Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1860. VOL. 6.--NO. 36.

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

All of you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard;
He did not like SOFT WATER,
And took to drinking HARD.

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no BOHEMIAN,
So do not like BOHEA.
If wine's a poison, so is tea—
But in another shape—
What matter whether one is killed
By CANISTER or GRAPE?"

According to this kind of taste,
He still indulged his drouth,
And being fond of PORT, he made
A PORT HOLE of his mouth.
A pint he easy could have sipped,
And not been out of sorts;
In GEOLOGIC phraze, the ROCK
He split upon, was QUARTZ.

THE PATCHED OLD LADY.

The church was fashionably full.

From choir and altar went up loud-voiced praise to God. The organ rolled out its mighty tones from lungs of brass. There was a fluttering, rustling motion, as of the moving of myriad silks; the gentle breath of hundreds of fans, while soft white feathers, and rings, conspicuous under their gloves, and tremulous laces, and faint, sweet odors, attracted the eye, and regaled the senses.

The preacher was in his pulpit—more like a throne it was with its hangings of lustrous damask, its tassels and fringes, and cushions of crimson velvet. The Bible before him looked heavy with gold, and its splendid leaves flashed at their edges as they were turned over with reverent touch. The pastor's wife sat in the first pew—a delicate, pretty-looking woman, well-dressed and much admired. From there, all along, even to the door, beauty and wealth sits intent on listening to the rich tones of the pastor.

Farther along still, in a corner pew, very near the entrance, sits an old and faded woman. Her bonnet and dress are black, but quite shabby. Her gloves are mended and her old shawl patched. Her face is meek, sweet in expression, though very much wrinkled. Her posture denotes great humiliation, but as she listens to the words of hope, a tear now and then steals down the deep furrows, and the pale orbs washed with much weeping, are reverently lifted to heaven.

"Did you notice that old woman in the door-seat?" asked Mrs. Dix, slightly shaking out the heavy flounces of her dress.

"No, I did not; who is she?" was the reply, ending with a question.

"Some poor old thing or other; she seems like a Christian, though. I suppose we ought, some of us, to speak to her."

"She gets out of church so quickly," said another lady, overhearing the conversation, "that no one can catch an opportunity to say a word. She's dreadfully poorly dressed, too; what a mag-ni-fi-cent sermon we had to-day!"

"Splendid—O, did you see our new comers?"

"You mean the lawyer's folks—yes; I'm glad he's taken a seat with us. What a beautiful family he has!"

"Beautiful indeed! and dressed in such exquisite taste. Nothing in the least gaudy but perfectly genteel, and very rich."

"They say he is immensely wealthy; he came from Boston. His father died a year ago, and left him a hundred thousand dollars. How they did listen! I hope they will be under conviction before a great while."

"What! are they not religious?"

"Bless you, no. They are very nice, moral people, though—better than professing Christians, I'm told, but then far from being pious."

"Sister Dix, we must cultivate their acquaintance. What a field for doing good."

"O! yes; great indeed. Did you notice what elegant hymn books they carried! Turkey morocco and gilt—every one of them, down to the smallest child."

"Noticed that. I think they have paid our preacher quite a compliment. There are so many men of talent in town."

And so they wended their way down the church steps, talking of the new acquisition.

That evening the eloquent preacher said to his wife, "My dear, I had very attentive listeners in the new family who took a pew last week."

"I thought so," was her reply.

"We must call upon them immediately."

"Certainly; I shall be ready at any time."

The next day little Minnie, the youngest daughter of the pastor, came home, admiring a beautiful bunch of flowers which she held in her hand.

"See, mother—just see—how beautiful! The old lady called me in again to-day, and took these from her little garden."

"I can't think who it is that gives these flowers to the child," said Mrs. Ivers, the pastor's wife."

"O! she's a real nice old lady, mother. She says she loves father, and thinks he does a deal of good. She had a writing-desk, and was writing when she called me in, for she had a pen in her hand. She says she hasn't been here a great while. I asked her if father had called to see her, and she said no, but she didn't expect it yet awhile—she knew he had a great deal of calling to do."

