

Buffalo's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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SUMMER.

Like a maiden lightly laden,
Sits the Summer sweet and fair,
With the flowers wreathed by hours,
In her flowing golden hair.
Come in shadows o'er the meadows,
Strewing sunshine everywhere.

Winds are blowing bland, and sowing
Life and fragrance on the breeze,
Or a Maying, blithely playing.
Hide and seek we through the trees,
Or are skipping light and tripping
Winsome dances o'er the seas.

Father, mother, sister, brother,
Youthful, aged, rich and poor,
Merrily weaving songs, are leaving
Gloomy room and dusky door.
For the fountains in the mountains
With their gladness running e'er.

What a feeling must be stealing
Through the city's panting clay,
As the singing birds are singing,
Hunts about the fields away,
Where the showers clothe the flowers
In the velvet robe and gay.

Day resuming life is pluming
Giant pinions in the sky,
So that shamer shall not number
Life and action till it die,
Walking every great endeavor
To the deed sublime and high.

Day declining is resigning
Life and action to the night,
While the pale moon is falling
O'er the valleys sweet and light,
So the spirit cannot bear it,
But in dreamland takes a flight.

Livid moonlight, pallid moonlight,
Spreads a sheet upon the plain,
While the clearing brooks are weaving
Threads of silver with a strain
Of rich laughter babbling after
Lovers happy in their pain.

LEWIS WETZEL.

Among the heroes of border warfare, Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood; and educated in all the various arts of woodcraft, from that of hunting the beaver and bear, to that of the wily Indian, he became in manhood one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. His form was erect, and of that height best adapted to activity, being very muscular and possessed of great bodily strength. His frame was warmed by a heart that never palpitated with fear, and animated by a spirit that quailed not, nor became confused in the midst of danger and death. From constant practice, he could bear prolonged and violent exercises, especially that of running and walking without fatigue, and had also acquired the art of loading his rifle when moving at full speed through the forest, and wheeling on the instant, could discharge a bullet with unerring aim the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a shilling. This art he has been known more than once to practice with success on his savage foes. A celebrated marksman in those days, was estimated by the Borderers in the same way that a Knight-Templar or a Knight of the Cross was valued by his contemporaries, who excelled in the Tournament or the charge in the days of Chivalry. Challenges of skill often took place, and marksmen frequently met by appointment, who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, to try the accuracy of their aim, on bets of considerable amount. Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide through the adjacent settlements, as the most expert riflemen of the day. In the spring of the year, A. D. 1784, it chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on the waters of Dunkard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela river, had heard of his fame, and as he was also an expert woodsman, and a first rate shot, the best in the settlement, he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his anxiety, that he very early one morning shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his wife, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who lived near the fork of Wheeling Creek, a distance of 15 or 20 miles, although the two streams rise in the vicinity of each other. When about half way on his journey a fine buck just started up before him. He leveled his rifle with his usual accuracy, but the deer did not fall dead in his tracks, although mortally wounded. His stout dog seized him and brought him to the ground—but while in the act of so doing, another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master made his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, and with a loud voice claimed the deer as his property, having as he said, been brought down by his shot, and seized by his dog. It so happened that they had both fired at the same time, and at the same deer, a fact which may very well happen where two active men are hunting on the same ground—although one of them may fire at fifty yards, and the other at double that distance.

The dogs, feeling a similar spirit to that of their masters, soon quit the deer, which was already dead, and fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog strike me," arose in all force, and with hasty oaths he fell upon the strange hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done, than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist. Perceiving that he was no match at this point, he appealed to the trial by rifle, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this manner. The stranger assented to the trial, but told the young man that before he proceeded to put it to test, he had better witness what he was able to do with that weapon, saying that he was as much superior in the use of the rifle, as he was in bodily strength. In proof he bid him place a mark the size of a dollar on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling, discharge it instantly to the center of the mark. The test was no sooner proposed than performed, the ball striking the center of the diminutive target. Astonished at his skill, his antagonist now enquired his name.

"Lewis Wetzel, at your service."

Forgetting his animosity, the young hunter seized him by the hand, with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill and fine personal appearance, that he insisted on his returning with him to the Dunkard's settlement, that he might exhibit his dexterity to his own family, and to the hardy backwoods-men—his neighbors. Nothing loth to such an exhibition,

and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel agreed to accompany him, shortening their way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions, and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country. Amongst other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footprints of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins, and intermixed with the tracks of the savages. He had acquired this fact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground, while the white man almost invariably touches his heel to the earth, and places his feet at an angle with the line of march.

