

Raffan's Journal.

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THE DACOTAH'S CAPTIVE. A Tale of the Lead Mines of Iowa.

While the Spanish colonists ravaged the southern portion of North America in quest of gold, and the English planted the germs of self-government on the eastern coast, the French were but the agents of home-merchants who enjoyed a monopoly of the various traffics, and were sustained in the enjoyment of it by the strong arm of military power. To the trading association in particular, we owe the discovery of the Mississippi, by the son of one of the members—the intrepid La Salle. In his day lead was first discovered within the present limits of the State of Iowa, but the noted Julien Dubuque was the first who taught the Indians to collect the ore, and make an article of trade of it. He was not only a brave, but a crafty man, and after his death the savages, in compliance with his dying wish, deposited his remains upon the summit of a bluff overlooking the "Father of Waters," securing the mouth of the mausoleum with a massive leaden door of a ton weight. They then burned his dwellings and erased every trace of civilized life around his settlements, except the orchards planted by his own hands. Vandal whites afterwards cut up the door to sell, but the name of Dubuque will ever be remembered in Iowa.

Years passed away. The white flag of France no longer waved over the Mississippi Valley, and the bold frontiersman, advancing on the foremost wave of civilization, crossed the river in quest of the lead ore, game and fertile soil. One of the first settlements thus established was formed by a party from Kentucky, led by the grand sire of the younger generation—old Joe Bates, a noble specimen of a frontiersman. Seventy winters had whitened his long locks, but he was still hale and hearty, able to wield an axe with any of his sons, or to draw lead on a rifle with that fatal accuracy of aim which had enabled him to render good service at the battle of New Orleans. Selecting a good locality on the very shore of the Mississippi, old Joe and his sons built a log cabin, surrounded by a stockade to keep off the Dakotahs. They then surrounded a "clearing" with a worm fence, deadened the standing trees by the fatal axe circle, and planted corn. When their corn was well above ground and freed from weeds, they began to "prospect" for lead ore.

Thus far they had seen no Indians, and began to flatter themselves that the "red skins" had left the country to their peaceful possession, but the wily savages had kept a constant watch upon their movements. Perhaps, had they confined themselves to agricultural labors, the intruders might have gone unmolested, especially as the Dakotahs wished to conciliate the United States Government into a profitable treaty, but when pick axes were wielded in search of lead ore, the destruction of the pale faces was resolved upon in council.

The first object of savage vengeance was the oldest son, Frank Bates, who had built him a cabin about five hundred yards from "head quarters," despite the warnings of old Joe. Frank, however, had no fear of Indians, and lived with his wife and their babe in great happiness, until one summer's night, when he was awakened by the loud barking of dogs. Springing from his bed, he looked through an opening in the logs, and saw to his horror, at least fifty Dakotahs, in full war costume, evidently seeking the easiest way to force an entrance into the cabin. Arousing his wife, he raised a cellar trap door, and was about to send her down, when the child she had left in the bed began to cry.

"I cannot leave my babe," said she.
"Nay," he exclaimed, "I will take care of the boy," and almost forcing her down into the small cellar, he closed the unhinged door, over which he drew a large chest. Then seizing his rifle and hatchet, he took the infant and ascended to the loft of the cabin, pulling up the ladder after him. A moment more, the door was forced from its hinges and the Dakotahs entered, eager for their prey. But Bates did not remain to watch their movements, for lashing his boy to his shoulder, he cautiously opened a shutter in the gable of the loft, and seeing that no Indians were beneath, jumped to the ground, rifle in hand.

He had traversed his little garden, the air resounded with the blood-chilling tones of the war-whoop, and a volley of arrows rained around the fugitive. Happily only one struck him, and that in the fleshy part of the arm, so that he kept on, straining every nerve to reach the stockade around his father's cabin. But ere he had gone many paces a gigantic Indian overtook him. Turning like a stag at bay, he faced his antagonist, knocked him down with the butt of his rifle and then sped on his way. But now, to his horror, he saw a large body of the Dakotahs around his father's dwelling, as he approached, firing over on to the roofs of the cabins with arrows to which burning tow was attached.

