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BY S. B. ROW.

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COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

O! do not stand so long outside,
Why need you be so shy?
The people's eyes are open, John,
As they are passing by!
You cannot tell what they may think,
They've said strange things before,
And if you wish to talk awhile,
Come in and shut the door!

Nay, do not say "No, thank you, Jane,"
With such a bashful smile;
You said when ladies whispered "No,"
They meant "Yes," all the while!
My father, too, will welcome you;
I told you that before;
It doesn't look well standing here—
Come in and shut the door!

You said I did not answer you,
To what was said last night;
I heard the question in the dark—
Thought on it in the light;
And now my lips shall utter what
My heart has said before.
Yes, dearest, I—but stay awhile—
Come in and shut the door!

CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

When Judge Woodward's term expired, it became necessary to appoint a President Judge to serve until under the amended Constitution an election could take place. The honor was conferred by Governor Johnston on James T. Hale of Centre county. Judge Hale presided at several courts and produced a very favorable impression. Time would have soon worn off that which alone has been alleged against him—being too much of the advocate. Mr. Hale was well known in our community. For many years he had attended our courts regularly, and assisted at the trial of important cases. He is in the prime of life, of fine appearance, polished manners, superior attainments, and well versed in the knowledge of law. He has been an industrious lawyer, and at the bar ranks high. His personal character adds force to his words, which, when addressing a jury or the court, are earnest. He is a pleasant speaker—seldom indulges in oratorical display, but in chaste and plain language delivers himself of lucid and strong arguments. A mannerism in speaking attracts the auditor from the subject to the man, and mars somewhat the effect on those not directly interested in his discourse. Mr. Hale has lent a helping hand to the temperance reform, in which, as well as other benevolent enterprises, he has been warmly enlisted. As a politician, he was connected with the old Whig party, and since its dissolution he has remained arrayed against the Democratic party. At the election of 1858, he was elected a member of Congress in a district where the party to which he is attached had been for years in the minority.

In the fall of 1851, Robert G. White was elected as successor to Judge Hale. He presided at but one court, and then a change in the district made Hon. John C. Knox the President Judge. Again the district was remodelled, and Hon. James Burnside was elected in 1853. The melancholy accident which removed Mr. Burnside having occurred during the publication of these sketches, and a lengthy notice then having been published, is sufficient reason for saying no more here. The vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Burnside was filled by the appointment of Hon. James Gamble of Jersey Shore. Mr. Gamble had represented this county in the Legislature when we were connected with Lycoming county in a Representative district. He is an amiable and worthy gentleman, possessed of talents of high order. Personally popular, Judge Gamble, through the suffrages of his neighbors, has been elected to Congress and called upon to fill other positions. Having served here but one term as President Judge, we cannot speak of his merits. His successor is Samuel Linn of Bellefonte, a son of Rev. James Linn, who for more than fifty years has officiated as pastor of a Presbyterian church in Centre county, and who in an early day occasionally ministered to the spiritual wants of our citizens.

Samuel Linn from his admission to practice until recently was another of the Bellefonte Lawyers who was regular in his attendance at our court. The principal part of his time has been devoted to his profession. Few men of his age have acquired and merited so great a name for legal erudition as he. In our good old Commonwealth he has few peers and his superiors are rare. His practice has been large, and extended over several counties. In the examination of witnesses he shows considerable tact—his cross examinations being often searching and severe. When assisting in a cause you might suppose from his dreamy look that he was half asleep and uninterested, but when a question is asked or testimony offered which is not germane to the case and affects his client, quick as the flash he rises to his feet and interposes his objections. Then, should the occasion demand it, you hear from his lips a clear, concise, and logical argument, showing a master intellect, legal acumen, and deep reading. When before the jury, he is listened to with marked attention. His speeches are episodes which fill up the routine of the week. Something good is always looked for. If there is any fun in the case he is sure to bring it out, and that in the drollest manner when you least expect it. Mr. Linn is a close reasoner, sometimes splits hairs, but he seems contradictory or nearly balanced; then he throws himself into the argument, and produces a gun of heavy metal. He is honorable