An opportunity they little expected, soon gave him a chance of putting his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's house, which they did late in the afternoon, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family murdered and scalped, except a young woman, who had been brought up by his parents, and to whom the young man was tenderly attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered, by a close inspection of the foot marks, that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man, an occurrence not uncommon in those days, when for crime or the baser purpose of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into their tribe. As it was late in the day, the nearest help still at some considerable distance, and as there were only four to contend with they decided on immediate pursuit. And moreover, as the dead had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, or perhaps before they could cross the Ohio river, to which the Indians always retreated after affecting a successful foray; considering themselves, in a manner, safe from pursuit when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time wholly occupied by the Indian tribes. Ardent and unweary was the pursuit—the one to recover his lost love, and the other to assist his new friend, and take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen; slaughter and revenge being at that period the daily business of the borderers.

Wetzel followed the trail of the retreating savages with the unerring sagacity of a blood hound, and just at dusk, traced them to the Ohio, some miles below Wheeling, nearly opposite the mouth of Captain creek. Much to their disappointment they soon found that the Indians had crossed the river, by constructing a raft of logs and brush—their usual manner of passing a stream when at a distance from their villages. By carefully examining "the signs" on the opposite shore, Wetzel directly discovered the fire of the Indian camp, in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, both being excellent swimmers. Fastening their clothes in a bundle on the tops of their heads, with their rifles and ammunition above, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully inspecting their arms, and putting every article of defence in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a full view of their enemies, who believed themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly repeating around the fire, thoughts of the fate which awaited them. They soon discovered upon beards with favor, and none were cut off during her reign except by decapitation. All their favorites, dukes, cardinals and bishops have come down to us in their portraits with long beards. "Queen Bess" was equally partial to beards and mustaches, which took, during her reign, the most varied and fantastic forms. In the time of Charles I, beards began to go out of fashion, but were restored with the restoration of Charles II. Whiskers and mustaches continued in vogue for a while, but soon gave way to the razor; and presently universal shaving prevailed throughout the kingdom. It is observable that in the matter of beards the Puritan has been as changeable as the Cavalier. Cromwell and his psalm-singing soldiers were the fiercest kind of mustaches; and John Knox thundered against popes and cardinals through a beard of patriarchal exuberance. The "Pilgrim Fathers," too, were fond of hair with a reasonable trimming, and saw no ungodliness in wearing an appendage which God had made. But the fashion changed after a while, and for many years, until quite lately, a clergyman who should so much as venture on a whisker, would have been deemed both profane and heretical, and would probably have lost his clerical head for his hair! Such are the freaks of fashion in a matter of more moment, one would think, than the cut of a coat or the shape of a shoe, since Nature is beyond art, and the work of God of more certain worth than any device of man. But we do not propose a philosophical, much less a theological dissertation on beards. We will hazard the assertion, however, that what may be called the "natural" and the physiological arguments in their favor have not yet been answered. It may be added that the beard is a distinguishing mark of manhood; and it has been hinted that the appropriate spheres of the sexes are plainly indicated by this matter of beard, to the utter confusion of all "strong minded women," from Mary Walstoncraft to Lucy Stone. It is asserted, also, that only those who have shaved many years, and thus stimulated an unnatural growth of hair, find their beards (when at last permitted to grow long), coarse, harsh and inconvenient. This is probably true; but it may fairly be doubted, in such cases, whether it be not better to keep on shaving. In respect to appearance, we think nine men of every ten look considerably the worse for their beards—such as they are. The exceptional man is sometimes the handsomer for his hair. On the whole, we are of opinion that the strength of the argument lies on the hirsute side of the question. Meanwhile we shall continue to patronize the barbers as heretofore.

Young men just starting for Pike's Peak may be interested in knowing the *modus operandi* of obtaining the pure gold. An exchange, whose editor has been "tarred," gives it as follows. The method, however, is confined exclusively to the Peak:

"A man takes a frame work of heavy timbers, built like a stone boat, the bottom of which is composed of heavy iron raps. This frame work is hoisted up to the top of the Peak, and the man gets on and glides down the top of the mountain. As he goes swiftly down, the raps on the bottom of the frame work scrape off the gold in immense shavings, which curl up on the machine, and by the time the man gets to the bottom, nearly a ton of gold is following him. This is the common manner of gathering it."

