

Raffinier's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1859.

VOL. 6.—NO. 3.

LOVE'S PHASES.

The sigh of Love that silent steals
From young hearts warm and true,
Is sweet as when the Spring reveals
Her roses wet with dew.
The tear of Love, at parting hour,
Is sad—but, oh! how sweet
When young affection owns its power
At ere, when lovers meet.
The smile of love—so fond, so dear,
Pure as the night-star shines;
Bright as the new-born gem appears
In India's rarest mines.
The hope of Love—oh! be it blest!
For Love of Hope was born;
Hope is the dawn of passion chaste,
And Love the risen morn.

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CLEARFIELD COUNTY:
OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

About 1803, Peter Erhard settled in the neighborhood of the village of New Millport. He erected a distillery, and connected the business of distilling with clearing and cultivating land. He was accidentally drowned in 1827. Several of his sons now reside in the neighborhood. Here they erected mills which gave rise to the small, but thriving, town above named. Christian, Phillip and George, the latter at present County Commissioner, are the names of the sons now living. In 1806, James Rea came from York county, and settled quite handy to Mr. Erhard. He remained here for about 13 years, and then removed to his present farm about four miles from Glen Hope. He was of large frame and great muscular power and endurance. His farm in Jordan township is perhaps the largest piece of land cleared by one family in the county. Thomas Jordan, a brother of Ben. Jordan, moved to this settlement, but at what time we are unable to ascertain. He came to the county in 1808. The McKees, Dunlaps, Catharts, Ames, Feltwells and others moving into this region and expending their labor in clearing the land, have made this section a valuable and desirable portion of the county, notwithstanding Mr. Rea left it, as he alleged, because working on the hills had a tendency to make him crooked in form and in disposition.

James McNeil commenced improving a piece of land in 1808 near Fruit Hill and on the edge of what is sometimes called the Scotch Irish settlement. McNeil was born in Ireland in 1776, and emigrated to Huntingdon county when twenty-one years of age. The nearest neighbor he knew of was Capt. Ricketts on Clearfield creek, more than six miles distant. During the first winter which he, his wife and child spent in this county, there was over two feet of snow on the ground, and for more than three months no person visited them. Mr. McNeil was commissioned as a justice of the peace by Governor Shultz. He served in that capacity until Justices were made elective, and afterwards was twice elected to that office. Age and the affliction of a member of his family have made their impress on this worthy gentleman, but having parted his farm among his children and seen removed the source of much anxiety, he now enjoys repose in the bosom of his family. Mr. McNeil was twice married. By his first wife he had five children, two of them sons. His second wife was Mary Cameron Ricketts, a daughter of Capt. Ricketts, by whom he had four sons and four daughters.

The Scotch-Irish settlement lies to the south and west of Fruit Hill. This is a fine settlement, containing good farms, owned and cultivated by men whose moral worth would give character to any community. It is not, as might be supposed by its name, made up of men of foreign birth alone. Many of those who have added much towards developing this part of the county, are sons of pioneers in other and older settlements of the county. Among those who have aided in reclaiming the wilderness are the Thompsons and Johnstons, Scotch families; a numerous family named Curry; the descendants of Peter Bloom; the Pattersons and Jordans, the descendants of those whom we have mentioned in connection with one of the ridge settlements; the Williamses, Wises and Swans. Ansonville, a small town on the edge of this settlement, is of recent growth. It sprang into existence about the time the Glen Hope and Little Bald Eagle Turnpike was projected and was named after Anson, a son of John Swan, who had resided on the land for some years, and who, in connection with his brothers John and Henry Swan, laid out the town after the decease of their father.

We should have mentioned in connection with the river settlement, William Tate. He was a member of the Society of Friends, was born in Chester County, from whence he removed to Half Moon in Centre County. He lived for several years on the farm now occupied by Joseph Irwin. His first residence, in 1804, was in a log house erected on or close by the Catholic Church lot in Clearfield Borough. In February 1808, whilst Mr. Tate was at Bellefonte attending Court his house took fire and was, with all the household goods, destroyed. The fire originated down stairs and the devouring element had made considerable progress before Mrs. Tate was aware of the accident. By throwing a feather bed out of the window and casting her children on to it, Mrs. Tate succeeded in saving the lives of her family. The children of William Tate were, Dinah, wife of John Solt, Samuel, Lydia, wife of William Irwin, Joshua, Martha, wife of Jo-

seph Irwin, George, William, Levi, now editor and publisher of the "Columbia County Democrat," and Jesse Tate at present a citizen of Ohio.

