Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

VOLUME III. SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, DECEMBER 17, 1853. NUMBER 27.

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette

TERMS.

WEEKLY- $2 50 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1-2 cents. Advertisements, $1 00 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and 50cts. for every subsequent insertion.

Black Snake, the celebrated Indian, now 106 years of age, is still hale and hearty, residing at Aleghany Reservation. He was one of the most active of his tribe in bringing about a treaty in behalf of the United States with General Washington, at Philadelphia, in 1787.

A correspondent of the London News says, the Sultan has three hundred thousand men under arms, a number sufficient to defeat the troops of the Czar.—The same correspondent writes that the Russian troops are getting used up by typhus fever, and privations of all sorts.

Profitable Peach Orchard.—It is said that the peach orchard of a Mr. Davis, near Milford, Clemont county, Ohio will yield him thirty thousand dollars this season, giaing a net profit of twenty-five thousand dollars.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A DREAM.

BY G. DAVIES BRADWAY, M D.

I dreamed, last night, a pleasant dream;
Methought away in fairy land
I wandered by a murmuring stream
That gently flowed o'er golden sand;
I sat upon its mossy brink,
And as I bowed me down to drink,
A thousand fairy forms I see
Beneath the water, bright and free;
With matchless grace and air they stood,
Enshrouded in that amber flood.

I gazed with deep, intense delight
Upon that scene so bright and fair;
And other forms came into sight,
Bright beings of an upper air;
So gentle and so fair they seemed,
I loved them even as I dreamed;
Their golden tresses lightly play
Around a neck as fair as they;
And sparkling in the noonday sun,
Were amethyst and diamond.

A softened strain of music, low,
Came floating upward from that stream;
And mingled with its amber flow,
O'er gems that sparkled in the gleam
Of the bright sunlight low and sweet;
That fairy song for angels meet.
Fell on the ear, and then I heard
A silver voice, a gentle word,
"O mortal, if thou joy wouldst know,
Step boldly in the stream below."

With eager haste, at her command
I stepped into the limpid flood;
And there upon the bright gold sand,
A thousand fairies around me stood.
I heeded not, though cold and chill
The waters, for a joyous thrill
Went through my frame, and I did know
No more of sorrow, grief or woe;
For every fibre of my soul
Was filled with joy beyond control.

Bright realms of a happy land,
With verdant fields forever green;
A mingling with a well known band,
And sights by mortals all unseen;
And entrancing strains of music sweet,
And balmy gales the senses greet:
I saw them all, yet I could see
They lacked one source of joy to me;
For there was one whose smiling face
I saw not in that happy place.

Again that voice fell on my ear,
'O mortal, if thou joy wouldst know
Think not of those in yonder sphere,
Where mingles every shade of woe.'
I tried to speak, as with a spell
My lips were bound, in whispers fell
My half-formed words; a cold, death chill
Went o'er my frame, and all was still;
I woke amid the sunlight's gleam,
And found alas! I did but dream.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MARY A. CLARK.

I've ne'er shed one sigh, I've shed no tear,
Where brother takes his rest;
I've never knelt upon the sod
That lies upon his breast.

He sleeps afar from childhood's home,
'Mid stranger graves, alone;
And they who pass that lowly mound
Repeat the word 'Unknown.'

Unknown to them the mother's hopes
That centered once in him;
Unknown to them the sisters' love
Not death itself can dim.

O could we but have closed his eyes,
Received his parting breath;
And heard him speak one kind good-by,
Before he slept in death;

It would have been a pleasure sad
To treasure up the scene;
A painful lesson fraught with good,
For memory's hand to glean.

We cannot place one flowery wreath
Embalmed in sorrow's tear,
To breathe its last sweet fragrance out,
Above the lost and dear.

Yet will the moonlight, soft and pure,
His couch with beauty lave;
And angels from their starry homes,
Keep watch o'er brother's grave.

THE LOST TICKET.

OR

A FRENCHMAN IN A STEW.

In returning from a trip to the Lakes, a few days since, I witnessed a little affair that makes quite an item in my note book, and may amuse your readers.

