

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

A POPULAR NOVA SCOTIA SONG.

When British drums are silent,
And British guns are gone,
We'll show them we're stronger,
Well how us down to none.
The north has come against us,
For we'll call our men together,
And we'll stand by them,
Till we'll be free and royal marching,
That marching to the sea.

Let Canada come eastward,
And we'll meet them on the mountains,
And give them their graves;
We'll keep the country free,
And we'll make the Britons,
For our homes beside the sea.
Men can't be torn from the mountains
We'll have ships waiting on our headlands,
With tariff and with taxes.
They hold our people down,
When they'll be the British crown;
For like the man in the woodchats,
We'll take Canadian charcoal,
And we'll have ships waiting on the sea.

COYODE'S DISTRICT.

(Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.)

ZOZONIA, INDIANA CO., PA.

With all the frauds, chicanery and corruption of popular elections, no better system of government ever can be devised than the representative, and in spite of all efforts to the contrary, no voting constituency will long be misrepresented in the men of their choice. One is impressed with this fact in going over that part of New York which elected Morrissey: No man so fit to represent those people as the great, successful gambler and pugilist, and in looking around, and exploring this region, I have been strongly impressed with the suitability of the representation of these people, by stout old John Coyode.

Congress does not present a wider contrast than Coyode or Morrissey; the country has no wider contrast than their constituencies. Of the latter it is not necessary to speak; but the former is a curiosity. Here, in almost every house stands the spinning wheel; here, the women who use it. Once, our nearest neighbors has two sons, the regular old fashioned ones, none of your flying shuttle concerns; she and her hired girl sit side by side, and weave blankets, twined plain hags of flax and tow, table linen and toweling, plain and back-eye, carpets, of rags and yarn, at the moderate price of twelve and a half cts. per yard.

This mistress and master of the side by side at work, sit at table, in church and wherever else they happen to be. Across the road the hired help of a family are married to the son and heir a few weeks ago, with the entire approval of all parties. Class in society is as foreign to the ideas of these people as India's castes. The women work a field, roll logs, burn brush, harrow, rake and bind grain, raise hogs, lay out and plant corn and potatoes, ride, pull, roll, it, break it, scratch, hawk and spin it, snare, bind, make and wear it, raise sheep, cut the wool from their backs, and card it through every process necessary to convert it into clothing. The men calculate to "take the heavy end of the log," and men and women work together in the old style fashionable all over the country in Revolutionary times. The houses and furniture belong to that period, except the log fire. Cook stoves are very rare, and upholstered furniture, "none about it."

One piano is so great a curiosity that people have come miles to see and hear it; they sometimes come miles to carry us a basket of fresh fruit and vegetables. They take it for granted that you are to come and see them, and stay for coffee—do not use tea, and when you go take coffee made by the good wife. In the furrow to come and say you're welcome. The best housewife is set before you. The hired girl and farm hand, if there are with the children, gather around the house bows and the head of the English, perhaps in German. There is where about for the old folks, and one in English for the children.

There is said to be a Bible in every house, with nearly defined ideas of its teachings on contested points. There is a newspaper, too, and settled opinions on the policy it advocates. Here your editor finds one or more critics in every house, and some of them as dogmatical as any doctor of divinity care to be. There is a shelf of books in the living room, which generally show among them are one or more of "the latest pleasantness of the States." Almost every house furnished one or more soldiers to the war. Some of the women live with one, two, or three little children, on the farm, carried on the earnings operations, took the children through the whooping cough, cared for horses and cattle, and had enough to spare of their own living, while the husband and father fought for the old flag.

There are no poor folks in this region, none who would accept charity and no one finer than his neighbor. Women go to church, wear a calico sun bonnet or something more pretentious, just as it suits them; and men in coats or shirt sleeves according to the weather.

It is amusing to think of the efforts in city Fair to get up "New England kitchens" as if they were things of the dread past. Here, less than a day's journey from your city, we have plenty of kitchens, Pennsylvania kitchens, just as primitive as the New England article.

You will hardly see by this, John Coyode, the right man in the right place. What, though there are some boughs in the district which put on airs of gentility, and might be properly represented by an aspiring lawyer! There are plenty of genteel Congressmen who might take a step farther into them, and see that their right of fashion plates is not violated. But there is but one John Coyode, and I suspect they are more communities like this hidden away like them, in other constitutions where they are so outdone by modern improvements, that they are overlooked in the representation. These our sturdy old Spartan could take under his fatherly protection. One thing is certain: Coyode is the representative of an era thought to have passed away, and which I find here, hale and hearty. Like Webster, the good of the good old time, still lives and ought to have its representatives on the floors of Congress.

Sprague represents the gamin-jenny, Coyode the old spinning wheel by which

our grandmothers clothed our armies in the days of the Revolution; and I, as one of the constituents of this district claim to be represented by the stout old American gentleman, who had so large an allowance of common sense and old-fashioned honesty, without the polish which belongs to the days of improved machinery.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

(Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.)

DU BOIS, BIG SANDY FORK OF ARKANSAS RIVER, COLORADO, September 7, 1869.

EDITORS GAZETTE.—Two months have passed since I wrote last, in which I have been too busy to write a satisfactory letter. During this time our survey has progressed one hundred miles westward from Sheridan, the present western terminus of the Kansas Pacific railway passing near Fort Wallace and Cheyenne Wells and striking the Big Sandy ten miles below this place, near the junction with the proposed line to the Pacific by the thirty-fifth parallel.