Nicholas Straw also came into the river settlement about 1803, we are not aware where he settled, but believe it was nearly opposite to Robert Cresswell's residence. He was a potter, and we should judge from the appearance of his son Christian Straw, that he was advanced in years when he made his home in Clearfield county. His descendants—grand children—are numerous and live generally in Ferguson and Jordan townships.

The fact that the early settlers were principally men of little wealth—compelled to undergo more than ordinary labor to obtain means of subsistence for themselves and families, and that the character of the country forbid the hope that they could ever dispose of the products of the farm, so as to enable them to pay for land and secure homes, gave rise to two important occupations—lumbering and coaling. Exporting sawed lumber was the first that sprang into existence. In fact, arrangements had been made by Daniel Ogden and Frederick Haney to pay for their lands in sawed stuff. Prior to 1805 those named had erected mills. Shortly afterwards Daniel Turner built a mill on Clearfield Creek, and in 1808 Robert Maxwell erected a mill near Curwensville, and William Kersey a saw and grist mill in the Kersey settlement, which settlement has by a division of the county been thrown out of our boundaries. The same year James and Samuel Ardrey erected a mill near Clearfield Bridge. In its infancy this business was conducted very differently from what it is now. The rafts were quite small, containing only a few thousand feet and were run with more hands, encountering greater difficulties, than at present. None dreamed that our river had as great a capacity for transport as it has. But the existence of our pineries was known. That sooner or later the country would be developed and the shelter for ravenous beasts become the shelter of civilized beings in the eastern part of the State, was counted upon, and the General Assembly had prior to the settlement of the county declared its principal stream a public highway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOMATOES.—This delicious, wholesome vegetable is spoiled by the manner it is served upon the table. It is not one time in a hundred more than half cooked. It is simply scalded, and served as a soup porridge. It should be cooked three hours—it cannot be cooked in one. The fruit should be cut in halves and the seeds scraped out. The mucilage of the pulp may be saved if desired, by straining out the seeds, and adding it to the fruit, which should boil rapidly for an hour, and simmer three hours more until the water is dissolved, and the contents of the saucepan a pulp of mucilaginous matter, which is much improved by putting in the pan, either before putting in the fruit or while it is cooking, an ounce of butter and half a pound of fat bacon cut fine, to half a peck of tomatoes and a small pepper pod, with salt to suit the taste. The fat adds a pleasant flavor, and makes the dish actual food, instead of a mere relish. The pan must be carefully watched and but little fire used, and the mass stirred often to prevent burning, toward the last, when the water is nearly all evaporated. The dish may be rendered still more attractive and rich as food by breaking in two or three eggs, and stirring vigorously just time enough to allow the eggs to become well cooked. Tomatoes thoroughly cooked may be put in tight cans, and kept any length of time; or the pulp may be spread upon plates and dried in the sun, or a slow oven, and kept as well as dried pumpkin, dried apples, peaches, or pears, and will be found equally excellent in winter. For every day use, a quantity sufficient for the use of a family a week may be cooked at once, and afterward eaten cold, or warmed over. We beg of those who use this excellent fruit to try what cooking will do for it. It has been eaten half-cooked long enough. It never should be dish until dry enough to be taken from the dish to the plates, with a fork, instead of a spoon.—N. Y. Trib.

AMONG THE AUSTRIAN PRISONERS AT PARIS at this moment is one belonging to a regiment which claims a singular privilege—that of encamping for three days, whenever they pass through Vienna, in the Court of the Emperor, and of receiving the most regal entertainment. The Col. upon his arrival, is allowed by law to pass to the Emperor's chamber without question, no one being permitted to stop him. He knocks thrice, and demands orders of his majesty, when the Emperor invites him and his to remain three days, regaling at his expense at the palace, assigns the Colonel a room next his own, the standards of the regiments are piled at his door, and a guard and lords in waiting attend him the same as the sovereign. The origin of the custom is this: "In 1683, Leopold the First was suddenly visited upon by sixteen Barons, with a charter, which they were upon the point of forcing him to sign, having as they thought, secured the absence of all the troops from Vienna, when, suddenly a colonel, who received information from a secret source—it was never discovered whence—knocked at the door thrice, and, to the great joy of the Emperor, demanded his Majesty's orders for his regiment, which were that the sixteen Barons should be at once beheaded."

