

# Ruffin's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up."  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell?  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew drop do?  
I'd better roll away."  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breeze,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way?  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they make a great mistake  
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too?  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by its love.

## CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

From the commencement of manufacturing sawed lumber until within a very recent date, the business steadily increased, and we have now about four hundred saw-mills in the county, the annual product of which has been estimated at 100,000,000 feet, valued at market at a million of dollars. This of course does not represent the full capacity of the mills. Many of the mills are owned by farmers who only devote such time as they can spare from the labor of the farm to running their mills. A few systems of lumbering, which within a few years has threatened to carry the sawing of the logs to other localities, has rendered the business more precarious and proven a drawback on home manufactures. The most of the mills are driven by water power—a few are steam mills. With heat and there an exception, our mills are erected having in view the manufacture of boards, plank, scantling and such like lumber. Very few of them are fitted for sawing lumber for large buildings or structures, and bills are rarely sought or sawed. The lumber scarcely ever exceeds 16 feet in length. When exported, it is generally rafted first in platforms formed by making the alternate layers cross each other. Ten or more platforms are then united to form a raft. An ordinary raft contains from 50 to 60 M of boards. Five hands are sufficient to run such a raft over what is considered the dangerous part of the stream, and two from that to market. The cost of running such a raft to market averages about \$100. For the sale of their sawed lumber, our raftsmen generally resort to Middletown or Columbia, but many sales are made at other points on the river. Some of the choicest lumber is sent to market in arks built for the purpose. These contain about the same number of feet as an ordinary board raft. Frequently light timber rafts are loaded with boards, and the lumber thus exported. The greatest part of the lumber sawed in this county is white pine. Hemlock comes next in amount, and the trade in that kind of lumber seems to be on the increase as the demand becomes greater. Cherry, poplar, ash and oak are not exported as much as formerly. Two streams penetrating our county, cause a small part of the lumber to descend towards the Mississippi, but the bulk goes eastward. Since the construction of the Central Railroad, another channel has been opened to some sections of the county, and a brisk trade sprung up with Tyrone and some other places on the road.

In 1855, David Litz inaugurated a system of lumbering which has grown to great magnitude and vastly benefited our county. The first timber raft which descended our stream was run by him from the Clearfield creek, and was composed of small horse logs. The timber business has been the business of Clearfield county. It is true that it is attended with hardships, exposure, and often ended in disappointments and loss. It is certain that but comparatively few engaged in it have succeeded in amassing large sums of money. But it was the business which has so much advanced the prosperity of the county. Without it our section might have remained almost uninhabited. It enabled men to clear land and at the same time provide the means for purchasing the soil upon which they were expending the toil of their hands and the sweat of their brows. It provided remunerating labor for them and their cattle during that season in which they would otherwise have been compelled to be idle for lack of work upon their farms. And this, in connection with the branch of lumbering already spoken of, has caused our citizens to leave home more or less frequently, to mingle with people of other sections, and thereby gain new ideas and develop their intellectual powers. Lumbering has made us a reading and thinking community, and diffused more general intelligence among our people than is generally met with in rural populations. The manufacture of square timber commences after fall seeding. Trees are selected to suit the kind of raft intended to be made. These are felled, and whilst one set of hands are engaged in juggling and scoring in, another set hews the timber. It is

