

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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SOUL THOUGHTS.

BY H. W. LOSFELLOW.
The wind of the Autumn midnight
Is moaning around my door—
The curtains wave at the window,
The carpet lifts on the floor.
There are sounds like startled footfalls,
In the distant chambers now,
And the touch of airy fingers
Is busy on hand and brow.
'Tis thus in the Soul's dark dwelling—
By the moody host unsought—
Through the chambers of Memory wander
The invisible airs of Thought.
For it bloweth where it listeth,
With a murmur loud and low;
Whence it cometh—whither it goeth—
None tell us, and none may know.
Now warring around the portals
Of the vacant, desolate mind—
As the doors of a ruined mansion,
That creak in the cold night wind.
And anon an awful memory
Sweeps over it fierce and high,
Like the roar of a mountain forest,
When the midnight gale goes by.
Then its voice subsides in wailing,
And ere the dawn of day,
Murmurs fainter and still fainter,
In the distance dies away.

MY HOST.

A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.
My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossed the Illinois River at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock River at Foster's Mills. Foster was an old friend, who had gone out some years before, and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, he having bought a whole township in that section. It was some of my way, as my most direct route was very near due West from Ottawa, whereas this route took me over sixty miles further North. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock River, and I turned my horse's head in that direction. I calculated my time, and concluded that by moderate travelling I could reach the mill in two days.
During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and was well travelled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region, and the way was little better than a bridle-path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings, where small huts were erected, and at one of these latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the premises, the father having gone to the mills. I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were Foster's Mills.
From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling, after leaving two near by, between here and there was a sort of stopping place kept by a man named Daniel Groome. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, principally whiskey. His house was twelve miles to the mills.
This just suited me. I could reach Groome's by six o'clock, and there get some supper, and rest and bait my horse. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well on the second quarter.
The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed half a dollar upon a flaxen-headed urchin who was trotting around upon his bare feet, and then set forward again. There was another hut at the distance of half a mile, and a second about a mile off. I saw no more human habitations until I reached Groome's. I found the travelling full as good as I had expected, and arrived at the forest inn at just half-past five.
This inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and to a lover of isolated nature must have been a charming retreat. The house was built of logs, the outside surface hewn, and the seams filled with cement formed of some sort of fine tough moss and pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable end to the road, and the other two upon either side, running out like two L's. Then there was a barn a short distance off, with a piggery connected. Take it altogether, and it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that water was plentiful.
As I rode up to the door, Mr. Groome himself came out. He was a tall, gaunt man with a fiery red head, and a face as coarse as it was ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected a tone like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that his notes fell upon my ears like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive any one, for in conversation he seemed a different man.
I informed him that I was on my way to Foster's mill, and could only stop long enough to rest my horse and get some supper. He gazed into my face for some moments without speaking, and finally said—
"Ah—yes—huhuh."
When he turned into the entry and called "Ike," Ike came—a tall, strapping youth of one or two-and-twenty—with a red head and features such as could belong to no one but a child of my host. "Ike" took my horse, and Mr. Groome led the way to the "sitting room," as he called it. It was rough but comfortable, and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs, these benches being sufficient to accommodate quite an assemblage.
Groome asked me if I would like something

warm. I supposed he meant whiskey, and I told him no. He said I had better take a little—'twould do me good. But I assured him I never used it—that I felt better without it.
"But do you mean that you never drink whiskey?" he added with elevated eyebrows.
"Never?" I told him.
"Brandy, is'pose; or melby rale old gin?" pursued my host.
"No," I replied. "I don't use any stimulating drinks at all."
"You don't?" burst from his lips while he eyed me from head to foot. "Wal, stranger, I'd give sun'thin' for your picture to hang up in my house. Never drink! How in marcy's name d'ye live? How d'ye contrive when ye get wet and cold?"
"Why," said I, with a smile, "I get dry again as soon as possible."
"Dry, my sakes, I should think 'twould be an everlastin' dry! Never drink! Wal—here I've lived year in an' year out, goin' on to fifteen year, an' you're the fust man I ever seed as wouldn't drink a bit o' whiskey on the top of a long journey. Fact—stranger—'tis by thander!"
I told him I thought it very probable, and he then went out, and I heard him leave the house.
In half an hour my host came and informed me that supper was ready. He led me to a back room, where a table was set quite respectably, the dishes being of blue ware, and nearly new. He and Ike sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured there could be no poison in them. The meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried bacon, and new wheat bread, and I did ample justice to the repast.