After a weary drive, in a procession of twelve carriages, that moved solemnly for twelve hours over as many miles of beautiful country, we pulled up in front of the 'National,' in Springfield, at about 9, P. M. The Circus and country Court kept that beautiful little town in a densely populated state, so much so, that the sixty or seventy passengers that I counted as travelling companions, could not find beds to rest their weary limbs upon, but were forced to take carpet-bags, trunks and juleps, until the cars for Cincinnati would give us more comfortable quarters.

Among the rest, a little Frenchman, whose baggage consisted of a queerly shaped hat-box and a faded silk umbrella, moved restlessly about with the box in one hand and the umbrella in the other, pouring forth an uninterrupted stream of incomprehensible English, in a way sufficiently ludicrous to amuse two crowds. Suddenly the little garlic worshipper discovered, to his utter dismay, that he had lost his ticket, purchased at Buffalo, and warranted to carry through to the Henrie House in Cincinnati. Here was a predicament! and in the consternation of the moment he dropped both hat-box and umbrella, and vociferated loudly, and in razor-grinding tones, for the stage agent.

'Vere is de stage agent? Vere I shall find de agent? Oh, mon Dieu—my gar, I have pay—one—two—four, several, great many dollaires for von teekets vich I have no got. Who have peek up my teekets? Who have find him? Vere is de agent?'

It so happennd that Mr. L——, the gentlemanly stage manager and out-door business man of the Cincinnati theatre, was one of our passengers, and at the time of Monsieur La Frog's deepest distress was standing in the moonlight in front of the Circus, talking to a number of friends, when some mischievous wag pointed him out to the little Frenchman, as the stage agent.

In a moment he was by the side of L——, and breaking in upon the conversation without any ceremony exclaimed—

'Sare, I have loose my passport; I have loose my—vat you call him? eh! ah, yes—I have got him. No, no, I no mean I have got de ting—I mean I have got de name of de ting, I have lost my teekets.'

L——, who knew nothing of the circumstances, and supposing he meant a circus ticket, quietly said.

'I am not connected with the Circus, sir.'

'Sare-cus! Vat do I care about de sare-cus—I no vant de sare-cus; I vant my tecket vich I have lose.'

'I am sorry for your loss, sir; but I am not the person to apply to for a remedy.'

'You are not the paisone to make de remelle? Sair! are you not connect wiz de stage?

'Yes, sir. I am connected with the stage, and if I was in Cincinnati, would with pleasure replace your lost ticket, but I have not the power to do so here.'

'Vot do I do viz de teekets in Cincenat. I no vant de teekets in Cincenat. I vant de teekets—here—in dees place vere I have lose him; if I no get de teeket here I shall nevaire get to Cincenat. I shall bring nine, four, several gentlemen, vich will prove dat I have pay for my tecket vich I have no got, but vich have skump out of my pockets.'

'Never mind, sir,' kindly responded L——, wishing to get rid of his tormentor on any terms; 'I will replace your ticket.'

So saying, he stepped up to one of the officers of the Circus, procured a ticket, and handed it to the excited Frenchman.

Poor Frenchy took the square piece of pasteboard, marked 'Box,' and supposing all right, put it carefully in his pocket-book. Gathering up his hat-box and umbrella, and reaching the hotel, was fortunate enough to find six feet of the parlor-floor unoccupied. Stretching himself out at full length, he was soon in the land of dreams.

In the morning, soon after breakfast, we were all comfortably seated in the cars, and tearing at a break-neck speed. Frenchy sat close to me, and jabbered incessantly. Shortly after, the conductor entered with the usual salutation of 'Tickets,' gentlemen. Our little friend opened his pocket-book, took out the ticket he had received the night before, and presented it to the conductor.

'This is not the right ticket, sir,' said the conductor.

'He ees no de right tecket? Yes, saire, he is de right tecket; I have get him from de stage agent myself.'

'That don't alter the matter, sir. I tell you that ain't the right ticket. It don't belong here—it belongs to the circus.'

'Ha! dere ees dat sare-cus come once more. Now vat have I got to do wiz the sare-cus?' said the Frenchman.