hewn as near square as can be. Whilst thus engaged, many woodsmen live in cabins, where they do their own cooking and such work as is necessary to their comfort. Of course, when houses are convenient and boarding can be obtained, it is done. Some serious and fatal accidents have occurred from the falling of trees, but the greatest number of accidents have resulted from the glancing of the axe whilst chopping timber of which the sap was hard frozen. The requisite number of sticks obtained and made, advantage is taken of the snow to haul the lumber to a stream. Two horses or oxen are generally attached to a stick containing 50 to 100 cubic feet. It often requires a much greater force, owing to the contents of the stick and the character of the road—the latter having the greatest influence. At first only the timber handy to a stream was valued, now it is hauled many miles. Oftimes in hauling spars, ten span of horses are found insufficient. Many such sticks are cut and run, which are from 80 to 90 feet in length and from 30 to 40 inches in diameter. When the timber sticks or spars are hauled to the river they are laid side by side and secured by lash poles so as to form a raft about 22 feet wide and 200 feet or upwards in length. A timber raft averages about 5000 cubic feet, and a spar raft contains about twenty sticks. These rafts, like board rafts and arks, are managed by oarsmen long and aft. The downward current of the stream is the propelling power. The oars are only used to guide the rafts. The crookedness of the stream, the swiftness of the water in some places, and the rocks which are in or near the channel, require that the rafts should be in charge of experienced and skillful pilots. On our streams the pilots command the forward oar, instead of, as in other places, taking position on the hindmost part of the craft. In some places the navigation is very dangerous, a stroke with the oar at a wrong time or place sometimes running the raft on a rock, or high and dry on shore. Such a mishap frequently causes other rafts to stove at the same place, and sometimes a number of rafts are piled one on another before the descending crafts can be informed of the mishap, and saved by being secured to shore. Occasionally an accident to one raft prevents the passage of others for days and a flood is lost. When staved in some localities a raft is scarcely worth looking after. Occasionally the raft must be taken off of the rocks stick by stick and re-rafter. About the same force is necessary to run a timber or spar raft as a raft of boards, and the expense is about the same. To run the lumber, advantage is taken of the periodical floods caused by the melting of the snow or the rains which fall in this section. Lumber cannot be run but at the time of a flood, and it has happened that a year has elapsed without a running freshet occurring. Should the flood be very high it renders the navigation so dangerous that the rafts await the falling of the water. The stage of the water has much influence upon the distance the craft will descend and the length of time to be employed in running, as it is not every place along the river where a landing can be effected or a safe harbor obtained. Each raft is provided with a rope about 1 1/2 inches thick and some 50 or 60 feet in length. One end of this is securely attached to the raft, and when it is desired to land, the other end is thrown on shore, and a hand gets on shore to "snub," that is, pass the rope around a tree and gradually check the progress of the raft. Too sudden a check would break the rope. To assist in landing, long sticks, called "groners," are sometimes passed through openings in the raft. These rubbing along the bed of the river retard the passage of the raft. To land requires quickness and some skill. Occasionally, particularly when the water is high and wild, landings are missed and the raftsmen spend a night upon the water, surrounded by perils. Should the hand on shore unluckily be caught in a coil of the rope, a leg may be severed from the body by a clean cut. Casualties on the river are of rare occurrence, considering the number engaged and the liability to accidents.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### NEXT FIELD FOR AGITATION.

—Noosho, or the Indian Territory, has been for some time occasionally hinted, is likely to be the next rallying point of the South, for the organization of a new Slave State. Kansas has been thoroughly tried, and is at length to be abandoned. A Kansas Pro-Slavery correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* significantly writes: "We have about 2,700 Southern men in Kansas, and they intend emigrating South as soon as Kansas is admitted into the Union. We are connected with a Southern organization, and, including all, we have about 17,000 men. The next theatre for action will be the Indian Territory south of Kansas, including Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nations. The South should prepare for this in time, and stand by her territorial rights."

### A FAT HORSE CONTRACT.

—The *Liverworth* correspondent of the *New York Times* says: "The last subject of discussion here is a contract given to a Virginian named Gillespie for 400 cavalry horses, at \$175 apiece. The lucky dealer at the job sold out to a St. Louis recipient of a profit of \$14,000—that is the actual horse dealer filled the contract at \$140 a horse. But this was not the whole loss to the government; the horses were not wanted—certainly at this season. Two hundred and five of the animals, however, were sent to Fort Smith, and the balance (195) to this port, and an officer was sent on to inspect and receive them, and turn them over to the Quarter-master."

