, and completely surround the spot where the savages were.

We all set off in fine spirits, thinking only of the surprise we should give the enemy. Quietly, stealthily, we pushed onward, spreading out as we advanced, till at length we reached and fairly encircled the fated spot; when, just as the order was being given to rush in upon the foe, we were startled and thrown into the greatest confusion by the uprising on every side of us several hundred yelling Indians.

We had been drawn into a complete ambush—had been taken by our enemies in the very trap we had set for them. Instantly they poured in a destructive fire, and then fell upon us with knife and tomahawk; when the panic on our part became fearful, and the slaughter tremendous. Like frightened sheep we huddled together; and then, finding ourselves hemmed in by our foes, who hewed us down as fast as they reached us, we turned at bay, and poured back a volley from our side. Then with yells as wild and savage as their own, we broke through their lines, and rushed for our boats. But the Indians, comprehending our design reached them before us, and made a capture of all save one, in which the men left in charge had made their escape. Our only chance now was to break their lines again, and start through the forest to the station of Harrodsburgh. Favored by the gathering shades of night, some twenty of our whole party escaped, though hotly pursued by our blood-thirsty foes.

But I was not one of that fortunate few; for, as I was in the act of clearing some five or six of the enemy, who barred my way to a dense thicket, and just as I had cut down a couple of the nearest, a ball passed through my hips, shattering the bones. At once I fell but luckily among some thick bushes, which for the moment concealed me; and the others, probably thinking me dead or escaped, immediately darted off in pursuit of my flying friends. I had my rifle still in my hands; and wounded and suffering as I was, I proceeded to load it as I lay on the ground—my only hope now being that I should succeed in killing one more of the wretches before a terminus should be put to my own existence.

As minute after minute went by however, and the yells of the savages grew more and more distant, and night began fast to envelop me in her welcome pall of darkness, a new hope sprung up in my breast, that I might possibly so secrete myself as to escape the observation of the enemy altogether. Slowly dragging myself through the bushes to a fallen tree, which lay within a few feet of me, I with the most excruciating pain crept under the branches, which I disposed above my person in the best manner I could.

Here for hours I lay, suffering agonies of body and mind which no language has power to describe. I dare not stir again, scarcely to breathe. I heard the Indians return, and I could tell by the sound that they were going over the ground and butchering all the wounded they could find. About midnight, as near as I could judge, they once more drew off and lit their camp fires, the glimmering of which I could faintly perceive through the thick foliage which surrounded me.

Let me pass over that night of horror. If any one would have the faintest idea of what I suffered, he must imagine himself in my situation—there—in the branches of that tree—with both hips shattered—surrounded by my dead friends—and, worse still, my living foes. I dare not change my position, nor give vent

to a single groan; and at times it seemed that nature must compel from me some expression of pain, in spite of my utmost will. O, it was a horrible night! and may God deliver me from ever passing such another.

But the end was not yet. Horrible as that was, I dreaded to see the morrow. How could I expect to escape the lynx eyes of so many savages, when they should begin to beat over the ground for plunder? And at times the thought of this so worked upon my feelings, that I was more than once tempted to shriek out, and let my position be known, and thus bring upon myself the relief of a speedy death; for I knew, from my disabled condition, that the Indians would not think of taking me prisoner, but butcher me at once. And yet the instincts of life were greater than the temptation I speak of. And these same instincts, by the way, seem wisely sent for our preservation—to act when reason tells us that hope is lost, and we had better end our woes at once.

How painfully I watched the dawning of the day! how eagerly and tremblingly I listened to every sound! At length I could hear the Indians stir; and soon after they began to traverse the scene of slaughter, and gather up the arms of my companions, and strip their bodies of every garment. They were hours at their work; and to me those hours were ages. At times when some of them drew near the spot where I lay, I felt my heart in my very throat, and it seemed as if I should die of suffocation. Twice a small party of them were so close that I could see their half-naked, hideously painted forms through the leaves; and once a single warrior stalked by me, within reach of my rifle. Up and down, and over the ground they passed and repassed many times, till they were evidently satisfied that none of the dead or the wounded had escaped their notice. They then drew off in a body along the bank of the river, where they remained for hours—in fact, till late in the day—when, being joined by the rest of their companions, who had probably made a long journey in pursuit of the fugitives, they repaired to the boats.