as well as able. He has his peculiarities, and has rendered his name familiar to the legal profession by writing a peculiar book—peculiar from the fact that, whilst others of its genus have begun at the mouth and traced back to the fountain head, he wrote in the natural order, commencing where the principle first sprung from among the leaves and garbages of the reports, and traced it through its meanderings. We said wrote—perhaps we are wrong in using that word, for the work contains nothing of his but the preface; yet it shows careful, laborious and long continued application on a subject which could only be interesting to one determined to master Pennsylvania jurisprudence. Linn's Analytical Digest has less to interest the general reader than a dictionary, but to the practicing lawyer it is as valuable and indispensable as the book named is to the student. Mr. Linn is about adopting new and untried duties. We are aware that his legal training and his practice enable him to be a correct Judge. We are certain he will be an impartial one, and the people of this district will not complain if in future time it can be said of him as of an eminent justice—He held his judgment in perfect abeyance until he heard all that could be said pro and con, and then formed his opinion with inflexible firmness. No man fearful of responsibility less than he, in what he thought right—none could be more imperturbable, impenetrable, silent, patient and abstracted until it was his cue to speak; it was impossible to forget what his opinion would be, but when he charged a jury, none could be more explicit and authoritative.

We must yet mention another of that galaxy which, for years, by their brilliancy added an interest to our judicial proceedings. Andrew G. Curtin is a native of Centre county. His practice here as assistant counsel was large. Altogether qualified to conduct any cause, he succeeded best in those which from their nature enlisted the sympathies of the jury in behalf of his client. He possesses all the elements of an orator. A large frame, finely developed figure, a noble and expressive countenance, natural and easy gesticulation, and a voice, falling like music on the ear, modulated by his will. He has a fine flow of language; he at times indulges in biting sarcasm, and his speeches abound with the choicest rhetorical figures and the most highly wrought imagery. Irresistably he carries you away. You weep with him, smile with him, and laugh heartily at his droll word-pictures, yet when he takes his seat it is impossible to recall what he has said. His speeches are like dreams of which only a delightful impression remains. And, as he is familiarly called, is a noble specimen of the country gentleman. His manners are easy and agreeable. He is kind, warm hearted and affable. In society he is the life of the company; his conversation is attractive, showing extensive reading, and an intimate knowledge of men and nature, and he leads—his wit sparkles; his repartees are brilliant, and despite yourself you love the man. He has been an active politician, and being in a district in which his party is in the minority—has been named for office but never elected. He served as Secretary of the Commonwealth during Governor Pollock's administration.

Our Bar at present is composed of young men, who are not without name for ability and research and are gaining for themselves reputations. As with a Curtin the scene generally closes, we will close our glance at the Court and Bar, and when the present members, who now unaided conduct their business, have tarried at Jericho until their beards have grown, others may perhaps sketch them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEBRASKA POLITICS.—Mr. Purple, formerly conductor on the Western Railroad, and a member of the first Legislature of Nebraska, tells his experience in Western politics. He says: "Secretary T. B. Cumming said to me one morning, 'Purple, we want a member from your county.' So I harnessed up and took nine fellows with me from Iowa, and we started for the woods; and when we thought we had got far enough for your county, we unpacked our ballot box and held an election (in Washington county), canvassed the vote, and it was astonishing to observe how great was the unanimity at the first election ever held in your county. Purple had every vote. So Purple was declared duly elected."

Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, who is at present exploring the river Zambezi, reports the valley of the Shire as a bounding with wild elephants, having magnificent and most valuable tusks. In one herd he saw over five hundred of the giant game grazing on the plain. The Shire is a good navigable river for over one hundred miles from its confluence. The mountains of Mesembela stand 4,000 feet over the plain, possessed of a fine climate and profuse vegetation—lemon trees, oranges, and pineapples growing wild in the woods, promising to be had in abundance and cheap from the natives, who cultivate largely the upper third of the valley.