"Who can it be, husband?"

"I can't think, I am sure," was the reply.

"Father, won't you go with me some time?" asked little Minnie.

"Certainly, I will," said her father.

"She kisses so nice," said the child, artlessly. "She don't make a fuss about it, but is so neat; so different from almost all old ladies."

The pastor and his wife smiled.

A few days after this, Mr. Ivers was out on a collecting tour. It was for an important object, for which he had volunteered to work, and give his time. He drove around town, little Minnie beside him.

"Oh! what a splendid house!" said the child, clapping her hands, as they stopped before a stately mansion. "Who lives here?"

"The new family, dear, that sits in the pew behind us. Don't you remember those pretty little girls?"

"Yes; but I didn't like 'em," said Minnie, "because they didn't smile to me when I smiled to them, but tossed their heads so."

"You shouldn't notice such things, Minnie," said her father, helping her out of the carriage; "perhaps as they are city folks they want to be introduced."

"I didn't," replied Minnie, significantly.

They went up the marble steps, and were soon seated in the great parlor. The lawyer's wife and the lawyer's daughters came in—were polite—talked of the weather—the society—several little nothings, but not a word of that chiefest thing, personal piety. O! how cold, unprofitable, barren was the conversation! The minister felt congealed; little Minnie fidgeted, after trying in vain to make the little girls talk. The older young ladies sat looking very interesting, but scarcely opened their lips. However, when the minister opened to them his mission, and said that he did not expect over five dollars from any one subscriber, the lady immediately took from a silver porte monaie a new, rustling bank note of that precise amount and handed it, with a smile, to the clergyman.

The visit was ended.

"How good the sun does look!" cried little Minnie, springing from the last marble step. "I was *so cold* in there."

"So was I," echoed her father, in his thought.

"O! there's my dear old woman's house; that used to be a shop, you know. Now you must go and see her."

So, true to his promise, the minister sprang out, and Minnie, all eagerness, led him in. An aged woman, very neat, very smiling, arose from a desk where she was writing, and welcomed them warmly.

"I am not busy, you see," she said, laying down her pen; and forthwith she began to talk of the last Sabbath sermon, with a beauty of language that quite astonished the pastor.

"It is very strange I have not seen you before," he said.

"I knew you had enough to do, with such a large flock," she replied.

"But where do you sit?"

"I have been in the last pew but one, on the left side; your sexton showed me that one, and I have, ever since I have been here, sat in it. It is, however, so inconvenient that I believe, as I have made up my mind to attend your church. I shall hire a seat farther up."

The pastor's cheek burned. He remembered the old, solitary woman in the poor seat.

"Father is getting money for the missionaries; don't you want to give him some?" asked the minister's little daughter, innocently.

"Yes, dear—I'm sure I do. I've just twenty dollars of my annuity left. I was wondering how I should dispose of it, for you must know I have taken to the freak of giving it away in my old age. I can support myself by copying. Till the Lord takes away my strength, all the money belongs to him."

"Is not this too much?" said the pastor, taken quite by surprise.

"It is the Lord's," said the old lady; "do with it for him, as it seemeth to thee good."

That visit was one of prolonged, of unexpected interest. The old lady repeated parts of the history of her life. She had been a wealthy, learned and ambitious woman. Her place had been in courts, and about royalty. But terrible reverses had chastened and elevated her spirit, and she had brought ambition, learning, and what little wealth she had, and laid it at the foot of the cross. Never did the pastor enjoy a richer intellectual or spiritual feast.

The wealthy lawyer and his family continued for many months to attend the society under Mr. Ivers, then the summer came, and they flew like birds to a watering place. The church was never richer for them, but while the old lady, who had attracted no attention beyond a little curiosity, remained on earth, her worldly wealth, and her godly walk and conversation were full of untold benefit, and caused more than one thoughtless church member to blush for their want of interest in the patched old lady who sat in the poor seat.