"You think you must go to-night?" said my host, while we were eating.
"Yes," I told him, "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night."
"Is he expectin' ye?" Groome asked.
"No," I answered.
"Perhaps he don't know that you're in this section at all?"
"No, he doesn't," I said; and I expected that my host would urge me to stay with him until morning, so I had my answers all prepared.
But I was mistaken. He didn't urge any such thing. On the contrary, he said he thought I was wise in my determination. He would like my company, but it would be better for me to push on. I was quite relieved.
I wanted a quarter to seven when my horse was brought to the door. I took out my wallet and asked what was to pay. "Half a dollar," I paid it, and then asked which was the most direct route.
"You see that big tree, just over the barn there?"
"Yes," I said.
"Wal, that's right in the best road. When you strike that you can't miss the way."
"But isn't there another road?—one which follows this stream right down to the mills?" I asked; for I had been informed by the young man who had taken charge of my horse at noon, that Groome's inn was right by the very stream which gave Foster his mill power, and that the road followed the stream direct.
"Oh," said my host, turning and looking off toward the stream—"that road ain't fit to travel now. 'T'other one's the best."
"But what's the matter with it?" I asked.
"Why the bridges are all washed away, an' then there's been windfalls across't. I tried it last week, and had to come back. The upper road is a matter of a mile or two further, but that's nothin'." Your beast is good for it, I guess."
I told him my horse would stand it well enough, and then asked where the other road struck the stream.
"About three miles this side of the mills," he replied.
"It's all clear and direct?"
"Yes. You can't miss the way."
I bade my host good-bye, and then started on. I didn't like the idea of a new road at all. The youth before mentioned had told me what an excellent road it was from Groome's to the mill by the river road. He said it followed the stream, which was very near straight, and that it was light and open the whole distance. However, of course, Groome knew, so I must make the best of it. I looked back as I reached the edge of the wood. I was upon a gentle eminence, and could overlook the shrubbery I had passed. I looked and saw Ike going from the house to the barn; he had a saddle upon his arm. I was sure it was a saddle—perhaps he had an errand to do.
Ere long I entered the wood, and found it thick and gloomy. The path was plain enough, and had evidently been at some time a travelled road. Aye—I remembered, now, of having heard my informant of the noontide speak of the "old road." He said there used to be a road leading to Rock River, but when Foster commenced his settlement, a new road was opened by the stream, and the old one discontinued. He had said nothing about any bridges.
At the distance of two miles, I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of gully, and a stream must at some time have run there. I looked, but saw no track upon it. Water had swept across since any living thing had trodden it. I slid

from my saddled, and examined thoroughly; but I could find no tracks.
Of course, the father of my noontime's host could not have gone this way! And yet he had gone to Foster's Mills. I began to suspect mischief. There had been an uneasy sensation lurking in my bosom ever since I left the inn. Something was wrong. I regained my saddle and looked about. The sun was nearly down—in twenty minutes, at the farthest, it would be out of sight.
Instinctively I drew one of my pistols from the holster. I raised the hammer, and found the cap in its place. I was just putting it back, when I noticed a mark upon the butt. It was a peculiar knot in the wood. That pistol I always carried in the left holster. It was not so sure as the other one. I took out the other, and was sure the weapons had been changed by other hands than mine. They had remained in the saddle at the forest inn, and the change must have taken place there.
I began to think. Why was Mr. Groome so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him, and paying him a dollar or so more than I did? Then, this road—I believed I had been deceived. There was no freshest to carry away bridges, for it was now early Autumn, and the river road had been travelled all summer. And then, the saddle I had seen "Ike" carrying to the barn. There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groome had daughters at his house, and, perhaps others, whom he would not have to hear the noise of the robbery. And very likely, he would not wish to have such a deed connected with his house at all. Of course, he knew I had money. No one would be travelling, as I was then travelling, without a considerable sum.
If my pistols had been taken out, might they not have been further dealt with? I took the one from the right holster and examined it. The ball was in its place, and the cap on. Still I was not satisfied. I slipped the cap off, and found the percussion composition removed. There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all. I found the tube spiked with a little pine stick!
Here was the secret sure enough. I took my penknife and succeeded in drawing out the stick; and then I examined the other pistol, which I found to be in the same plight. I stopped and went to work in earnest. I had an excellent screw for removing bullets, and my pistol barrels were emptied in a very few moments. I had a serious objection of firing them off in the woods, where the report might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them, and then snapped a cap upon each. I found them both clear, and then proceeded to load them, which I did carefully.
