

Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate:
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foam of the sea—
These words came from his lips so thin,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"
I gather them in! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one.
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"
Many are with me, but still I'm alone!
I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects—all, all!
Let them later in pleasure, or toilet spin,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"
I gather them in—and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast,
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train
Would mately over the solemn plain:
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing!"
"But you must, my happiness depends upon it. Here, put on the thingum-bobs, and what's-his-name." And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of feminine apparel.
His idea was that I should personate his lady love for one day, to prevent any one from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied the knot between them, that nothing but a special act of the Legislature could untie.
This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with almost a masculine air, and at that time, I had a very slight form, almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really little difference on that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and few ladies would have suspected but what I was really one of their sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case the disguise was her own.
Then the day chosen for a runaway match, was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D— river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.
Our plan was, that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles, across the country.
At last I got dressed and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.
Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D—, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pick-nickers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.
"Pressing business engagements," you know, and all that sort of thing. "Dressed sorry I can't go, though. I had just time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee. Miss Withering, Miss Lee, and he rattled off a long string of introductions, which convinced me that few of the females were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.
Mr. Bimby, a tall legal looking man with a hook nose and eye-glass, seemed to be prepossessed with me, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out: "Niece looking gal, that Miss Lee."
"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go-ahead sometimes. Keep a little look-out on her," then lowering his voice—"not a bad match for you old fellow; she is rich."
"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.
"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day! day!" and he way gone.
Maggie, artful creature that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D—, he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at 12 o'clock. She, like a dutiful child, kissed him, bid him good bye, and before he had gone a hundred yards, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door, as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front.
As for us of the pic nic excursion, we had a pleasant sail down to the grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at

me. I found Mr. Bimby as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer. He insisted on paying for my ticket, and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role the hardest to play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted with me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which by the way did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me a half-dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for half an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been "propria personae," I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as though I was "obtaining goods under false colors," and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of erinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and other gentlemen.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from the boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be the town talk with the gentlemen."

Nor was I conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open work stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of garters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my running gear looked quite respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told the same yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little filagree handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the erinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lackadaisical air, which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—"you are as kind as you are fascinating."

"You flatter me!"

"I do indeed, praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, you are really very naughty," said I in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.

"We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a scottishie.

It was hard for me to take the lady's part in a dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him properly jealous, by dancing with two or three other young fellows, one of which I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man—a great woman killer—a sort of easy devil-me-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate waltz of action and coolness of prostration—I selected to play off against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half-fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it. Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now, I am an old stag at waltzing. I can keep it up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, that I ever met. As long as the Schönebrunnen ring in my ears, I can go on if it is for a year.

Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and he acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy, thought I, I'll give you a turn then!"

But I only smiled and said "that I should get tired first."

"Oh, yes?" he exclaimed, "of course, I can waltz as long as any one young lady, but not much more."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and faster. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round as we passed my seat.

After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps:

"Ah—are you not—get—getting tired?"

"Oh no," I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding round the room. "Oh, no, I feel as if I could waltz all night!"

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see. I was bound to see him out, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," I said composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!"

"Ah, puff—puff—yes—oh—puff—very delightful," gasped he.

"Don't you think we ought to go a little faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.

"So, when we neared the musicians, I said, 'Faster, if you please,' and they played, a whirlwind."

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into a bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, and walking to my seat, sent the young-woman killer for a glass of ice-water. The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the glass of water. I got some idea from this, of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor fellows of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clenched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered, as she whispered to me:—

"Oh, Maggie, come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!"

I sid I was tired—could not somebody else go?

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist in arranging her clothing.

So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment!—What, if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her. I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence to me just then. However, I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated.

An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—a skirt fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, forgetting my falsetto; "don't undress, for God's sake!"

"And why not?"

"Because I am—can you keep a secret?"