A LADY RESCUED FROM THE SAVAGES.—A letter from Tuscon, Arizona Territory, gives the following information respecting the rescue of Mrs. Page, recently carried off by the Indians:—"Mrs. Page is still alive, is no longer with the Indians, and she has passed through actual trials, hardships and difficulties during the last fortnight, exceeding in thrilling interest the most highly wrought pages of fiction. Last night a messenger arrived here from the Santa Rita Pinery, with a letter from Mr. John Page, stating that his wife had come in alive, after enduring almost incredible trials. Mr. Page immediately set out, accompanied by a physician, and everything possible to be done for her relief will be done. It seems from what we can learn, that Mrs. Page, probably the day following her seizure by the Indians, finding that her friends were on the trail, refused to go on, and her savage masters lanced her in several places, and left her for dead. After some time she revived to find herself weak from loss of blood, with wounds still open, foot sore from her previous trials, without food, and miles from any habitation. What a position for a young woman of eighteen summers—a bride of two months—whose life hitherto had been all sunshine? Through all these trials Mrs. Page struggled for two weeks and dragged her emaciated form by degrees toward the home from which she had so lately been rudely torn by ruthless savages. No one suspected her presence in the mountain, and those who were looking for intelligence from her, thought she was miles away amid the haunts of the red men. How she was enabled to suffer so much and reach home at length, is incomprehensible. But sad as have been her trials, how pleasing the consolation at last that she once more is surrounded by friends, and that she is no longer at the mercy of the savages."

BREATHE fresh air if you would live long. In New England, farmers, who pass their days out of doors, live to an average age of 64 years. The average of persons who have indoor occupations at death is, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island:—Shoemakers, 43; tailors, 42½; editors, 41; druggists, jewelers, and teachers, from 39 to 40; machinists, 38½; printers, 36½. Fresh air, there, almost doubles a man's life while it more than doubles his capacity for enjoyment.

☞ A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers, stating that the friends of Mr. Frank Sanborn intend presenting his sister with the "latest style of pistol." A friend suggests that, although the young lady may be a very good horsewoman, she would be very much at a loss in managing a Colt.

To abridge conversation, speak only truth.

OUR LITTLE DECEITS.

People are much given to expending a deal of indignation upon that which they designate as "the deceit of society." Yet those who pretend to such "horror of deceit," are they guiltless; have they no sins of commission in the little and large social falsehood to which society is not to be the father-confessor?

We may as well acknowledge the truth. We may as well open our heart's secrets to the father-confessor, and be contrite for once in our lives. We are all a compound of dust, deceit and greed; that is to say, all of us who claim a special position or social distinction.

"Ah, ha! Jones, I am really glad to see you!" exclaimed Smith. Smith never told a more egregious falsehood in his life. Smith, the whole entire period since he last met Jones, has been trying to dodge him, or hasn't thought of him in any wise, and Jones knows this; and yet he accepts the deliberate lie as a pleasant and customary portion of our social etiquette. Jones replied: "My dear Smith—my old boy, do you know I was thinking of you, this morning? I said to my wife this morning at breakfast, 'I wonder what has become of Smith, my old friend?' and I had some thoughts of calling up at your house. How have you been?"

Smith is nearly certain that this speech is a return lie. Jones uttered it to him as he had uttered it to a dozen other acquaintances that day. And after a social drink together, the precious pair separate only to renew the utterance of the same little social deceits whenever they chance to meet.

