

Raffinism

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1859.

VOL. 6--NO. 9.

TEACHING AND PRACTICING.

In the course of all my wanderings
O'er land and over sea;
In the course of all my ponderings
On how things ought to be,
I've always found 'twas easier done
To tell how things should be,
Than it was to be a single one
To make my acts agree.

One writer will tell you how to live,
Without a single sin—
Yet he sometimes, such oaths will give,
As ne'er before had been.
His precepts all are very good,
And many truths contain.
But often his example would
Put all his rules to shame.

One man will tell you that your time
Should always be improved,
To spend no breath in useless rhyms,
That ne'er will be approved.
But while he tells you thus to shun
All hours spent in vain,
The days are gliding one by one,
Through which he has idly lain.

Another'll tell you how to cleanse
The cares from off your brain,
But his, alas! like other men's,
Is raked with equal pain.
And though he may teach those around,
To live thus free from care,
You'll often find his brain abound
With many a tempting snare.

Thus thro' the world you'll find that those
Who try to teach the rest,
May sometimes be exempt from woes,
And sometimes face the best.
But if each one would try to make
Their rate and acts agree,
We should then more comfort take,
And less should disagree.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY.

Judge Huston presided over our courts until 1825, when, accepting the appointment of justice judge, he became a member of the Supreme Court. Prior to his appointment to the bench he resided in Centre county, where also in the adjoining counties he had an extensive practice, standing side by side with members of a bar which had and still maintains the name of being inferior to none in the Commonwealth. He had the reputation of being an industrious, able and correct lawyer. His success on the Common Pleas bench, and his many sound legal opinions delivered whilst connected with the Supreme Court, are evidence that his ability was not overrated. Whilst practicing, the trial of ejectments seemed most congenial to his taste, and his experience in such suits placed him among the foremost of the Real Estate lawyers in Pennsylvania. Being interested in a case involving title to some valuable property, and which was to be tried in Philadelphia, he was closeted with his client and assistant counsel for the week prior to court, preparing the cause. On the day on which it was supposed it would be reached, Huston was not ready for trial. A short time after the opening of Court, he rode into the neighborhood of the court house and proceeded at once, bespattered with mud and wearing his bawls leggings, into the court room. The cause was called, and he then claimed the indulgence of the Court until the next day, alleging his inability to appear in court and his inability to proceed with the trial. Appearing as he did, many comments were made, and surprise expressed that such a man should be brought from Centre county to the city to try a cause. The next day Huston appeared in Court, bringing with him several large bundles of papers. He sat alongside of his assistant counsel, who, during the examination of witnesses, acted as his mouth-piece. The skill displayed in trying the cause, and the familiarity which Mr. Huston had with land titles and the decisions affecting them, taught those who sneered at the country practitioner, not to judge by appearances. When presiding here, a cause was tried in which the Judge's brothers-in-law, Potter and Burnside, were opposing counsel. Mr. Potter desired that a gentleman, whose name had been called, should withdraw on the ground of relationship. It turned out that he and one of the parties had married cousins. Burnside suggested that it was not sufficient reason. "But," said Mr. Potter, "exclaimed the Judge, "you gentlemen and I have each married sisters, and I know there is neither love or affinity between either of us—let the juror be sworn!" Prior to his decease, Judge Huston engaged in the preparation of a work on the land titles of Pennsylvania. It was a work of years and labor. Unfortunately a fire destroyed the manuscript. From the Judge's known capacity and his fitness for the task, this work would have been a valuable aid in the investigation of that branch of legal knowledge. Later in life he again essayed the task and produced a work known as Huston's Land Titles. But it was prepared after his mind had lost its pristine vigor and instead of adding, detracts from his well merited fame.

Of those gentlemen who composed the early bar in the county, we have little to say. They were men of acknowledged ability, who have acquired honorable reputations which live after them. Several are still reaping additional honors at the bar, and the judicial ermine has not been tarnished by being worn by White or Burnside. Among them James M. Petriken occupied an honorable position. He was the life of the bar. Affable, sociable, and possessed of a vein of dry humor and caricature, you were attracted towards him and loved him despite yourself. With his ready pen he could at once portray on paper the drollest pictures which his fancy conceived, and oft a burst of laughter was, to the annoyance of the judge

and the surprise of bystanders, heard at the counsel table. So ready was he with the pen that at one time an imitation of a bank note, made by him, was taken at the bank from which it purported to have been issued, as good. Whilst trying a cause here before the elder Judge Burnside, his Honor ruled against him. Petriken insisted that he was right and produced an authority which sustained his position. The Judge again declared that he was wrong, whereupon Petriken tore the leaf from the book and cast it on the floor. The Judge, astonished, demanded the reason. "If it is not the law," replied Petriken, "then it has no right to be in the book."

