

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1859.

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MILDLY JUDGE YE OF EACH OTHER.

Mildly judge ye of each other,
Be to condemnation slow,
The very best can have their failings,
Something good the worst can show.
The brilliant sun has spots of darkness
On his radiant front, they say;
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.
Do not mock your neighbor's weakness,
When his random whims you see,
For perhaps he something like it
Every day beholds in thee.
Folly leaves all our natures;
Soundest metal has its flaws;
And the righteoiest sinner
Is no wiser for his sins.
Every mortal has his hobby;
It may foolish seem to you,
But remember! bright or simple,
You have got your hobby too.
Let a fellow feeling warm you,
When you criticize your friend;
Honor virtue in its actions,
In yourself its vice mend.
Think not those whom mortals honor
Are the best the earth affords,
For no tongue of praise doth blazon
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.
Mildly judge, then, of each other,
Be to condemnation slow,
For the wisest have their failings,
Something good the worst can show.
The sun himself has spots of darkness
On his radiant brow, they say;
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Whilst the River settlement was increasing in numbers, similar causes induced the settlement of the country near the upper part of Clearfield creek. The first improvement made there, above the Forks, was in the year 1797, when Capt. Edward Ricketts made a small clearing and built a cabin on the north side of the creek, above the Ox-bow, on Joseph Stewart's farm. Circumstances, however, prevented him removing his family there before 1801. He was born near Annapolis, Maryland, in 1736; removed to Pennsylvania in his youth, and in 1755, when but nineteen years of age, entered the Army. The defeat of Braddock, the previous year, had left the defence of the frontiers in a great measure to the settlers. Ricketts, being brave and courageous, possessed of a frame and constitution which marked him out for a soldier, embraced the first opportunity of volunteering in the war then waged against the Red Men. Apt—he was soon skilled in the mode of Indian warfare, and his skill and worth were soon rewarded by a captain's commission. During the long and bloody war that followed, and until the close of the Revolutionary struggle, Ricketts was in the field, battling the savage foe, or their equally cruel allies. When not on the war path, he engaged himself in making an improvement in some new spot, where he could enjoy the howl of the wolf, the shriek of the wild cat, the fierce scream of the panther, occasionally interspersed with the deadly war-whoop of the Indian. These were music to his ear, and thus, always in advance of civilization, he passed from place to place, until we find him in Warriors-mark Valley, Huntingdon county, then a wilderness; afterwards in the wild and romantic Tuckahoe, and at last, when three-score years had stamped the mark of age upon his brow, following the Indian trail from Tuckahoe to the uninhabited region of Clearfield creek, where he made his last home. He disliked labor, was passionately fond of hunting, and as game grew scarce, from influx of population and other causes, he had always changed his abode. He left Tuckahoe valley on the 5th of October, 1801, accompanied by his family. Following the Indian trail, with his few effects borne upon pack horses, he reached on the first day the head waters of Mushmanon creek, and there encamped on one of the wildest spots of that will region. The next day he reached his cabin, and found it occupied by the family of Joseph Leonard, who had been staying there since spring.

Leonard was of Irish descent, and had lived at Shaver's creek, Huntingdon county, previous to his removal here. Whilst occupying the Ricketts' cabin, he had commenced an improvement below the Ox-bow, on the Thomas Lord property. He and his two sons are now numbered with the dead. He has three daughters living—the wives of Schooley Scott, Jacob Flegal and Isaac Southard. The wife of Mr. Scott was the first white child born in that part of the county. We know no incidents of Leonard's life, but infer, from the manner in which his name has often been mentioned, that he was an unostentatious, independent and fearless man.