You, reader, who just now, perhaps, was expressing such highly refreshing bits of moral anathemas in reference to backbiting, deceit, and lying; were you not just now in conversation with Brown? Were you not laughing at his jokes, gravely nodding assent to his judgment, taking him by the hand and in every way using your utmost endeavor to convince those around you that of all men in the world, Brown is foremost in your esteem? Yet when Brown leaves—when, after he has resisted your earnest and importunate, and half-a-dozen times repeated remonstrations against his departure, and has gone beyond hearing, do you not in the presence of your friends (you think them friends, at least,) pronounce Brown an infernal, artful, irredeemable scoundrel—a Jeremy Didler, a rogue, and everything that is either mean or contemptible? Certainly you do; and it is no more than fair that you should, inasmuch that you can safely swear that Brown, in a circle of his supposed friends, is annointing your fair fame with a similar quality of the concentrated essence of defamation. You and Brown knew that you were uttering a few of those "little deceits," which are so absolutely necessary to secure the stability of the society in which you both live and move; separated, you are like wild cats; drawn together by accident, you are doves in disposition. All the amenities (deceits) of society are extended from one to the other; Iscariots and Arnolds embrace, and your falsehoods are accepted as the most genial truths.

We hate with a hate that is unconquerable the man we have just dined with, yet having a due regard for the courtesies of life, (we call our fear of what injuries he may do us and our dread of an *expose* of our own weakness—courtesies in this instance,) we cannot find words to express our admiration of his character. We leave his presence thoroughly convinced that he is a consummate villain, and we pronounce him so to our first acquaintance we encounter.

Father Confessor Society, are we not acknowledging the truth?

The ladies, too, whose ruby lips are never parted save to utter such sweet pleasantries, such kindly words of comfort—ah! they are not guilty of these sins of commission. Oh, certainly not! What an unseemly churl is he who dare malign *their* character for truth and veracity! Yet, oh, Father Confessor, let us have a revelation of their cloistered penitence! of the confessions they, like all of us, must make in the cloisters of the mind, with unforgiving conscience in waiting with the dreadful scourge of remorse.

How amiable are the fair and fashionable daughters of Eve to each other in public; yet, how merciless in private! "What a love of a woman!" says Mrs. Boles to Mrs. Coles in reference to Mrs. Doles, "so amiable in disposition; really she is worthy of any one's esteem and confidence."

Whereupon, Mrs. Boles in the next breath tells Mrs. Foles, who doesn't like Mrs. Doles, "What an odious, abominable creature that Mrs. Doles is. I do detest her hypocritical pretences. I can scarcely endure her presence. Ugh! I don't see how the brazen thing can dare to face me." At this instant Mrs. Doles appears, coming up smilingly to Mrs. Boles. The twain embrance, and Mrs. Boles exclaims, with all the apparent sincerity of an earthly saint, "Oh! my dear Mrs. Doles! I was just this instant speaking of you to Mrs. Foles. I was saying how lonesome we should be without you here. I have almost made up my mind to scold you for being so late. Take off your furs; here, Mary, take Mrs. Doles' furs, rubbers, and bonnet. No; no, I insist; you must stay for tea."

Ten minutes later while Mrs. Boles is absent from the parlor, Mrs. Doles whispers to Mrs. Coles, "What a smooth-faced simpleton Mrs. Boles is. She is so vulgar in her ways, and she does keep such mixed company. Really, if it hadn't been that I wanted to see you, I should not have called. Oh, here she is."

Such conversations are considered as social amenities. They are not deceits. Oh, no! Not the vilest and at the same time the most absurd of sins. Ladies, we are told, are like Metamora, and "cannot lie." They are only deceitful in a social point of view, not personally. They cannot be held accountable, personally, for the commissions of such sins as form the foundation of fashionable society, and its only maintenance—sociality only.

Now that the writer of this "odious article" has ventilated a sufficiency of examples of the little deceits of society, shall we abolish them? Shall we have no more deceits, no more hypocrisy, no more sham? Emphatically, yes; we must have them. Were we all to speak fo each other as we think, at all times and in all places, every man and woman of us would be deadly hostile to every one else. There would be no friendships, no gossip, nothing but dire and continuous sniveling, bickering and misery. Soirees, Re-unions, tete-a-tetes, Christmas rejoicings, New Year's festivities, none of them would we have. We would stare at each other, fight like cats and dogs; groan and growl, and mayhap the most excitable would go mad with anger. Not one of us that would, were the veil of other people's opinion lifted so that each of us would "see ourselves as others see us," or could think himself or herself other than the most abject, worthless being on earth except—those he or she hated.