With a feeling of thankfulness which I cannot express, I heard them put off from the shore, and every sound gradually die away to silence. And yet shortly after, there came an awful revulsion of feeling; for I now felt that I was alone—alone in the wilderness—far from friends—so crippled that I could not walk—could only move my body, in fact, by a great effort—suffering all the time the most excruciating agonies, and in danger of perishing from starvation. Had I been able to move about, even though never so slowly and feebly, I could have rejoiced in my good fortune; but situated as I was I felt that an overruling Providence, such as had so far preserved me, could still save me from even a more horrible doom than I had escaped.

As I thus lay on my back, in a position which had scarcely been changed for more than twenty hours, I looked up through the leaves, and to my surprise, I might almost say joy, beheld a racoon in the act of descending the trunk of a large tree, some of whose branches even canopied the spot where I lay. Was this poor animal a messenger of hope? Had Providence directed it hither for my preservation? I fancied so then—I almost fancy so still. At all events I cautiously raised my only remaining friend, my rifle, took a quick, but certain aim, and fired. The ball sped to its mark, and the animal dropped dead within a few feet of me; and as I raised myself among the limbs, with the intention of dragging myself to it, I was startled by hearing a human cry.

Fearing the Indians had not all gone, I hastily reloaded my rifle, and then remained perfectly still, trembling at the thought of what I might next behold, but determined to sell my life dearly, and shoot the first human figure I should see approaching me. Presently I heard the same loud, startling cry repeated, but this time much nearer than before. Still I kept silent, my rifle firmly grasped, for I could recognize nothing like the voice of one of my race. Again I heard the same singular sound, but still nearer yet, and a rustling among the under brush, apparently at a distance of twenty yards. I now cocked my rifle, and poised it, resolved to shoot the first object that should appear. But fortunately nothing did appear, till my heart had been made to leap for joy, by the utterance of words, in my native tongue, which fell clearly and distinctly upon my ear, and assured me it was a countryman, perhaps a companion.

"Who are you? where are you? For God's sake, speak!" cried the voice.

I now gave an answering shout; and soon I was gratified by the sight of a human figure, pushing rapidly through the bushes, whom, notwithstanding his haggard and bloodstained features, I at once recognized as Peter Brent. On getting sight of me, he stopped, and exclaimed, "My God! Captain Benham, is this you? How did you escape? I thought I was the only being left alive by the butchering wretches!"

"Alas!" I returned, "I am as good as dead; for I am badly wounded in my hips, and cannot walk a step."

"See!" he rejoined, "I'm no better off—both my arms are broken! and I've no power to use a weapon, and could not feed myself if I had anything to eat. I think, of the two,

Captain you're the best off, after all; for you, at least, can shoot game, and so won't starve!"

"Aye," I said; "but how am I to get it when I have shot it?"

"I see," he replied, with a sort of laugh, "the two of us only make one decent man. You've got arms and I've got legs; and if we ever get out of this infernal scrape at all, I reckon we'll have to work out together. And if Heaven is willing, and the red devils will let us alone, we'll be able to do it yet, and cheat the howling imps of two scalps, anyhow!"

It was a very singular and remarkable occurrence, that only two men should have escaped from that scene of slaughter; and of these the one with his hips broken, and the other with his arms. Brent, like myself, had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours. And like myself, too, he had escaped, after being shot, by crawling into a thicket, and lying flat upon the earth, at a point where the Indians had passed within a few feet of him. Here he had remained concealed through the night and day, till the savages had departed, when the pangs of hunger had brought him forward in search of food, which he had little hope of finding, and he knew not by what means he might get it into his mouth, if obtained. On hearing the report of my rifle, a faint hope had sprung up in his breast that a companion might be near; but whether it should prove to be a friend or an enemy, he determined to make himself known, and risk captivity, or even death, rather than remain in his hopeless condition.