EXPERIENCE.—There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under a misfortune was happy—happy in the wife he passionately loved; her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and curing the disease, restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to sight but his happiness is over. Is not this our history? Our cruel, physician is Experience.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

"Mother was that our house once?"
"Yes, dear," replied the pale woman, casting a long look at the splendid dwelling, "you were born in that front chamber. But hurry on, dear, it is ours no longer. Hold your shawl about your chest—the wind is very cold."
They were meanly clad, both mother and daughter. The former was past forty a few years; the daughter not yet seventeen. Annie Low was not beautiful, nevertheless her face was a rare blending of amiability and intellect. They passed quickly along over the well-trodden snow, and wended their way toward one of the lower quarters of the city. There they traversed the long, ill-looking street till they stopped before a narrow shop door and entered.

"Any work yet, Mr. Mosely?" asked the widow in a quiet tone.
"O yes, madam," said the man behind the counter, "we have plenty of shirts now. Shall I give you a bundle?" And he cast a glance, half impudence, half admiration, towards the young girl.
"What are your prices?" asked Mrs. Bartlett.
"Well, you know we generally give a shilling a shirt to common customers, but as it is you, you know, why, I think we'll pay two shillings. Shant I take it home for you? It's a heavy bundle, too much for you to carry."
The man stated, with a look of awe, for this man before, but she did not like the way in which he looked at her daughter. A mother's heart takes alarm at a hint, a question or a glance. Annie was too precious to be exposed to rudeness; she was the one, the only fair child of a widowed heart—but the bundle was too weighty for either mother or daughter, so she concluded to let it be bro't.

"O, can't get anybody to take it—I must go myself. No inconvenience, I assure you—right on my way to supper. Miss, I wish I could offer you one of my arms," he said, coarsely, "but they happen to be both full."
"They walked on, till they came to a very ordinary-looking house, whose steps were covered with children. The man smiled to himself as he ascended the stairs and opened the door.
"I will take the bundle now," said the widow with dignity.
"O no ma'am; couldn't consent to let you carry it," said the man—"I'll take it to your room."
"Put the bundle down, sir," said the widow, with flashing eyes.

"The man started, and had nearly let it drop. However, he threw it with an impatient jerk on the lower stair, and muttering a curse, turned and left the hall.
"What made you speak so crossly, mother?" asked Annie.
"Never mind, child. Help me up stairs with it," said the widow, recovering her equanimity. She had seen the tailor wink across the entry to a vulgar-looking man who came out from a room near by, and whose reputation was none of the best.
"O dear," it was said very bitterly, and with a heart-ache, as mother and daughter entered their own neat little room, an attic chamber lighted from the ceiling.
"It seems strange, doesn't it?" mused Annie, looking round.
"What you mean, dear?" she said.
"That you should have lived and I been born in that beautiful great house, and after all be reduced to the garret of such a place as this," replied Annie. "Who lives there now, mother?"
"You have heard me say before, child," replied her mother—"Your uncle Harry and your cousin Eugene. Your uncle Harry, your father's brother, married my sister—poor Annie, (you are named for her), she died before your father did, or we should not now be suffering in penury, or be forced to take in suits from our inferiors."
"Well, it is home," said the young girl, gazing around, "and not so bad a one either. Now, if we get those shirts done—why, we can buy a beautiful thick shawl to wear between us. Shall I make tea to-night?"
"Yes, if you please," said the mother, sitting wearily down. "I'll undo the bundle and sort out the work."

"Robert Southey, you are always standing before the picture," said the young girl, as she entered the splendid reception-room where stood the young man, gazing upon a sylvan-like figure enclosed within a massive frame.
Young Southey turned round hastily—a rarely intellectual face was his—and greeted the beautiful girl with a smile.
"I cannot help admiring that picture, he said; 'it has a fascination for me which I cannot explain to myself. Is there an original, or is it one of those gentle dream faces that artists sometimes fashion when under the inspiration of heaven?"
"O, it is no dream-face," said Eugene, lightly, "but a cousin of mine, I believe—that is, I've heard papa say so. She is living now, I believe, but dear me, they're dreadful common sort of people."
"They?" queried Robert Southey.
"I mean my aunt and cousin. They are in reduced circumstances, and I understand Annie has got so far down that she takes work at the shops. You smile, and I suppose you think I ought to know more about them, but I assure you it is not my fault. Ever since here, would not consent to make it their home here, papa has forbidden me to have anything to do with them."
"But why did they not stay?" asked Robert.
"O, they had some foolish notions of independence—said they would not live on the bounty of those who had robbed them, and many other impertinent things. I wonder papa was so patient with them!—I'm sure he couldn't help it if it was their home once, you know, if his brother would let it to him."
"So, so," said Robert Southey. And his fine eyes roved again to the portrait. The noble face seemed lighted up with a trusting smile, as he gazed, and yet, it was but a child's face—a child of only seven years.
"How old is that cousin by this time?" he asked, carelessly.
"O, about my age. I assure you she's a very plain-looking girl. The painter idealized that face."