## THE LAST BULLET.

An Incident of Commodore Stewart's Algerine Expedition.

The United States ship-of-war *Constellation* was anchored in the harbor of Algiers, whither she had proceeded under command of Commodore Preble, having on board, among other officers, Charles Stewart, then an Acting Lieutenant.

It was the watch of young Stewart, and he was parading to and fro on the deck, about half an hour after sunset, when he saw a small boat, containing a single person, coming off from the Old Port, as the western part of the town is so called, and heading directly for the ship.

This person was rowing with all his might, and Stewart was not long in discovering the cause. Close behind the single boatman was seen a large rover filled with men, whose presence was announced by a continued firing at him of whom they were in such determined pursuit, holding on their way until they were under the very guns of the ship.

"Now, by my soul!" cried Stewart, "a man I be shot if I don't teach those fellows a lesson. Stand by, Mr. Rogers," he added, addressing a favorite gunner, "to throw a little grape into that fellow."

Just after a wreath of smoke curled up from the side of the ship, and as the report went booming over the water the iron messenger sped on its way, crashing into the pursuing boat, severely wounding two or three of her crew. She instantly turned to put back at the same time that the fugitive reached his destination, and came up the side into the presence of the officer of the deck. He was an elderly man, with a stout frame and brownish features; but it required but a single glance from the lieutenant to see that he was English or American. When he was sufficiently recovered from his over exertion to breathe he went on to tell his story, to which Stewart listened with much excitement.

The new comer was an American citizen, named James Collins, a native of New York, who, with his wife and daughter, had been taken from an American vessel at the same time as its commander and crew, two years before, by an Algerine pirate. His wife had since died, and he and his daughter had been enduring since his capture all the horrors of a hopeless and aggravated captivity; but the worst part of the poor man's story, and that which moved Lieutenant Stewart the most, was the announcement that his daughter, a gentle and beautiful girl, was on the eve of being forced into a detestable union with the very wretch who had bought her and her father as slaves.

"My agony at these circumstances culminated not two hours ago," finished the father, "when I struck the boatman, and he fled from my feet and fled. By dint of exertion I managed to reach the water's side, and embarked before the pursuers could prevent it. But, though I have succeeded in reaching this place of safety, my poor Alice is still in the power of her tormentor, exposed to his vengeance; and I am almost crazy at thinking that she may even now be subjected to a fate worse than death. If I could only guide a boat's crew, under your order."

"One moment," interrupted Stewart. "Stay where you are until I have seen Commodore Preble."

One moment the young lieutenant was engaged with his commander in the cabin, and then he came forth with a stern smile of satisfaction on his face. "Ten minutes more had not passed before a cutter with twelve chosen men pushed off in the darkness, with the lieutenant and the stranger in the stern, and rapidly struck out for the shore.

"Our owner," said Mr. Collins, "resides in the western part of the city. There is a coast guard established, but I do not apprehend that we shall have any especial trouble from that source. I think we can land below, go up the street to the house, and carry off my child, and all without losing a man."

The boat landed, after twenty minutes of rapid progress, at a small wharf near the Gela, in the western part of the town. The arrival was certainly observed, but not a great deal of attention was bestowed upon it by the stupid Algerines. Leaving part of his men to guard the cutter, with orders for them to lie down under the wharf, Lieut. Stewart and the remainder of his force followed the footsteps of Mr. Collins, who led the way rapidly up the intervening streets.

On arriving at his late prison, an old, dingy looking structure, extremely spacious, having all the looseness of the Moorish style, the party discovered the silence and darkness were the principal features of the scene. Not a sound was heard nor a word uttered. The whole building seemed deserted. The agony of the father was extreme.

"O my child, my child!" he cried, "no longer able to control the terrible emotions which had been surging through his soul during the last hour, 'shall I never see thee more?'"

