# Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1859. VOL. 5.—NO. 19.


### HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the Money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rent and water-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbelows,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Sure,
I wish the ways were something fewer,
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paint, pomade, and eau de rose,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Now,
I've scare begun to mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby-things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells, and bows,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Come,
I know it doesn't go for rum;
It goes for Schools and Sabbath-chimes,
It goes for charity—sometimes;
For missions, and such things as those—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—There!
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays, and diamond-pins,
For public alms, and private sins,
For hollow shams, and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

### A KISS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES;

OR, HOW MR. PICKLEBY CAME TO BE FLOGGED.

Our boarding house is not a common boarding house, nor are our boarders common boarders. I do not, by this wish to convey the idea that there is anything peculiarly uncommon about us or our house—only that we reside in an aristocratic portion of the town, and consider ourselves on the whole, rather a select set.

But, however select a company may be, the fact that they are select is not an infallible proof that nothing disreputable, can occur among them.

This has been espicially proven in our case. We have just been deeply agitated, excited—shocked! Happily for the reputation of our place, the affair of which I speak had a gratifying termination.

In our boarding house resides an inveterate old bachelor named Wigley. Mr. Wigley is by no means such a person as some people invariably represent old bachelors to be, neither in appearance nor disposition. He is a portly, middle-aged, good natured, fun-loving, sociable fellow, and likes the society of ladies far better than three-fourths of the married men. Mr. and Mrs. Pickleby are also of our company: the former a commission merchant, is a very quiet and a very respectable sort of man; exceedingly fond of his wife, and withal, a little inclined to jealousy; the latter is a beautiful and affectionate creature, who dotes upon her husband, and isn't jealous at all.

One day last week, Miss Celestia Nobbs—another of our boarders, and a maiden lady of thirty-five or thereabouts—heard a noise in the hall below, and stepping out of her apartment, she leaned over the banisters, to see what was the cause of it. She distended her stork-like neck to its utmost limit, and listened with breathless interest.

"I am so glad you are come!" she heard a voice, which she at once recognized as Mrs. Pickleby's, exclaim; and the next moment she saw that lady pass beneath her to meet a gentleman, of whom she could get but a partial view. Then a loud kiss was given, and Mrs. Pickleby said, in a somewhat lower tone of voice:

"Come with me—come to my room; Mr. Pickleby is at his office, and I am alone."

Then, both started to ascend the stairs, and Miss Nobbs hastened to withdraw into her room, but not before she had caught a better glimpse of the man who was with Mrs. Pickleby, and discovered in him, as she thought, no other than Mr. Wigley. That gentleman had been absent in the country for a week, and she had seen him, on his return, not more than an hour previous, enter the house.

Miss Celestia Nobbs is one of those pure and immaculate beings, the chief desire of whose hearts is that nothing sinful shall occur on earth, and who, feeling themselves to be spotless philanthrophically, as they seem to imagine, spend their time in prying into the affairs of other people, and dictating to them the course they should pursue.

"Ah! ah!" said the spinster, as she closed the door of her room, and walked on tip-toe to a seat—"it's come to this, has it? I always thought there was something more than everybody knew going on between the two."

She sat for half an hour in deep meditation upon the matter, and then she arose and moved toward the door.

"If the wicked, shameless creature thinks," said Miss Nobbs to herself—"if she has the faintest idea that such actions will be suffered in this house, she will find herself mistaken, I can assure her."

She heard footsteps without, and as she passed into the hall, she saw Mr. Wigley descending the stairs, and heard him leave the house.

"Left her, have you?" she uttered under her breath. "Well, well, I never expected to witness such goings on—never! But you're found out—you'll be known—both of you!"

She hastened to the room of Miss Dobbs, on the floor above. Miss Dobbs is a confidante of Miss Nobbs, a few years older than herself, and a few degrees thinner in person. Miss Nobbs was gratified to find Mrs. Briggs in company with her friend on this occasion. Mrs. Briggs, I may as well state, is a widow lady of some twelve years standing, who had long endeavored—it is generally believed by nearly all the house—to captivate and ensnare, in the meshes of matrimony, Mr. Wigley.

Miss Nobbs smiled mysteriously, as she entered, and carefully closing the door, she seated herself beside her friends.