These two families were the only settlers in that section during the winter of 1801-2. Their means of subsistence were procured by the rifle, or packed across the mountain on the Indian path, (traces of which are yet to be seen), which left the Juniata river near Cold Spring, passed through the Three-Spring's gap, struck the extreme head waters of Mushmanon creek, and after following it a few miles, took nearly a direct line for the mouth of Muddy Run on Clearfield creek. It connected with the great trail leading to the Allegheny River. Ricketts' family at this time consisted of himself, wife, and an adopted daughter. He had three married sons, two of whom—James and Isaac—lived on French

clear, and Thomas, who lived in Warriors-mark valley. Isaac and Thomas soon followed their father to this county. The former lived on the farm occupied by the late I. Warrick, and has now two sons and several daughters settled near the homestead. Thomas remained here but a few years, and then went to French creek. Capt. Ricketts lost the farm on which he settled, having been ejected by a Mr. Brown. He afterwards settled on the place now owned by Wm. W. Wright, where he died in 1813, in indigent circumstances. Though his services were long and meritorious, he neither asked nor received a pension.

Speculation in wild lands induced Daniel Turner to make his first visit to this county, to locate surveys. He owned or was interested in the larger part of the surveys in the then county of Huntingdon, extending from the Susquehanna towards Milesburg, and now forming a large portion of the territory of Centre, Cambria and Clearfield counties. Turner was a surveyor, and united with his other traits, a spirit of bold and daring speculation. Of his birth-place or parentage we know nothing. He resided in Westmoreland county at the commencement of the Revolutionary war. His house was then on the frontier, in a woody region, with no neighbors near. As was his habit, he rose one morning, shortly before day-break, to seek his horses, which he knew were to be found in one of two places, where they were in the habit of pasturing. Not finding them in the first place he visited, he started for the other, on the opposite side of his house, and on approaching the house, was horror-stricken at the sight of three Indians, who were stealthily approaching his home. He had left his wife and two children asleep. Knowing the habits of the Indians, he, unperceived, hid himself behind a tree, from whence he watched their movements. The Indians drew near to the house, and laid down behind a large log, where they could have a good view of the door. Every few moments, Turner could see one of the trio cautiously raise his head above the log, to observe the first stir about the house. Fearing that his wife, unconscious of her danger, might make her appearance at the door and become the victim of the savages, Turner resolved on action, and when one of the Indians again raised his head above the log, a bullet, sped with unerring aim, penetrated his brain. Turner rushed towards the remaining Indians, crying at the top of his voice, "Here, Tom, Dick and Harry, at them! shoot, boys, shoot!" when the affrighted savages, fearing they were entrapped, made good their escape. Turner scalped the Indian he had shot, took the scalp to Pittsburgh, where he sold it for \$80, placed his family in a fort, joined the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, went to Boston, and served faithfully through the war.

We believe that Turner's first visit to this county was about the year 1794. As an evidence of the anxiety which was then felt to become possessed of wild lands, there were several rival surveying parties then on the ground. One of the leaders, fearing that Turner's men might get ahead of him, stole Turner's chain. But Dan was not to be balked in that way. A grape vine, growing near where the party were, was torn down from the tree upon which it had climbed, and a branch cut, as they supposed, the proper length, and made a substitute for a chain, with which they continued their operations. More recent explorations, which had become necessary to ascertain the work then so imperfectly done, have shown that the piece of vine used was not cut too short.

Turner lived for some time at Bellefonte, near where he erected Rock Forge, which was afterwards owned by Mr. Benner. He was then in easy circumstances, and had unbounded credit. It was then his custom to pay off his hands on the Saturday night of each week, which he would do by filling up a half bushel measure with half dollars, set it on the counter of his store, and then deal out the money in such quantities as were needed. A mammoth speculation in wild lands in Kentucky, brought about financial embarrassment and the total wreck of Turner's fortune. This induced him to remove to and settle on the head waters of Clearfield creek, near the Cambria county line, in the month of April, 1802.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEIGHT OF WATER-TROUGHS.—Water-troughs for horses should always be countersunk in the earth or stable floor, on a level with the horse's feet. The natural mode of an animal's drinking is on a level with the throat. Anatomists will agree that this position is necessary in order that the water should have those parts of the throat which particularly need such refreshment. It may be urged that it is more convenient for a horse in harness to have the water brought up to him, instead of his having to lower his head to the water; but such is not the case. When the hearing rein (that is not the case) is unloosed, a horse has no difficulty in putting his head to the ground; witness horses taking their bait, as a proof, and the heat and pressure of the collar in drawing, render the thorough washing and cooling of the throat more than ever acceptable. Besides the benefits conferred on horses and cattle by cutting down the cisterns to a reasonable proportion, they would be made available for the lesser animals.