Eugenie Bartlett was both vain and heartless, and had not even wit enough to conceal either defect. She had fancied that she loved more than once, but never till the poet face of Robert Southey met her vision had she in reality known the true meaning of the much used, much abused word. She fancied that her beauty was irresistible—it was to some

men, but not to him. He liked to call there because he often met Mr. Bartlett, who was a liberal patron of the arts, a good scholar and interesting conversationalist, but for the handsome daughter he had nothing more than friendship—scarcely that.
She, however, fancied that he was interested in her—nay, that he was desperately enamored of her charms, and did not dream that she sought for heart, not beauty—for mind, not wealth.
"How long did they occupy here?" asked Robert Southey.
"Oh, till she was seven—in fact, that picture was taken the year my uncle died. There was a great contest about the will, and when she found that it was really in favor of my father, the widow left the house and went out West, where she had resided till within a few years. When they came back again, father offered them a home, but they refused. To tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I thought my cousin was a gawky. How could it be otherwise?—no boarding-school privileges. I suppose her mother was a spiteful jerk—don't Robert Southey sit right in front of us? Yes, he came in with that Annie, that low, slopsop girl and her mother—and you should have seen how splendidly they were dressed—that is, richly. Annie Bartlett never would show off, she isn't capable."

"That is very strange," repeated her father, walking more quickly. "It cannot be—He stopped short, a cloud of perplexity gathering across his features.
The beautiful Eugenie was savage. She snubbed her maid, and kicked her lap-dog, and broke the Sabbath twenty times before night came.
"The next day the mystery was disclosed.—There was no use in disputing the will—in contending against the power that were—but it broke the merchant down. He had lost previously in foolish speculations, and had on his hands only the house and a few thousand dollars which he had managed to save for his daughter's portion. The widow offered Eugenie a home, however, and she was too thoroughly humbled to decline. She felt that it was useless attempting to earn her own living, for she had barely a smattering of any essential knowledge. She could play a few tunes, she had painted a few landscapes, embroidered a few collars and worked a few lampshades—there her acquisitions ended. Harry Bartlett, broken down and conscience-smitten, went to California, and there he died. Robert Southey married Annie one year after the finding of the will. And to Eugenie, she is always reported engaged, but we fear will never be married."

USE OF CHARCOAL.
In many parts of the country where charcoal is or has been largely made, particularly in the vicinity of the iron furnaces, the use of Charcoal hearths can be obtained in great quantities. Near railroad depots, where the contents of the spark catcher are thrown out at the end of every trip, and at distilleries, accompanied by rectifying houses, where pulverized charcoal is used in the rectifying of whiskey, large quantities may be had at low cost. By underlying the bed in stables with charcoal, the urine is readily absorbed and rendered inodorous; the excretory gases given off from the bodies of animals are taken up, and the atmosphere rendered sweet. Where the ventilation is not perfect the animals suffer severely from being surrounded by the excretory gases given off from the surface of bodies. Some idea may be had of the advantages to be derived from the absorption of these gases, from the fact that if the horse be enclosed in a silk bag, varnished and tied around his neck, and leaving his head free to breathe the atmosphere, he will die in twenty-four hours, simply because the bag will contain the gases given off from the surface of the body, keeping them in contact with the animal, which should be got rid of as fast as liberated. All this will be absorbed by charcoal, and in the cleansing of the stable this charcoal mass to the compost heap, where it will continue its office of absorbing ammonia, and even after it reaches the field it is an ever-attendant chemist, taking care of all the results of decay until growing plants use them. Soils of all kinds are improved by the presence of charcoal, and as itself is not absorbed by plants, it forever remains to re-perform its office.