"I am glad to find you together," she said, "for I have a thing of the greatest importance to make known."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Miss Dobbs with an eager air—"what is it?"

"Something you'll be surprised to know. Oh! it is the most wonderful thing in the world how deceptive some people can be! I never in all my life—"

"But what is it?" cried both the ladies in a breath.

"The most shameful goings on you ever witnessed, I'll be sworn!" replied the excited virgin, in so impressive a manner that the curiosity of her listeners became unendurable. Then pausing a moment, to let her words take full effect. Miss Nobbs looked solemnly from one to the other, and continued:

"Will you believe it ladies, when I tell you that I saw with my own eyes, Mrs. Pickleby in the hall below with a—man?"

"You don't say!" uttered Miss Dobbs.

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Briggs.

"True, every word; but that isn't all; I heard them give a kiss; and Mrs. Pickleby invited him to her room!"

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated the listeners simultaneously, elevating their hands in horror and surprise.

"Yes; she told him she was all alone—that Mr. Pickleby was not at home—and so, they went off together. Oh! it's almost incredible, such shameful conduct!"

"The immodest, unblushing thing!" exclaimed the widow, indignantly.

"Such wickedness!" echoed Miss Dobbs. "But who is it she was with?"

"Mr. Wigley."

"Is it possible!"

Mrs. Briggs was stricken dumb by the announcement of that name, and for a few moments, gave some token of an intention to swoon; but thinking better of it, she refrained.

"This is a terrible thing!" said Miss Nobbs earnestly, after enjoying fully the sensation she had created.

"Terrible indeed!" uttered Miss Dobbs.

"And not to be borne!" exclaimed the indignant widow, her face assuming a very erubescent tint as she spoke.

"It must not be borne!" said the spinster; "the reputation of this house will not allow such things to pass unnoticed!"

"And our own reputations!" chimed the other maiden.

"Think what we should be made to suffer," cried the widow, "if it should become known that we live in the midst of such iniquitous scenes!"

"Our characters are not to be trifled with thus!" exclaimed Miss Nobbs, with a determined air, "and this thing must not be suffered to stop here!"

"Poor Mr. Pickleby!" sighed Miss Dobbs, "I pity him from my heart!"

"And so do I," said the widow; "for I dare say he has not the least suspicion of his wife's perfidy."

"He must know it" uttered Miss Nobbs speaking in a low and deliberate tone of voice.

"You are right—he must know it; but how?" inquired Miss Dobbs.

"We must tell him!"

"Will it be proper?"

"It will be doing our duty."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Briggs, "it will be but the performance of a Christian duty. We must tell him!"

"And I, for one, am ready to go and perform that duty," remarked Miss Nobbs, with a meek and resigned look as if she had taken it upon herself to suffer at the stake.

"And I," said the widow.

"Oh, I will accompany you; I am sure I only want to do what is right," said Miss Dobbs submissively.

"Then let us go at once."

"Yes; the sooner he has his mind disabused in respect to his wife, the better."

Forth accordingly, the immaculate trio sallied as soon as they could make the necessary preparations, and bent their course toward the store of Mr. Pickleby, in the lower part of the city,

The merchant was busily engaged in the transaction of some business, when he saw the three ladies approach him. He suspended operations, and inquired what happy circumstance had brought them thither.

"It is a sad errand on which we are come," said Miss Nobbs, shaking her head with a melancholy air.

"A dreadful errand!" affirmed Miss Dobbs, dubiously.

"A more dreadful errand you could not imagine!" added Mrs. Briggs, making a strong effort to shudder.

"For mercy's sake ladies!" cried the alarmed man, turning pale, "what is it?"

"In the first place Mr. Pickleby" said the first spinster, "we wish to assure you that you have our warmest sympathies—that we feel for you."

"From the very bottom of our hearts," added the elder maiden.

"And nothing but a deep sense of duty," remarked the widow, "has induced us to take the step we have, in order to reveal to you such distressful news."

"What is it?—what is it?" exclaimed the merchant, frantically. "Don't keep me in suspense; what has happened?"

"Your wife!" uttered Miss Nobbs, in a significant tone.