The existence of an organized band of robbers, extensive in numbers, and carrying on concerted operations over a wide region of country, bordering on the southwestern shore of Lake Erie, is certain beyond a doubt. The frequent and heavy depredations committed between Buffalo and Cleveland have caused the police of both cities to suspect that such is the case, and that their rendezvous is somewhere near Erie, in this State.

A mass of the best canal-coal of the size of a whale, it is said, contains more oil than there is in that fish.

MESMERISM AND MATRIMONY.

OR, SCIENCE VERSUS WIDOW.

Martin Speed was a bachelor. He had backed and filled, and hesitated and doubted about entering on the "blissful estate" of matrimony, until the fire of youthful passion was all spent, and matrimony had become a problem to him as dry and as formal as one in old Walsh's arithmetic; to be ciphered out for an answer as much as that proposition about carrying the fox, goose, and bag of corn across the creek, that everybody "problematically" remembers. Being a phenologist, he left the province of hearts altogether, and went to examining heads to ascertain by craniological developments a woman's fitness for the position of a wife to Martin Speed, Esq., as letters came addressed to him at the Speedwell post office. The town of Speedwell was named for an ancestor of his, and boasted of several thousand inhabitants; and as it was a factory place, it had a goodly share of good-looking marriageable girls.

Martin studied Combe, and Spurzheim, and Gall, and grew bitter as disappointment saw him enter his forty-first year a bachelor. He looked back on the past, and saw the chances he had neglected, and the happiness of those who had started with him, and were now portly people, the heads not fronts of families; and the delicate damsel he had slighted, and respected mothers in Israel, and exemplary and amiable wives. He sought every opportunity of examining the heads of such as would submit themselves to his hand with a hope of catching the bachelor; for they knew his weakness, and he was well-to-do, and an eligible match. But in vain he looked for perfection. The bumps would not be arranged as he wished them. If he took a liking to a pretty face, phenology imperceptibly gave it the lie straight, and he at once avoided it.

It was at this juncture that a biological lecturer—a grave professor in that science—came to Speedwell and gave a series of exhibitions. These Martin attended and biology at once became an "intensity" with him—a "new emotion." He attended all the exhibitions; saw men perorate on the stage, and women shiver with cold or burn with heat, at the will of the operator; saw a miser endeavor to clutch an eagle held out to him while under the influence of the wonderful spell, and the tongue of a woman stilled for twenty years had been the pest of Speedwell by her loquacity.

This put the mind of Martin on a new track. He sold all his phenological works and devoted himself to the study of the wonderful science through which such marvels were performed. The professor was such a fine teacher, and Martin placed himself under his tuition. He succeeded admirably. In a short time he surpassed his instructor, and had more than his power in influencing the susceptible among his weak brethren and sisters.

He formed a resolution to himself that through this means he could gain a wife. Could he find one that his science could control—one that at a glance he could transfix, like the man who was stopped by a mesmerizer half way down, as he was falling from the roof of a house—he would marry her; for the reason, dear reader, that Martin had not married, was that he had no wife wearing the ring. He was a bachelor, and he was a timid man. In this new science he saw security, and sedulously sought for one of the right description. At every party where he was invited, at every sewing circle, at every knot of factory girls in which he mingled in the evenings he tried his art, but without success. At last, when on the point of resigning, he chanced to see a woman who had been to an earnest seeking. A widow—dangerous to the bachelor's peace, as edged tools are to the careless hands of the inexperienced—came to the village on a visit. The weeds had not been removed that marked her bereavement, and the merest touch of melancholy rested on her brow; but her eye was laughing, and a sweet smile shone away from her face like a child's eddy upon the marble of her cheek. She had a jewel on her hand, and the black dress she wore was cut judiciously—the milliner that cut it had been a widow herself, and knew how to manage such matters—showing a beautiful white shoulder, and revealing a bust of rare loveliness.