There was another, now forgotten indolent, but whose name and fame, when those of his contemporaries shall have been forgotten, will be familiar and cherished by the children and children's children of those who esteemed him in life. It is true:

"The drying of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than sheering seas of gore."

Upon acts which betray his humanity, more than ought else, is the enduring reputation of Thomas Burnside bottomed. His appearance, bearing, deportment and language were marked, peculiar and characteristic. He was a study which might have employed a Hogarth's pencil or a Plutarch's pen—a strange commingling of light and shadow, of softened down asperities. You thought not of the lack of beauty in his features when you observed their kind and benignant expression. You might have thought his manners rude and his society undesirable, but his genial flow of humor and good sense, his desire to please, forbore any such conclusion. His roughest speech of old the ring of the pure metal and evinced a sensibility which would do credit to the other sex. A headstrong disposition was aroused when he met with opposition, and then remarks would escape him which caused him more pain than his adversary. If he was thus hasty, he was also prompt; when calm, to make the most humble and ample apology to those whom he had injured by word or deed. He could not forget a benefit nor ever fully repay the benefactor. He could not disguise the contempt he entertained for those who assumed privileges or prided themselves upon adventitious circumstances; but he valued and sought the society of men who had merit to recommend them, whether they followed the plough, toiled at the anvil, or occupied more favored positions. He was what Burns styles "the noblest work of God—an honest man." He bound his friends to him, and even those who contended against, loved and esteemed him.

MAKING LOVE ON AN APPLE TREE.

Everybody said that Nettie Gray was a beauty; not one of your polished city belles, but a gay, romping, saucy piece of nature's own handiwork, yet gentle and affectionate withal, possessing a depth of feeling and sentiment which few were able to fathom.

Now comes Nettie Gray, as she was called, had long been beloved by one Charley Gratton—the handsomest young merchant who kept the only store the village could boast of; where he had, for some four or five years, dealt out tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, calicoes, silks, pins, needles, hardware, and a variety of merchandise, to the villagers and surrounding farmers, and had realized quite a little fortune; a part of which he invested in the purchase of widow Norton's beautiful cottage and grounds, which, at the death of her husband, she had been obliged to dispose of and take a cheaper place, where she could live less expensively; while from the surplus of the price received for the cottage, she realized a snug little income. Charley had also taken the widow's son into the store, as his increased business made it necessary to procure assistance. The salary paid to little Johnny was a material help to his mother, for which she was very grateful to the young merchant, and she never failed to speak a word in his praise whenever an opportunity presented.

This, with the numberless acts of generosity which Charley was never tired of performing, made him the hero of that little village, and caused him to be beloved and respected, by both young and old, for many miles around. To say that Nettie Gray was indifferent to his many visits, or for the ardent love he entertained for her, would be doing injustice to her warm, appreciative heart. But the spirit of mischief seemed to possess her, and though she was uniformly kind and gentle in her disposition towards her lover, and would converse freely and unreservedly with him upon any topic, yet, when he approached the subject that lay nearest his heart, she was off like a frightened bird. Not that she was afraid of him, or that the subject was distasteful to her, (for her own heart was equally interested) but she was delighted to tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture on such occasions. She knew he loved her with all the strength of soul, and she had no fear of alienating his affections from herself—an event which would have given her the deepest pain.