"Yes, Mr. Pickleby, your wife!" repeated the other two in a breath.

Mr. Pickleby staggered backwards, while a look of dreadful terror overspread his features.

"My wife!" he gasped, "what of my wife? Is she sick?—is she dead?"

Miss Nobbs closed her eyes, and shook her head slowly.

"Then why do you alarm me so? what would you have me to understand?"

"Is there not something that, to your noble mind, is worse than death?"

"Eh!—what do you mean?"

"Dishonor!"

"But Mrs. Pickleby—she—she—"

"Mr. Pickleby, your wife is deceiving you!"

"Cruelly, shametully deceiving you!" ejaculated Miss Dobbs.

"Undoubtedly, and in a manner not to be borne!" said the widow.

Mr. Pickleby looked from one to the other in speechless agony.

"Briefly said Miss Nobbs, "while you are absent, your wife is receiving the attentions of other men."

"We have noticed with grief," continued Miss Nobbs, "that one of our sex should so far forget her modesty as to do as she has done."

"And for that reason," added Mrs. Briggs, "as I have already said, we determined to acquaint you with the fact."

"How do you know this?" cried the merchant, in a voice of rage. "Are you certain of what you say?"

Quite," answered Miss Nobbs; "I saw your wife this morning with Mr. Wigley, in the hall; heard them kiss; and together they went to your room."

"Wigley! Do you mean to say that Wigley is the man?"

"Wigley!" repeated Miss Nobbs emphatically.

"The odious villian!" cried Pickleby, seizing his hat as he spoke. "He shall repent it—he shall repent it—bitterly."

He rushed from the store as he spoke, leaving his informants in the most unceremonious manner. They quietly proceded homeward, congratulating each other that they had evidently the means of putting down a giant of iniquity.

Mr. Wigley has an office in Broadway. Mr. Pickleby, soon after his interview with the ladies, stood in the presence of Mr. Wigley, who smiled, and offered his hand to the other. Mr. Pickleby, with every expression of scorn and hate, declined to touch it.

"Permit me to inform you," said the merchant, almost choking with rage, "that I know all!"

Mr. Wigley looked at the spreaker with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," continued the excited Pickleby, "I know all; and I'm not such a paltry coward as to suffer it to pass with impunity!"

Whereupon, before the other could utter a word, he gave Mr. W. such a blow on the head as to stagger him not a little, and, before he could recover from surprise, it was followed up by another blow on the other side of his head, which made his ears ring in a most wonderful manner.

This was rather too much for the good nature of Mr. Wigley, and so he nerved himself to the task, and commenced a retaliation. Being nearly double the weight of his antagonist, he soon had it all his own way; and, to be brief, in less than ten minutes, Mr. Pickleby cried loudly for quarters, admitting himself to be as well-whipped a man as he had ever encountered.

"And now," said Wigley, after helping his adversary to his feet—"now, that our affair is settled, please tell me what I have flogged you for."

"For intrigueing with my wife, as you well know," replied the defeated, but still indignant man.

"It's a lie!" said Wigley.

"It's the truth," responded Pickleby, "and I can prove it."

"You can't do it. Come, we will go and see Mrs. Pickleby herself; and show me a witness if you can."

"Very well; it's just what I desire."

Mr. Pickleby washed the blood from his face, arranged his disordered garments as well as he could; and accompanied Mr. Wigley home.

Miss Nobbs, Miss Dobbs and Mrs. Briggs were called, and an explanation demanded by the accused Wigley. Miss Nobbs persisting in the truth of what she uttered, the whole party, at the request of the injured husband, proceeded to his wife's apartment.

Mrs. Pickleby, to the surprise of all, was not alone; a man was with her. As soon as Mr. Pickleby saw him he smiled, and advanced and shook him by the hand.

"My brother!" said he, turning to those who had followed him.

Miss Nobbs' face became crimson.

"I fear," she stammered, "that I have unintentionally made a mistake. That must be the gentleman I saw; and he is so like Mr. Wigley, that I was led to believe he was no other. I beg pardon!"

As the trio of ladies took their departure, Mr. Pickleby was heard to utter divers maledictions upon the heads of all meddling, busy-tongued scandal-mongers; but he soon recovered his temper, explained the whole affair to his wife, joined heartily in the laugh that was raised at his expense, and ended by inviting Wigley to join their party that evening in a game of whist.

