

THE MESSENGER.

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A SKETCH.

THE WILD GIRL OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER I.

"And you are sure that she goes in and out," said I, "at least once a week?"

"Just as sure as my Pinky here has two eyes to see her knitting," answered the old man, "and more an' that, there is a little sunthin about that goes in with her, but my noggin has no name for such a varmint."

"Have you an idea who she is, or from whence she come; or how long she has been visiting the cave?" said I.

"Well stranger, one question at a time if you please," said the old man, as to who she be, that very question has caused my old head to get many an extra scratch; as to the place she came from, I hardly think that a fair question; for you see I never had any talk with her, but the time she has been making a fox of herself, I know sunthin about that I do. "You see stranger," here the old man put a coal into his pipe as if he was making preparations for a long conversation, "we sometimes have some mity puffs of air, as old Pinky there can tell ye, they are puffs, what be puffs too. Were you ever in one of these are puffs stranger?" I assured the old man that I never was, when he continued, "well you may thank your stars that you never was 'cause you see stranger, I have seen these little runs, dry runs they call 'em 'cause they get dry so often—emptying into Elkhorn Creek, looking like young Mississippi's for all; covered with floating trees flow'd off, flow'd up, and flow'd every other way, and fences all snuck together as if they was a going to move to another plantation; and horses, cattle, hogs and all kinds of varmint, even to niggers in their shirt-tails; oh, 'twere awful to look upon!" Here the old man examined his pipe, and continued.

"Well stranger it was one of these are blowing times and rainy to, like as somebody war pouring the Mississippi out on us, that this ere gal begin to put up in that ere hole; I call her gal, 'cause you see stranger this old chap can't reconcile himself to call her lady, 'long with Pinky there, nor I ought, ought I stranger?" As I was anxious to hear the story I nodded agreeable to his wish.

"You are right about that, stranger, you are, as old Pinky there can tell ye." Sit up closes to the fire stranger, while I go and get another log of wood, 'cause you see this is a pretty chilly night for June, sure. By the time the old man had finished saying this, he was out at the door puffing the smoke from his mouth which flew off in the chilly air. Thinking it was time that old Pinky as the old man called her was saying something, I remarked that this story was very interesting. "Mity mity, but you see stranger, if you want to hear the balance on it, you will have to give my old man some shenny."

"Money!" I asked.

"That same—'cause you see stranger, it will tak a good while to tell all about it and the old man will be mum till he sees the shenny."

The old man soon entered and when he had finished his fire—remarking all the time, that if he had a plenty of money, he would know where the next stick was coming from. I handed him a half dollar and requested that he should finish his story.

"Well you see stranger," he began "it will take some time to give you a full history, so I will have to 'curtail a little—as the editors of the Commonwealth say—a mity good paper that is.—So you can fill it all up to suit yourself when you go to write it down." "As I said afore, it was one of these ere windy, rainy times, that, that ere gal took up her lodgings in that ere cave, and mity well does old Pinky there remember it. It had been raining some four or five hours, and the great, black clouds were big with thunder, when Pinky and this ere old man, thought we heard a noise like some human in distress. I jum-

ped out of that very bed," and he pointed to a neat little one in the corner of the room, which, bespoken much praise for old Pinky as he called her, "for here's the heart that can't bear to see a human in distress, without trying to give some help. I opened that very door, and took a peep, and just as I said afore these little runs out here, which are all dry now, 'cept one, looked like young Mississippi sure enough."

"Oh it was a mity awful time stranger! As old Pinky knows; well I listened, and every lull in the storm I could hear that same onearthly noise; oh stranger these old ears of mine never heard anything so awful as that moaning."

"Could you understand anything she said," for the old man seemed troubled, and I asked him this as much to relieve his mind, as from curiosity.

"There, there now stranger," said he as he roused up, that very thing has puzzled my brain many and many a time, as old Pinky says. The only words I ever heard her say, were, "He left me!" And I heard them often enough I tell you. I went out to look for her, 'cause you see I know'd 'twas a woman—and found her walking along as though she was a spectin to meet that old gentleman they call Devil, and she wanted to let him know that she could look worse, nor he could. I never saw that old gentleman, stranger, and I'm mity in hopes I never shall, 'cause you see I don't expect his company very agreeable, and if he looks any worse than that ere gal did, I'm a thinking he's not very pleasing to look at. Well stranger, you can just put it down on your paper, that this old Tom Goram was a little uneasy, 'cause you see I could not go home and leave her, and not say a word to her, with a clear conscience I believe that is the word, sint it stranger?" I nodded assent.