Clay soils are rendered more free by its admixture. It assists sandy soils by retaining what would be lost in the atmosphere by evaporation without it; it prevents early freezing of soils, and its dark color assists in receiving heat from the sun's rays; indeed the chief difference in texture between the old garden soil and that of the field, simply arises from the charcoal (carbon) and consequent upon the decay of vegetable matter in the old garden soils are so much darker colored than those of the field alongside, and it is for this reason also that manures applied to soils of dark color are so much longer retained, and are so much more efficient than when applied to soils in which the carbon is deficient.

In mountainous districts it is quite common to drive cattle to the coalings, as the old charcoal hearths are called, for the earliest spring pasture; for around the edges of the charcoal hearths the grass grows much more luxuriantly than elsewhere, and notwithstanding this hint the farmers in such districts continue to neglect carting the charcoal braze to their farms. If charcoal braze be thrown on top of a farming dung heap, it will absorb all the gases arising from the fermentation of the mass, and retain them until the roots of the plants abstract them. Pig manure should never be without charcoal dust where it can be procured; it privies it deodorizes the contents and this forms a valuable poultice.

NEGRO VOTING IN KENTUCKY.—The Winchester (Ky.) Chronicle says: "Of all the acts which have come under our notice, none has given us more contempt for Kentucky Democracy than the voting of negroes in Bath county. We have learned, reliably, too, that four negroes voted the looco-foc ticket in Bath county, and that some twenty-eight young men, who were under twenty-one years of age, exercised the right of suffrage. Such is the manner and course pursued by the Democracy to defeat the people, and such was the way they intended to defeat Hon. Brutus Clay, of Bourbon county, for the State Senate, but they have been baffled, thank God, and shall reap their reward."

Paulson is about visiting New York to challenge Paul Morphy to a match game of chess. That will be a war of the giants.

"Will you allow me to transact this business for you?" asked Robert Southey, turning to the mother. "I am a lawyer, and it would give me peculiar pleasure to serve you as I am acquainted with your relatives."
One glance at the noble face before her, decided the widow. She accepted the offer with thanks.
"I will find you a better home than this, tomorrow," said the young man. "An uncle of mine is on the point of visiting England—you shall immediately be put in possession of a part of his house. This is no home for you."
Annie blushed, for the look he directed towards her was full of meaning. She felt as he did, that their meeting was no chance circumstance, but a direct providence, and his fine appearance won insensibly upon her heart.

"It is very strange, daughter—very strange!" exclaimed Harry Bartlett, walking back and forth hurriedly—"are you sure?"
"Certainly I am sure," replied Eugenie Bartlett, with flashing eyes, lifting her bonnet with a spiteful jerk—"don't Robert Southey sit right in front of us? Yes, he came in with that Annie, that low, slopsop girl and her mother—and you should have seen how splendidly they were dressed—that is, richly. Annie Bartlett never would show off, she isn't capable."
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BEARS IN VIRGINIA.—The bears are very troublesome in Roanoke county, Va., this season, and have committed great depredations on the corn, for which the farmers have turned out gunning for them. A letter says: "Three or four have been killed on Bradshaw's creek within the last two weeks, and on last Saturday three were killed about three miles from Larkview, near Prince on the North Fork. W. G. Waskley, Esq., shot a very large one this morning, making the number killed seven or eight during the space of three weeks. So frequently are they seen, and so much excited has the neighborhood become in their anxiety to capture them, that there is scarcely a day passes without some party being out in pursuit of them."

An old tar came down to the cabin of Lord Nelson's ship, one cold drizzly day, a message, while Lady Hamilton was present. Seeing the cold condition of the sailor, she asked him which he would prefer, "a glass of wine or a glass of brandy?" "It don't matter which," replied Jack, "but if your ladyship please, I can be drinking the wine while you are pouring out the brandy."

INDE CURIOSITY.—A Frenchman, was carried away from his home by the police of Paris, at two in the morning, and imprisoned at the Bastille. After a confinement of several weeks, he inquired of an officer, "Will you have the goodness to tell me for what crime I am shut up in this place?" The officer coolly replied, "I think you have a great deal of curiosity."

The Taxation imposed this year by the British Parliament, for the support of Government, amounts to the enormous sum of £29,000,000 or \$308,360,000, exceeding very largely the cost of our General Government, and all of the State and Municipal Governments in the Union, combined. A country must be rich indeed to stand such a load of taxation.

Horace Greeley writes from Big Sandy, Oregon, July 6th, that "white men with two or three squaws each, is quite common in this region, and young and relatively comely Indian girls are bought from their fathers as readily and openly as Circassians at Constantinople. The usual rate of prices is from \$40 to \$50—about that of Indian horses."