We now began our singular mode of living, which probably has never been paralleled in the world's history. The first thing Brent did, was to search for the racoon I had shot, and push it along to me with his feet. I then dressed it, and kindling a fire with sticks which he also pushed up to me in the same manner, I broiled it, and on this we made our supper—as hearty and as palatable a meal as ever I ate in my life—I feeding him as he sat beside me. Our hunger appeared, we felt more sensibly the pangs of thirst; and at first we could devise no means for obtaining the water so near us. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention; and luckily bethinking me of my hat, I placed the rim in my companion's mouth, and told him to wade into the river, until he should be able to dip the hat under, and then, by returning quickly, I fancied a good portion of the water might be retained, after allowing for the leakage. The plan succeeded; and taking the half-filled hat from his teeth, I held it for him to drink, and then drank myself, the most refreshing and invigorating draught that ever passed my lips.

The immediate wants of nature being now fully supplied, we began to be more cheerful and hopeful, though still suffering extreme pain from our shattered limbs, which I next proceeded to dress as well as our circumstances would permit. Making some rude splints with my knife, I took of my shirt and tore it into strips, and then putting the bones of Brent's arms together as well as I could, I bound the splints around them. This done, I proceeded to dress my own wounds in the same incomplete way.

Another night now set in, which we passed together, lying close in the thicket, and suffering a great deal of pain. We slept little, but spent the tedious hours in talking over the dire events which had happened, and mourning the loss of our brave companions.

The second day, beginning early in the morning, and keeping a sharp look-out for game, I was fortunate enough to shoot two squirrels and a wild turkey, the latter being quite numerous in that region. This served us for food through the day, and on the third I succeeded in shooting a couple more squirrels and a few birds, my companion always kicking the game to me with his feet, and pushing up sticks and brush in the same manner, and I dressing and cooking the animals, and feeding him.

So matters went on for several days, the game gradually becoming scarcer, and requiring a great deal more labor on Brent's part to drive it within reach of my rifle. Days thus passed on, and even weeks, before my wounds were so far healed as to permit me to hobble about on crutches, and during all this time we saw not a human soul, though anxiously watching for some chance boat to pass down the river and take us off.

Our garments being thin, and our shirts torn up for bandages, and the weather setting in cold, our future prospects looked cheerless indeed, and we were much concerned lest we should be obliged to winter where we were. To be prepared for any emergency, we, with much labor, put up a kind of rude shanty, which served in some measure to protect us from the almost wintry blasts which now began to sweep over the desolate scene.

As the season grew colder and more inclement, the game became so scarce that my companion with difficulty drove enough within rifle-shot to give us a single meal a day; and with all the rest, our powder was so low in the horn that I could count the charges, and dared not fire except when certain of my mark: then it was we began to feel the horrors of despair, and sometimes to regret that we had outlived the dead around us. Almost naked, with unshaven haggard faces, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, we now indeed looked pitiable, even to each other; every day, too, our condition

seemed to grow worse, instead of better; and at last, with a sinking heart, I informed Brent we had but four charges of powder in our horn.

"God help us!" was his reply.

Matters were thus at their very worst, when, one day, Peter burst suddenly into our shanty, where I sat shivering under a few embers, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Blessed be God! Captain Benham, we're saved!—there's a flat boat just turning the bend above us!"

Who shall describe my feelings then! I started up and hobbled down to the bank of the river, shouting wildly as I went, lest the boat, scarcely yet within sight, should pass us ere I could reach the beach. Oh! how painfully anxious we watched its slow approach, continually shouting to attract the attention of men too far distant to hear us, and making every kind of signal we could possibly think of for the same purpose.