"Well thinks I, she's mity bad looking, but, if she can knock old Tom Goram down she's better for strength than most people," said the old man with a shake of his muscular arm, 'cause you see stranger I've been a mity hunter, and know somethin about strength. You just put that down will you? Well I tried to muster up somethin nice to say to her, 'cause old Pinky says easy licks kill the Devil. Well stranger do you think I could get that ere gal to say a word, 'cept that same old cry "he left me!" I had many kinds of feelings, so I concluded I had better let her be, but mercy on us! the old clock struck so stranger I can't tell you any more to-night, you can take this light, and go up these ere steps, where you will find a little bed, as old Pinky there can tell ye, and expect you will have all kinds of bad thoughts after hearing me talk about that ere gal."

I bade them both good night for I saw that the old man did not intend to tell any more then. Surely this story was enough to make one dream many awful things and it was a long time before sleep came to my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

In the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty—I took a tour through the Western and Southern states, to see the country, and some relations living in the state of Kentucky. They lived near a creek, called Elk-horn, from the great number of elk's horns found near it, at an early day; some are still to be seen.

When I left home I promised an editor, a friend of mine, to take down the principal incidents of my journey, which were to be presented to him when I returned, but when I came back my friend was dead, and for that cause, my notes have never been given to the public.

While I was at my uncle's—I had informed him of my engagement to the editor,—he requested me to take a ride up in the hills, where perhaps I should meet with some one who could relate to me some interesting story.

Accordingly I set out on horse back, one fine morning in June, and saw many things that were highly interesting; mounting hills, descend-

ing into vales; opening out into broad tracts of woodland pasture; and closing in between jutting and over hanging rocks, passing numerous waterfalls, which seemed to have a pleasing task, to flow out to give the thirsty beasts, a draught from the deep cups which they had worn in the rocks; deep, black, awful caverns, which leaked as though they were made to hide so many savage beasts, ready to spring out upon the weary traveler; trees, whose roots had been undermined, hanging over the cliffs, bidding the traveler beware; birds singing their merry songs, shouting freedom in a free country; squirrels chattering and leaping from tree to tree; all making the scene exciting and interesting.

My horse, as well as myself seemed to delight in the scenery, for often when emerging from those deep, narrow ravines, he would stop, as if to gaze at the field before him; again he would enter the rock walled path, and turning around a projecting cliff, would come immediately in view of a house not distant but a few yards. Indeed the ride gave rise to wild imaginings, and sometimes fearful ones. Thus I rode for many miles, always walking my horse, till the sun was hiding himself behind the "Big Eagle Ridge," warning me to take some note of time. Glancing at my watch I found the sun was but one hour high. Quickening the pace of my horse, over rocks and across the runs, to my joy, after thirty minutes time, I came in view of a neat little cottage,—cabin they call,—situated on the side of the hill. I inquired of an old gentleman if I could be accommodated with food and lodgings for a night. He quickly answered in one breath, as follows: "With all my heart, stranger, and cheerful company too, provided you've the right kind, for here's the man that never yet turned his back to a stranger, as Pinky there can tell ye."

The old man as he had said, proved to be cheerful company, asking me questions and almost answering them himself as we went to the stables to find my horse.

After looking around awhile, he invited me to the house where we found a supper waiting to which, after my long ride, I felt able to do justice.

Our conversation turned upon the country that I had been riding through, and when I mentioned the effect of those deep, dark caves upon my feelings, the old man lay down his knife and fork, and with a half troubled look, turned to his wife with the exclamation, "shall I!"

Of course my curiosity was raised, for I had no idea of what he could mean. I did not wait long, for his wife gave a silent consent and he turned to me saying, "Well stranger, as you seem to take such a liking to the caves, I have a little story that I would tell you, provided you would write it down and tell the people that old Tom Goram told you all about it, 'cause you see every body will believe me as Pinky there can tell ye." I told Uncle Tom, as I familiarly called him, that that was my business, and would be happy to hear his story, and would also put his name as the writer, which would be a proof of the truthfulness of it. "Well now you see stranger," he said as we took our chairs to the fire, "that would be a leetle too fast 'cause all the world knows I can't write my name, much less, such a long story."