"Why yes, how frightened you look. Why, what's the matter, Maggie? You—you—why—oh! oh! oh!!!" And she gave three fearful screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" exclaimed I, putting my hand over her mouth. "I mean you no harm."

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man, but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy. I then went out of the door and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintance, quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought that I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. I suppose that I must give them back."

And I did. She blushed a good deal, and glancing up timidly, only said:

"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."

When we returned I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the ball room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn—to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

He didn't take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abated that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter, a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from wind and from sight. Here we sat down, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just eaten heartily, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly I went

back to a little stand and astonished the wondering woman by purchasing several. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all cares or fears of my incognito, and reveled in the pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven alone knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the consensual operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until this month of November, in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

At length they lit upon our path, and all came along, single file, until they got to the open space above. Then they saw a sight!

I was stretched out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair somewhat towzled up. One foot rested on the ground, the other on a rock, and there I sat, puffing away, in a very unladylike style, at a light-flavored cigar. Jennie was sitting close beside me, with her head against my shoulder, and her small waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice:

"Just think of poor, what's-his-name—Bimby! Suppose he knew he had been making love to a man!"

"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look! there he is—and, oh! my gracious! there is the whole company!"

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had all seen me. Besides, by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the company laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that he should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down and slunk away to take some private conveyance home.

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B. My wife's name is Jennie.

COFFEE AND MILK.—Dr. D. A. Caron, of Paris, has recently been engaged in investigating the effect of breakfasting on this favorite beverage, and from the results, he thinks that he is justified in asserting that most of the nervous and allied disorders which affect the dwellers in large cities are traceable to this source. He further informs us that when the coffee is mixed with milk, its nutritious properties are neutralized because of its fermentation being retarded. Coffee and milk in a bottle were twenty-seven days before they began to decompose, whilst milk and sugar were only three days. It is evident that the astringent properties of the coffee hinder the digestion of the milk; and, at the same time, the caffeine (or active principle of coffee) is set free, and acts on the membrane of the stomach in the same manner as vegetable alkalies, producing most disastrous consequences to the digestive apparatus. He tried many experiments on himself and friends, and found that in a few hours the pulse was lowered from 89 to 68, from that it went to 59, when he took some food, and it immediately rose to 72. He concludes by informing us that many cases of irritation, nervousness and hysteria have been entirely cured by a gentle course of tonics, and giving up the use of coffee.

GOOD ADVICE.—I know that if women want to escape the stigma of husband seeking, they must act or look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into the attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not to harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much imitation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to his inanity.—Jane Eyre.

MORMON INFERNAL MACHINES.—There have been reports that the Mormons had provided some new weapon with which to meet the invading forces of the United States Government. The Washington States says it is an explosive material, the secret of which was discovered in the archives of the Patent Office, by Russian agents, and that it was used in destroying the works at Sebastopol; that after the war the invention was submitted, by order of our Government, to certain persons to experiment and report upon, and that these men proved to be Mormons, who carried the secret to Utah.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Mr. T. J. Bowen, Baptist Missionary from South Carolina, has written an interesting book of "Adventures and Missionary Labors in several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1855." Mr. B. set out from Providence, on the 17th of December, 1849, and arrived at Monrovia, the Capital of Liberia, on the 8th of February following. Every one who makes a pilgrimage to Leicester Square knows what landing on the Guinea coast is like—the white cloud of surf, the hot breeze, the green strip of land towards which a crowd of black woolly heads in round-bottomed canoes are unsteadily paddling ashore on the shoulders of a brawny Krooman. Landed, he found wharves, stores, cakes, and beer, unfinished streets, and nigger melodies, as in Georgia. "In one respect," the author naively tells us, the Liberians "are deficient, though not so bad as the people of Sierra Leone or of France—illicit intercourse is a characteristic of Western Africa." The idleness, too, is undesirable, and Mr. Bowen is of opinion that "every young man should be trained to some useful employment, but since it is not generally done in other countries, we can hardly demand it in Liberia." The climate, as we learn further on, is peculiarly unfavorable to labor. Everything is hot, the water, the air, the ground. The very birds, beasts, and insects are lazy. When, in the intervals of missionary exertion, the author frequently wandered over the farms of an afternoon, "taking my gun to shoot birds, they were all asleep in the shady groves, and I have returned without so much as a dove, after wandering several miles." In December, which is the hot month, Mr. Bowen has observed hawks so overcome with the heat as to be unable to build their nests, except at intervals. Even vultures, that generally seem to revel in heat, succumb in Yoruba, and a slug-gard would only be encouraged in evil habits by considering a colony of Yoruban ants, for the little "beasties" there only work in the cool of the day. The height of a Krooman's ambition is to be a sort of tropical Mormon chief, to become "a big man," and be maintained by a gang of swarthy wives.