'I know nothing about your connections sir; I only know that ain't the right ticket, and if you don't produce the right ticket before we reach town, you'll have to pay your fare,' replied the conductor.

He was just about to assassinate English in reply, when a benevolent individual, who sat next to him, explained as well as he could, the true nature of the case. This only had the effect of changing the current of his rage, and he skated up and down the floor, showering invectives upon the devoted head of the agent who had given him the ticket.

'Ah yes, by gar, I have now see—I have been sheat—I have been swindaile—I have been—what you call him—ah, hum-bug; but nevaire mind, I sall return yesterday—to morrow—sometime, and shastise the rascal vera much, great deal, several time.'

While laying this flattering consolation to his wounded pride, his eye happened to rest upon poor L——, who sat quietly at the far end of the car, and recognizing him as the stage agent of the night before, he at once opened on him with vehemence.

'Saire, you are vere great scoundrel, and I shall give you five cents to black my boot.'

'What's that, sir?'

'I say you are von rascal—von leetaile poppydog vizout de tail, you have peeked my pockette, you have sheat a me, you have no geeve me ze teekets vich I have pay for, you have no geeve me ze teekets I have loose, but you have geeve me von teekets to de *Opera la Cheval*, vot you call de horse opera, de sare-cus.'

'Sir,' said L——, rising from his seat in evident indignation, 'what do you mean? How dare you apply the word pickpocket to me?'

'Saire, I sall soon show you vat I have mein—I mean to flog a you, I mean to shastise a you, vera much,' and suiting the action to the word, he pitched into his antagonist, and before the bystanders could separate them, had badly dislocated poor L——'s shirt collar, and drawn a copious flood of claret from his nose.

By dint of persuasion and force combined, however, he was finally seated in front of the car, surrounded by a number of peace-makers, who, after much difficulty, succeeded in convincing him that the whole affair originated in a mistake. He then begged to be conducted to L——, who was busily engaged in saturating the third handkerchief, in a vain attempt to stop the red current that still persisted in oozing from his victim's nose.

'Sair, I have see I have make von leetaile, small, great big mistake. I am very sorry for him. On my honaire, sair, if I have known him before, I sall not have weep your nose; but I am ready to make de apologize, to make *amende*, and for every drop of claret which I have draw from your nose, I sall wiz pleaisaire, put one drop in your bellie.'

Here the loud mirth of the by-standers restored L—— to his good humor, and joining in the laughter, he shook hands with his antagonist, and they were friends. [Cin. Signal.

A man of pure genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of their face.

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

Some queer fellow has defined love as a "prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

Mechanical and Natural Wonders of the West.

The early history of the region watered by the Mississippi and its tributary, nearly all of which are navigable, is full of adventure, romance, and the effects of rapid development, exceeding all that the most fertile imagination had previously given to the world. The lives of the pioneers exhibit to the present generation personal qualities that, having no antecedents of a similar character, will also never have an opportunity for like display, for "times have changed, and men with them."

We do not contend that there has been deterioration of manly qualities; but, the immense accession of mechanical power to the ordinary affairs of life, in every department, has rendered all useless those extraordinary exertions and that daring courage which formed the prominent characteristics of the rude but noble forefathers of Western civilization. Only forty-four years ago the first steamer ploughed the waters of the Ohio; and we can ourself remember distinctly traveling by sailing craft to the East, before a steamboat was to be seen in our "range." The first steamer on the Ohio, called the New Orleans, was built at Pittsburg in 1811, and left that port in October of that year. No freight or passengers were taken. Mr. Roosevelt of New York, and his wife and family; Mr. Baker, the engineer; Andrew Jack, the pilot; six hands, and a few domestics, were the only persons on board. The rivers Ohio and Mississippi had been previously reconnoitered by Mr. R., with a view to this experiment, under the sanction of Chancellor Livingston and Robert Fulton.