A Mysterious Capitalist.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* has a letter from a correspondent in Australia, dated Melbourne, June 1, in which the writer says:—"One of the most extraordinary characters of the day, here, is a Mr. Gabrielli, a London Jew, who advances any amount of money required of him—'half down and half in six months'—at 8 per cent. per annum. The other day he advanced the Corporation of this city a million of pounds, and a neighboring town another million; and after having announced that he is ready 'to do' eight millions for the Government for the railroads, he offers to invest a million here, and a million there, in 'testing the mines' of the country, upon terms which, when complied with, he is never backward in producing the major part of the needful, and the remainder at the end of the specified time. The beauty of it is, nobody knows where he gets the money from. The members of the Government have frequently 'pumped' him on the subject; but the only answer he deigns to give is the production of the cash. Some say he is an agent of the Rothschilds, but this is merely a surmise, founded on the known great wealth of that firm. This London Jew is really a remarkable man. He has no prejudices, however, for upon my mentioning to him California as presenting a fine field for speculation in mines and railroads, he unequivocally expressed his doubts as to 'securities,' and so forth. Baring & Co., of London, have advanced the eight millions for the railroads."

Fillibusters.—It is known that a vessel called the Susan, with two or three hundred fillibusters on board, escaped from Mobile and the *surveillance* of the U. S. Revenue Cutter at that port, and made sail for Nicaragua. We see it stated that a telegraphic dispatch received at Washington, on Thursday, the 23d, says that the Susan's filibusters have effected a landing in Nicaragua in safety, after having successfully eluded the vessels of the squadrons guarding that coast. The fellows must have been very lucky to elude, not only the U. S. officers at Mobile, but the American and English squadrons posted to intercept them at San Juan. If they have really landed in Nicaragua, we shall feel some curiosity to learn what next befel them, whether they suffered the fate of "the grey-eyed man of destiny," or became the Curtezzes and Pizarros of Central America.

Lynch Law Confession.—Extorted confessions are uncertain evidence. A case in illustration recently occurred in Indiana. Joel Gresh, suspected of being engaged in the late robberies at Crawfordville, was seized by the lynchers and hung up to the limb of a tree by the neck, with a view of forcing him to confess. When let down he still asserted his innocence. Up he was run again and nearly strangled. He then confessed; his only chance to live. The confession afterwards proved to be an entire fabrication, and Gresh was innocent of the crimes charged upon him.

### PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES.

Rev. John B. Wells, formerly a citizen of Clearfield county, sends us several extracts of letters from persons who went recently to Pike's Peak from Brownsville, Nemaha Co., Nebraska Territory, where he now resides. He says their statements can be relied on, as they are men of character. He advises individuals who have an idea of going from here to Pike's Peak, to go by way of Brownsville, where provisions, picks, shovels, &c., can be procured as cheap as elsewhere, and then it will save the cost of transportation that far.

One of the letters referred to is dated at St. Vrain's Fort, Nov. 6th, and says:—

"I am well and in good spirits. We are within two days' drive of the mines. The news is of the most flattering character. We are in camp with a returning company, by whom I send this letter. They have been in the mines, and explored them thoroughly, and have quantities of the gold dust with them. Miners are making from three to ten dollars per day. There is gold anywhere along here; the only difficulty is to get water with which to wash the dirt. We are now thirty days out from Brownsville. Had a snow-storm on the 29th and 30th of October. The weather here is now fair. We are at the foot of the Mountains, and in sight of Pike's Peak, the tops of which are white with snow. The distance from Brownsville is 650 miles. Game is plenty. I think I saw at least 1000 antelopes at one sight. We killed two from which we feasted last night and this morning. We 'live like fighting cocks,' certain. We have had no trouble with Indians. We passed through the Pawnee, Cheyenne, and Sioux countries, and are now in the Arrapachie land. Tell John and John J. and Watt Richardson, and others, to come on early in the spring. Bring clothing and eatables—flour, sugar, coffee and bacon. Flour is worth $15 per sack; bacon 40 cts. per lb; sugar and coffee 50 cts. Bring your mining pans and buckets with you. Start early; don't wait for grass, but haul your feed for your stock. It's a mistake about 1500 men being in the mines; there are not over 500 to 800."

The other letters corroberate the statements made in this one, and the writer of one adds: "With my personal knowledge of gold seeking, I have no doubt as to the richness of the Nebraska and Kansas gold mines."

### Artemus Ward among the Spirits.

Artemus Ward, the showman, is a case. He recently gave an interesting account of his visit to the "free lovers" at Berlin Heights. Since then he has had an interview with the Spirits. We extract from his letter:

"I will hear obserre that Mrs. Ward is an invalerable woman—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrer. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle eye & when I return she welcums me in afecternate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. Ingomar in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt
2 harts which beet as 1.

"My naburs indorsed me to attend a Sperretooal Sirkle at Squire Smiths. When I arrove I found the west room full includin all the old mades in the villige & the long-hared fellers a-sed. When i went in i was salooted with 'hear comes the benited man'—'hear comes the unbeleever'—'hear cums the hoary heded skoffer at truth,' etsettery, etsettery. Sez I my frends its troo ime hear and now Bring on your Sperrets. The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sirkle kummenst to go it. They axed me if there was anybody in the Sperret land which i wood like to talk with & i sed if Bill Tompkins who was onct my partner in the show biznis was sober I shood like to converse with him a few periods. 'Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?' sed one of the long hared chaps and there was three knox on the table. Sez i William how goze it? He sed things was rather rough. Sez i air yu in the show biznis William, & he said he was.

"He said he & John Bunyun was travelin with a side show in conneckshun with Shakspeer, Jonson & Co.'s consollerdated menagery & circus. He said old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyun) stird up the anermals & ground the origin whil he tended the door. Occashunly Mr. Bunyun sung a comic song. The circus was doin middlin well, Bill Shakspeer had made a hit with "Old Bob Ridly" and Ben Jonson was delitin the people with his trooly grate acks of hossmanship without saddul or bridul. Sez I William kan you pay me that 18 dollars yu owe me, & he sed no with 1 of the most tremendous knox I ever experiunsed. I then called fur my granfarther & turned that he was meatin with fare success in the peenut biznis & liked it very well, altho the climit was rather warm.

"When the Sircle stopt they asked me what I thawt of it. Sez I my friends ive been into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. You dowtlis beleeve this Speret doctrine while I think it is little mixt. Just so soon as a man became a regular out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his face & commensis spungin his livin out of other people. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find and gose round chuck full of big words, scaren the wimmin folks & little children & destroying the piece of mind of every famerlee he enters. He dont do nobody no good & is a cuss to society and a pirate on honest people's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional sperret rappers—them as makes a biznis on it—air abowt the most onery set of cusses I ever encountered in my life. So saying I put on my surtoot & went home. Respectably Youres,

Artemus Ward."

Buncombe.—This word has acquired quite a notoriety recently, and has become a *fixed fact* in our language. We are happy to present to our readers its origin. Joseph Tinker Buckingham, in his "Personal Memoirs," (Boston, 1852,) vol. 1, page 207, in speaking of Mr. Culpepper of North Carolina, who "voted for the 'Compensation Law,' and suffered the penalty of his independent votes, adds this note:—"Buncombe County, in North Carolina, was a part of the district which Mr. Culpepper represented, and the place of his residence. In advocating the 'CompensationLaw,' he said he was *not merely speaking for Buncombe* but for the nation. Hence the phrase, *'speaking for buukum,'* when reference is made to a self-electioneering speech, has grown into a proverb."

A Kentucky drover says that he lost $3000 in the gambling hells of New York last week. Served him right.

### A NOCTURNAL COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says:—Some days since a young couple who had newly donned hymenial vestments, came from their home, a pleasant village in the State, to spend a portion of that supposed-to-be-delicious period known as the honeymoon, and placed themselves under the charge of the proprietor of the Spencer House. They then sallied forth to witness the beauties and peculiarities of the Queen City, and do as brides are ever wont, a quantity of the little business embraced in the term "shopping." They were gone several hours and did not return to the hotel until near sundown, quite fatigued with their exertions. The bride, Mrs. R., then found that she had forgotten some article indispensible to her toilet, and unwilling to disturb her husband, who she knew must be weary, slipped out while he was down stairs, and went up to Fourth street to get the diminutive bundle. She was successful in her search for the store and the article, but on her way back mistook, from her ignorance of the city, Main street for Broadway, and the Madison for the Spencer House, which are situated nearly opposite each other.