And now, how should I proceed? That this road would lead me to Foster's Mills I had no doubt; and it would be nearer for me to keep on than to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up.
And next—which way would my host come? For that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—everything that had transpired between him and me—pointing to that one simple result. Would he go down the river road a piece, and head me off? or would he follow me directly up? Most likely the former. I considered upon it awhile, and then resolved to push on and keep on my guard.
The sun went down, and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell lengthwise upon the road, she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the transition. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols, and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first it puzzled me to tell the direction from which it came, but a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand which was toward the river. Presently it stopped. I drew my horse to the left side of the path and kept on a gentle trot, having raised the lappet of my right holster.
In a few moments I saw a dark form, amid the bushes, a little way ahead, on the right. As I came up a man rode out. It was my host!
"Good evening, sir," he said, with exceeding politeness.
"Ah—good evening," I returned. "I had not expected the pleasure of your company."
"No, I expect not," he resumed, in a sort of hesitating manner. "And I shouldn't have come out, only for a little business, I forgot when you were at the inn."
It was plain as day. My pistols had been rendered useless—I had been sent off into this unfrequented wood, and now the villain had thought to take my life and my money without any risk to his own body, and then hide my carcass in the earth, where very likely others had been hidden before. My eyes were open, and my hand ready.
"May I ask to what business you allude?" I said.
"Yes," he snapped out, something in agreement with his features. "I want money, money, sir."
As he spoke, he raised a pistol.
"Take care," I cried, raising my pistol, and pointing it in his face.
"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed in coarse triumph, "your Yankee pistols weren't made to harm such as me! I'll soon put you where I've put others afore—"
When a man knows death is staring him in the face, and that only his act will avert it, he is not apt to wait long. At least I am not. And my host's last words gave me ample proof of the correctness of my suspicions. Without waiting for him to finish, I fired. His finger must have pressed the trigger of his pistol, for within the space of a watch-tick, a sharp report answered and mingled with mine, and my hat shook upon my head.
Daniel Groome swayed to and fro several times in his saddle, and then with a gurgling groan sank upon the earth. I slipped down after him, and when I stooped over the body, I saw a few drops of dark blood trickling from his forehead.
For a few moments I felt awe struck and condemned. It was a natural feeling in such a presence. But when I came to reflect upon all that had preceded the deed, I felt that I had done my country a service. I made the robber's horse fast to a tree, and then remounted and rode on.
I reached the Mills at half-past nine, and I found Foster and his family up. They were glad to see me, and introduced me to a Mr. Price, whom I afterwards found to be the owner of the place where I had taken my dinner.
On the following morning a party started out under my guidance. There were Foster and Price, and three men who worked in the mills. When we reached the spot where the tragedy had happened, we found the horse as I had left him, and my host lay upon the ground stiff and cold. He had not bled at all, the ball having made but a small wound, though it had passed clear through.
A little way within the wood, we found a place where the ground seemed at some time to have been disturbed, and upon digging there, we found two human bodies. Subsequently one more was found only a few rods distant.
The body of Groome was taken up to his house, and we there found that Ike had fled. He had probably been out and found his dead father, and fearing that he might be implicated, he departed.
Mrs. Groome, who was a mild, broken-down woman, acknowledged that she had long been aware of her husband's crimes, but that the fear of death had kept her silent.
Ike, I believe, has not yet been found, but his mother is still living in Illinois with a married daughter, who is well off. She has grown more strong and happy since the night on which I had the highway adventure with my host.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LADIES' SOCIETY.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs all by heart, than in a club, tavern, or in a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have stupid, or gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sneaking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water anchovy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit all night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral ten, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody beside himself, to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*
LABOR.—The value of an industrial population cannot be too highly estimated, as however much capital may be at command, it is of no use until the true material, the hard working laborer or skillful mechanic are at hand to expend it and produce in its stead a road, a canal, a steam engine or a ship. Money is really worthless except in the relation it bears to the laborer; and the two are each dependent on the other, so the capitalist is entitled to the respect of the laborer, who in his turn has a right to the same from the moneyed man.
"No man knows what powers he has till he has tried them. And of the understanding, he may most truly say that its force is greater generally than he thinks till he is put to it."
"When a man dies, men ask what property he leaves—angels what good deeds he sent before him."
"If you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro baby attacked with the cholera."