Charley had begun to think seriously of marriage; and why not? There stood the cottage embowered in trees, many of which were bending under their heavy load of rare fruit, unoccupied. It needed only the gentle caress of his bright-eyed Nettie to make it a paradise. His income was more than sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant wants, and why should he not marry? Many times he had visited Nettie for the express purpose of making known his wishes, but had as often been prevented from saying what he wished to say, by the little mischief's running away at the first word he uttered on the subject. To think of supplanting her place from the many fair damsels in it—who would gladly have accepted his hand, was out of the question. It was Nettie he loved, and Nettie only, and he felt sure she returned his affections, but how could he ever get married if he was not permitted to propose. "I must resort to stratagem," he thought, and he partially formed

INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

The daily papers last week were filled with telegraphic dispatches of an insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. It is somewhat difficult to get a full and clear understanding of the affair. The gist of it seems, however, to be this—Capt. John Brown, of Kansas notoriety, who was last heard of on his way from Missouri to Canada with a band of runaway slaves, now turns up as a leader of the insurrection of a few inflated whites and deluded negroes at Harper's Ferry, where he seems to have been for some months plotting and preparing for a general stampede of slaves. There is an opinion current that this outbreak was the premature explosion of a widespread plot for exterminating slavery in Maryland and Western Virginia; that there was to be a general rising of negroes in that region, on the 24th of this month, and that the seizure of the government arms and stores at Harper's Ferry was to be the first step, though preceding the general movement only by a few hours. The whole affair seems the work of a madman, which was madly designed and madly managed. Still it turned out a sanguinary affair, for of the twenty-two insurgents, fifteen were killed and two mortally wounded. The following details are taken from the Baltimore American:

"The principal originator of the short but bloody existence of this insurrection was, undoubtedly, Capt. John Brown, whose connection with the scenes of violence in the border warfare of Kansas, the name of his family, his notoriety to the whole country. Brown made his first appearance in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons, the whole party assuming the name of Smith. He inquired about land in the vicinity, and made investigations about the probability of finding ores, and for some time boarded at Sandy Point, a mile east of the Ferry. After an absence of some months he re-appeared in the vicinity, and the elder Brown rented or leased a farm on the Maryland side, about four miles from the Ferry. They bought a large number of picks and spades, and this confirmed the belief that they intended to mine for ores. They were seen frequently in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that 'Bill Smith' was Capt. Brown or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate or extraordinary. Yet the development of the plot leaves no doubt that his visits to the Ferry, and his lease of the farm, were all parts of his preparations for the insurrection, which he supposed would be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and Western Virginia.

"Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near the Ferry for some years. He was first employed in tending a lock on the Canal, afterwards taught school on the Maryland side of the river, and after a brief residence in Kansas, where it is supposed he became acquainted with Brown, returned to the Ferry and some intelligence. He was regarded as a man of some intelligence, known to be anti-slavery, but not so violent in the expression of his opinions as to excite any suspicions. These two men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen previously about the Ferry. All were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

"The first active movement in the insurrection was made about half past 10 o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman on the Harper's Ferry bridge, whilst walking across towards the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men who said that he was their prisoner and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them he treated the matter as a joke, but enjoining silence, they conducted him to the bridge, which he found already in their possession. He was retained until after daylight and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight, found the bridge lights all out and was immediately seized. Suspecting it an attempt at robbery he broke away and his pursuers stumbling over, he escaped.

"The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave-owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party, headed by Cook, proceeded there, aroused Col. W. and took him to be their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, and took the carriage and horse, and a large wagon with two horses. When Col. Washington saw Cook he immediately recognized him as a man who had called upon him some months previous, to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword presented by Frederick the Great to General George Washington, and a pair of pistols belonging to Gen. Lafayette to Washington, both being heirlooms in the family. Before leaving, Cook challenged Col. Washington to a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable certainty as a marksman. When he made his visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit, and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Col. W. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he obtained by his former visit, to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which Col. W. did not retain till after the final defeat of the insurrection. From Col. Washington's party proceeded with him, as a prisoner, in his own carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer, on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of 16 years of age, were taken up and found the bridge guarded by armed men, and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people found they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of the insurrectionists at once increased from fifty (which was probably their greatest force, including the slaves who were forced to join them), to from five hundred to six hundred.

"In the meanwhile a number of workmen, knowing nothing of what had occurred, entered the Army and were successively taken prisoners, until they had at one time less than sixty men confined in the Army. Among those thus entrapped were Armistead Ball, Chief Draftsman of the Army; Benjamin Mills, Master of the Army; and J. E. P. Danglefield, Pay Master's Clerk. These three gentlemen were imprisoned to the en-

INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

gine house (which afterwards became the chief fortress of the insurgents) and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building farther down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant Zouave dash, made by the Railroad Company's men, who came down from Martinsburg. This was the condition of affairs at daylight, about which time Captain Cook, with two white men, and accompanied by thirty negroes, and taking with them Colonel Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain on the road toward Pennsylvania.