A Moorish slave came around from the rear of the building, and assured his fellow captive that the girl had been carried off by the master, and that no one was at home save himself. But even as the lying rascal uttered the concluding words, a wild shriek was heard in the chamber, and the next moment a young and beautiful girl of seventeen summers appeared at one of the front windows, looking like a specter in her garments of spotless white.

"My child, my Alice!" exclaimed Mr. Collins.

"Save me, father!" was the response, and while shouts and groans were heard proceeding from the interior of the building, the maiden threw herself from the low window, falling into the very arms of her father and Lieutenant Stewart.

The very moment of this reunion was destined to be that in which a company of Algerine troops came round the nearest corner, marching up the street in the direction of Lieut. Stewart and his men. It was also at the same moment that the old Moor, who had so long considered himself the proprietor of Mr. Collins and his daughter, came to the window and set up a starting yell.

"This way!" cried Mr. Collins, and he dashed open the front door of the building, and conducted the entire party within. "Look to your weapons, and take the rascals off their pins the instant they halt," said Stewart.

A sharp and determined struggle soon commenced, in the course of which half the Moorish soldiers were killed, and the remainder finally gave way. But the rescuers had expended all their ammunition, and only a single bullet was remaining; that was in a large horse-pistol in the possession of Lieut. Stewart.

He was just wondering what he should do with it when the old Moor came down stairs with a huge sabre in his grasp, and made a furious dash at Mr. Collins and daughter, with murder written on his features and flashing from his eyes. This sudden arrival decided the destination of the last bullet.

"Take it, you black devil!" cried Stewart, just as the blow was descending, and he fired his weapon, the ball passing through the miscreant's head, and bringing him dead to the floor.

"Now, boys," said Lieut. S., "we are going to finish with a hand-to-hand fight. The powder and ball are out; we must trust to the sword."

Closely followed by his men as well as by Mr. Collins and Alice, the lieutenant led the way towards the boat. It seemed as if the Algerians had turned out to witness the triumphal retreat, the streets being filled with thousands of men and women collected together by the brief contest at the Moor's house, but not an attempt was made to intercept the progress of the party, the Algerines contenting themselves with scowls and denunciations. Ten minutes later the rescuers were at the cutter, twenty dressed in white, and the others in their own colors. A noble-hearted lieutenant, now a commodore, who fell in love with the rescued maiden on the *Constellation's* homeward passage.

## ANECDOTE OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Notwithstanding the strong enmities which the slavery question ever engenders in the South, C. M. Clay's social qualities have made him always a favorite with the magnanimous spirits of the slaveholders. On the Kentucky river, at the base of one of those immense ledges of perpendicular limestone, which give that stream the most sublime and picturesque scenery, where Fayette county joins Madison, (Mr. Clay's native co.) flows one of the coldest and purest streams of water in all the land.

Here for many years parties of gentlemen from both counties have been in the habit of meeting in the most social and unpretentious manner to enjoy the beauties of the "hurgent"—a sort of camp soup made of fish, turpids, red pepper, &c.—as much relished in the West as chowder in New England—with interludes of cigars, old Bourbon and anecdotes. On such occasions all come uninvited, high and low, rich and poor, and a general jollification ensues.

A few years since, on one of the occasions, the Vice President, John C. Breckinridge, the Dudleys, Bruces, Hunters and other good fellows being present, it was proposed to go in bathing, and for many hundred yards the river was splashing with good and bad swimmers, playing on each other all sorts of tricks. In the midst of all the fun came the terrible cry—"a man is drowning!" This was Mr. Willis, of Madison county, whose family had been the bitter enemies of C. M. Clay. The four or five men who were nearest him fled to the shore in great terror, and immediately from a score or more persons rose the cry, "Clay—Clay—Clay!" Mr. Clay was about fifty or sixty yards above, but immediately swam down the swift stream to where Willis had sunk—never to rise again of his own effort—and seizing him by the hair of his arm's length, swam to the shore, keeping the face of the nearly insensible man under water.