HOW SUT LOVINGOOD EXPLODED.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SODA POWDERS.
Sut related his story thus: "George did you ever see Sicily Burns? Her dad lives at the Little Snak Springs, nigh to the Georgy line?" "Yes, a very handsome gal." "Handsome! that wurd don't kiver the case; it sounds like callin' good whiskey water, when ye are at Big Spring and the still-house ten miles off, an' it a rainin', an' yer flask only half full. She shows among wimmen like a sun-flower as compared to dog fennel an' smart weed an' jimsen. But that ain't no use to describe her. Couldn't crawl thru a whiskey barrel with both heads stove out, if it wur hilt study for her, an' good foot holt at that. She weighs just two hundred an' twenty-six pounds, an' stands sixteen hands high. She never got in an arm cheer in her life, an' you can lock the top hoop uv a churn or a big dog collar round her waist. I've seen her jump over the top uv a split-bottom cheer, an' never show her ankles or ketch her dress onto it. She kerried devil enuf about about her to fill a four hogs waggin bed, with a skin as white as the inside uv a frog-stool, cheeks an' lips as red as a perche's gills in dogwood blossom time; an' sich a smile! Oh, I be dratted of its eny use talkin'. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Soul hisself, or kill maam, not to speak uv dad, of she jist hinted that she wanted sich a thing dun."
"Well, to tell it at onst, she war a gal all over, from the pint uv her too nails to the longest bar on the highest knob uv her head—gal all the time, everywhere—and that uv the excitinist kind. Ov course I leaped up to her us close as I dar tu, an' in spite of long legs, appetite fur whiskey, my shirt scrape, and dad's actin' hoss, she sorter leaped to me, an' I was beginnin' to think I wur jist the greatest and comfortablest man on yearth, not exceptin' Old Buck or Brigham Young, with all his radii cultured, wrinkled wimmin, cradels full of babies, an' his Big Salt Lake thrown in. Well, one day a cussed, palaverin', stinkin' Yankee pedlar, all jack-knife an' jaw, cum tu, call ma Burnses, with a load uv apple parins, caliker ribbons, jewsharps, an' s-o-d-y p-o-w-d-e-r-s. Now, mind I'd never heard tell uv that truck afore, an' I be durned ef I don't want it to be the last—was nor rifle powder—was nor perkussion—three times as smart, and hurts was, a heap was. Durn him. Durn all Yankee pedlars, and durn thar principals an' practissis, I say. I wish I had all the body powder they ever made in his paunch, an' a slow match fixed tu him, an' I had a clunk uv fire, the feller that found a piece uv him big enuf tu feed a cockroach ought to be King uv the Sultan's harem a thousand years fur his luck. They ain't human, no how. The mint at Filadelfy is thar Heaven; they think their God eats half dimes fur breakfast, washes the levvies fur dinner, an' swallows a cent on a dried apple fur supper, sets on a stampin' machine fur a throne, sleeps on a crib full uv fur dollars, and measures men like money, by count. They haint one uv them got a soul but what cud dance a jig in a kabbage seed, an' leave room fur the fiddler."
"Well, Sicily she bought a tin box uv the sody from him an' hid it away from her folks, a savin' it fur me. I happened to pass next day, uv course I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, as she was mighty luvin' tu me, put wur arm round my neck, and 't'other wur whar the circingle goes round a hoss, tuk the 'inturn on me with the left foot,' and gin me a kiss. Says she, Sut, love, I've got sumthin' fur ye, a new sensashun—'an' I believed it, fur began to feel it already. My toes felt like little minners wur a nibblin' at 'em—a cold streak run up an' down my back like a lizard with a turkey hen after him in setten time, my heart felt hot and onsatisfied like, an' then I'd a celt old Soul's throat, ef she'd hinted at needicissity fur sich an operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers uv the sody into a big tumbler, and about the same number uv the white wus inter tuther tumbler, an' put ni onto a pint uv water on both uv them an' stirred both up with a case knife, lookin' as solemn as an ole jackass in a snow storm when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wur while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at wur run—tasted salty like, I tho't it wur part uv the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all uv the cussed infernal sensashun wur tu cum, and it wur'n long at it, hoss, you'd believe me. Then she gin me tuther tumbler, an' I sent it after the fast, race hoss fashion."