Gradually the boat neared us, and at length we could see its crew gathered together, and pointing toward us. But, oh Heaven! imagine, if you can, our horror, when we saw them suddenly betake to their oars, push over to the Ohio shore, and then row past us with all their might, amid our frantic gesticulations and piteous prayer for help! On they swept down the river, and then Brent and I, looking at each other with silent horror, sunk down together upon the cold beach, and mentally prayed for death to end our sufferings.

Suddenly—oh, sight of agonizing joy!—we saw a canoe put off from the larger boat and approach us, and then we got up, and fairly screamed and begged for assistance. When the rowers had come near enough to converse with us, they stopped, and told us they feared we were decoys, put there to draw them to the shore, that the Indians might fall upon and murder them, and it took no little time, and the most earnest assertions and piteous appeals, to convince them to the contrary. At last, after rowing past us two or three times, and closely inspecting the shore, and getting us to come far out on the sandbar, they ventured to take us aboard. We were kindly treated by these men, when they came to hear our story; and being taken by them to the garrison at the Falls (now Louisville, Ky.) we were placed under the care of a skillful surgeon, and soon restored to our usual healthful strength.

Reader, is not this story remarkable for the fact that two men should so singularly escape from the savages, and live six weeks in the wilderness—the one with useless arms, the other with useless legs—the two together making, as it were, only one whole man! Who ever shall to-day stand upon the levee of the now large and flourishing city of Cincinnati, and glance his eye across the beautiful Ohio, shall behold the very spot where these remarkable events occurred at a time when all around, on either shore, was a wild howling wilderness.

MR. HASKIN'S REPORT, summing up the testimony taken by the Committee appointed by the lower House of Congress to investigate the Willett's Point job, was made on the 8th. Although influences have been brought to bear to prevent the concurrence of a majority of the Committee in this Report, its statement of facts cannot be disputed, and from these any intelligent mind can judge the nature of the transaction exposed. That both Secretary Floyd and Collector Schell were inclined to favor the speculators—that a monstrous valuation was put on the property by Messrs. A. Schell and Fowler, with the intent of favoring those interested in the sale—that Mr. Floyd too readily accepted their appraisal and gave \$200,000 for a property which had been offered him barely one month before for \$100,000—and that law, usage and propriety were overridden in accepting the property without due scrutiny of the title, and loaded with a mortgage for \$85,000, thus agreeing to pay \$200,000 when Congress had only appropriated \$150,000—so far, there can be no dispute. For whose benefit this was done, and whether any of the official actors in the premises derived any direct pecuniary advantage therefrom, are problems which the testimony does not solve. But it must not be forgotten that this job was but one of a series—that the sale of Fort Snelling and the purchase of sites for new forts near New Bedford, Mass., at the mouth of the Kennebec, Maine, and on Mare Island, near San Francisco, were conducted on the same principle, and effected, so far as has yet been developed, by the same parties.

Willot's Point is on Long Island, N. Y., and the property purchased as above mentioned, was designed for fortification purposes.

Birds and Toads are among the best helps in the destruction of insects, and both should be protected. Robins have a fancy for eating curculios. This is a merit in the robins almost sufficient to cause every fruit-grower to take off his hat to every robin that visits his grounds. One hundred and sixty-two curculios were last year taken from the craw of one robin. Let the robin live, even if they do claim a share of the fruits. Let more fruits be grown for robins and human kind.

Gribbins is a neat fellow. He says he can't spare time to take a bath; besides, it costs money for soap and towels. We asked how he managed to keep clean? "O," said he, with a highly inventive smirk, "I sand-paper myself every Christmas."

THE LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

"A kindly word, a pleasant smile,
Are better far than gold."