He paused—but the cries of his boy aroused him to a sense of his own danger and his wife's perilous situation. Directing his steps towards the river, where he found his "dug-out" safely moored, he soon was paddling across the river to a settlement where there were a larger number of whites.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning, before twenty miners, good men and true, were ready to accompany him across the

river. They cared no more for Dakotahs than for prairie dogs, and acted upon the spur of the moment, regardless of consequences. Crossing above his residence young Bates led them towards his clearing, but on arriving there, nothing remained of his house but a mouldering pile of ashes. His beloved wife had evidently perished in the flames, for among the ashes and charred beams in the cellar they found some blackened bones. Just then they were joined by old Joe Bates and two of his younger sons, armed to the teeth. They were delighted to see Frank alive, for they feared that the column of smoke that had risen from his cabin was his monument, but now they did their best to console him in their rough way. He said but little, but secretly vowed to avenge his wife's death, and well did he keep his word. To have seen him, no one would have supposed that the mild looking, slender-built Frank Bates was an incarnate demon in a fight with the Dakotahs, yet within a year after his cabin was burned, he had twenty scalps hanging at his girdle. "Vengeance" seemed his only thought—his life's desire.

For some time after this outrage, the Dakotahs kept away from the mines, but at last a party of them came prowling about, and the miners determined to have a brush with them—who was so competent to head the party as that sworn enemy of the "red-skins," Frank Bates? The party engaged two Winnebagoes as guides, and then struck into the forest, following a recent trail. The third night of their journey the weary leader insisted on standing sentry, and about midnight the clear crack of his rifle awakened every sleeper. In an instant every man was on his feet, rifle in hand, ready to repel any lurking foe, but a low whistle from Frank announced there was no danger. Morning came, and as the party crowded around the sentinel to learn the cause of the alarm, he merely pointed to what appeared to be a huge bear; a nearer approach to the object discovered to their astonishment the grim visage of a dead Dakotah, enveloped in the skin of a gigantic bruin, who, thus disguised, had attempted to reconnoitre the position of the frontiersmen.

Frank now felt assured they were near their enemy, and followed the trail in silence, on the alert for their foe. On reaching the summit of a knoll, they saw the village before them—a collection of high, conical tents, made of dressed buffalo skins sewed together, and ornamented with rude representations of the battle or the chase. On the out skirts were the squaws, engaged in the laborious occupations which fall to their lot. Their infants, tightly bound to straight strips of bark, were tied to small, bent-over birches, which gently danced them to sleep, and the boys of the village, with bow and arrow, were firing at the representation of a Kansas hunter. In the centre of the village, before the towering tent of the chief sat the braves, smoking their tomahawk pipes with stoical gravity.

The white men looked at the priming of their rifles, put their sharp hunting-knives between their teeth, and with a deafening yell rushed down through the frightened squaws, ere the Dakotahs could comprehend what caused the alarm. Dashing into the startled group of warriors with fierce war-whoops, they dealt destruction around them. The chief was the first slain, bravely defending himself and encouraging his warriors, who nobly struggled to avenge his death, but all in vain.

Frank Bates fought like a demon, but at one time was nearly a victim to a stalwart warrior. But on glancing at his opponent, Frank recognized, in a gay red handkerchief around his head, his marriage gift to his lost wife. This added renewed strength to his body and increased activity to his fury, as he seized his assailant with his left arm, lifted him from the ground, and at the same time with nervous force thrust his knife into his heart. This decided the battle, for the surviving Dakotahs, panic-struck at the sudden attack, rushed to the spot where their horses were tethered and escaped into the forest. Upwards of fifty dead warriors remained on the bloody field and others grievously wounded, but not a single white man was seriously injured.

The women and children fled to the woods and the whites found an abundance of plunder, comprising blankets, rich furs, horses, dried meat and tents. But Frank Bates felt sad at heart, for the sight of his memento of his wife made him feel she had been tortured before perishing in the flames. Night came on, and feeling positive that he could not sleep, he volunteered to keep watch. It was a bright moonlight night, and as he was pacing his solitary round, planning new schemes of vengeance, he heard a light step approach from the thicket.

Frank, at first, raised his rifle to shoot down the intruder, but a secret influence led him to call out: "Who comes?"
"Are you a white man?" was the reply, in tones that produced an indescribable effect upon the stout-hearted pioneer.