How the BEAN CLIMBS THE POLE.—Professor Brewer, of Washington College, Pa., communicates to *The American Journal of Science and Arts* the result of some experiments made by him on climbing vines—the hop, the Lima bean, and the morning glory. He finds that they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day the vine is attracted towards the light, but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learned, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; the caressing instinct of the vine has no pre-judice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

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A Lawrence paper says that a clergyman in that city, during services at his church on a recent evening, fell into so sound a sleep that it was found necessary for one of his congregation to shake him in order to wake him at the close of the service.

Both branches of the Ohio Legislature have

ABOUT BEARDS.

The history of hair is interesting, for next to man's head is his hair; and by the philistine rule, "until alienum humanum," it is at least worth talking about. It is remarkable that fashion should be as capricious about beards as bonnets. Excepting a few cases of conscience, she seems, from the time of Moses until now, to have controlled the style of beards with her usual despotism. The Jews indeed wore their beards with religious care, and considered it in the last degree humiliating to be shaven. It was the same in the early days of Christianity, and the Savior and all the Apostles, save one, are represented as wearing long beards, which we know to have been the custom of their times. John alone appears in the picture without a beard, a deviation which little expected, soon gave him a chance of putting his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's house, which they did late in the afternoon, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family murdered and scalped, except a young woman, who had been brought up by his parents, and to whom the young man was tenderly attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered, by a close inspection of the foot marks, that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man, an occurrence not uncommon in those days, when for crime or the baser purpose of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into their tribe. As it was late in the day, the nearest help still at some considerable distance, and as there were only four to contend with they decided on immediate pursuit. And moreover, as the dead had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, or perhaps before they could cross the Ohio river, to which the Indians always retreated after effecting a successful foray; considering themselves, in a manner, safe from pursuit when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time wholly occupied by the Indian tribes. Ardent and unweary was the pursuit—the one to recover his lost love, and the other to assist his new friend, and take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen; slaughter and revenge being at that period the daily business of the borderers.

THE MONKEY PILGRIMS.

The following account of a singular custom among the monkeys in the East, is taken from sketches of India, published in "Household Words." We have reason to believe the story is true.

About two miles from the bungalow to which we were proceeding, we overtook a tribe of large monkeys. I should say as many as four hundred; and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just in short, as they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of this tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was no doubt the chief. It was a very odd sight, and I became greatly interested in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on the facts, and the fact of each carrying a stick led us to conclude that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like ours, evidently Deshband, where there are some hundreds of monkeys fed by a number of Brahmins, who live in a Hindoo temple, there, and perform religious ceremonies. They (this monkey regiment) would not get out of the road on our account, nor disturb themselves in any way, and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks, or over any of them, for when assailed they are most ferocious brutes, and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the mare proceed at a walk in the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were nearing Deshband, began to chatter frightfully. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road, and took the direction of the temple. Fain would we have followed them, but to do so in the buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over some very rough ground and two ditches. My friend therefore requested the sowars to follow them, and report all they might observe of their actions.

My friend mentioned to the Khansamah, a very old but very active and intelligent man, the sight we had seen on the road—the regiment of monkeys.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "it is about the time."

"Well, sahib, about every five years that tribe comes up the country to pay a visit to this place; and another tribe comes about the same time from the up-country—the hills. They meet in a jungle behind the old Hindoo temple, and there embrace each other as though they were human beings and old friends who had been parted for a length of time. I have seen in that jungle as many as four or five thousand. The Brahmins say that one large tribe comes all the way from Ajmere, and another from the southern side of the country, and from Nepal and Tirhoot. There were hundreds of monkeys here this morning and now I do not see one. I suppose they have gone to welcome their friends."

The sowars who had been deputed to follow the tribe now rode up, and reported that, in the vicinity of the old temple, there was an army of apes—an army of forty thousand! One of the sowars, in the true spirit of Oriental exaggeration, expressed himself to the effect that it would be easier to count the hairs of one's head than the number there assembled.

"Let us go and look at them," I suggested, "and by the time we return the lady may be stirring."