Mrs. R. went into the hotel and thinking it looked rather different from the other, asked one of the waiters she met in the hall, in rather a low and indistinct tone, if that was the "Spencer," to which he, failing to understand her, replied in the affirmative. She then ordered him to bring her the key to No. 48, which he did, and she entered it, and removed her bonnet, shawl, and other portions of her attire, and crept between the sheets of the bed to enjoy a little nap after her long walk, never dreaming she was in the wrong house, for the reason that the apartment happened to have the same position, and furnished very much like her room at the "Spencer." Instead of taking a "little nap," she fell into a profound sleep, that continued hour after hour until 11 o'clock, at which time she was disturbed by a most unexpected incident.

The rightful occupant of No. 48, a merchant from a town in Indiana, who had been to the theatre and become a little intoxicated, went to the Madison, and wishing no one to see his condition, walked up to his room without a light, and fortunately, or unfortunately, found the door unlocked. He entered quietly, and as a total darkness reigned there, he removed his garments and crept into the spacious double bed, not disturbing in the least the fair bride who lay near the wall.

How long the two reposed there side by side, with only a foot of space between them, all unconscious of the other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which female screams issued wildly, piercingly and ceaselessly.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters and guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of "forty-eight" in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other eagerly, "What is the matter?" "For God's sake tell us what is the trouble?"

The cause of the outcry may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight, and putting her hand over, it fell upon the Indianian's face, and the soft, warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment more Mrs. R. said:—"My dearest husband, where have you been all this while?"

"Husband!" echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he had "made a small mistake here;" "I am nobody's husband. I reckon, my dear madam, you're in the wrong bed."

In the wrong bed! horror of horrors!—tho't the bride—what would her liege lord, what would the curious world say? And Mrs. R. screamed terribly, and sprang from the couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—he'd make oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to this kindly proposition.

"My God, Madam, don't yell so, you'll wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't want to hurt you—I swear I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself—well I won't say what."

The screams increased, and the poor Indianian, expecting every moment to see a pistol thrust in his face by a jealous husband, turned pale as death, which he expected, and resigned himself to his fate.

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indianian in the middle of the room, enveloped in a coverlet, ejaculating, "My God, Madam, don't."

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out with him in another room, and there learned the whole story. The Doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R., and the entire affair was explained, greatly to her relief—though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance which might have ruined her reputation for ever.

Under the escort of the Doctor, she was conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors, with frantic mien and half crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed it, "they would at any time kill a man for a dollar."

A Gentile, last week, ran away with a pretty Miriam, the daughter of a Cincinnati pawnbroker. They were traced to St. Louis, where the father had the youth arrested for abduction. By some means the little Jewess succeeded in obtaining permission to visit him in his cell, accompanied by a Justice from Illinoistown, and while the attention of the jailor was diverted, the parties were made one by the magistrate, and the father's plans defeated in the twinkling of an eye. Woman's wit saved the lover. In the afternoon the father withdrew his complaint, and the happy couple went on their way rejoicing.

The King of Naples is said to have decided that all foreigners, employed in his States, must be naturalized. Is he a K. N.?

Santa Anna's wife has left him and is now the "reigning belle" at Havana.

### THE SEEDS OF CONSUMPTION.

The terrible mortality caused by bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption, which together kill—in England and Wales only—a hundred thousand people every year (being one-fourth of the entire mortality from more than a hundred other causes in addition to themselves,) should make us think a little seriously of many things, and not least seriously of the freaks of fashion which set climate at defiance. Why do we send children abroad in damp and cold weather with their legs bare, submitted tender as their bodies are, to risks that even strong adults could not brave with impunity.