Queer but substantial necessities, these little deceits which we daily practice, to which those oftenest resort who are the loudest mouthed in condemning the great bugbear, "The Hypocrisy of Society."

MORE LETTERS.

The Philadelphia papers contain the correspondence between Mr. Vandyke, late U. S. District Attorney in that city, and the President. It was brought out by the Covode Investigating Committee.

The President, in a note to Mr. Vandyke, apprises him of the intended removal upon the ground that "the official duties of the Collector of an important port and those of the District Attorney are in their nature so intimately connected that it is quite impossible for them to conduct the public business with due regard to the public interest, whilst they are in a state of such open and inveterate hostility, as to forbid all personal and official intercourse with each other."

Mr. Vandyke replies by saying that the personal relations between him and the Collector, Mr. Baker, are *not* such as to conflict with the public interests, and are precisely the same as they were at the time of his appointment and when at the President's personal solicitation he accepted the office, and are the same as they had been, with the full knowledge of the Administration, for nearly one year previous to that appointment. He then goes on to say:—

"My relations with the Collector, as I have frequently informed you in conversation and by letter, *are the result of my unwillingness to approve the conduct of the Collector in his tyrannical abuse of the patronage of the Federal Government, with a view to control the wishes of the people in their primary local elections.* This, in conformity with your own just views as expressed in times past, when in 1839–'40, 1843–'44 and 1847–'48, it was supposed that the same power was used to prevent your political advancement, I have always disapproved and discountenanced, to the extent of my ability. The banding together by a Collector of Customs, of the entire force of subordinate federal officers, the necessities of many of whom may compel them to yield their own convictions to his threats of removal, and the controlling of the political preferences of other persons under promises of appointment, are infringements of the rights of the people, a violation of the Democratic spirit of our institutions, and at all times dangerous to the purity and perpetuity of an elective government."

He gives, as another reason, the fact that the Collector paid to persons professedly employed in the revenue service large salaries out of the public treasury, when such persons notoriously do not discharge the duties of their appointment, but either devote their time to other business callings, or are engaged in the discharge of other public duties properly compensated for at a lower rate of salary.

This is a very plain and very full justification of the Attorney. Mr. Buchanan does not attempt to parry its force, but repeats that Mr. Vandyke must be removed for his hostility to the Collector. We have thus the President's own authority for saying that he has removed a faithful public servant, solely because he refused to become a party to the tyrannical abuse of the power of the Government to help the Democracy, and was opposed to the squandering of the public money upon political favorites who rendered no public service.

The Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, Mr. J. E. Baker, is a relative of the President. Besides making a corrupt and tyrannical use of his office, with the connivance of the President, he quartered his brother, Geo. W. Baker, on the treasury, who, in his examination before the committee, said he received a salary of $1,200 per annum, and yet could not state any duty he had ever performed, except a single trip to New York, a service which, it appears by the testimony, could have been performed by a competent person for the sum of $50. It is added, by those familiar with the case, that the committee will have evidence before them that Baker, instead of acting in favor of the Government in revenue cases, as alleged, appeared to defend persons charged with smuggling, and this while he was holding an office in the Custom House, and at a time when he stated he was assisting the District Attorney. A certified copy of the Record of the U. S. Commissioners' office at Philadelphia fully makes out this fact.

Mr. Vandyke, astonished at such acts as these, made some inquiries, by letter, at Washington, as to whether they were authorized by the government; and it was probably the fear of an official exposure *through* Mr. Vandyke, that caused his removal. The President stands by his relatives and their corrupt use of the public money, and the honest public officer goes to the wall.