Martin met the widow at the residence of a friend and liked her. He had never seen so prepossessing a woman he thought. But she had buried one husband, and that was rather a drawback. One visit led to another, the liking still increasing, until he broached the subject of his biology, with a wish fervently that this might be the woman he sought. She was fully acquainted with it, and answered his question if she was susceptible to its influence, she replied that she did not know, but was willing to have the fact tested. What a position for Martin! Seated by her side on a sofa, with her hand laid in his, her rich dark eyes resting upon his with a look equal to that which the widow Wadman poured into the eyes of the unsuspecting Toby in the stillness of a summer evening! But she was not so secure, and his nerves were as calm as the summer day of that evening. By-and-by the beautiful lids drooped, the head bent gently forward, and the widow, with a sweet smile upon her lips, lay fast asleep. Martin could have shouted "Eureka," in his delight at the discovery. Now his pulse quickened, and he stooped to kiss the lips that lay unresisting before him; but he didn't. By the exercise of his power he awakened her, and she was so much surprised at being caught napping, and blushed at the strangeness of it; and blushed more when Martin told her how he had been tempted, and how gloriously he had resisted; and laughed a little when she slapped his cheek with her fingers as he took pay from the widow's lips for his self-denial, and went home half crazy with his new-found treasure, more like a boy of nineteen than a matured gentleman of forty.

Every night found him a visitor at the widow's and every night the success of the science was proved, until by a mere look or wave of the hand the beautiful widow became a subject to his will, and he became at the same time a subject to hers. She was a splendid creature, too! You would not find in a long journey a fairer or more intelligent, or more virtuous. The question might be asked, which was the most pleasant subjugation, his or hers. But he thought only of his own, not deeming that he was in a spell more powerful, that was irrevocably binding him. What could an old bachelor know of such a thing?

This state of things grew to a crisis at last, and Martin formally proposed to the widow, and the two should be made one by the transmutation of the church. To this she assented;

and it was announced soon after, to the astonishment of all, that Martin Speed had married the widow Goode. The punster of the village made a notable pun about Good Speed, and at the people laughed very much; and the editor of one of the papers, who was a very funny man, put it in print.

It happened, shortly after the marriage, that they had a famous party, and some of the guests bantered Martin about his marriage, upon which he told them how it came about. They were a little incredulous, and he volunteered to give them some specimens of his remarkable power over his wife. She was in the next room attending to some female friends when he called her to him. She came obediently, and he asked her to sit down, which she did. He took her hand and looked into her eyes, to put her to sleep. Her eyes were wide open and a lurking spirit of mischief looked out of them broadly into his. He waved his hands before them, but they remained persistently open. He bent the force of his will to their subjugation, but it was no use.

"Mr. Speed," said she, laughing, "I don't believe the magnetism of the husband is equal to that of a lover; or perhaps science and matrimony are at war."

She said this in a manner to awaken a strong suspicion in his mind that she had humbugged him, and never bent out to sleep at all. His friends—as friends will when they fancy a poor fellow has got into a hobble—laughed at him and told the story all around the village. For months he was an object of sport to everybody. People would make passes over each other as he passed, and women would shut their eyes and look knowing. But, whether his power had gone or not, hers remained; and he wished the wooden axe, the instrument which was happy in the beautiful spell of affection which she threw over him, that bound him as a chain of flowers. The attempt to close her eyes was never repeated, for he was too glad to see them open to wish to lose sight of them. Life with Speed sped well, and Martin became a father in time. He never regretted the expedient he adopted to get his wife, though he could make out exactly whether she had humbugged him or not.

IRON AND ITS USEFUL APPLICATIONS.