The deficiency in the revenue of British India is so serious as to require a loan of fifty millions of dollars.

A RACE WITH WOLVES.

Of the many lovely counties of New York, none present stronger points of attraction to the lover of the picturesque than the beautiful county of Saratoga. The rocks, by piled upon another, form a magnificent disorder, as if tossed there in the antediluvian revels of some of our gigantic first fathers. The roads wind broken and uneven through every variety of hill and dale, on one side not unfrequently rising in some lofty mountain, waving with clustering foliage, and with the song of birds, while on the other descends as abruptly a bristling precipice, the rugged horrors of its yawning gulf, half hidden beneath mantling vines, and only betraying its great depth by the faint musical tinkle of the stream which it hides in its grim bosom. But, uninviting, as are the features it presents today, to any but the tourist, sixty years ago so formidable were the obstacles it opposed, deemed by the farmer, that when Jacob Wier, a sturdy Scotchman with a large family of tow-heads, built a log cabin in that region in the very heart of a mighty forest, and installed himself and said family, they were not wanting some of his neighbors to hint, that the qualifications of a straight jacket and a straw couch in a madman's cell. Jacob only laughed the croakers to scorn, howing away all the while at the huge trees that hemmed him in on every side, with untiring energy and no small success, and, spite of prophecies, matters prospered with him. The crops on his farm grew apace—the one bringing money into Jacob's pocket, the other sunshine to his dwelling, and, as years went by, he began to be spoken of with due respect as a well-to-do and thriving man. Nowhere was a heartier welcome to be obtained than at Jacob Wier's. Friend or acquaintance, or passing stranger, alike were sure to find a seat on the piazza, and a warm log in the chimney corner. And such a chimney! none of your modern, degenerate fire-places, but a vast, black gulf, yawning almost the length of the house, and piled up to the very top with huckleberries and hemlock, that buckled and blazed as though they enjoyed being burnt. No wonder hospitality is out of fashion now, for that man could do another to take a seat in the corner of his range?

It was in the early spring time of the year eighteen hundred that our story commences, when Jacob and his family were gathered around the hearth, as was their wont, after their plain but abundant supper. Bright and strong blazed the fire, casting flickering shadows on the rough ceilings and rougher walls, flashing fiery back from the well scorched pewter on the dresser, lighting up the ruddy countenance of old Jacob, and the handsome one of six tall, broad-shouldered and strong limbed sons, and finally throwing a whole halo of light around the spot where sat the youngest and golden-haired, and when unbound, flowed almost to her feet, would have been the envy and delight of a fashionable hair-dresser. In short, she was a handsome, frank, unsophisticated girl, not in the least resembling the mincing waddling many-skirted belles who walk, or rather trundle through our streets, with hollow chest, sloping shoulders, and skin-drawn, and all those other feminine mysteries of which the masculine mind is so profoundly ignorant, yet which tend so greatly to our comfort and delectation. I am not prepared to say, either, that she had what the ladies call good taste in dressing, though it would be difficult to find a more charming figure than she presented in her gray, homespun dress and neat little collar, or at least so thought Alick Harden, on the eventful evening of which we are writing. Said Alick was a gay young student, who came to this wild region to spend his vacation, in hunting among the mountains, and had nearly finished by serving as lunch for a huge panther, when he was fortunately rescued by two of Jacob's sons.

The wounds he had received were but slight, and he quickly recovered under Kate's careful nursing; but he still lingered unaccountably, though he manifested no disposition to accompany the boys on their various excursions, seeming to derive a vast amount of amusement in watching Kate, as she went about her household duties. This practice was speedily productive of the most disastrous results; for in the course of two weeks, Kate three times put butter into the churn, twice burned the bread to a cinder, and finally set all their teeth on edge by the production of a lemon pie without a particle of sugar in the composition. Regardless of all this, Alick persisted in this unaccountable course of conduct, and had made himself so particularly obnoxious to Kate that evening by so doing, that she was continually blushing from sheer indignation, and it was a great relief when her father bade her get out the porringers and the pudding, as he was right down hungry, and she was to be of use to the household. Alick most ingeniously contrived to upset the porringers into the fire. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the brethren in chorus, as Alick and Kate sprang to their feet in dismay; and "Ha, ha!" roared old Jacob, even his gravity being unable to withstand the ludicrously frightened expression of the culprits' faces.