My position as topographer and office engineer of the party in the field affords great facilities for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the country, but as yet I have found nothing to modify in my former accounts. I had not overrated its value for pasture, or for cultivation where irrigation is possible, nor the health giving qualities of the climate, to which nothing eastward is comparable. Per contra there is no timber except a little cottonwood on the banks of streams, no coal till we get beyond the plains, and no stone west of Fort Wallace where there is plenty of heavily tilted mesozoic limestone rocks to be seen.

The scarcity of water for ordinary uses is readily overcome by shallow wells in the dry watercourses or by deeper ones on higher ground, avoiding the patches of alkaline earth which make many of the natural pools unfit to use. Artesian wells may ultimately be added in the few permanent streams, and the climate, the air, cool, wind, affording cheap power for pumping and the geologic structure of the country, a wide, shallow trough of Tertiary or upper carboniferous strata, filled with cliffling drift from the Rocky Mountains, giving good prospect of obtaining sufficient water by wells reaching through the drift. The heads of streams tap the permanent underground contents of water, which are generally the sole drainage of the country. These probably, through their sandy character, and when interrupted by impenetrable masses appear as springs, generally of good water, but soon sink again, often to reappear, making a succession of springs of the same water, just as landscape gardeners sometimes do to economize water.

The Big Sandy, by which we are camped, now a dry sandy bed four hundred feet wide, was a rapid torrent with an average fall of nearly twenty feet per mile, in a narrow, deep, winding current, which washes the sand so as to leave it in a loose mixture of sand and water, so unstable as to be ready to collapse under the weight of animals passing across, thus presenting dangerous quicksands.

The same stream, the same course presents a succession of deep pools of cool, palatable water, where the elevation reaches the surface. These are separated by long series of solid, moss-covered ground, which has none of the appearance of a water course.

A few miles east of this place, a remarkable depression, called Eureka, Basin, ten miles in width, has been worn out by surface floods and the wind taking up the loose soil and depositing it on the grassy bluffs around in fantastic shapes. This depression is two hundred feet below the general level of the plains, and considerably below the Big Sandy, and borders along a ridge formed of debris which it brings from the base of the mountains, but descends so rapidly to the low enough twenty miles from here to receive the drainage of the basin.

The drift from the mountains, of which these plans are formed, abounds in pieces in fossils. Twenty miles west of Fort Wallace we found a fossiliferous limestone, nearly twenty feet thick, the wood is common. On Fish Creek, east of Sheridan, several mastodons and many other organic remains have been found. At Antelope Station, Nebraska, several new species of horses have been unearthed. Altogether the plains seem to be the most promising of all fields for paleontological research. Dr. Foster, now President of the American Scientific Association, thinks he has gathered, chiefly from this region, sufficient evidence to establish the existence of pre-Asiatic races of men. Whether this be so, or not, the incalculable condition of the country and the bleeding of the diluvial period into the present is easily apparent, and here seems to be the door by which to pass from the past to geological periods.

Having given this letter a rather earthy character, I shall in others take up other subjects, among them, the social characteristics of an uninhabited country.

C. J.

Mysteries of the Mad House—A Pearl Street Merchant Wants to Get Out—A Writ of Habeas Corpus Issued—Family Secrets Said to Be Involved.

A gentleman, confined in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, writes to Mr. John B. Townsend, requesting him to obtain his release to secure his confinement. The writer of the letter is Mr. Henry Frothingham, formerly a merchant in Pearl street, and who previous to his confinement, always acted like a sane man. On receipt of this communication Mr. Townsend proceeded to the Asylum for the purpose of holding an interview with Mr. Frothingham, which the authorities would not initially permit, deferring him, however, to Mr. Frothingham's brother for the particulars of the case. When the latter was called on, he informed Mr. Townsend that his brother was hopelessly insane, and described a few of his freaks which plainly demonstrated a feeble mind. These assertions were communicated to the alleged lunatic, who in turn denied them in the most emphatic terms. Under these circumstances, Mr. Townsend, last Saturday applied to Mr. Justice Barbour of the Superior Court, for a writ of habeas corpus, which was readily granted.

The alleged lunatic, who appears to be possessed of some share of common sense, is said to be the depositary of a mysterious family secret, the revelation of which is feared by the other members of the family. —*N. Y. Times.*

Sproule represents the gamin-jenny, Coyode the old spinning wheel by which

STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Ancient Ruins at Saratoga—What Forgotten Race Drank and Bathed at the Springs Ages Ago!

(From the Saratoga Post.)

In making excavations for the foundation walls of the bottling house, at the Star Spring, among other evidences of an occupancy of this interesting locality by a former people, and for purposes similar to those for which this spring is now famous—the recuperation of health—the workmen laid bare a range of vats, some half dozen in number, which had evidently been used for bathing purposes.

The remains of a wall, doubtless of another century, were plainly developed, one portion being entire for a distance of thirty-five feet, and which ran along the south side of this row of vats, some five feet from the most southern vat; but whether these were inside or outside of the building, there is nothing developed as yet, to determine. Our own opinion is that they were outside of the building, which had been built upon the top of the vats.

It is clearly distinctly and permanently labeled.

By merely placing the name of the fruit the name of the owner and the date when it was made can be known.

It is a fine assortment just received.

An elegant assortment just received.

Hair and Jute Switches,

Balmoral and Plaid Hosiery,

Wool Half Hose,

Shirts and Drawers.

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