"In about wur moment an' a haf I tho't I'd swallowed a thrashin' merchine in full blast, ur a cupple uv bull dog, an' they had sot inter fitin'. I seed that I wur cothed agin—same family dispershishun to make cussed fools uv themselves every chance—so I broke fur my hoss. I stole a look back an' thar Sicily lay off her back in the porch, a screamin' with luffin, her heels up in the air, a kickin' uv them together, like she wur a tryin' to kick her slippers off. But I had no time tu look then; thar wur a road of foam from the horse to the hoss two foot wide, an' four inches deep—looked like it had been a snowin'—poppin', and a hiss'n', an' a bilin', like a tub uv hot soap suds. I had gathered a cherry tree limb as I run, an' I lit asstraddle uv my hoss, a whippin' an' a kickin' like mad. This, with the scary noises I made (fur I wur a whisin', an' a hiss'n', and a squatterin' outer mouth, nose and eyes, like

a steam engine,) sot him a rearin' and cavortin' like he was skeered out of his senses. Wall he went. The foam rolled, and the ole black hoss flew. He jist mizzled—scared ni tu death, and so wur I. So we agreed on the pint uv the greatest distance jn the smallest time.
"I aimed for Doctor Goodman's at the Hi-wassee Copper Mines, tu get somethin' tu stop the exploshon in my innards. I met a sercut rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an' a hat full uv biskits. As I cum a tarin' along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my peccoliar sitawashun at that time, I jist rolled along. He tuck a skeer as I cum ni on tu him, his faith gin out, an' he dodged hoss, saddil-bags, an' overcoat, inter a thicket jist like you've seed a tertill take water offen a log when a tarin' big steamboat cum along. As he passed ole man Burn's, Sicily hailed him, and axed him ef he'd met anybody in a hurry gwine uv the road. The poor man thought perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv ole Bulzebub hisself, or the komit, he didn't adactly know which, but takin' all things together an' the short time he'd for preparashun, he thought he met a crazy, long-legged shakin' Quaker, a fectin' from the wrath tu cum, on a black and white spotted hoss, a whippin' uv him with a big burr, and he had a white beard what cum frum ni onto his eyes to the pummil uv the saddil, an' then forked an' went tu his knees, and then sometimes draped in bunches, as big as a crow's nest tu the ground, an' hearin' a sound like a rushin' uv mighty waters, an' he wur mightily exercised about it cnyhow. Well, I guess he wur, an' so wur his fat hoss, an' so wur ole blackey; wur exercised uv all uv 'em wur I, myself."
"Now, George, all this beard an' spots on the hoss, an' steam, an' fire, an' snow, an' wire tails, is ouddacious humbug. It all cum out uv my innards, droppin' ov my mouth without eny vomitin' or eflurt, an' ef it hadn't I'd busted into more pieces than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Lovengoods are all confounded fools, an' dad ain't the wust uv 'em."
PLEASEUR OF READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which already he has had enough, perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pay for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against all its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir John Herschell.*
"A negative answer has been given at the General Land Office to the inquires as to whether a number of persons forming themselves into a Joint Stock Association can have the benefit of the Graduation Act by becoming settlers on the public lands not for their individual benefit, but for that of their common interest. The ground for that answer is, that the Graduation Act was intended for the benefit of actual settlers and cultivators of the soil only, not for speculators, and that the rights given by it are personal only, and because of actual settlement and cultivation already made or contemplated.
"The Lexington (Mo.) Express announces the arrival of Capt. Russel from Salt Lake, who states that the Mormons have fortified Fort Bridges, with the declared intention of defending it against the United States troops. Capt. Russel also reports that the depredations by the Cheyenne Indians continued without abatement, and that they were daily growing more daring and aggravated in character.
"The Secretary of the Interior has recently invested nearly one million dollars in the State Stocks of Missouri, Pennsylvania, Illinois, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, in trust for the various Indian tribes. All but \$50,000 of that amount has been drawn from the Treasury. The present time was chosen for the investment in order to contribute something toward the relief of the money market, while \$180,000 has thus been realized in the transaction for the Indians.
"A dispatch was received at the General Land Office from Hastings, Minnesota, stating that the men who stole the 30,000 acres worth of land warrants from the Fairbault Land Office had been arrested, and that all the warrants, with the exception of five, had been recovered.
"Although the Government has no advices that the steamer Tennessee has gone on a filibustering and piratical expedition, orders are given to naval vessels to prevent her from landing outlaws in Nicaragua or Cuba.
"The new rule in the matter of office-holding, alluded to a short time since is, that but one member of a family shall hold an appointment under the Government, and that where there are more than one in office all two shall be dismissed."