The United States has iron in unlimited abundance; and iron is, of all metals, the most important. Better be without our gold mines than our iron mines; in fact, we may almost estimate a nation's might by the quantity of iron it consumes. It enters into the composition of almost everything, and without it nothing substantial can be effected. The farmer's plow, the woodman's axe, the instrument of agriculture, the wheels of carriages, the shoes of horses, the multifarious machinery of manufactures, and the tools of every trade—to say nothing of the railroad and the steam-engine—all these powerful auxiliaries of man are chiefly composed of iron. We have not an article of utility in the household which is not dependent on the use of iron. Upon this metal, while iron is the source of our prosperity in peace, it forms also the very nerves and sinews of our strength in war; the cannon-balls, the sabre and the bayonet—those terrible instruments of destruction—are all composed of this same metal. Upon the sea it is equally omnipresent; there, in the shape of a steamship, it forms the vessel of war, the most formidable agent that has been yet employed by man. Thus no subject can abound in deeper interest to all nations than that of iron; and the greater the facility with which any land can produce and employ it, the more does she possess within herself the true elements of wealth. No nation, however, should be content with the mere knowledge that nature has enriched its territory with the elements from which this metal can be produced. Her people must also be instructed in the most economical methods by which the buried treasure may be drawn from the bowels of the earth and transformed into articles subservient to the use of man. All nations, accordingly, which have made any considerable advance in civilization, have devoted a large amount of time to the study of the art of making and working iron. This most valuable metal is so abundant in the earth, and is produced so cheaply, that to compete in the production, not only the ore but the lime and fuel for working it must be had; and as these are required in so large a quantity, the three must be found in close proximity. Each ton of ore requires one ton of lime and one-third of a ton of fuel. In many portions of the western States iron is found in horizontal beds with similar beds of coal and lime, all cropping out in the ravines which have been cut by the action of the water through the strata, so that all three are quarried by drifting in horizontally from the ravine. Along the shores of Lake Erie, and in many portions of New England, turnpikes are employed in smelting bog iron ore. It has long been known that this kind of ore increases in quantity, or grows. After all the ore was once removed from a bog, in a few years it would be found to be filled with a fresh supply. It has been ascertained that this iron is brought into the bog dissolved in water; and in some cases it is simply deposited, while in others it forms the coating or shields of microscopic animals. Though the little beings are so small as to be individually invisible to the naked eye, they exist in such innumerable multitudes that great furnaces are employed for years in melting down their shields into cast-iron.

INVENTOR OF PRINCIPAL MOTION DEAD.—Jas. G. Hendrickson died at his residence, at Black's Mills, New Jersey, on Saturday last, in the 69th year of his age. The last 40 years of his life he has engaged in the pursuit of the perpetual motion, and he succeeded in constructing a machine, very simple in its arrangement, which appears to realize the ideal. It has been exhibited in various parts of the country, and in several of the large cities, and so far has defied the closest scrutiny to detect in it the imposture. Of late years his attention has been absorbed in the one idea of acquiring a livelihood, and he eked out a scanty support by the proceeds of the exhibition of his machine.

"Mr. Jones, have you got a watch?" "Yes, sir, a watch for the old boy; there she is mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife, and then slid from the front door. The last we saw of him he was "kidding" down the road, hotly pursued by a red-headed lady with a eistern pole at a threatening angle.

An Exchange says a friend of his "died without the aid of a physician." Singular!

THE BATH OF BLOOD.—About the year 1610, Elizabeth Bathora, sister to the King of Poland, and the wife of a rich and powerful Hungarian magnate, was the principal actor in the most singular and horrible tragedy mentioned in history. She occupied the Castle of Ceszta, in Transylvania. Like most ladies of that period, she was surrounded by a troop of young girls, generally the daughters of poor, but noble parents, who lived in honorable servitude; in return for which their education was cared for and their dowry secured. Elizabeth was of a severe and cruel disposition and her hand-maidens led no joyous life. Slight faults are said to have been punished in the most cruel and merciless tortures.