It was then believed that the large wagon was used to convey away the Paymaster's safe, containing \$17,000 Government funds, and also, that it was filled with Minnie rifles, taken out to supply other bands in the mountains, who were to come down upon Harper's Ferry in overwhelming force. These suppositions both proved untrue, as neither money nor arms were disturbed. The news spread around, and as the people came into the Ferry, the first demonstrations of resistance were made to the insurrectionists. A general warfare commenced, chiefly led by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the army yard.

The colored man, Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning, for refusing to join the movement. The next man shot was Joseph Burley, a citizen of the Ferry. He was shot standing in his own door. About this time Samuel P. Young, Esq., was killed while coming into town on horseback. The insurrectionists, by this time, finding a general disposition to resist them, had nearly all withdrawn within the Army grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge. About noon, the Charleston troops, under command of Colonel Robert W. Bowler, having crossed the river some distance up, and marched down on the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge, firing a volley, they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down towards the Army. In this movement one of the insurrectionists, Wm. Thompson, was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived and marched down the Shenandoah side and joined the Charleston forces on the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckman, Mayor of the town and agent of the Railroad Company, in the breast, passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, making a dreadful wound. He died almost immediately. Beckman was without arms, and was exposed only for a moment whilst approaching the water station. His appearance of life still remaining, he was again riddled with balls.

Sharp fighting ensued, and at this time a general charge was made down the street from the bridge towards the Army gate, by the Charleston and Shepherdstown troops and the Ferry people from behind the Army wall. A fusillade was kept and returned by the insurrectionists from the Army buildings. Whilst this was going on the Martinsburg and entering the army grounds by the rear, made an attack from that side. This force was largely composed of railroad employees, gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering, and gallantly led by Capt. Almaric, they carried the building in which the army men were imprisoned and released the whole of them. They were however, but poorly armed, some with pistols and others with shot guns, and when they came within range of the engine house, where the elite of the insurrectionists were gathered, and became exposed to the rapid and dexterous use of Sharpe's rifles, they were forced to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evan Dorsey, of Baltimore, was killed instantly, and Conductor George Richardson received a wound from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.

A guerrilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in killing two insurrectionists, and the wounding of a third. One crawled out through the culvert leading into the Potomac, and attempted to cross to the Maryland side, whether to escape or to convey information to Cook, is not known. He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. An adventurous lad waded out and secured his Sharpe's rifle, and his body was afterwards stripped of a portion of his clothing. In one of his pockets was found a Captain's commission drawn up in full form, and declaring that the bearer, Capt. Lehman, held that command under Major Gen. Brown.

A light mulatto was shot just outside the army gate. The ball went through his throat, tearing away all the great arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he was one of the free negroes who came with Brown. His body was left exposed in the street, up to noon yesterday, to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace. At this time a tall, powerful man, named Evan Stephens, came out of the army, conducting some prisoners, it was said, and was shot twice in the side and breast. He was captured and taken to a tavern, and after the insurrection was quelled, was handed over to the United States authorities, in a dying condition.

During the afternoon, a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized Hall's Mills works, and a party of their assailants found their way through the mill race and dislodged them. In this encounter, it was said, three of the insurrectionists were killed, but we found but one dead body—that of a negro—on that side of the town.

Night, by this time had set in, and the operations ceased. Guards were placed around the Army, and every precaution taken to prevent escape.

The night passed without serious alarms, but not without excitement. The Marines marched over immediately after the arrival of Col. Lee, and were stationed within the Army grounds, so as to completely surround the engine house. Occasionally shots were fired by the country volunteers—for what purpose was not understood, but there was only one return fire from the insurgents.

INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

A dead stillness surrounded the buildings, and except that now and then a man might be seen peeping from the nearly closed centro door, and a dog's nose slightly protruding, no sign of life, much less of hostility was given. Various opinions were given as to the number of persons within, and the amount of resistance they would be able to offer. Cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of Col. Washington, Mr. Danglefield, Mr. Ball, and other citizens, whom they still held as prisoners. The doors and walls of the Army had been pierced for rifles, but it was evident that from these holes no range could be held and that without opening the door they would be shooting in the dark.