"Yes, and you?"
"I am Frank Bates's wife, who was taken prisoner over on the Mississippi," and as she spoke she advanced.

The rifle fell to the ground, and Frank stood as if under the influence of a magic spell. His hands were convulsively clenched, his stood erect on his head, a shiver ran through

his frame, and he tottered back several paces. But not so with the female, who had recognized her husband as she drew near, and exclaimed as she threw herself into his arms:

"Frank! my own Frank! Do you not know your wife?"

Yes, it was his long mourned bride, her features stamped with sorrow, but still retaining her early beauty. Mutual explanations followed, and when the delighted wife learned the safety of her boy, all her hardships vanished. It now appeared that when the Indians had entered Bates's house, they found a keg of whiskey which they drank freely, and then plundered everything removing the chest in their researches. Soon two of them quarrelled for the handkerchief Bates had, seen the day previous, and drawing their scalp-knives, one speedily received a mortal stab, and fell directly upon the trap door, through which his blood ran upon the hidden wife. She, believing it came from the veins of her husband, shrieked aloud, thus betraying her place of concealment. Dragging her forth, her captors bound her, then rifling the cabin, applied the torch. The body of the slain Dakotah was consumed, and over his bones Bates had mourned as for those of his wife.

That day they "packed" the plunder upon what horses the Dakotahs had left, and started for their homes, which they regained in safety. The proceeds of Frank Bates's share of the spoils enabled him to rebuild his house, but this time close to that of his father and enclosed with a high stockade. The Dakotahs, however, never returned, and in the course of time were driven to the Far West. Frank Bates is now one of the wealthiest land-holders in Iowa, a member of the State Senate, Judge of the County Courts and Major General of the militia. Time has dealt leniently with him and his wife, but neither forgets her captivity. Their son never passes the scene of his father's flight on that memorable night, without feeling a renewed sense of his filial obligation, and a deeper love for his boyhood's home.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

The Philadelphia Daily Sun says: The President issued his Proclamation for an Extra Session of Congress which was to convene on the 21st under circumstances which have never previously occurred in the history of our government, on account of the disagreement of the two Houses on the Army Appropriation bill. The Constitution has vested exclusively in the House of Representatives, the origination of all bills for raising revenue, and following up the spirit of this, the House has always originated appropriation bills. Our Congressional history under the Confederation develops the fact that the failure of the States to carry out the general system of revenue, as recommended by Congress in 1783, was the cause of proceedings which led to the adoption of the Constitution, and therefore by that instrument the popular branch was made the custodian of the public purse. The Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives reported all the necessary appropriation bills, as usual, and in the one for the army a clause was inserted that no money should be used for the pay or support of the illegally elected Legislature of Kansas, or the enforcement of its laws. In this the Senate refused to concur, and as the House insisted upon the provision, Congress adjourned without passing the bill. The case, then, assumes a greater magnitude, as the first struggle for the constitutional right of the people to control the use of the public money, and in this view its importance rises far above any collateral issues on the affairs of Kansas.

The Parliamentary records of Great Britain show many similar efforts of the aristocracy to encroach upon the rights and liberties of the people, by the extinction or curbing of the people's voice in the House of Commons. In the same manner, as no law can be passed without the assent of both our Houses of Congress, and as the lower branch has the origination of Revenue bills, the persistent refusal of the Senate to accede to a question of mere expediency, becomes factious, intollerant and despotic, and amounts to the usurpation of a Veto power by the aristocratic branch. The Pennsylvaniaian of course lays all the blame of the failure of the Army Appropriation bill on the House, and says it opens "another chapter of revolutionary treason." In the opinion of our cotemporary any revolt against democratic ascendancy is revolution, and any stand taken against Southern encroachment on constitutional rights is treason! Now we maintain that the House in its recent action has done its duty, and will be derelict if ever it recedes from the position it has taken. HALLAM, in his Middle Ages, when speaking of Magna Charta, calls it the Keystone of Liberty—all that has since been obtained is little more than as confirmation or commentary, and if every subsequent law were to be swept away there would still remain the bold features that distinguish a free from a despotic government.—An equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen forms the peculiar beauty of the charter, but its essential clauses are those which protect the personal liberty and property of all freemen by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation, the two main rights of civil society. Now apply these principles to the action of the House in its endeavors to protect the people of Kan-