One day, as the lady of Ceszta was admiring at the mirror those charms which that faithful monitor told her were fast waning, she gave way to her ungovernable temper, excited perhaps by the mirror's unwelcome hint, and struck her offending maid with such force in the face as to draw blood. As she washed from her hands the stain, she fancied the part which the blood had touched whiter, softer, and as it were she believed she had found the elixir vite, the fount of never-fading youth and beauty. Remorseless by nature, and now urged on by irrefragable vanity, the thought to avenge herself flashed across her brain, and her resolution was taken; the life of her luckless hand-maiden was not to be compared with the precious boon her death promised to secure. Elizabeth, however, was wary as well as cruel. At the foot of the rock on which Ceszta stood was a small cottage, inhabited by two old women, and between the cellar of this cottage and the castle was a subterranean passage known only to one or two persons, and never used but in time of danger. With the aid of these old crones and her steward, Elizabeth led the poor girl through the secret passage to the cottage, and after murdering her, bathed in her blood. Not satisfied with her first essay, at different intervals, by the aid of these accomplices and the secret passage, no less than three hundred maidens were sacrificed on the altar of vanity and ostentation.

Several years had been occupied in this pitiless slaughter, and no suspicion was excited, though the greatest amazement pervaded the country at the disappearance of so many persons. At last, however, Elizabeth called into play against her two passions—love and revenge became interested in the discovery of the mystery. Boldly accused Elizabeth Bathora was a beautiful virgin, who was beloved by and betrothed to a young man of the neighborhood. In despair at the loss of his mistress, he followed her traces with such perseverance, that, in spite of the hitherto successful caution of the murderers, he penetrated the bloody secrets of the castle, and burning for revenge, he flew to Presburg, boldly accused Elizabeth Bathora of murder, before the palatine in open court, and demanded judgment against her. So grave an accusation brought against a person of such high rank, demanded the most serious attention, and the palatine undertook to investigate the affair in person. Proceeding immediately to Ceszta, before the murders or her accomplices had any idea of the accusation, he discovered the still warm body of a young girl whom they had been destroying as the palatine approached, and had not time to dispose of it before he apprehended them. The rank of Elizabeth mitigated her punishment to imprisonment for life, but her assistants were burned at the stake.

Legal documents still exist to attest the truth of this circumstance. Paget, a distinguished traveller, who visited Ceszta about twenty years ago, says: "With this tale fresh in mind, we ascended the long hill, gained the castle, and wandered over its deserted ruins. The shades of evening were just spreading over the valley, the bare, gray walls stood up against the sky, the solemn stillness of evening reigned over the scene; and as two crones, which had made their nests on the castle's highest tower, came toward it, winging their heavy flight, and wheeling once around, each cawing a coarse welcome to the other, alighted on their favorite turret, I could have fancied them the two old crones, condemned to haunt the scene of their former crimes, while the infernal mistress was cursed by some more wretched doer."

EXPLAINING THINGS.

Nothing can be fully explained. In every department of knowledge, if we go a few steps from that which is visible upon the surface, we come to absolute mystery which no man can explain. Ask the most learned surgeon to explain the motion of the hand. He tells you the little hand is at one end of a bone which has a joint at the other end; that a band of flesh, which he calls a muscle, is attached at one end to this bone and at the other end to another bone beyond the joint, in such a way that, when the muscle contracts, the bone moves upon the joint and carries the hand along. A nerve leads from the brain to the muscle and carries the influence by which the will acts upon the muscle. If you ask the surgeon how the brain acts upon the nerve, and the nerve upon the muscle, he can tell you no more than the smallest child or the most ignorant savage can. What the nervous influence is—whether it is a fluid or a vibration, or whether it is something different from either of these—is known to God, but it is not known by any of the children of men.

We see a pebble fall to the ground, and we are told that it is drawn by the attraction of gravitation; but what the attraction of gravitation is—how it reaches up from the earth and takes hold of every atom of the pebble and pulls it down—is to us an unfathomable mystery. There must be some material connection between the stone and the earth. This was so plain to Sir Isaac Newton that he regarded the person who denied it as incapable of comprehending the proposition. But if we pass our hand between the stone and the earth we cannot feel any substance, we cannot see any with our eyes, and yet we know that there is some matter interposed between the two bodies which draws them together with tremendous power. We know some of the properties of gravitation; we know that it draws all ponderous bodies together with a force proportioned to the quantity of matter which they contain, and in inverse proportion to the square of distance between them. But what its essence is, and how it takes hold of matter, no human being has ever learned.

Oxygen is more ready to enter into chemical combination with zinc than it is with copper, but why this is so not all the chemists in the world can tell. Vast indeed is the amount of knowledge in regard to chemical affinity; what substances exhibit its power with the greatest energy, how to manifest itself in thousands of curious and complicated and wonderful operations, all in accordance with fixed and inflexible laws, have been learned by patient and laborious study of many among the greatest intellects of our race; but what the essence of chemical affinity is, or how it takes hold of the atoms which it moves, has never been ascertained.

If we attempt to understand thoroughly any fact whatever which comes under our observation, we shall find that a few steps will bring us to the dark gulf of profound and unfathomable mystery. Carlisle says: "Sooty Manchester, it too is spanned by the sky's firmament, and there is life in it, and death it is; and it is every whit as unimaginable, as inconceivable, as the oldest Salem or prophetic city!"

ALL ABOUT A PAIR OF GARTERS.—The Detroit, Michigan, Free Press, a recent day, tells the following story:—A blooming young damsel, who called herself Rosa Johnson, made complaint against another equally attractive maiden named Martha Jane O'Brien, before Justice Purdy, charging her with having stolen an elegant, costly, and altogether invaluable pair of garters, unlawfully appropriating the same to her own comfort and decoration, to the detriment of the peace of mind of the said Rosa. It appeared from the statement of the pretty and much aggrieved Rosa, whose blue eyes suffused in tears as she told her grievance, that those articles of feminine wear had been the joy of her heart. A sea-faring lover of hers had brought them all the way from Buenos Ayres, where the Spanish ladies indulge in little extravagances of that sort, and they were very unique for such a country, as this, where a lover never would think of presenting, as a token of esteem, a dozen of garters, as they do down there. They were figured with elaborate devices, and inscribed with a pretty motto in Spanish, which she said he told her meant all about love and kisses, and such like; and had Cupid on one end and a heart on the other when the other when the article was clasped. She missed them on Sunday morning, and kicked up such a row about it that there was no peace in the family until all the girls—it was some sort of a feminine manufacturing institution—agreed to a search. When it came Martha Jane's turn, however, she demurred on the ground of extreme delicacy, whereupon they all set upon her and threw her down, and then made a forcible inspection, which revealed the stolen property in all its pristine and unblemished beauty. Rosa said she would have rather lost her best silk dress, and demanded that summary justice should be done. Martha Jane pleaded the great temptation and the instinctive weakness of her sex for the little vanities of the world, and maintained that she only wanted to borrow them for the occasion—all of which so overruled the majesty of the law that she got off with only a fatherly admonition to a better conduct in future. Some thought it was no great sin after all the offence was so peculiar and the sinner so pretty.

About the most remarkable piece of brutality we have ever heard of was perpetrated on Thursday evening, 3d instant, in Cincinnati. Some persons unknown caught a little daughter of Mr. Charles Roth, only two years old, stripped and covered her from head to foot with tar, and let her find home in that condition. The father had offered a reward of \$50 for the villains.

Mr. Israel Woodbury, aged 100 years, died recently in Salem, N. H. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was for three years in the hands of the British as a prisoner. Two years ago, one hundred of his descendants assailed him at his home.

An orator holding forth in favor of women, concluded thus, "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his female auditors, "a drunken husband does."

China is the great country for raising raw silk. No less than 1,000,000 of pounds were exported last year. All classes in Pekin wear it for common clothing.

Fancy may bolt brain, and think it flour.

A NEW TICKET.—A wag suggests that, in consideration of his valuable services to the party, "Major General Brown" be put on the ticket for the Vice Presidency, with "old Buck" in 1860. The General is a courageous fellow, but we can't think he has distinguished himself sufficiently in the ranks to merit so sudden an elevation. However, that is a matter for Loco to settle. "Buck & Brown"—it reads well.