Mr. Bowen's ultimate object was Yoruba—a district containing a population of three millions, lying some forty miles west of the Niger—a country of hill and rolling prairie, and well-inhabited mid-season, eighty miles from the sea. The rainy season being unfavorable for travelling there, Mr. Bowen, in company with a fellow-missionary, made a diversion to a Gohah town, 150 miles in the interior, ruled by a native rejoicing in the title of King Boat-swain.

"The currency on the Slave Coast, and far interior to Haussa and Bornu is a little shell as large as the end of one's finger, called a cowry, (Cypræa moneta). They are not found in Western Africa, but are brought by Europeans from India and Zanzibar, and given to the natives for palm-oil and other productions of the country. Forty cowries are called a "string," fifty strings or two thousand cowries, are a "head," and ten heads are a "bag." It is usual to value two thousand cowries at one dollar, which is twenty to the cent, but of late they are generally cheaper on the coast. I am told that the intrinsic value of good cowries in Europe, where they are used in the arts, is about equal to their current value in Africa. The iron money of Lycurgus was not more cumbersome than cowries, the net weight of ten dollars' worth (20,000 shells) being from fifty to seventy pounds. The common price of a fowl is from 200 to 250 shells; of a sheep from 4,000 to 6,000; of a horse from 60,000 to 120,000, and other things in proportion. When building our houses, we are obliged to keep a man to count the cowries every evening for the laborers. Silver and gold are not current here, because the merchants on the coast, who import the cowries, will take nothing but shells or palm-oil for the cloth, guns, tobacco, rum, &c., which they sell to the natives. Neither is it possible to pay for provisions and labor in goods of any kind, barter being unknown, and cowries demanded for every thing. The people of Badagry having a poor soil, and a sufficient traffic to prevent their starving, were not much addicted to labor. Even fishing, which is vigorously prosecuted by the tribes on the Gold, Ivory, and Grain Coasts, is confined here to the sluggish Ossa river. No Badagrian would think of launching a canoe into the open sea. The town swarmed with thieves and drunkards, whose only object in life was sensual gratification. Nowhere else had I met with so many impudent and shameless beggars. When a missionary attempted to preach to a crowd in the streets or market, it was very common for some of them to reply by laying their hands on their stomachs, and saying, "White man, I am hungry!" Soon after my arrival, a fellow introduced himself as the "American chief," who was to receive presents from all American visitors. Another was called the "English chief," another the "French chief," &c. These greedy chiefs are no longer able to rob men as they did the Landers, because there is now a strong minority of the people opposed to such conduct, but if they had been left to themselves, no missionary could have passed through Badagry, without leaving a part of his property."

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

BRITISH ATROCITIES IN INDIA.

The London Morning Star says that very grave statements have been made in private and official circles respecting certain transactions at Cawnpore and Dinapore, and which are supposed to afford an explanation of the late order of the Governor-General of India in favor of clemency and justice, and of the strong accusations made by Gen. Outram against soldiers under his command. These matters cannot be long concealed from the public. They point to new massacres that have taken place at Dinapore and Cawnpore; but, unfortunately, the soldiers charged with the more recent deeds of horror are English, and not Sepoy.