"It is too bad," said Kate, greatly provoked; "men are always so stupid and awkward."

"Ha, ha!" burst out Dan, the eldest of the six, "Kate's fingers are all thumbs lately."

"Her wits are going wool gathering," or rather lower-gathering," chimed in another, "and since Joe, the miller's handsome son, brought the last load of flour to the house, and it took him and Kate all afternoon to put six bags in the buttery."

"Come here, Kate," said her father, "and don't mind those unlicked calves. You have more pluck than them all, broad as their shoulders are."

"Kate wants a little maple sugar to sweeten her temper," said Dan. "Pity it is so early in the season."

"It is plain you didn't need any of the sap," retorted Kate, "when you left the dipper down in the bush to-night."

"I can't say how that is," answered Dan, "but with all your pluck, you aren't go and fetch it."

"I dare and will," answered Kate, now thoroughly aroused.

"Why, Kate, you are crazy," said her father. "It's more than a quarter of a mile from the ground, and here and there by occasional black patches of mud, and, as it is packed under her feet, Kate would start involuntarily, and look lastly around, fancying the tread of some wild animal. In the ghostly light, the trees seemed to stretch up to a greater height, and their gnarled branches took strange, fantastic shapes. Dark clumps of bushes seemed to her disturbed imagination, creaking figures, ready to spring upon her, and not unfrequently she paused and held her breath, thinking she saw the glare of eye balls in the thicket, or heard the sound of stealthily breathing close beside her. Then, chiding herself for weakness, she would hurry on, till at length the tall slender boles of the maple trees defied the darkness against the sky, and she turned the dipper with a sigh of relief, and seized on her homeward path. She might have advanced ten steps, when her heart gave a bound that seemed to send it to her throat, and then almost ceased to beat, as she stood listening with such intensity that her very breath seemed to stand against the sky, and she turned on the bushes? Near and nearer came the long, low, melancholy sound, and then she knew she had to run for her life; for she had recognized the howl of wolves and was sure they were already on her track.

Kate was a courageous girl, and swift-footed as an antelope; but when the yelling pack of wolves defied the darkness against the sky, and she turned on the bushes? Near and nearer came the long, low, melancholy sound, and then she knew she had to run for her life; for she had recognized the howl of wolves and was sure they were already on her track.

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MAGNITUDE OF OUR PUBLIC WORKS.

It has been fashionable to compare unfavorably the works of this country with those of Europe. To such an extent has this been carried that it is not unfrequently said that we have to look to England or the Continent for the most of our examples. We are continually told by travellers of the great extent, beauty and durability of the continental works, and of the enormous strength of the English structures. Now it is perfectly true that Europe can boast of railroads, canals, bridges, and aqueducts unrivalled in the world for beauty and excellence of workmanship, but it is equally true that America can point to works of utility that, in the magnificence of their proportions, are not exceeded anywhere.

The Julian Aqueduct of Rome is two miles longer than the Croton Aqueduct of New York, built by John B. Jarvis and Horatio Allen, but the Croton carries more water than all the seven aqueducts of Rome put together, and more than any other aqueduct in the world, and is longer than any other excepting the Julian.

The Illinois Central Railroad, built by Col. Mason, is the longest line ever constructed by one company, and in point of workmanship is equal to any European road.

The National Road, over the Cumberland mountains, built by the United States Engineer Corps, is more extensive and durable by far than the Applan way.

The stone arch over Cabin John's Creek, on the Washington aqueduct, built by Captain Meigs, is a truly fine specimen of masonry, and other stone arch in the world, and is more beautiful in proportion than the arch over the Oca, so long celebrated for its magnificence.

The tunnel built by Mr. Haupt for the Pennsylvania Railroad, on the summit of the Allegheny mountain, was a more difficult work than the tunnel under the Thames.