"But we will not go on foot," said my friend; "we will ride the sowars' horses. In the first place, I have an instinctive horror of apes, and should like to have the means of getting away from them speedily, if they became too familiar or offensive. In the second place I do not wish to fatigue myself by taking so long a walk in the heat of the day."

We mounted the horses, and were soon at the spot indicated by the sowars. There were not so many as had been represented; but I am speaking very far within bounds when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stack of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins; for since his appointment he had never heard of this gathering of apes.

"It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Just as Hindoos, at stated times, go to Hurdwar, Hagiore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place."

"And how long do they stay?"

"Two or three days; then, they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then attend to their business for four or five years; then, come again and do festival, and so on, to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with two smaller ones on each side of him?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then fullgrown. His native place is Meenur. He lives with the Brahmins at the Soori Khan, near Meenur. The smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father."

The consumption of gold leaf and plate in the United States for the preservation and renovation of teeth—amounts to about two and a quarter millions of dollars per annum. Latterly the use of gold for the plating of artificial teeth has been superseded in some quarters by vulcanized rubber, which is found to combine lightness and a pleasant degree of elasticity with cleanliness and durability.

Mrs. Partington says, "I haven't any desire to live longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years—I wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and the idea of surviving one's factories, always gives me a disagreeable consciousness. But whatever is to be, will be, and there is no knowing what will take place till it expires."

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that the "ascendancy" of the Democratic party is seriously threatened, not only in Pennsylvania and New York, but in the Federal Government in all its departments by prevailing dissensions.

To say that the "ascendancy" is "threatened" is like the assertion of the man who said a farmer "enticed" him over the gate with a pitchfork.

THE OBERLIN SLAVE CASE.

The trial of Bushnell, charged, in connection with thirty-six other citizens of Oberlin, Ohio, with the rescue of a slave, has resulted in a verdict of guilty. This is the first of the trials under the writs of indictment found against the parties implicated. His sentence has not yet been pronounced. The trials of the other thirty-six will be proceeded with immediately. As there is a wide-spread interest in this case, we subjoin a resume of the facts out of which the trials have grown:

In January, 1856, as is alleged, John G. Bacon, of Mason county, Kentucky, lost by flight a slave man and a slave woman named John and Dinah, and another farmer in the same neighborhood lost a slave man named Frank. During the last summer, one Anderson Jennings, a neighbor of John G. Bacon, visited Oberlin (Ohio) for the now expressed purpose of looking for still another slave, one who had fled from him as Administrator of a certain estate. Whilst in Oberlin early in September or late in August of the year 1858, Jennings wrote to Bacon that he had discovered the slaves John and Frank in that village, and requested Bacon to send him a witness and a power of attorney, in order that he might vindicate the honor and dignity of Mason county, and place a negro in the hands of Bacon and a fee of five hundred dollars in his own pocket. Bacon executed the power of attorney and sent it by one Mitchell, who stated his occupation as that of a "speculator." Upon receiving this document, Jennings repaired to Columbus, procured a warrant which the District Attorney does not claim to have been valid, placed it in the hands of United States Marshall Lowe, of the Southern District of Ohio, and the two proceeded to Oberlin. After loitering about the village some two or three days, during which time they kept their mission almost a profound secret, Jennings bribed a boy to decoy the alleged fugitive slave into the country, where Lowe and Mitchell, aided by a Kentuckian named David, by force of arms seized and conveyed him to Wellington, arriving there about noon, and halting for the purpose of taking the cars South at five o'clock in the evening. When five o'clock arrived—and with it the cars—the parties preferred remaining in the attic room where they had fortified themselves, to attempting to pass a large concourse of supposed "felons" assembled in the vicinity. Soon after this, the slave (so called) became a free-man once more, and walked erect from that attic room in company with sundry "felons." Numerous "felons" (thirty-seven, as we have stated,) were arrested and indicted for violating the "Act of Congress" providing for the capture and return of fugitives from service or labor, and are now on trial.

A MAD POET'S WIT.—Everybody remembers McDonald Clarke, who was so well known in New York, a few years since, as the "Mad Poet." During the last year of his life, Clarke was made free of the Astor House table and oftentimes this errant man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities when other doors were closed on his fallen fortunes. Every one knew Clarke by sight; and one day while quietly taking his dinner, two Southerners seating themselves opposite to him, commenced conversation intended for the ears of Clarke. One said:

"Well! I have