We will mention what the statements to which we refer really are, premising that the information we give is derived from reliable authority.

It is said that at Cawnpore and the neighborhood the Queen's 78th Regiment put to death not fewer than ten thousand people; or, according to another version, killed all the natives they could get at, whether men, women, or children. At Dinapore, a portion of the Sepoys, at great personal risk, remained faithful, and refused to march with the mutinous regiment; but the Queen's 10th, after its encounter at Arrah, went to the barracks where the faithful Sepoys were and said, "What! are these black devils to be spared merely because they have given up their arms?" Then, amid curses and imprecations, they turned the unarmed Sepoys into the barrack yard, and had killed a considerable number of them before the massacre could be stopped. The number of killed and wounded by this process are variously stated, but we hear that nearly half of the hundred who were taken out had thus to suffer. This, however, is the mildest version of the Dinapore affair. The bayonet as well as the bullet was used by the soldiers of the 10th, and one of their victims was a woman.

In The Bombay Gazette we have an account of the practice adopted by the English army in blowing away Sepoys from their guns. It is a mode of punishment which evidently casts the wheel, the gallows, and the guillotine into the shade, and appears to be accompanied by mutilating horrors that probably have no parallel in the whole history of mankind.

The blowing away from guns is most appalling. After the explosion the grouping of the men's remains in front of each gun was various and frightful. One man's head was perched upon his back, and he was staring round as if looking for his legs and arms. All you see at the time is a cloud like a dust storm composed of shreds of clothing, burning muscle, and frizzling fat, with lumps of coagulated blood. Here and there a stomach or a liver comes falling down in a stinking shower. One wretched fellow slipped from the rope by which he was tied to the guns just before the explosion, and his arm was nearly set on fire. While hanging in his agony under the gun, a sergeant applied a pistol to his head, and three times the cap snapped, the man each time wincing from the expected shot. At last a rifle was fired into the back of his head, and the blood poured out of the nose and mouth like water from a bristly handed pump. This was the most horrible sight of all. I have seen death in all its forms, never anything to equal this man's end."

PLAIN TRUTH.—Some one who seems to understand the subject, describes the education of "young gentlemen and ladies," of the would be fashionable sort, which tends only to mental weakness and physical decay, as follows:—"A young gentleman—a smooth faced stripling—with little breeding and less sense, ripens fast, and believes himself a nice young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears genteely, coaxes embryo imperials with bear's grease, twirls a rattan, spends his father's money, rides fast horses—on horseback and in sulkeys—double and single—drinks Catawba, curses the Maine law and flirts with young 'ladies,' hundreds of which are just like himself, though of a different gender; and this is the fashionable education of our day. The fathers and mothers of these fools were once poor. Good fortune has given them abundance. Their children will go through an "inexhaustible fortune," and into the poor house. Parents you are responsible for this folly. Set your sons and daughters to work, and let them know that only in usefulness there is honor and prosperity."

MASSACRE ON THE PLAINS.—The Los Angeles, California, Star contains an account of a horrible massacre of emigrants, at a place called Santa Clara Canon, about three hundred miles on this side of Salt Lake City, between the 10th and 12th of October. The train consisted of 130 or 150 men, women and children. They were in possession of quite a number of horses, mules and oxen. Their encampment was attacked about daylight, so say the Indians, by the combined forces of the various tribes immediately around, and the majority of them slain at the first onset. The remainder held out against the Indians for a few days, when they sent out a flag of truce by a little girl, but the Indians rushed in and slaughtered all of them except fifteen infant children that have since been purchased by the Mormon interpreters. The Indians contended that these emigrants had stopped at one of their towns, cheated them in trading, put Strich-nine in an ox that died, and other poison in the water, from which several of the tribe died, and that they massacred the emigrants in revenge.