General Zeremba, had a very long, Polish name. The King having heard of it, one day, asked him, good humoredly, "pray Zeremba, what is your name?" The General repeated to him the whole name. "Why," said the King, "the devil himself never had such a name." "I presume not," said the General, "he is no relation of mine."

The State of South Carolina is now taking a census; and in seventeen parishes there is a decrease of over 6000 whites since 1855, while the blacks have largely increased. At this rate the Palmetto State will soon be Africanized.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

The Cleveland Herald says: One of the most extraordinary narratives that we have had the fortune to relate has just come under our notice. It was told us by the hero himself, and the most searching investigation fails to shake the truth of the story, astonishing as it may seem to be. If there is any deception in the case, we fail to see its object.

About twenty-six years ago some Canada Indians were in Cleveland, and did some trading with the people. In the course of the trade the Indians fancied they had been cheated, and, in order to revenge themselves, stole a three year old boy from the city and carried it over to Canada. As far as can be learned the child was stolen from a small brown house, but in what part of the city, or any further particulars of the theft, cannot be learned.

The captors kept the boy in Canada for a few days and then, fearing his recovery by the whites, sold him to a party of Pottawatamies, who kept him about a month. By these he was again sold to the Paw Paws, in which tribe he remained a month, but, as there were some fears that he would be traced and taken by the whites, he was traded off to the Winnebagoes of Illinois and Wisconsin. He was eventually transferred from them to the Chippewas of Wisconsin, who again sold him to the Sioux Indians of Minnesota.

Twenty-five years ago he was sold by the Chippewas to the Snakes and Copperheads of Iowa. When this tribe removed to Missouri, he accompanied them, and afterwards went with them in their migrations through California and Oregon, and finally proceeded as far north as the Russian possessions near Behring's Straits, and there with portions of the Creeks, Utahs, and other large bands of Indians, they at present remain. Their principal point of settlement is about three hundred miles from the North Pacific Ocean, and about twenty-two hundred miles to the northwest of St. Paul.

One of the points in the Russian Territory where the tribe occasionally visits is "Russian Fort," which is laid down on the map as near the Colville River. The hero of this strange adventure says the Fort is in the vicinity of a small river, the name of which, other than that given by his tribe, he does not know. The St. James and Copperhead Indians trade with St. Paul, having a semi-annual train to that place. The train has about 2,000 Indians. One party starts from St. Paul about the same time that the other starts from their hunting grounds, thus meeting about half-way. The furs are packed on ponies, elks and dogs. On their last semi-annual trip, the hero of these adventures received a pass from one of the Chiefs—"Ma-co-chew-a-wa"—to seek out his relatives, and, if found, to remain with them awhile. The pass requires his presence in St. Paul at their next trip in 1860. Seven of the tribe accompanied "Ma-co-chew-a-wa"—for that is the Indian name of the young man—to Chicago. From that place he has located most of the way to Cleveland. At Fremont his features were recognized by a man as bearing a strong resemblance to one Joseph Todd, who is said to have resided in Cleveland about thirty years since.

For some time past the young man has been diligently engaged in tracing up his history, and what we have given above is the result of his enquiries. He says he has no desire to leave his Indian associates, as he has a wife and two children among them. He speaks English well, having learned it, he says, in his trading at St. Paul. He says his hair was cut, and his clothing changed to conform to white usages, before leaving St. Paul.

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The Taxation imposed this year by the British Parliament, for the support of Government, amounts to the enormous sum of £29,000,000 or \$308,360,000, exceeding very largely the cost of our General Government, and all of the State and Municipal Governments in the Union, combined. A country must be rich indeed to stand such a load of taxation.

Horace Greeley writes from Big Sandy, Oregon, July 6th, that "white men with two or three squaws each, is quite common in this region, and young and relatively comely Indian girls are bought from their fathers as readily and openly as Circassians at Constantinople. The usual rate of prices is from \$40 to \$50—about that of Indian horses."

General Zeremba, had a very long, Polish name. The King having heard of it, one day, asked him, good humoredly, "pray Zeremba, what is your name?" The General repeated to him the whole name. "Why," said the King, "the devil himself never had such a name." "I presume not," said the General, "he is no relation of mine."

The State of South Carolina is now taking a census; and in seventeen parishes there is a decrease of over 6000 whites since 1855, while the blacks have largely increased. At this rate the Palmetto State will soon be Africanized.