Shortly after 7 o'clock, Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, of the First Cavalry, who was acting as Aid for Col. Lee, advanced to parley with the besieged; Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and respectable citizen, bearing a flag of truce. They were received at the door by Capt. Cook. Lieut. Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, only promising the protection from immediate violence and trial by law. Capt. Brown refused all terms but those previously demanded, which were substantially, that they should be permitted to march out with their men and arms, taking their prisoners with them; that they should proceed unpursued to the second toll-gate, when they would free their prisoners. The soldiers would then be permitted to pursue them, and they would fight if they could not escape.

Of course this was refused, and Lieut. Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position and urged a surrender. The expostulation, though beyond ear-shot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of the Lieutenant, and the courage of his aged flag-bearer, won warm praise. At this moment, the interest of the scene was most intense. The spectators were arranged all around the buildings, and the marines, divided in two squads, were ready for a dash at the door. Finally Lieut. Stuart having exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door. Immediately the signal for attack was given and the marines, headed by Col. Harris and Lieut. Green, advanced in two lines on each side of the door. Two powerful fellows sprang between the lines, and with heavy sledge hammers attempted to batter down the door. The door swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured with a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blows.

Failing to obtain a breach, the marines were ordered to fall back, and a party of them took hold of a ladder, some forty feet long, and advancing at a run, brought it with tremendous effect against the door. At the second blow, one leaf falling inward in slanting position, the marines immediately advanced to the breach. Major Russell and Lieut. Green leading. A marine in the front fell, and the firing on the interior was rapid and sharp. They fired with deliberate aim, and for a moment the resistance was serious and desperate enough to excite the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines poured in, the firing ceased, and the work was done, whilst cheers rang from every side, the general feeling being that the marines had done their part admirably.

When the insurgents were brought out, some dead and others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "shoot them! shoot them!" rang from every side. The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom, through the steadiness of the Marines, escaped injury, changed the current of feeling and prolonged cheers took the place of execrations. In the assault Private Raffert, of the Marines, received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

The scene in front of the engine house, after the assault, presented a dreadful sight. Lying in it were two bodies of men killed the previous day and found in the house, and three wounded men, one of whom, in a gasp of life and the two others groaning in agony. One of the dead was Brown's son, Otway—the wounded man, his son Watson; whilst the father himself lay upon the grass a gory spectacle, his face and hair clotted with blood, and a severe bayonet wound in his side.

A short time after he was brought out he revived, and talked calmly to those around him, and defended his cause, and acts. He was asked, "Were any other persons, but those with you, connected with the movement?" "No," he replied. "Did you expect aid from the North?" "No," he again replied, "there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me."

Several important papers, and \$300 in gold, were found in his possession. The following fragment of a letter was also found in Brown's pocket. It occupies a page of fine note paper, straw tinted, and is written in pencil, evidently by a person of education. It is without date. The 'freight' alluded to was doubtless of that sort usually carried on the 'underground railroad.'

"Care, Brown—Dear Sir: I have been disappointed in my possession. You here are this, to take charge of your freight. They have been here now for two weeks, and as I have had to superintend the providing for them, it has imposed on me no small task besides—and if not soon taken on, some of them will go back to Missouri. I wish to know definitely what you propose doing. They cannot be kept here any longer without risk to themselves, and if any of them conclude to go back to the State, it will be a bad termination to your enterprise." (No signature.)

The number of persons killed is: 5 citizens and 15 insurgents—wounded, 3 insurgents—prisoners, 5 insurgents.

In a school house were found tents, blankets, clothing and 1500 flintlocks, also the constitution and by-laws of an organization, a letter from Fred. Douglas containing \$10 sent by a lady, and another from Gerrit Smith with a check or draft for \$100.

An anonymous letter, dated Cincinnati, Aug. 20th, was received by Gov. Floyd, Secretary of War, expressing his of the contemplated movement. The writer seemed to be in the secret of the insurgents.

Archbishop Hughes, who is soon to go to Washington to consecrate a church, has been invited by the President to make his home in the White House so long as he may remain at the capital.

Last governs man, and reason the law.

INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

The weather prophets predict a cold winter because some squirrels are traveling south.