The suspension bridge over the Niagara river at Lewiston, built by Major Scirell, is 1,042 feet ten inches in one span, and is 48 feet greater than any other single span in the world, being nearly twice as great and quite as strong as Telford's celebrated bridge over the Menais Straits in England.

The United States Dry Dock at Brooklyn, is the largest dock in the world by many feet. The workmanship, done under the direction of Mr. M'Alpine and Gen. Stuart, is equal if not superior, to anything of the kind anywhere. The plates of iron used in the gates of this dock are the largest that had ever been made up to the time they were rolled.

The flight of combined locks on the Canal at Lockport, built by the State Engineers, are equalled only in one other place in Christendom—Sweden.

The Railroad Suspension Bridge built by Roebing over the Niagara is within a few feet of twice the span of Stephen's great Tubular Bridge in England, the largest structure of the kind. It is 800 feet in one span, and is two stories high, the railroad being above the public highway. Nothing like this exists anywhere else.

The Light-house on Minot's Lodge being built by Capt. Alexander, is in a more exposed situation, and as far as proceeded with is more securely bolted together than the famous Eddystone Light-house in England.

The Bridge at Philadelphia, built by Charles Ellet, is exceeded only in span by the Lewiston Bridge, and is heavier than it; it is the second largest span in the world, and is much more beautiful than the Fribourg Bridge, its European rival.

In carpentry we are unexcelled in the world. Such structures in timber as the Dry docks at San Francisco and Philadelphia—McCallum's and Col. Seymour's bridge on the Erie Railroad and branches; the timber viaducts on the Catawissa Railroad, built by Stancliff; Col. Long's bridges on the various New England railroads; and Howe's trusses at Harrisburg, have not their equals across the Atlantic.

Then, again, in Europe, many structures are built that might have been avoided—a few hundred rods of detour would have saved the great Box tunnel. Now we maintain that the location of the Sidell's division, for example, on the Erie, evinced more skill in avoiding the necessity of great structures than could be shown in building them.

The stones of the north corner of the Exchange in Boston, built by Rodgers, are larger than any single stone in Cleopatra's needle, and those now being put into the United States Treasury at Washington are much heavier than any stone of Pompey's pillar, or Pyramids of Egypt.

As to the difficulties of location, there is no country where more science and skill have been brought to bear than in ours, and it is a remarkable fact that in point of time, last year, our average traveling was faster by two and a half miles per hour than in England, comparing our principal lines with theirs, while the charges on the American lines was but little over half the English rates.

The reason why these things are not generally known is, that here we build a great work, announce its completion in the same advertisement that heralds the opening of the road, and no more is said about it, except, perhaps, what may appear in one or two scientific periodicals, where dry feet and inches, stress, strain and torsion are discussed, and are never read except by the professional engineer.

While, on the contrary, in England and France, as soon as a great work is built, and while it is being erected, pictures by thousands are published, medals are struck and circulated, glass models are made, and the illustrated newspapers show it in every stage of progress and from every point of view; the engineers are knighted, if they are not already of the nobility, and the fame of the structure is sent from land to land; while with us, as we have shown, may be found some of the most gigantic works ever undertaken that are passed by and over without hardly any notice. It is remarkable that the best popular description of our own public works of great magnitude are to be found in the Journals of France and Germany.

The Westminster clock, England, has cost the nation \$110,000. Punch says it is a strong exemplification of the homely truth, "Time is money."

Nothing is more odious than the face that smiles abroad, but flashes fury amid the carresses of a tender wife and children.

"What object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied, "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

A woman's foot was found recently by the side of the Genesee river. The Rochester editors are puzzling their brains to find out what has become of the rest of her.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry botto to such extreme lengths."