He was called to on all sides to raise Willis' head above water; but knowing that the life of both depended upon keeping the drowning man from seizing hold of the swimmer, he proceeded calmly without answering till he placed his charge safely on land; then turning to the shore, he called to the face of the nearly insensible man under water.

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### WITCHCRAFT.

—In the course of the century during which the persecution against so-called witchcraft was at its height in Germany—from 1580 to 1680—it is calculated that more than 100,000 individuals, nine-tenths of whom were women, were its victims. To the honor of humanity be it said, some voices were raised against this blood-thirsty practice; but they were drowned in the general clamor. In every part of Germany, Protestant, or Catholic, the same atrocities were committed. At length, in the year 1631, the noble-hearted Count Frederic Stein, himself a member of the order of Jesuits, an order which had been among the most violent denouncers of sorcery, ventured to step boldly forward and declare, "that among the many whom he had conducted to the scaffold, there was not one whom he could confidently declare guilty. 'Treat me so,'" he added, "treat in this manner the judges, or the heads of the church, subject us to the same tortures, and see if you will not discover sorcery in us all." Despite this burst of generous indignation, it was not until 1694 that this incomprehensible insanity began to abate. The last so-called witch burnt in the German Empire was a poor nun, aged 70, in the year 1749, at Berg. But a Giarus, in German Switzerland, an execution of a similar nature took place as late as 1794. This time the victim was a servant girl, accused of having practiced diabolical arts, to lame the child of her employers. Germany, indeed, seemed to live in an atmosphere of sorcery. The ground which faith had lost, superstition made her own.—*Poets and Poetry of Germany.*

### A Louisiana Paper.

—In recording the death by lightning of "two likely negro men," says: "The electric fluid of the clouds seems to be no respecter of persons. It would as soon kill a negro worth fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars as a poor white man not worth the powder and lead to blow his brains out."

The odoriferous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odor is diminished, but restored in the light, and is strongest in sunny climates. The plant known as the *frax. mellea* takes fire in hot evenings by bringing a flame near its roots.

### PARSON BROWNLOW.

—This eccentric gentleman recently passed through Staunton, on his way to the Virginia Springs. He has almost entirely lost his voice, but he says he intends to raise it against Locofocoism as long as he can, and when he can no longer speak he intends to make mouths at the rascally concern!

It ought always to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; that vice is the consequence of narrow thoughts, and that it begins in mistake and ends in ignominy.

## FUNERAL OF A SIBERIAN CHIEF.

At a late meeting of the London Royal Historical Society, Mr. Atkinson, whose interesting travels among the Kirgiz, and other nomades of Siberia, have recently been published, delivered to the meeting "A narrative of some of his adventures among those rarely visited tribes," giving a graphic picture of their habits and manners. The following is an account of the funeral of a chief named Darnas Syrym, who died near Norzatsan, when Mr. Atkinson was on a visit to the tribe:

"So soon as the chief was dead, messengers were sent off to invite the head men residing within a hundred miles, who all immediately repaired to the place. The body of the chief was laid out in his best attire, his chair of state was placed at his head, his saddle, his arms and clothing were hung around, and silk curtains were suspended from the roof of his yurt. His wives and daughters, with the females of the tribe, knelt around, chanting the funeral dirge, in which the voices of men occasionally joined. While this was going on the funeral feast was preparing. Ten horses and a hundred sheep were slaughtered and the flesh was thrown into numerous cauldrons, boiling over fires built in the ground, which were constantly kept stirred by men stripped to the waist. When a sufficient quantity of food was dressed, the feast began. The guests sat in a circle round the meat, the chiefs nearest the centre; those of next degree next them; and the women outside.