I satisfied him that I would do as he desired, and after helping old Pinky a little, with her table he commenced, "Well you see stranger, there's a cave about a mile down the creek from here, where there is a woman living, that never sees any body but me, and consequently no person ever sees her 'cept me. She goes in and out once a week, sometimes more, but as to her living in there stranger there is no manner o' doubt on it." Here our conversation was interrupted by Pinky, as she wished to brush the room, this was soon done and we again took our seats to the fire when I opened the conversation as the story commences in chapter first.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

YE ANATOMIE OF YE ENGLI-NEERE.

The *Indian Punch* has the following:—Although an arch man, yet is he never forgetful of gravity; and though his dameth and blast-eth more than any other man, he piqueth his on being always correct in his terms; he is a dab at algebra, for which a Y Z is needful; he is a very Noah at describing arcs. Though he seeketh not after taverns he is conversant with sines, and payeth due attention to his co-sines and sick aunts. Even though not wealthy, he helpeth to establish many a bank. He, ever kind and hospitable, supplieth chairs for sleepers, and though addicted to rail is never forgetful of the tender; he is a dutiful subject and though often in hot water, ever payeth fit attention to the governor. He is somewhat of an ornithologist, knoweth all about cranes and crows, kites, tumb-ers, and ~~quacks~~ for henges, and moreover maketh wire ducks to aid his resonant steam eagles to fly. He is also somewhat of an entomologist, understanding flies, crabs, worms and such likes, and not above taking notice even of a cow's ticks. Though partial to hydraulics he is not otherwise a rollicking man, yet is at home in high dressed attics, where he often maketh use of new mattocks in his area speculations. He is a peaceful man, though well versed in triggonometry, and in the habit of making great use of switches in various ways. He is of leveling tendencies, yet sometimes wisheth he were monarch of all he surveyed. He is the most progressive of mortals, axing his way through fog and picking it through rocks, and paradoxical as it may seem, he opens a country by putting locks on the rivers and keys on the banks. He is by no means a hater of docks man, but well versed in dry dock trinal subjects, and would never desire to pull down the church unless it stood in the way of a railroad. He reverenteth the institutions of his country, because in them he recognizeth the mechanical powers. The Press he rightly regardeth as the lever; the ten-pound voters as the small end of the wedge; the House of Lords as the inclined plane, and the Commons as the screw; the Army he conceiveth to be both hammer and tongs combined, the Navy a series of pulleys, and country justices in general pumps. His affection for the constitution is unbounded, for he only regards it in the light of the common wheel.

THE JEWS IN SWITZERLAND.

We translate the following from a late number of the *Gazette de Lusanne*:

We lately announced that the Minister of the United States in Switzerland had addressed to the Federal Council a long memorial, praying that it would use its influence with such Swiss cantons as still preserve in their legislation restrictive measures against the Jews. Mr. Fay gives a summary of the reports on this subject sent to him by the different governments, and he arranges the cantons in three classes, viz:

1st. Those where the restrictions are moderate.

2d. Those where the restrictions are absolute.

3d. Those where there is entire freedom of religion.

As to those where the restrictions are moderate, they number ten (six whole and four half cantons), viz. Zurich, Lucerne, Uri, Glaris, Sol-leure, Appenzel (Rhodes-Interieures), Appenzel (Rhodes-Exterieures), Unterwalden-le-Haut, Unterwalden-le-Bas, and St. Gall.

Those where the restrictions are absolute number seven (six whole and one half canton), viz. Schwytz, Zug, Argovia, Schaffhausen, Grison, Bale-Ville, Bale-Campagne, and Thurgovia.

There are seven where there is entire religious liberty, viz. Berne, Fribourg, Neuchatel, Vaud, Valais, Tessin, and Geneva.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency, WILLIAM BURTON, Governor of the State of Delaware.

It is the duty of a Christian people, at all times, to return thanks to the Great Giver of all good and perfect gifts, for the innumerable blessings which He is continually showering upon them; but more especially is it right and proper that a day should be set apart when we, who are blessed above all other nations, should, with humble penitence and grateful hearts, bend the knee together, and with one voice thank Him from whom all blessings flow for the priceless liberties which we enjoy; For the early and the latter rains, which have blessed us in basket and in store, while famine and poverty have been the lot of others; For the sunshine of peace, under which we bask in careless contentment, while the demon of war carries terror and misery to those even beside us; For the health which strengthens our frail bodies, while pestilence walketh abroad through less favored countries, with misery, desolation, and death, as his fearful companions; For the genial sun and frequent showers, without which the husbandman would have toiled in vain; For the gentle winds which have filled the sails of the mariner; For the success which has rewarded the energies of the merchant; For the regular and constant employment afforded to the mechanic and the laborer, and for the good and equal laws which protect all alike in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property.