A friend, some time since, came to us and expressed great annoyance at what he regarded as an act of marked discourtesy on the part of a gifted and accomplished gentleman, to whom he had rendered a valuable service. He was quite excited at the time, not that he cared so much for the circumstance, but because it was calculated to dim the high picture which he had formed in his mind of the nature of the man. He had set him up as the model of a Christian gentleman, the very embodiment of a finished, polished, graceful and dignified character. And yet, to his surprise, he found that he lacked one of the great essentials, namely, common courtesy or ordinary politeness. In other words, he had either refused or declined to answer a note that had been sent to him on his own business, and this refusal was kept up for days, until it became necessary to refresh his memory and offer one or two sharp admonitory remarks. It is but one of thousands. The little courtesies of daily life, the kindly and graceful amenities which are so admirably calculated to sweeten the relations between man and man, and to impart a genial spirit to our social every-day intercourse, are too frequently neglected. We either forget, or we overlook them. We do not sufficiently appreciate our own self-respect, or the feelings and good wishes of others. This is the more culpable, for courtesy and kindness are at the command of all classes—the poor as well as the rich, the humble as well as the elevated. There are some persons who never think it worth while to reply to a note or an invitation unless some special business matter be involved. There are others again, who never omit such an act of courtesy and duty. In the first case, misunderstandings, irritations and unkindnesses will inevitably occur, and in the last, all these will be avoided. Some one has observed, truly and forcibly, that the little courtesies of life should be regarded as among the minor virtues, and their practice should be encouraged and cultivated from early youth. What, indeed, could be more delightful than the interchange of civility, kindness and good will on all proper occasions between friends and neighbors? What is so well calculated to soften the rugged path of existence, and to give to the human heart agreeable feelings? Some years since, a gentleman and lady were betrothed, and the proposed union was looked upon in the most approving manner by the parents of both parties. It so happened that the former had occasion to visit Europe, and to remain abroad something like six months. He wrote home elaborately, or a few words by every packet; but during the whole of this period he received but three letters in reply, and of a character so brief as to show that the fair correspondent took very little interest either in the subject or the object to whom the epistles were addressed. The effect was to annoy, irritate, create a coolness, and finally to break off the match. The truth is, no one likes to be treated either with indifference or contempt. A sense of self-pride revolts against such conduct. The courtesy we extend to others, we naturally and properly desire to see extended to ourselves in return. Reciprocity is the very soul of harmony, friendship, and good feeling. A sensitive individual may be aggrieved and wounded, just as readily by indifference and neglect, as by an open and studied insult. By courtesy, we do not mean affection, hollow pretence, shallow hypocrisy, and artificial manners. On the contrary, these are all miserable counterfeits. But we refer to a genial, generous and kindly spirit, a sense of appreciation, a recognition of equality, a truthful air, and a frank and manly bearing. Not a day goes by, in which all these qualities cannot be exhibited more or less, especially in the sphere, and among the friends with whom we move and mingle. There is, on the other hand, nothing more unworthy, unmanly, pitiable and mean, than a disposition to tyrannize over and insult, not directly perhaps, but indirectly, those who in some sense may seem to be dependent upon us, or whom, in the exercise of a false pride, we may imagine we can outrage with impunity. The little courtesies of life never shine so sweetly or brightly, as when they are manifested by the rich towards the poor, or by the powerful toward the weak. They then become a grace and embellishment of the character, and while they adorn the one party with a moral lustre, they kindle in the hearts of the other feelings of kindness, affection and good-will. But courtesy is never out of place. It is never thrown away. It always has its effect, and sometimes it tells far more efficiently than formal services, or even heavy obligations.

CULTIVATE WELL, AND NOT TOO WIDELY.—The great evil in our agriculture is that we attempt too much with too little means. We spread over too much ground, and the consequence is, no field is cultivated as it ought to be. Nature is a bountiful mother, but if neglected she withholds her gifts. If we scatter our manure and our labor for her crops, she will increase them; but if we withhold what is needed, we may dig in vain. We believe that if our farmers would bestow the manure and labor upon thirty acres which they now bestow upon sixty, they would harvest heavier crops and be richer every way at the end of the year.