"The feast lasted seven days, during which 2,000 persons partook heartily in the consumption of mutton and horse-flesh. On the eighth day the body was conveyed to the tomb on a camel; the camel also carried the chair of state. The two favorite horses of the chief followed; after which went the whole tribe, singing the funeral hymn. On reaching the place of burial, the body was deposited in the grave, and the horses were forthwith slain and placed beside the body of their master. When the grave was filled up, all returned to the encampment to continue the funeral feast, which comprised one hundred horses and one thousand sheep, slaughtered for the occasion. The festival continued for several days after the burial, the chief and the family of the deceased chanting his praises every day, until all the guests had gradually departed for their homes. The feast was kept up by the tribe for a considerable time afterwards; and the chanting was repeated every day, at sunrise and sunset, for a whole year. Mr. Atkinson dwelt on the very impressive nature of the ceremony—the wailing music of the funeral chants—the sorrow, apparent at least, exhibited by an immense concourse of mourners mingled with the almost savage accompaniment of the feast; all this, in the midst of a desert which seemed almost uninhabited, produced an effect which an Englishman finds it difficult to picture to himself."

### REMEDY FOR INSECT BITES.

—When a musquito, flea, gnat, or other noxious insect penetrates the human skin, it deposits or injects an atom of an acrid fluid of a poisonous nature. The result is irritation, a sensation of tickling, itching, or pain. The tickling of flies we are comparatively indifferent about; but the itch produced by a flea, or gnat, or other noxious insect, disturbs our serenity, and, like the pain of a wasp or a bee sting, excites us to a remedy. The best remedies for the sting of insects are those which will instantly neutralize this acrid fluid deposited in the skin. These are either ammonia or borax. The alkaline reaction of borax is scarcely yet sufficiently appreciated. However, a time will come when its good qualities will be known, and more universally valued than ammonia, or, as it is commonly termed, "hartshorn;" it is moreover a salt of that innocent nature that it may be kept in every household. The solution of borax for insect bites is made thus—Dissolve one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose water, elder, or orange flower water is more pleasant. The bites are to be dabbed with the solution so long as there is any irritation. For bees' or wasps' stings, the borax solution may be made of twice the above strength, at New York, settled the matter by exhuming from some old history a letter or address from John to the government, in which was a passage to this effect: "I would that my worthy wife might come to see me; she has with her ten children, which are hers and mine, and I would comfort her somewhat."

### IMPORTANT QUESTION SETTLED.

—We have always been interested in the number of children which John Rogers, of precious memory, had at the time he was burnt. That picture in the old primer is before us now, when his wife and "nine small children, with one at the breast," were seen in the distance. Chancellor Walcott, at New York, settled the matter by exhuming from some old history a letter or address from John to the government, in which was a passage to this effect: "I would that my worthy wife might come to see me; she has with her ten children, which are hers and mine, and I would comfort her somewhat."

### THE OTHER DAY A LADY FELL OFF THE BROOKLYN BOAT INTO THE EAST RIVER.

—A poor Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the coin, "Arrah, don't blame the jintleman—he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar!"

### THE BOYS IN WESTERN NEW YORK ARE SO FAST TO MAKE BINDS OF THEMSELVES, THAT THE DOCTORS HAVE FULL LISTS OF FRACTURED LIMBS AND BROKEN HEADS TO ATTEND TO.

We heard of a dog who was so serious that he hadn't the least bit of wag about his tail.

## OLD VIRGINIA.

An Illinois Sucker took a great dislike to a foolish young Virginian who was a fellow-passenger with him on one of the Mississippi steamboats. The Virginian was continually combing his hair, brushing his clothes, or dusting his boots—to all which movements the Sucker took exception, as being what he termed "a leetle too darned nice" by half. He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian and began—

"Whar might you be from, stranger?"

"I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the gent.

"From old Virginny, I s'pose?" says the Sucker.

"Yes, sir, old Virginia," was the reply.

"You are pootey high up in the pictures thar, I suppose?"

"I don't know what you mean by that remark, sir."

"Oh, nuthin'," says the Sucker, "but that you are desprate rich, and have been brought up right nice."

"If the information will gratify you, in any way," says the gent patronizingly, smothering down his hair, "I belong to one of the first families."