Therefore, I, WILLIAM BURTON, Governor of the State of Delaware, in humble reverence, do appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-fourth day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, and do recommend its appropriate observance by the citizens of this State.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Delaware to be affixed, at Dover, [L. S.] this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, and of the Independence of said State the eighty-fourth.

By the Governor,
WILLIAM BURTON,
EDWARD RIDGELY,
Secretary of State.

TAKING IT IN TURN.—A country schoolmaster, in preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions, which he would put them on examination-day.

The day came, and so came the young hopefuls all but one. The pupils took their places, as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question came for the absentee to answer, when the teacher asked,—

"In whom do you believe?"
"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"
"No," said the pupil, amid roars of laughter; "the boy who believes in the church hasn't come to school to-day—he is now at home sick abed."

A gipsy woman pointed to show to two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we see our own faces." "Well, said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

A young man being asked what made him bald, replied that, "the girls had pulled his hair out pulling him into their windows."

We cut the following advertisement from a paper published in the far west:

To rent, home in Melville Avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in plums.

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the

house at my benefit? 'Invite your creditors,' was the surly reply.

THE NEBRASKA ELECTION.

LEAVENWORTH, October 21.—Intelligence has reached here direct from Nebraska City, that Mr. Dally, the Republican candidate, has been elected Delegate to Congress by a majority of 48 over Eastbrook, (Dem.)

A YOUNG OPERATOR.—The daughter of the proprietor of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, was inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of most prodigious extent: "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy his coal of you?"

MOVEMENT IN BREADSTUFFS.—We stated a few days since that we looked for an export movement in breadstuffs within a week or two at farthest; that prediction was verified yesterday. The freight engagements of grain yesterday for Great Britain were greater than the total exports of wheat from this port from the first of January, 1859, up to the beginning of the current week. Of this 30,000 bushels were engaged for Glasgow, and 15,000 bushels for Liverpool; nearly 10,000 barrels of flour were also shipped, and ship owners feel greatly encouraged.—[N. Y. Journal of Commerce of the 19th inst.]

SAD DOWNFALL.—A Columbus paper says:—Among the recent arrivals at the Ohio State prison is a young man named Price, son of a Connecticut judge of considerable reputation. He studied law with David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, afterwards with John W. Forney, and was in China for a while with late minister Reed. He is now sent to Columbus for seven years, for issuing counterfeit money.

THE PIONEER RAILWAY.—The first railroad constructed in the United States was at Quincy, Mass., connecting the granite quarries with tide water. It was about three miles in length. The Baltimore and Ohio was the first passenger railroad. It was opened in 1828, a distance of 15 miles, with horse power. Next in the order of time came the Mohawk and Hudson, from Albany to Schenectady, 16 miles, opened for travel, also with horse power, in the summer of 1831. The first locomotive used in this country was on that road, in 1831. Locomotives were in operation in South Carolina and upon the Ohio and Baltimore road in 1832.

"I wish I was a ghost, blamed if I don't," said Fitzgibbon, as he was soliloquizing in the cold; "they don't owe nobody anything, and that is a comfort. Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy hats and wittles, nor has to saw wood nor run of errands, as I do."

A popular writer says it is not the drinking, but the getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life. To this Proteme adds, some persons, influenced probably by this important consideration, seem to have deliberately resolved never to get sober.

A little boy was saying his prayers half asleep; "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake—Pop goes the weazie!"

A convict who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told they would set him to picking oakum. "Let'em try it, by gosh," said he, "I'll tear the darned oakum all to pieces!"

Mrs. Partington says she can't see why Austria keeps a pickering at Bony-part; she says she never did like the bony-part.

It has been calculated that the hairs of the tip of a dog's tail of the average length of thirteen inches (tail, not hair) are made to traverse 25,433 miles by the simple act of wagging, during an ordinary happy life of nine years, two months, eleven days, which is the mean life-time of a dog.