Late at night remarked the historian, on the fourth day after quitting Pittsburg, the New Orleans arrived in safety at Louisville, having been but seventy hours descending upwards of 700 miles. The novel appearance of the vessel, and the fearful rapidity with which it made its passage over the broad reaches of the river, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among the settlers on the banks, whom the rumor of such an invention had never reached; and it is related that on the unexpected arrival of the boat before Louisville, in the course of a fine, still, moonlight night, the extraordinary sound which filled the air, as the pent-up steam was allowed to escape, on rounding to, produced a general alarm, and multitudes in the town arose from their beds to ascertain the cause. It is said that the general impression among the good Kentuckians was that the comet had fallen into the Ohio. The small depth of water in the rapids prevented the boat from pursuing her voyage immediately, and during the consequent detention of three weeks in the upper part of the Ohio, several trips were successfully made between Louisville and Cincinnati. In fine, the waters rose, and in the course of the last week in November, the voyage was resumed, the depth of water barely admitting their passage.

The year 1811, it will be remembered, was one of earthquakes in the West, which were terrific and extensive near New Madrid, just below the mouth of the Ohio, on the Mississippi.

The two great wonders of the west, natural and mechanical, came simultaneously, exciting the superstitious fears and trying the credulity of the pioneers to the utmost. It is a singular coincidence, and the two remarkable events should always kept together by historical and chronological reference. The description of the face of nature during these convulsions, and their effects upon the beholders, the river banks, and the stream itself are worthy of reminiscence. The steamer coaled at the Yellow Banks—the following day, they pursued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was observed to be oppressively hot; the air misty, still and dull; and though the sun was visible, like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them become evident. And as they sat on the deck, they ever and anon heard a rushing sound and a violent splash and saw large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and falling into the river. It was, as my informant said, "an awful day; so still that you could have heard a pin drop on deck." They had spoke little, for every one on board appeared thunder struck. The comet had disappeared about this time which circumstance was noticed with awe by the crew.

The second day after their leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun rose over the forests the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull and oppressive, as before. The portentious signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot, alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel everywhere altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees, with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on the bank, without a wind, but the adventurers had no choice but to continue their route. Towards evening, they found themselves at a loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought to under the shore, but everywhere they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat-boat and raft from which the owners had landed and made their escape. A large island in mid channel, which was selected by the pilot as a better alternative, was sought for in vain, having disappeared entirely. Thus in doubt and terror, they proceeded hour after hour till dark, when they found a small island and rounded to, mooring themselves at the foot of it. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck during the long autumnal night, listening to the sound of the waters, which roared and gurgled horridly around them, and hearing from time to time the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion, as the falling masses of earth and trees were swallowed up by the river.

The lady of the party, a delicate female, was frequently awakened from her restless slumber by the jar given to the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as several times in the course of the night the shock of the passing earthquake was communicated from the island to the bow of the vessel. It was a long night, but the morning dawned and showed them that they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and the channel were now equally unrecognizable, for every thing seemed changed. About noon that day they reached the small town of New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Here they found the inhabitants in the greatest distress and consternation; part of the population had fled in terror to the higher grounds, others prayed to be taken on board, as the earth was opening fissures on every side, and their houses hourly falling around them.

Proceeding from thence, they found the Mississippi, at all times a fearful stream, now unusually swollen, turbid, and full of trees; and after many days of great danger, though they felt and perceived no more earthquakes, they reached their destination at Natchez on the close of the first week in January, 1812, to the great astonishment of all, the escape of the boat having been considered an impossibility.

At that time you floated for three or four hundred miles on the river without seeing a human habitation.

Such was the voyage of the first steamer.—The natural convulsion, which commenced at the time of her descent, has been but slightly alluded to, but will never be forgotten in the history of the West: and the changes wrought by it throughout the whole alluvial region through which the Ohio and Mississippi pour their waters, were perhaps as remarkable as any on record. We hear less of its effects, because the region in which it occurred was of such vast extent and so thinly peopled. That part of the alluvial country which is contiguous to the junction of the two rivers, and especially the vicinity of New Madrid, seems to have been the centre of the convulsion. There, during the years 1811 and 1812, the earth broke into innumerable fissures, the church-yard, with its dead, was torn from the bank and engulphed in the turbid stream. To the present day it would appear that frequent slight shocks of earthquakes are felt there; and it is asserted that in the vast swamp back of the town, strange sounds may at times be heard, as of some mighty cauldron bubbling in the bowels of the earth. Along the banks of the river, thousands of acres with their gigantic growth of forests and cane, were swallowed up, and lakes and ponds innumerable were formed.