NUMBER OF ANIMALS IN EXISTENCE.—The number of vertebrate animals is estimated at 20,000; about 1,500 species of mammals are pretty precisely known, and the number may probably be carried to about 2,000. The number of birds well known is about 4,000 or 5,000 species, and the probable number is about 6,000. The reptiles number about the same as the mammals—1,500 described species—and they will probably reach the number of 2,000. The fishes are more numerous; there are from 5,000 to 6,000 species in the museums of Europe, and the number may probably amount to 8,000 or 10,000. The number of mollusks already in collections, reaches probably 8,000 or 10,000. There are collections of marine shells, bivalve and univalve, which amount to 5,000 or 7,000, and collections of land and freshwater shells which count 2,000. The total number of mollusks would, therefore, probably exceed 15,000 species. Among the articulated animals, it is difficult to estimate the number of species. There are 20,000 to 25,000 species of insects, and it is quite probable that, by uniting the principal collections of insects, 60,000 or 80,000 species might now be counted; for the whole department of articulates, comprising the crustacea, cirripedia, the insects, the red-blooded worms, the intestinal worms, and the infusoria, as they belong to this department, the number would amount to 100,000; and it is believed that the probable number of species actually existing may be estimated at double that sum. Add to all these about 10,000 for radiat, evhni, starfishes, meduse and polypi, and we have about 250,000 species of living animals; and supposing the number of fossil species to equal them, we have at a very moderate computation, half a million species.

A bogus banking concern, in Ohio, was broken up by the Cincinnati police, some of whom disguised themselves, and under pretence of wanting to go into the operation, were introduced to a man named Williams, who got up the concern. He explained that the bank was got up by parties in New York and Detroit; that he, Mr. Williams, was the "banker," and the only person to be known in the matter; that they paid \$165 to Sage & Co., of Buffalo, New York, for the engraving of the bills, and that \$70,000 had been printed, at a cost of a quarter of a cent on the dollar; that he came to Hartford in February last to open his bank, but that the want of a few dollars had hitherto prevented his operating. Mr. Williams said they had everything right with the publisher of a certain New York Counterfeit Detector, as they had paid him nineteen hundred dollars to quote the money right!

Many readers will recollect a Mrs. Margaret L. Eaton, formerly Mrs. Purser Timberlake, the wife of Gen. John H. Eaton, President Jackson's Secretary of War. Her name being a little stained by calumnious reports, she was not received by other families of other members of the Cabinet. The generous Old Hero, believing her wronged, insisted that she should be received into company, and the result was a Cabinet rupture, with sad scandals in those days. The Washington papers announce their marriage, last week, at the ripe age of sixty, to one Signor Antonio Beckgrani, an Italian dancing master of twenty-two.

PITCH PHENOMENON AT SEA.—While the bark *Rolla*, of New York, was in the Gulf of Mexico, on May 4, it passed through a seam of smoking pitch which extended for several miles, and emitted a most disgusting odor. It was supposed by her captain (Mr. Rogers) to be thrown up by a submarine eruption from some part of the bottom of the ocean. This, we think, is the true explanation of the phenomenon. There are extensive formations of mineral pitch in Cuba, Trinidad, and West India Islands, and no doubt there are beds of this material under the waters of the gulf.

The Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer says, some ten or twelve years ago, a man came to that place, married, amassed considerable fortune, and exercised the rights of a citizen of the State and county for a number of years. He finally left suddenly for New Orleans, and from there he went to Western Texas, in order to attend a meeting of a former friend, who had intimated, wished to see him. Fate, however, after a time brought the two together, when the friend claimed the Columbus man as his slave, and now holds him as his property.

A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. A person with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. This oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.

There are four millions of people in France who eat no bread. Some eat chestnuts, and some other kinds of vegetables. The people of Ireland, for a long time, subsisted mainly on potatoes. These facts prove not merely that there are large numbers in civilized nations who do not raise their own bread, but the equally important fact, that they have not the means of buying it.

A gay young lady was struck by lightning a few days ago, in a field back of New Albany Ind., and killed. Her name was Eunice Cooper, and she was twenty years old. The lightning, which struck her head, demolished her bonnet and clothing.

A man's wife lately died in New York, and upon examination of the body not a trace of poison was found in it. This is regarded as a remarkable proof of the advancement of virtue and domestic happiness in that exemplary city.

"What object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied, "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

A woman's foot was found recently by the side of the Genesee river. The Rochester editors are puzzling their brains to find out what has become of the rest of her.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry botto to such extreme lengths."