sas from ruffian rule, aided by the bayonets and sabres of the United States troops. Would the Representatives of the People have done their duty had they granted appropriations for the support of the army, without providing against the spoliation, amercements, seizures, arson, murder, robbery and brigandage recently practiced upon peaceful settlers in Kansas from the Free States? Should the House of Representatives give money to pay these ruffians? Does not the necessity which demanded this action rather stamp with infamy the administration under which it became necessary? Is it wonderful then that the struggle for freedom has excited a degree of energetic public spirit never before known in the history of the country, or of that the people—the "strong man," in the sublime language of Mirro, "was aroused from sleep, and shook his invincible locks?"

The House must be firm in the maintenance of its rights. Senator Mason says he is ready to "meet the enemy on the threshold," and Senator Toombs exclaims, "Let the army be disbanded, but keep the Constitution for the protection of the people." This same spirit should animate the House, for the first time, the Senate has dared to encroach on the popular prerogative—it has passed the threshold of the House as an enemy, and must be firmly met. The Constitution must be preserved for the protection of the people of Kansas, even should it be necessary to disband the army to effect it. If the South, actuated by the aggressive spirit of the slave domination, desires to test the strength of the Union, let the North stand firmly to the Constitution, and then "God protect the right!"

That our readers may clearly understand the points of difficulty, we give the proviso rejected by the Senate, in full. It will be seen that it does not refuse the President the employment of an adequate military force to prevent the interference of non-residents, and to protect persons and property; but simply declares that the laws of Kansas shall not be enforced by federal troops until they are approved by Congress. The proviso is as follows:

"Provided, however, and it is hereby declared, that no part of the military force of the United States for the support of which appropriations are made by this act shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of any enactment of the body claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until such enactments shall have been affirmed and approved by Congress; but this proviso shall not be so construed as to prevent the President from employing an adequate military force to prevent the invasion of said Territory by armed bands of non-residents, acting or claiming to act as a posse comitatus of any officer in said Territory in the enforcement of any such enactment, and to protect the persons and property therein; and upon the national highways leading to said Territory, from all military seizures and seizures; and it shall be his further duty to take efficient measures to compel the return of and withhold all arms of the United States distributed in or to said Territory in pursuance of any law of the United States authorizing the distribution of arms to the States and Territories."

TERRIBLE STORM.—A terrible storm occurred in the neighborhood of New Orleans, on Sunday the 10th inst., which lasted all the following day. Its effects, however, were most disastrous at Last Island, a great summer resort, and which our accounts represent to have been entirely inundated. Every building on the island is said to have been swept away, and no less than one hundred and ninety lives are known to have been lost! The sight of which was terrible.

In Sweden, the floors of the stable are planked, and the planks are perforated with holes, so that wet will not lodge on them, the bare boards being the only bedding allowed. To this lodging the Swedes attribute the soundness of their horses feet, as it is quite uncommon to meet with a lame or foundered horse in Sweden which has been so stabled.

A large meeting was held at Kansas city on the 15th at which it was resolved to send 2,000 men immediately into the Territory. A meeting was held at Lexington on the 16th, and a resolution was passed, that they would send their quota of men to help settle their difficulties, by the first boat.

Who Bids?—An orphan girl of twenty, worth \$5,000 a year, advertises herself in a N. York paper as wanting a handsome, respectable man in marriage. She paints her picture, and it is pretty, and hails from Springfield. McIntacker, after reading the above, shed tears. The poor fellow's married.

MISSOURI.—The withdrawal of the Bentonian electoral ticket in Missouri, after the late terrible overthrow of its friends, will of course be followed by the promulgation of a Fremont electoral ticket in that State.

A man named Johnson has performed the perilous feat of swimming across the Niagara river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge. This was the first time the feat had ever been attempted.

WILLIAM F. MILLER, Postmaster of Allentown, Lehigh county, has been detected in a series of forgeries, and is said to be a defaulter also to the government.

Losing a cow for the sake of a cat. This is the Chinese interpretation of going to law.

We see it stated that a Fremont electoral ticket is to be formed in Tennessee.