AMONG the many issues of base coin which from time to time were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by James II, at the late Dublin Mint. It was composed of anything on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper and brass; and so low was its intrinsic value that 20 shillings of it was worth only two pence sterling. William III., a few days after the battle of the Boyne, ordered that the crown piece and half crown should be taken as one penny and one half penny respectively. The soft mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed, was known among the Irish as uim bog, pronounced oom bug, i. e., soft copper, i. e., worthless money; and in the course of their dealings the modern use of the word humbug took its rise, as in the perfect phrase. "That's a piece of uimbug." Don't think to pass off your uimbug on me." Hence the word humbug came to be applied to anything that had a spurious appearance, but which was in reality not spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of humbug, i. e. false metal, is the word sterling, which is also taken from a term applied to the true coinage of Great Britain, as sterling coin, sterling worth, &c.

☞ When a lover dotes on his darling, a refusal acts as an anti-*dote*.

HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

A man may be a first rate fellow, as Matt Peel used to say, and yet not know how to keep a hotel. If ability in hotel keeping be a test of a good fellow, there is one man for whom we can vouch as all sorts of a good fellow. He keeps a hotel or country tavern, if you will, away down in the interior of Arkansas, somewhere. The way we happened to hear of him was this:

Several weeks ago, two well-known gentlemen of this city went traveling for their health, and concluded to try the famous Hot Springs of old "Rackensack." There being neither river, railroad nor canal to take a body to the Springs, our travelers hired horses to ride in that manner to their destination. They unluckily followed the wrong road, or else there was no right road to follow; at any rate they got lost, and after a fatigning days ride through a barren, inhospitable wilderness, they came to a neat little building, standing alone in a woods, with farming appendages around. Our travelers halted and hallooed. A great tall, raw-boned giant of a fellow stepped out.

"Can we get lodging here to-night?" asked one of the horsemen.

"Well, gentlemen, I reckon ye kin," said the big one, "and welkim to boot, this is a hotel."

The travelers, although they did not like the cut of the landlord's jib, dismounted were relieved of their horses, and were soon regaling themselves over a good country supper, of corn-dodgers, bacon, milk, fried chickens and coffee. It was a regular country supper, and with their whetted appetites, our invalids enjoyed it amazingly.

After supper the gigantic landlord sat on the porch with them, talking, cracking jokes, and treating them occasionally to some good old rye, of which he appeared to have a plentiful stock. The invalids set him down for a regular "brick," and were still better pleased when lighted at last to nice soft feather beds with the whitest of sheets.

"I tell you what it is, Bill," said Tom, as they were sinking gently into the embraces of Somnus, "this fellow keeps a nice place if it is out here in the woods."

"That's a fact," replied Bill, "and I suppose it's cheap place, too; but I like it, and I'm willing to pay the full city figure on it."

Next morning our travelers were aroused by their ugly, but affable landlord, and regaled with a breakfast, if possible, still more appetizing than the last night's work had been. The horses were brought round and it was evident that they, too, had been well cared for. One of the travelers pulled out his wallet, and said to the big entertainer:

"Well, landlord, you keep a first rate little hotel out here: better than we expected to find. We are much pleased with it, and want to know what the damage is?"

The landlord drew himself up, and putting on a very sullen look, said:

"Gentlemen, I'm pleased to hear yer satisfied. The bill is two hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"How much did you say, sir?" asked the travelers, both starting.

The big one drew himself up a little higher, looking still more solemn, and replied distinctly and emphatically—

"Two hundred and seventy-five dollars gentlemen."

"Do I hear right, sir? do you really mean to charge us two hundred and seventy-five dollars for two meals and lodging and horse feed?"

"Gentlemen,', said the landlord, with the most alarming *sang froid*, "that's no mistake. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars is the bill."

The invalids got scared. They did not feel strong enough to fight; and if they had, could never have hoped to make anything out of the ungainly giant who stood composedly before them. Without saying another word, the traveler with the wallet squeezed it, and peeled its different pockets, and succeeded in handing over the full amount required. The landlord thanked his guests politely, and hoped if they should pass that way they would give him a call.

The travelers were now on their horses, and prepared to renew their solitary ride. Before getting far off, however, the traveler who had so disgorged, turned in his saddle and hailed the landlord.

"I say, landlord," shouted he, "before I go, I'd just like to ask you a question—a civil question—at which you can take no offense."