Custom has made this appear familiar and trifling, but it is not out of place to say, at the beginning of another winter, that the denial to young children of proper skirts to their clothes and warm coverings to their legs has sown the seeds of consumption in thousands and thousands, and is, of many dangerous things done in obedience to law of fashion, the one that is most thoughtless and cruel. It is in the child that consumption can most readily be planted—in the child, that, when the tendency exists, it can be conquered, if at all. It is to be fought against by protecting the body with sufficient clothing against chill and damp, by securing it plenty of wholesome sleep—not suffocative sleep among curtains and feathers—plenty of free ablution without prejudices on behalf of water icy cold—plenty of cheerful exercise short of fatigue, plenty of meat and bread, and wholesome pudding. Those, indeed, are the things wanted by all children. Many a child pines in health upon a diet stinted with the best intentions. But the truth is, that it is not possible to overfeed a child with wholesome eatables. It can be stimulated to excess in the demolishing of sickly dainties; and, with a stomach once fairly depraved, may be made incompetent to say when it has had too little or too much. But a child fed only upon wholesome things knows better than any mamma can tell when it wants more; it can eat a great deal; has not only to maintain life, but to add height and breadth to stature. Fortify it, then, against variations of climate, by meeting the demands of its body, give it full animal vigor to resist unwholesome impressions. Especially let the good housewife, who has a good family to feed, learn to be utterly wreckless as to the extent of her milk-score. Somebody has declared a pint of milk to contain as much nourishment as half a pound of meat. Be that as it may it is the right food for little ones to thrive upon, and may save much subsequent expenditure for cod-liver oil.—*Dicken's Household Words.*

A Quarrel Brewing.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, in a recent letter says that there is an evident purpose in certain quarters to fasten a personal quarrel on Mr. Douglas, or to disgrace him in public estimation. The recent cards of Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Jones, of Iowa, leave no doubt upon this point, for they contain expressions which no gentleman can everlook or ignore without being compromised. At the last session, both Mr. Slidell and Mr. Toombs indulged in personal reflections towards him in open Senate, the failure to notice which excited considerable comment in political circles. The indignities now published, however, are of a character which must lead to a choise of very positive alternatives. The quarrel is exclusively a Democratic one, and therefore the parties to it ought to be allowed to settle it in their own familiar way, just as they have done the construction of the Cincinnati platform, squatter sovereignty, the Monroe doctrine, manifest destiny, and other cardinal party principles.

Gen. Cass has written a second letter to Mr. A. Hart, of Philadelphia, in justification of his refusal to interpose in behalf of the kidnapped Mortara child. He says:

"If any of the Powers of the Old World should believe there "were wrongs to suffering humanity" in this country, the same principle which would justify this Government in acceding to your application would justify them in a similar measure, should they deem the circumstances of any case sufficiently grave to call for their interposition."

There it is. If any of the European governments should think that Slavery was a "wrong to suffering humanity" sufficient to justify their interposition, our meddling in the Mortara case would be a precedent for them. We must not interfere with the wrongs which *they do*, lest the one which *we* do should be thrown into our teeth. The man was right who said "there is a nigger in every question which may engage the attention of our government."

Mrs. Douglas on the Late Canvass.—A correspondent of the Vincennes *Sun*, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs. Douglas, relates that at the Chicago celebration, Mrs. Douglas was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she, "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs—he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him—and all his studs but four which belong to four different sets, and besides he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with." His old white hat, however, rode out the storm, delapidated, but safe.

Decimal Coinage.—The decimal coinage is strongly advocated in England. A recent lecturer there quoted authority to show that five hours out of every 100 spent in school by the children of the upper class would be saved by the adoption of a decimal system of arithmetic, and fifteen hours out of every 100 by the children of the working classes. The Canadians have already adopted the American system of computing money. All commercial nations will sooner or later adopt it

The Mount Vernon Association, composed of ladies, has paid to Mr. John A. Washington fifty-seven thousand dollars, the first instalment on the Mount Vernon Farm.

It is a Chinese maxim that "for every man who does not work, and every woman who is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger." All loafers please notice."

Mr. Walter Haywood, of Fitchburg, Mass., raised this season, on four and a half acres of ground, 405 bushels of corn, more than ninety bushels to the acre.

Kossuth has recently turned up in Scotland on a lecturing tour.