MODEL CALIFORNIA OFFICIALS.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from San Francisco, draws the following picture of the characters who held high official stations there, previous to the action of the Vigilance Committee. This will give our readers some idea of the necessity of the Vigilance Association:

Who are our Supreme Judges? Hugh C. Murray, who was elected last year for a term of six years, had a majority of a few hundred votes, falling some four thousand below his ticket. Ned McGowan, under indictment as accessory to the murder of Mr. King, pulled the wires for him in this city. Judge Murray is known in every part of the State as a frequenter of brothels and gambling houses. He has been known to win \$18,000 in a single night at a gambling table, and then to lose the whole of it at faro the next day. The papers, since they have dared to speak, charge that he is often seen drunk in the public streets, and sometimes on the bench. A few weeks since he made a murderous assault upon a merchant in Sacramento, who had merely expressed an opinion of the Judge's unfitness for his high and responsible station, was convicted of the crime in the Court of Sessions, and fined only \$50.

Judge Terry, his associate on the Supreme Bench, not long since attacked a witness in open Court, at Stockton with a bowie knife; and, but for prompt interference on the part of the spectators, would have been a murderer in fact as he was in intent. I believe he was fined one dollar for the offence!

Our present Mayor, Van Nee, is openly charged with having negotiated a bribe of \$6,000 for Judge Murray, to induce him to decide the case of Peter Smith vs. The City of San Francisco, in favor of the plaintiff, and then with pocketing the cash instead of paying it over to the Judge.

David Scannell was promoted from the keeper of the Oacella gambling-house, owned by Casey, to the responsible trust of High Sheriff. One day a capper inveigled a minor from the mountains into Scannell's den, where he was solicited to stake his bag of gold dust upon three card monte, or some other swindling game. A gentleman, who had watched the motions of the fraternity, was assaulted by one of the Sheriff's underlings, because he quietly warned the young man against the theft sought to be practised upon him.

The United States Marshal for the Northern District, whom President Pierce appointed to office, was a professional gambler—and when he heard of Mr. King's assassination, a respectable gentleman says that he heard him exclaim "—m my heart!—I'll give Casey a thousand dollars!"

J. M. Bagley, who has been ordered out of the State by the Vigilance Committee, for his many crimes, was an influential member of the Legislature; and is besides, noted for his murderous affray with Casey eighteen months since on a dispute about ballot-stuffing between them.

The Vigilance Committee in their investigation into the case of Thomas B. Cunningham, have elicited satisfactory evidence that he was in the habit, while connected with the office of Coroner of the county, of disintering the bodies of persons who had been buried, for the purpose of dropping them in the docks, and thus receiving the fees attending an inquest. In this way, it is said, one body has been made to do service three or four times, or as long as it would hold together.

Sam. White, who shot the police officer last week in Sacramento, was a genteel kid glove gambler, and came near being elected, two years since, to the Legislature, by the Rose-water wing of the democratic party. Sam was the financial agent of Belle Cora in the late Cora trial and a principle witness for the defence. The question was asked him by the Court: "What is your business?" He answered: "I am Copywriter Clerk in the Hall of Records." "When did you get your appointment?" "In October last." "Do you spend your whole time there?" "I don't know." "Have you spent two months?" "Don't think I have." "Have you spent twenty days?" "Don't think I have." "Have you copied twenty pages there?" "Don't think I have." "Have you copied two pages there?" "Don't think I have." "Did you ever write your name there?" "Yes, I received for my pay." "Do you draw your pay regularly?" "Yes I do."

During the last seven years, fourteen hundred murders, it is said have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco, and the city itself has been burned down seven times.

Now, suppose one of this class does get into the State Prison. Let us see how he is punished there. Some seven or eight months Dodman N. Backus, a gambler and a rowdy, without the least provocation, at the command of a French woman, his mistress, shot a poor German apothecary dead. Backus, by some hocus-poens, was only tried for manslaughter. He was convicted, but laughed at the idea of being sent to the State Prison, in accordance with the law.