PADDY'S COON HUNTING.

An Irishman of our acquaintance, named Michael O'Rodger, who settled in this part of the country some years ago, lately received an unexpected visit from his brother Pat, who was direct from the "sod." Mike heartily welcomed his brother and resolved to do everything in his power to make his visit an agreeable one. Accordingly at the end of the second day after Pat's arrival, which had been spent by them in general carousal, Mike armed his brother with a shillelah, and immediately led off in the direction of a cornfield about half a mile distant, where he assured Pat that they would enjoy a rare evening's coon hunting.

The night was too dark to distinguish the objects of their search at any great distance, but on entering the field and setting up a wild yell they soon discovered by the rustling of the cornstalks in various directions that they had been successful in routing several of them from their hiding places. Mike's keen eyes were now fixed upon a large tree, which stood a few yards distant, and he soon had the satisfaction of detecting an object moving up its trunk at a rapid rate. This he knew to be a coon, and with a shout of joy he rushed towards the tree, calling his brother to follow up. In a moment the two sportsmen were under the tree. Mike prepared to climb, and directed Pat how to act when the coon reached the ground.

"He'll be ather makin' a great noise to get away," said Mike, "but for your life don't let him escape ye."

"Och, be off up the tree wid ye," answered Pat, flourishing his shillelah and evidently growing impatient for the sport; "niver fear but I'll put an ind to him when he comes down."

Mike now commenced climbing the tree with all possible haste, and succeeded very well in the ascent until he reached the first branches and became hid from the wild gaze of his brother, when he paused a moment to ascertain in what part of the tree the coon had taken lodgings. While matters were in this state, the coon made a sudden move among the branches, which so startled Mike that he unfortunately let go his hold and fell headlong to the ground.

Pat supposing him to be the coon, rushed furiously upon him with his club, and commenced that delightful operation of "putting an ind to him."

"Murder! murder!" cried Mike, attempting to raise to his feet, "in the name of Saint Patrick don't be ather bating me to death."

"Ye needn't be givin' me any uv yer dirty excuses; shure me brither tould me ye'd be ather makin' a great noise to git away, but a fut ye'll move out o' this alive."

Mike now supposing his brother to be crazy, thought it time to make a desperate struggle for life; so seizing Pat by the legs he succeeded in throwing him to the ground, whereupon a rough and tumble fight commenced, which lasted for some time without either of the brothers uttering a word. After a violent contest, however, Mike came off victorious, Pat being so completely subdued as to render him helpless. But fearing it was all over with him, he began to call Mike to hasten down the tree and assist him, or the "ugly basto" would have his life.

By this time Mike fully comprehended the error into which his brother had fallen, and commenced using every means in his power to bring him to his senses, which after a great deal of persuasion he succeeded in doing.

But the coon was allowed to escape unharmed, as neither of the adventurers felt in a humor for continuing the hunt that night. Indeed it was Pat's first hunting scrape, and he swore by all the saints it should be the last.

Newspaper reporters should not drink.—Here is a story handed in by one of the craft, which shows in very strong colors the manner in which things become distorted by viewing them through the bottom of a tumbler:

"Yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock P. M., a man with a heel in the hole of his stocking, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

A Texas and an Illinois farmer were speaking of raising corn, &c., and the Illinois man was boasting of the superior yield of prairie land, and telling large stories, as all western men do, to which the Texan replied:—"Well, tell you what, stranger, they may make large corn in your clearing, but it ain't a circumstance to what we raise in the Colorado bottoms. Why, the corn there averages thirty feet in height, with twelve ears to a stalk, and a gourd full of shelled corn on the top!"

Rev. Theodore Parker said in a recent sermon that you couldn't transport a lady or a barrel of flour from New York to Boston without springing a hoop.

A fastidious lady was greatly shocked the other day, on reading that male and female strawberry plants are frequently found occupying the same bed.

The 4th of July comes on Sunday this year. Bad day for fire-crackers and pop-guns.