"Fire ahead, gentlemen," was the answer; "ye've paid your bill, and yer welkim to ask anythin', without offence."

"Well, how in the name of Heaven did you come to charge us two hundred and seventy-five dollars for one night's accommodation, not worth more than five or six dollars at the outside?"

"Certainly, gentlemen, I'll tell yer and welkim. Yer see I keep a hotel; and sometimes I has customers, and sometimes I hasn't. When I hasn't I has to charge accordin, and as you are the first customers I've had well nigh onto a year, yer bill was a little bigger'n it mout a bin, otherwise. The hotel has to be kept up, gentlemen, and when customers is scarce, I has to charge accordin."

"Good morning, landlord," said both the travelers, and they both rode off satisfied.

They didn't go on to the springs, however. They took the back track to the river and returned to the city for some more money, the big hotel keeper having pretty nearly cleaned them out. Re-supplied with funds, they were soon off to the Virginia Springs, being unwilling to trust themselves again among the hotels of Arkansas interior.

They declare, though, that the big landlord who fleeced them was a capital fellow, all sorts of a fellow, and *knows how to keep a Hotel*.

We think, on the whole, official swindling in Austria is a little more systematic and scientific than it has become in this country. A letter in the London *Times*, mentions a very curious mode by which Army contractors plundered the Government. They agreed to deliver cattle at so much a head in Mantau. The cattle were driven in at one gate and counted, —driven through the town, out at another gate and around the city the to first gate, were counted again,—and so on until the same cattle had actually been counted *five* times! The contractors also sold the hides:—but unfortunately they could only deliver the hides of *one-fifth* as many catile as they had received pay for from the Government. This is a little ahead of our City Railroad schemes:—but we are a young people, comparatively, and have a wonderful facility at learning.

AN OILY LETTER.

A facetious correspondent of the Sandusky *Register*, writing from the oil region of Trumbull county, Ohio, makes the following good "hit" at the big stories which are told about the oil discoveries by some of the newspapers:—

"I arrived here at a very late hour, last night, on an oil train, and might as well have come on *train oil*, as we were sixteen hours behind time, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track at this end of the road. The oil fries out of the ground and lubricates the rails for a great distance. We shouldn't have arrived here at all if the passengers hadn't got out and sprinkled the track with cigar ashes. I slipped out of bed—nobody 'arises' here: we all *slip* into bed and *slip* out—at an early hour this morning, and began my investigations. I found a section embracing fourteen thousand acres of land chuck full of oil springs. Drilling is unnecessary here, as the oil boils up in springs, sometimes to the height of 25 feet, and is caught in tin pails as it comes down. On a hot day, I am told, it is no unusual thing to see the women trying dough-nuts in these jets of the oil. The balls of dough are dropped into the jets, where they are tossed about like corks in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun. The only species of tree which abounds here is the *slippery* elm. These trees are so slippery a squirrel can't climb them without dipping his paws in prepared glue, a small bottle of which he always carries suspended about his neck. There are a few maple trees here, but no sugar is made, as nothing but oil runs out when they are tapped. There is one considerable sized creek running through Trumbull county which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went in bathing, and when they came out were so greasy they couldn't stay in their clothes. As fast as they slipped them on they would slip off again, and one of the lads, in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out and extracted *fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys!*"