His counsel, on some pre-arranged flaw in the indictment, had made a motion to set aside the verdict. He was awaiting the decision in the county jail at the time it was besieged by the Vigilance Committee, but was so fearful he would meet the fate he so richly

deserved at the hands of the people, that he begged his counsel to withdraw the motion from the Supreme Court, and get an order for his immediate transfer to the State Prison.—Would you believe it?—through the influence of his gambling friends, Backus has been made Chief Clerk of the prison, a situation hundreds of honest men might covet, and instead of working in a clay-pit, in a parti-colored suit, sits at the officer's dinner table in a black coat and fine linen, hob-nobs glasses with Gen. Estell, chief of the establishment, and, no doubt, plays draw-poker with him after the shades of night have closed about the State's jail at San Quentin.

The fact is, the administration of the law, was almost, itself, in the hands of these miscreants, and they were backed up by an organized despotism, which could not be successfully assailed in any other way than that the Vigilance Committee have been driven to adopt. They know no party. They were whigs, democrats, and know nothings—just as either party might happen to be in the ascendant.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—Many barns have recently been burned, supposed by incendiaries, but a little scientific knowledge would throw light on this point. These fires generally occur at harvest time, and the cause is attributed to the harvest being hurried in too quickly—the process of curing is often imperfectly performed. A cotemporary says: "Take, if you will, a few armful of clover, just cut, and carefully throw it into a heap; in a few hours, thrust in your hand, and you will jerk it out as if scalded. Indeed this heat of fermentation is often intense, and, without doubt, many a time it may be found in stacks of new hay—or even grain. Thus it is that spontaneous combustions ensue and bursts into sudden flames, and this, let it be remembered, so frequently in the harvest season, resulting from the fact that the hay or grain was not perfectly cured. It is worthy of remark, that when the half-cured hay escapes this combustion, it is apt to become soured from this fermentive process." Farmers should be careful that their harvest is well done, and not too hastily, else they may lose it all.

THE PANAMA MASSACRE.—The special Commissioner, A. B. Corwin, Esq., appointed to investigate the Panama massacre, has made his report, which inevitably fixes the responsibility of that act upon the New Granada authorities; allows damages amounting to about half a million of dollars; recommends the execution of immediate indemnity therefor and the punishment of the rioters; and in the event of a failure to recover, that the United States take such steps as may be necessary to protect, on its own behalf, the transit across the Isthmus. The whites are anxious that the United States should acquire jurisdiction over the Isthmus, and it is thought that New Granada is not averse to ceding to us the entire State of Panama.

A COMMON SENSEMENT.—The Reading Journal we regard as the ablest and most influential supporter of Fillmore in this State. In speaking of the projected union of the Anti-Buchanan forces in this State, it forcibly says:

AMERICAN STATE CONVENTION.—It will be noticed as a significant feature of the proceedings, that a resolution, offered by a delegate from Philadelphia, to the effect that no committee shall have power to change, alter, or amend the Electoral ticket, except to supply vacancies, was laid on the table, from which it would appear that the project of a Union Electoral ticket, was favorably regarded by a majority of the delegates. Let this be done at the proper time, and in a proper manner—fair and honorable to both divisions—and the result can scarcely fail to ensure a glorious triumph of the Opposition forces in the Keystone State.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION for an extra session gives for the reason, "that whilst hostilities exist with various Indian tribes on the remote frontiers of the United States, and whilst in other respects the public peace is seriously threatened, Congress has adjourned without granting the necessary supplies for the army, depriving the Executive of the power to perform his duty in relation to the common defence and security."

FOND OF CHICKEN.—A sanguinous political paper, of Democratic tendencies, on the Western border, has hoisted a chicken of respectable dimensions, at the head of its news columns to crow for the victory in Iowa. His faith runs counter to the facts, as we have them, but we suppose his chicken "is the evidence of things hoped for, not seen."

When George III. was told that Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was, in fact, a madman, the monarch replied, "Mad—mad—mad! Wolfe mad! Wish he'd bite some of the other generals!"

A RING MADE OF BLOOD!—It is stated that the wife of one of the most distinguished physicians of Paris, wears a ring made of iron that was extracted from the blood taken from her husband during some disease with which he was afflicted. This is a new use for blood.

An exchange says, restless and crying infants may frequently be relieved and quieted by a draught of cold water. Who knows but this simple agent might profitably supersede both spanking and peregories?