"Oh, in course," answered the Sucker.

"Well stranger, bein' as you belong to the fust, I'll just give you two of the fattest shoats in all Illinois if you'll only find me a feller that belongs to one of the second Virginny families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir," says the Virginian.

"No, stranger, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but I never seed one of the second family, and I'd gin suthin to git a sight at one of 'em. I know you are one of the fust, 'cause you look just like John Randolph."

"This mollified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he accordingly acknowledged relationship with the orator.

"He, you know, descended from the Inglin gal, Pocahontas."

"You are right, sir," answered the other.

"Well stranger," said the Sucker, "do you know thar is another queer thing allys puzzles me, and it's this—I never seed a Virginny thar didn't claim to be either descended from an Ingle, John Randolph, or a nigger."

We need not add that the Sucker rolled off his chair—suddenly! They were separated until the Sucker got off at a landing near his home. As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian on the upper deck, and hailed him at once with

"I say, old Virginny, remember—two fat shoats for the fust feller you find belonging to the second Virginny family!"

### SOCIAL LIFE ON THE FRONTIERS.

We copy the following from one of Mr. Greeley's letters, dated Big Sandy, Oregon, July 5. In speaking of the inhabitants on Black's Fork, he says: "J. R. who has been here some twenty odd years began with little or nothing, and has quietly accumulated some fifty horses, three or four hundred head of neat cattle, three squaws, and any number of half-breed children. He is said to be worth seventy-five thousand dollars, though he has not even a garden, a colored man, nor tasted an apple or peach these ten years, and lives in a tent, which would be dear at fifty dollars. I instance this gentleman's life, not by any means to commend it, but to illustrate the habits of a class. White men with two or three squaws each, are quite common throughout this region, and young and really comely Indian girls, are bought from their fathers, by white men, as regularly and openly as Circassians at Constantinople. The usual range of prices is from \$40 to \$80, about that of Indian horses.

I hear it stated that, though all other trades may be dull, that in young squaws is always brisk on Green River and the North Platte. That women so purchased should be discarded or traded off, as satiety or avarice may suggest, would be about as desert or deceive their purchasers on the slightest temptation, can surprise no one.

I met an Irishman on Big Sandy, who squaw had recently gone off with an Indian admirer, leaving him two clever, bright, half-breed children of seven and five years.

I trust that plank in the Republican National Platform, which affirms the right and duty of Congressional Prohibition, not only of Slavery in the territories, but of Polygamy also, is destined to be speedily embodied in a law.

### MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT HARRISBURG.

—We learn from the *Harrisburg Telegraph* of the 10th, that a tragedy, involved in considerable mystery, is now the prevailing sensation in that place. It appears that a short time since, a colored woman was imprisoned in Carlisle. While in jail she disclosed the fact that about eighteen months since, while she was employed as servant in the house of Mrs. Black, of Harrisburg, two gamblers, one of them named Knox, came to the house, accompanied by a stranger, for the purpose of gambling for money. During the evening a quarrel arose between them. The stranger drew a knife, and Knox a pistol. Knox fired and shot the stranger through the head, killing him instantly. The colored girl says she has been prevented from telling the story heretofore by bribes and threats. The girl was brought from Carlisle to Harrisburg where she repeated the story. Knox being in Philadelphia, a dispatch was sent to the Mayor to have him arrested, which was promptly done. Search was made for the man, but the girl said it had been buried, but no trace of it could be found. Knox was brought before Judge Pearson on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on Saturday afternoon, where he entered bail in three securities to the amount of \$15,000, to appear at Court and answer the charge of murder.

The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn boat into the East River, a poor Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the coin, "Arrah, don't blame the jintleman—he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar!"

The boys in Western New York are so fast to make binds of themselves, that the doctors have full lists of fractured limbs and broken heads to attend to.

We heard of a dog who was so serious that he hadn't the least bit of wag about his tail.