The earth, in many parts was observed to burst suddenly open, and jets of sand, mud and water shoot up into the air. The beds of these giant streams seemed entirely changed. Great innundations were the consequence. The clear waters of the St. Francis were obstructed; the ancient channel destroyed, and the river a vast tract of swamp. In many places the gaping earth unfolded its secrets, and the bones of the gigantic mastodon and ichtyosaurus, hidden within its bosom for ages, were brought to the surface. Boats and arks without numbers were swallowed up; some burried by the falling in of the banks, others dragged down with the islands to which they were moored. And, finally, you may still meet and converse with those who were on the mighty river of the west, when the whole stream ran towards its source for an entire hour, and then resuming its ordinary course, harried them helpless on its whirling surface with accelerated motion toward the Gulf.

About twenty years ago we landed at New Madrid, and examined, not without a feelling of awe, the evidences of the earthquake in 1811.—As has been observed by the historian quoted, that region bounded by the Mississippi at the confluence of the Ohio, is subject annually to the "shokes," but the settlers pay very little attention to them. Remember, the voyage of the first steamboat on the Ohio was contemporaneous with the great American earthquake of 1811. —*Cin. Daily Times.*

HOW PARSON F—— SAVED HIS FLAX.

By R. N * * * *, of the (Okolona, Mi.) Prairie News.

But the parson must have a name; for this trick of setting the letters of the alphabet to masquerading has a shocking air of unreality about it, 'whereas this story's actually true;' yes, as true as the story about Captain Hugh Northrup and his steamboat Lucifer, (the *chef d'œuvre*, by the bye, of its excellent author's tales)—yes, true.

Well, it won't do to give the parson's real name, because his son has been a Governor and M. C., had a fort named after him, and all that; so we'll call him Parson Flinskint.

To say the parson knew a dime when he saw it would be an anachronism, for there were no dimes in his day; but he knew a four-pence ha'penny as well as the shrewdest of his parishioners. He was not fully versed in the art of catching them, but he made up for that by never letting them go. When his saddle wore out, instead of appropriating any of his savings to buy another, he rode to meeting on the pad appertaining to his gig-harness; and when his horse exsired, he transferred his *nicessaddle* to an ox. He moved off the public road, to keep out of the way of his brother clergymen, who would call on him in traveling; and many other like things he did—and he did them pretty well, when no particular management was required; but as to knowing how to go about things, he was as innocent as a child.

Parson Flinskint had a man named John, that *steal* with him for no reason that we could ever ascertain (for all these things we have *by authority*—you mustn't suppose that we lived in the times when there were no dimes; we got along through '37, 8 and 9, but you don't call that *living*); and so we came to the conclusion that he was too lazy for any body else to put up with him, and so he had to stay with the parson. John pleased the parson; for he never grumbled at anything, or tried to pass himself off for being smarter than his master, but always did just what he was bid to do.

Parson Flinskint stood one Sunday evening looking at his field of flax, and trying to recall the appearance of other flax-fields at the time the crop had reached maturity, as he firmly believed his had.

'John,' said he to that worthy, who had approached, seeing the parson apparently in a quandary from which his assistance might be needed to rescue him, 'is it not time that this flax was mowed?'

'I should think it was, if you ever mean to mow it,' replied John, in a drawling tone.

'Well, John, you may go to work to-morrow and mow it.'

On the morrow John went to work and mowed the flax, cured it, and made it up into hay-cocks in due form. After the work was completed, Parson Flinskint came to inspect it, and after taking a good look at it, observed—

'Why, John, this don't look right.'

'No, sir,' said John, 'it ought to have been pulled; but you told me to mow it.'

'Ah, John, you ought to have told me of that. But never mind, John; put it in the barn; it will do to *feed ministers' horses on.*'