ORDER OF RANK AMONG FURS.—A large proportion of the furs used in this country and elsewhere are cured and dressed in London; and although England does not use expensive furs, yet London is the great fur-mart of the world. The ermine is considered the most precious, and next to that the Russian sable; but the real sables are rare, for, according to our latest Russian statistics, only 25,000 skins of the beautiful little animal were produced during an entire year in the Czar's Empire. The prices paid for them are almost fabulous, a fine set being worth $2,000. The sable fur lining of one of the Emperor's cloaks, exhibited at the World's Fair in 1851, was valued at $5,000. Next to the sable, in popularity and costliness, ranks the marten, or American sable—a fur rich and high-priced, yet so fashionable as to be almost universally sought for. The Hudson Bay sables are next in value, and are almost as expensive as the Russian. Next is the mink, pre-eminent for beauty, wear and durability. It is not, perhaps, so delicate looking as the stone-marten, or so artful-looking as the African monkey, or so captivating as the ermine; but it is quiet and graceful, and more thrifty than them all. Besides the mink, the stone-marten, the fitch, the Siberian squirrel, and the Persian and Russian lamb, are in daily use. The skin of the black bear forms the most magnificent sleigh robes—a good turn-out of which, including robe and apron, costs upwards of $100. The Canadian furs most esteemed in Europe, and of which they have no representatives, are the black fox and the silver fox. They are found only in the Hudson's Bay Territories or on the North shore of the St. Lawrence. The raccoon and the muskrat are also confined exclusively to this continent. In England valuable furs are but little worn—the climate not requiring the lengthened wear of furs at any one time. The muskrat and the rabbit, and the American hare, dyed, form therefore the bulk of the furs worn there. The value of those exported from the United States in 1857 was $1,116,041.

A FICKLE HOOSIER GIRL.—The Terre Haute, Indiana, *Journal* tells a story of a fickle Hoosier girl who went from that State to Marshall, Illinois, recently, to get married, and who deserves to stand as a companion to the Mississippi girl who married one man in the afternoon, eloped with another at night, and came back to her husband repentant the next day. The girl, with her lover, was at a hotel where a returned Californian was stopping, and while the lover was out hunting a preacher to marry them, the Californian saw her name on the register and sought her out. He proved to be an old lover to whom she was once engaged. He reproached her for deserting him. She cried and begged for forgiveness. A stormy scene ended in her promising to break her present engagement and go back to the arms of the Californian. Just as this arrangement was complete, the other lover returned, and was very naturally astounded at finding another man in his place. Explanations followed, and the girl being puzzled as badly as Macbeth between her two lovers, for she "could be happy with either, were t'other dear fellow away," they withdrew to decide the matter themselves. The Californian finally resigned his pre-emption, and the other married the girl at once, the Californian acting as groomsman.

John Iverson was recently arrested and imprisoned at the South for aggravated polygamy: he had thirteen wives. The daughter of the jailor whose hospitality this insatiable polygamist was enjoying while awaiting trial, believed him innocent, pitied him, loved him, opened the prison doors, fled with him, and became his fourteenth wife. After eight days of domestic bliss the husband disappeared, and left neither trace nor money behind. A reward was offered for his capture; a description of his fascinating person was circulated; he was recognized in a village tavern by a man who thought of the reward offered, and set about preparing his toils for the victim. In order to instil confidence into his breast, he made his acquaintance, invited him to his mansion, and then went off to procure legal assistance. When he returned, his home was deserted alike by his intended prey and his own wife, whom Iverson had led astray. A wretched man suggests that a proper, though a terribly severe punishment would be to compel this polygamist to live with his fifteen wives at once.

A NEGRO TURNS WHITE.—The Eufaula, Alabama, *Spirit* says that on a steamboat plying upon the river Chattahoochee, there is an old negro pilot, whose skin has within a few weeks changed its color from ebony black to dazzling white. His neck, arms and hands have a delicacy of hue not surpassed by that of the most beautiful Circassian, and his lips are fresh and red as cherries; the rest of his body is bleaching in the same way. There is no statute provision which will compel one to believe this story.

A piece of new road in Concord, Mass., which had been in use about five years, suddenly disappeared a few days since. It was laid out across a swamp, and was some six to seven rods in extent. A man and one-horse team were at work on it at the time, and had a narrow escape.

N. W. Lyon, a Revolutionary soldier, died at his residence in Easton, Conn., on the 18th April, in his 101st year. He was engaged in the Commissariat Department of the Army for some time.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris occupied a part of its last sitting in discussing the question whether there still remained any bears in the *County* of Michigan, United States.

The young gentleman who once saw the day when he "wouldn't associate with mechanics," is now acting as clerk to a manure wagon.