Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1860. VOL. 7.—NO. 14.

A MODEL WORSHIPPER.

"Tell me about the sermon dear;
Take off your shawl and hat.
And come and sit beside me here;
The text first—where was that?"

"Well, really, Aunty, I don't know,
I have forgotten quite;
I wish you could see Jane Monroe,
She dresses like a fright!

"Miss Lyman wore a splendid shawl,
With that old horrid bonnet,
The very one she wore last fall,
With that old trimming on it.

"But Mrs. Deacon Jones had on
One of the richest collars
I ever saw, and her new dress
Must have cost fifty dollars.

"Strange what extravagance and waste
Some people always show!
Then Hattie Bell, what want of taste
She dresses with you know."

"The audience you remember, dear,
If you do not the sermon;
Which preacher do you like to hear,
This one, or Mr. Herman?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Herman, for
He's handsome, aunt, you kn[illegible]
Then he's so graceful, and his[illegible]
How splendidly they show!"

THE MYSTERIOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH POLICE OFFICER.

There was a shrewd robber somewhere. The farm-houses were robbed; shops were robbed; the tills of the bars at the wayside inns were robbed; and the people had their pockets picked. All this happened in the region of country between Sidney and Lowstone—not a field of vast extent—and yet the robber or robbers could not be found. Officers had searched in every direction, and several suspicious looking individuals had been apprehended; but the real culprit still remained at large. One day the mail was robbed, and on the next a man had his pocket picked of five hundred pounds, while riding in the stage coach—for my narrative dates back to the old coaching days. The money had been carried in the breast pocket, and he knew that it was stolen from him while he was enjoying a bit of a doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a severe cold for several days, and was not fit to go out now; but this matter was becoming so serious, I felt it my duty to be on the move, and accordingly I fortified my throat and breast with warm flannel, and set forth. I had no settled plan in my mind, for I had not yet been upon the road, and was not thoroughly "posted up." A ride of five miles brought me to Sidney, and thence I meant to take coach to Lowstone, where Sam Stickney, one of the shrewdest of men, lived. Stickney had already been on the search, and I wished to consult him before making any decided movement. I reached Sidney at half-past five in the morning, and the coach left at six. Lowstone was sixty miles distant, so I had a good ride before me. During the early part of the day I rode upon the box with the driver, and from him I gained considerable information touching the various robberies that had been committed. He was forced to admit that several people had been robbed in his stage, though he declared that he couldn't see into it, for he had not the most remote idea even of who the robber could be.

We reached Bonniville at noon, where we stopped to dine, and when we left this place I was the only passenger. At the distance of twelve miles, at a little village called Cawthorne, we stopped to change horses, and here another passenger got up. I had been occupying the forward seat, as that happened to be wider than the others, and gave me a better opportunity for lying down; and when the new comer entered he took the back seat. He was a young man, I judged, and not very tall in stature, but so completely bundled up was he in shawls and mufflers, that his size of frame was not so easily determined. He was very pale, and coughed badly; and I at once made up my mind that he was far less fit to travel than I was. After we had got fairly on our way, I remarked to him that I had been suffering from a severe cold, and that this was the first time I had ventured out for quite a number of days. He looked at me out of a pair of dark, bright eyes; and when he seemed to have determined what manner of man I was, he said:

"I have something worse than a cold, sir." He broke into a fit of coughing which lasted a minute or so, and then added—"It won't be a great while before I shall take my last ride."

Again he was seized with a spasm of coughing, and when he had recovered from it, he continued—"The disease is eating me up and shaking me to pieces at the same time."

He further informed me that he had started on a tour for his health but that he had given it up, and was now on his way home, which place he was anxious to reach as soon as possible. Another paroxysm seized him at this point, and he intimated that he was unable to converse, as the effect brought on his cough. I had noticed this, and had made up my mind to trouble him no more, even before he had given me the hint.

After this he drew his outer shawl more closely about his neck and face, and having secured an easy posture, he closed his eyes, and I was not long in following his example. Toward the middle of the afternoon the coach stopped at a small village, where four passengers got up. This broke up the arrangement of my friend and myself for rest, as he had to take one of the strangers on his seat, while I took another upon mine, the other two occupying the middle seat. The new comers soon broached the subject of the robberies which had been committed in that region, and I listened to gain information, if possible; but they knew no more than any one else knew. They had heard all about it, and were inflated with wonder.

One—an old farmer—asked me if I knew anything of the robber. I told him that I knew but little of the affair in any way, having been sick, and unable to be out among folks. Then he asked my consumptive friend if he knew anything about it. The latter raised his head from its reclining position, and was on the point of answering, when he heard the driver, in a quick, abrupt tone, ordering some one to get out of the road. I instinctively put my head out of the window to see what the trouble was, and my eye was just quick enough to detect a load of fagots in time to dodge back and avoid them. The load was quite narrow at this point, and as the fagots were loaded very widely, it was impossible for the driver to wholly avoid them, and the side of the coach was swept by them quite smartly. I escaped without being touched, but not so with my friend. I heard an exclamation—I thought rather a profane one—from his lips, and on looking toward him I saw that one of the fagots had struck him over the left eye, making quite a mark upon the pale skin. This incident turned the conversation from the subject of the robberies, and it was not again alluded to during the day.

We reached Lowstone shortly after dark, and I went at once to the residence of Mr. