

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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OLD AND NEW THINGS.

When my good mother was a girl—
Thirty years ago—
Young ladies then knew how to knit
As well as how to sew.
Young ladies then could spin and weave,
Could bake and brew, and sweep;
Could sing and play, and dance and paint,
And could a secret keep.
Young ladies then were beautiful
As any beauties now—
Yet they could rake the new mown hay,
Or milk the "brindle cow."
Young ladies then wore bonnets, too,
And with them their own hair;
They made them from their own good straw,
And pretty, too, they were.
Young ladies then wore gowns with sleeves
Which would just hold their arms;
And did not have as many yards
As acres in their farms.
Young ladies then oft fell in love,
And married too, the men;
While men with willing hearts and true,
Loved them all back again.
Young ladies now can knit and sew,
And read a pretty book;
Can sing and paint, and joke and quiz,
But cannot bear to cook.
Young ladies now can blithely spin
Of street yarn many a spool;
And weave a web of scandal, too,
And dye it in the wool.
Young ladies now can bake their hair,
Can brew their own cognac;
In borrowed plumes often shine,
While they neglect their own.
And as to secrets, who would think
Fidelity a pearl?
None but a modest little miss,
Perchance a country girl.
Young ladies now wear lovely curls,
What pity they should buy them;
And then their bonnets—heavens! they
Fright the beau that ventures nigh them.
Then as to gowns, I've heard it said
They'll hold a dozen men;
And if you once get in their sleeves
You'll never get out again.
Even love is changed from what it was—
Although true love is known;
The wealth adds lustre to the cheek,
And melts the heart of stone.
Thus time works wonders; young and old
Confess its magic power;
Beauty will fade; but virtue proves
Pure gold in man's last hour.

WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE.

BY MARY W. S. GIBSON.

The fire cracked cheerfully on the broad hearth of the old farm house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decrepit yellow dog lying full in the reflection of the blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine flams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were fastened along the ceiling, and crooked necked squashes with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkins, in glistening each with a flame. There were plants, too, on the window ledges—horse-shoe geraniums, and deep plants, and a monthly rose just blooming, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole place whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept—the chairs had not a speck of dirt upon leg or round—the long settee near the fire-place stone as if it had been just newly varnished, and the eight day clock in the corner had had its face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick loud-er for it. Two arm chairs were drawn up at a cozy distance from the hearth and each other, a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red checked apples and a pitcher of cider, filled a little table between them. In one of these chairs sat a comfortable looking woman about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was Widow Cobb—relict of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering into dust in the Bytown churchyard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, possibly because—all her work being done and the servants gone to bed—the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.
"Seven years," so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it were more than fifty—and yet I don't look so very old either. Perhaps it's not having any children to bother my life as other people have. They may say what they like—children are more plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she never will own it."
The widow took an apple from the dish and began to peel it.
"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts. He never will cut any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he has gone. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple parings over my head when I was a girl, to see who I was going to marry."
Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. For in those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and was always looking eagerly to see if the peel had formed a capital "S." Her meditations took a new turn.
"How handsome Sam Payson was! and how much I used to care about him. I wonder what has become of him! Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did and no one has ever heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—"
Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty arm-chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple paring; she drew it softly towards her, and looked around the room.
"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."
Still the plump fingers drew the red peel nearer and nearer.
"But then they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and Old Bowse never will know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."
The paring hung gracefully from her hand.
"But then I should like to try it; it would seem like old times, and—"
Over her head it went and curled up quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse,

who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and went deliberately up to smell it.
"Bowse—Bowse—don't touch it," cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as red as fire. There was as handsome a capital "S" as any one could wish to see. A loud knock came suddenly at the door. Bowse growled and the widow screamed, and snatched up the apple paring.
"It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.
Another knock—louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed: "Hilloa, the house!"
"Who is it?" asked the widow somewhat revived to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hill-side.
"A stranger," said the voice.
"What do you want?"
"To get lodging for the night."
The widow deliberated.
"Can't you go on? there's a house about half a mile distant, if you keep to the right hand side of the road—and turn to the left after you get by—"
"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet to the skin—don't you think you can accommodate me—I don't mind sleeping on the floor."
"Raining is it? I didn't know that," and the kind-hearted little woman unbared the door very quickly. "Come in whoever you be—I only asked you to go on because I am a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."
The stranger entered—shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.
"Oh—that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said, as he caught the sight of the fire, and striding along toward the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Cobb's arm-chair—which had been kept sacred to his memory for seven years. The widow was horrified, but her guest looked so weary and worn, that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze that he might the sooner dry his clothes. A new thought struck her; Mr. Cobb had worn a comfortable dressing gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at the right. She could not let this poor man catch his death by sitting in his wet coat—if he was in Cobb's chair, why not be in Cobb's wrapper? She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from the boot-rack below, and brought them to him.
"I think you had better take off your coat and boots, and sit in the wrapper, and put on something like it if you don't. Here are some things to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry, too; I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."
She bustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well formed man, with a bold but handsome face, unburned and heavily bearded, and looked anything but delicate, though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead as white as the snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct Deacon Cobb's slippers.
"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance. And what a hearty good humored, good looking woman she is! Kind as a kitten," and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted on the head of Bowse upon the head. The widow bringing in sundry things, looked pleased at his attention to her dumb friends.
"It's a wonder Bowse don't growl; he generally does if strangers touch him. Dear me how stupid."
The last remark was neither addressed to the stranger nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty—and there was no room on it for the stranger's shoes.
"Oh, I'll manage it," said the guest, gathering up paper, candles, apples and spectacles—(it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the Deacon's and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her)—and depositing them on the settee.
"Give me the table cloth, ma'am; I can spread it as well as any woman. I've learned that along with the science of other things in my life. Now let me believe you of those dishes; they are far too heavy for those little hands" (the widow blushed); "and now please sit down with me, or I cannot eat a morsel."
"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb, drawing her chair nearer to the table.
"Of course you can, my dear lady—in this cold autumn weather, people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of this ham—your own curing, I dare say."
"Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say that no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than I."
"He was a sensible man, I am sure. I drink your health in this cider."
He took a long draught, and set down his glass.
"It is like nectar."
The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat, (who, though they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house,) and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was—so it was quite as well.
"Fine dog, ma'am—and a pretty cat."
"They were my husband's favorites," and a sigh followed the answer.
"Ah—your husband must have been a very happy man."
The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried.
"Is there anything more I can get you, sir?" she asked at last.
"Nothing, thank you, I have finished."
She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer nack of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider pipe and a box of tobacco on an arched recess near the chimney.
"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late, unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it."
"Not if it is to drive you away," he answered, for she had her candle in her hand.
"Oh, no—I do not object to smoke at all." She put the candle down—some faint sugges-

tion about "propriety" seemed to trouble her, but she glanced at the clock and felt reassured. It was only half-past nine.
The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire—and his own.
"Come, sit down," he said, pleadingly. "It's not late, and when a man has been knocking about in California and all sorts of places, for a berth like this—and to have a pretty woman to speak to once again."
"California! Have you been to California?" she exclaimed, dropping into her chair at once. Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson—the lover of her youth—with whom she had so foolishly quarreled, had pitched his tent, after his many wanderings, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's looks and ways about him—had also been sojourning in that country—and who very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately! At that thought her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair, beside Mr. Cobb's wife, smoked Mr. Cobb's pipe with such an air of feeling most thoroughly and comfortably at home.
"Yes, ma'am—I've been in California for the last six years. And before that I went quite around the world—in a whaling ship."
"Good gracious!"
The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.
"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."
"And what is that?"
"Men, without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd places, caring very little for life as a general thing—and all for one reason. You don't ask me what that is. No doubt you already know very well."
"I think not, sir."
"Because a woman has jilted them."
Here was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted long puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheeks were dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.
"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger, musingly. "You don't meet them roaming up and down in that style."
"No," said Mrs. Cobb, with some spirit. "If a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it the best she can. And there is more women bearing such things than we know of I dare say."
"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in the trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible, which you choose, for that."
"Did you ever, in all your wanderings meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow unconcernedly. The stranger looked towards her—she was rummaging the drawer for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found and the needles in motion, he answered her.
"Payson? Sam Payson? Why he was an intimate friend. Do you know him?"
"A little—that is, I used to, when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"
"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of, and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."
"I suppose he is quite well."
"Strong as an ox, my dear lady."
"And—happy?" said the widow, bending closer over her knitting.
"Hum—the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather, I will say well off."
Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions. But she was puzzled about her next one. At length she bro't it out beautifully.
"Was his wife with him in California?"
The stranger looked at her with a twinkling eye.
"His wife, ma'am? Why, bless you he has not got one."
"Oh, I thought—I mean I heard"—here the little widow remembered the fate of Annanias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous fib.
"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."
"How?"
"He just told them frankly that the only woman he ever loved had jilted him years before and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him again except me."
Mrs. Cobb laid her knitting aside and looked thoughtfully into the fire.
"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' he used to say, 'I've nothing to live for and there's no one that will shed a tear for me when I am gone.' It's a sad thought for a man to have, isn't it?"
Mrs. Cobb sighed a little as she said she thought it was.
"But did he ever tell you the name of the lady who jilted him?"
"I know her first name."
"What was it?"
"Maria."
The plump little widow almost started out of her chair; the name was spoken so exactly as Sam would have said it.
"Did you know her?" he asked, looking keenly at her.
"Yes."
"Intimately?"
"Yes."
"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"
"No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteady. "No her husband is dead."
"Ah. But still she never thinks of Sam."
There was a dead silence.
"Does she?"
"How can I tell?"
"Are you still friends?"
"Yes."
"Then you ought to know, and you do know. Tell me."

"I'm sure I don't know why I should. But if I do you must promise me, on your honor, never to tell him if you ever meet him again."
"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to any mortal man, upon my honor."
"Well, then, she does remember him."
"But how?"
"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."
"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and I are the friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."
He drew his chair nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment she resisted, but it was a magic touch; the rosy palm lay quietly in his, and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's dear friend? If he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it for a long, long time?
"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger, softly.
"Did he tell you about it?"
"Yes, on board the whaler."
"Did he blame her much?"
"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoke kindly to her, she would have married him after all."
"I am sure she would," said the widow, pitifully. "She has owned it to me more than a thousand times."
"She was not happy, then, with another."
"Mr.—that is to say her husband—was very good and kind," said the little woman, thinking of the lonely grave on the hillside rather penitently. "And they lived very pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."
"Still—might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest, now, and say just what you think."
"Yes."
"Bravo! that is what I wanted to come at. And now leave a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."
Mrs. Cobb looked rather scared.
"What is it?"
"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her, Maria!—what makes you start so?"
"Nothing—only you speak so like some one I used to know, once in a while."
"Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that when he heard she was free he began to work hard at making a fortune; he has got it, and he is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"
The widow did not answer. She had freed her hand from his, and covered her face with her hand, and by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.
"Well?"
"I will tell her."
He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantelpiece, stroked the yellow hide of Bowse with his slipper.
"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, only it must be with him."
"I will tell her."
"Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he loves her now perhaps better than he did twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to her all through his life; and that he will be faithful till he dies."
The Californian broke off suddenly. The widow answered still:
"I will tell her."
"And what do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.
"What can she say but—come!"
"Hurrah!"
The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.
"Don't—oh, don't!" she cried out. "I am Sam's Maria."
"Well—I am Maria's Sam."
Off went the dark wig, and the black whiskers—there smiled the dear face he had never forgotten! I leave you to imagine the tableau—even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream and then she—
But stop! Quiet people like you and me dear reader, who have got over all the follies, and can do nothing but turn up their noses at that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after a while that all was right, and so laid down to sleep again, and that one week afterwards there was a wedding at the house that made the neighboring farmers stare. The widow Cobb had married her first love.

THE POSITION OF MR. LINCOLN.
The position of Mr. Lincoln on the question of Slavery is highly conservative, and cannot be objected to by any fair minded citizen. At Ottawa, Aug. 21, 1858, he spoke as follows:
"Before proceeding, let me say I think I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. This I believe of the masses North and South. Doubtless there are individuals on both sides, who would not hold slaves under any circumstances; and others who would gladly introduce slavery anew, if it were out of existence. We know that some Southern men do free their slaves, go North, and become tip-top Abolitionists, while some northern ones go South and become most cruel slave-masters."
"When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it, in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should know what to do, as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves, and send them to Liberia—to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would convince me, that whatever of high hope (as I think there is) there may be in this, in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. If they were all landed there in a day, they would all perish in the next ten days; and there is not surplus shipping enough and surplus money enough in the world to carry them there in many times ten days. What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough to me to denounce people upon. What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this; and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of white people will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment, is not the sole question, if, indeed, it is any part of it. A universal feeling whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded. We cannot, then, make them equals. It does seem to me that a system of gradual emancipation might be adopted; but for their tardiness in this, I will not undertake to judge our brethren of the South. When they remind us of their constitutional rights, I acknowledge them, not grudgingly, but fully and fairly; and I would give them any legislation for the reclaiming of their fugitives, which should not, in its stringency, be more like to carry a free man into slavery than our ordinary criminal laws are to hang an innocent one."
"But all this, to my judgment, furnishes no more excuse for permitting slavery to go into our territory, than it would for permitting African slave trade by law. The law which forbids the bringing of slaves from Africa and that which has so long forbid the taking of slaves to Nebraska, can hardly be disregarded on any moral principle, and the repeal of the former could find quite as plausible excuses as that of the latter."
"I have reason to know that Judge Douglas knows that I said this. I think he has the answer here to one of the questions put to me. I do not mean to allow him to catch me unawares he pays back in kind. I will not answer questions one after another, unless he reciprocates; but as he has made this inquiry, and I have answered it before, he has got it without my getting anything in return. He has got my answer to the Fugitive Slave Law."
"Now, gentlemen, I don't want to speak at any greater length, but this is the true complexion of all I have ever said in regard to the institution of slavery and the black race. This is the whole of it, and anything that argues me into his idea of perfect social and political equality with the negro, is but a specious and fantastic arrangement of words, by which a man can prove a horse-chestnut to be a chestnut-horse. I will say here, while upon this subject, that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of Slavery in the States where it exists. I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. I have no inclination to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality; inasmuch as it becomes a necessity there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position."

In lieu of the well known phrase "cork up," we are now to have "politicize your gob," or "easy with your meat-trap." For "mind your eye," "look out for your shutters," and for "give him one on the nose," "let him have a tickler on the snuff-box." But the best thing of the kind we have heard yet, is of a precocious youth who, describing to his sister a visit to his pretty cousin and how he kissed her at parting, expressed it in this way: "When I bid her good bye, I *kissed her smack on her kisser*."
A young Mississippi widow is said to have spent at a single dry goods house, in Memphis, Tennessee, last year, for the adornment of her person, \$3,825. An exchange thinks she must be very anxious to supply the place left vacant by the dear departed.
It is a true saying, "and worthy of all acceptance" that the man who improves his own home, his own neighborhood, and takes his home paper, is always a good citizen. From such a course flows a stream of peace in the house, beauty around the house, refinement in the neighborhood, and an honest love of home.
The Philadelphia *Daily News* has raised to its mast-head the names of *Lincoln, Hamilton, and Carlin*, as its choice in the campaign now going on. It will be recollected that it was a straight Fillmore paper in 1856, and supported Hazlehurst for Governor in 1857. The latter gentleman is now a Lincoln man.
Wisconsin has reduced the legal rate of interest from twelve to ten per cent., and allows two years for the redemption of lands which have been sold out on mortgage.
If a servant will lie for his master, his master need not be astonished if the servant lies for himself.
GEN. JACKSON'S WIFE.
Mr. Parton tells the following story of Gen. Jackson's wife:
When Gen. Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reproach, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eye fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he read it he sent for his trusty old servant Dunderwood.
"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, and put my holsters on him." Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word, she saw mischief in his eye. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse, and cried out:
"Oh, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live. Let that poor editor live." "Let me alone!" he replied, "how came you to know what I am going for?" She answered, "I saw it all in his paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back." He replied furiously, "But I will go—got out of my way!" Instead of doing this she grasped the bridle with both hands. He cried to her, "I say, let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live."
She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying, "No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"
The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied: "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."
The means in use by the degraded King of Naples for torturing suspected persons among his subjects, as described by the London Times, are most revolting. One person, for merely carrying a letter in cipher, was placed in a sack and kept beneath the water until he had lost consciousness three times. The thumb-screw was used to extort confessions, and also an instrument called the *lombard*, which was applied to the head, which made the eyes start forth and almost drop. Pontillo, a Lieutenant of Mascalcar, invented an arm chair, in which the victim is seated on a sort of gridiron, under which is a pan of coal. Another method was to tie the head of the victim between his legs, and leave him in that position until he confessed. Another instrument was the *stern*, or "angelic instrument," in which by turning a screw, the limbs of the victim are crushed. On one occasion a man was suspended in the air, his arms being tied to one wall and his legs to another, and in that position an officer of the police jumped upon him and beat him.
The Comet.—Professor Band, of the Cambridge Observatory, says that the observed position of the comet on the 21st, 24th and 25th, Mr. Safford and Mr. Tuttle have computed elements, which have not yet been sufficiently tested, but there is no doubt that the comet is approaching the earth, though owing to the strong moonlight, its low position and increasing distance from the sun, it is doubtful whether it will become very conspicuous to the naked eye. In the large telescope it presents an appearance curiously like that of the great comet of 1858 on a reduced scale. The tail branches off in two streams from the nucleus. But now the right hand one is the brighter instead of the left. The same dark hollow is visible in the axis in the rear of the nucleus, and there are similar disturbances and jets of luminous matter in its neighborhood, all on a reduced scale of intensity.
Baltimore has quieted down again. The Front-Street Theatre and the Market Hall have both been plentifully sprinkled with chloride of lime, and great care taken to prevent the spread of any infection. The gouged out eyes, broken off thumbs, broken revolvers, dirk scabbards, and other fragments of the conventions of the city, are to be collected and deposited under a suitable monument.—*Low Jour.*
It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts of a dollar each, will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.
The Texas newspapers are calling attention to the extensive live oak forests of that State, into which their railroads are penetrating. It is said that Texas contains a larger quantity of live oak than all the balance of the world.
Severez—Curran, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney-sweep, who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to the neighborhood to witness his dirty elevation.
There is to be another fight for the old belt in England. Heenan has made a match for it with the Staleybridge Chicken, a fellow said to be two inches taller than the Benicia Boy.
A "progressive" suggests that in this age of improvements, old Father Time should be represented with a Yankee clock in his hand, and seated on a steam mowing-machine.
A correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* from Fergus, Canada, says that the prospect for a good crop of fall wheat in that neighborhood is better than for many years past.
A horse belonging to Rev. J. P. Hale, was stung to death by bees near Frederick, Md. The animal was worth \$150.
The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.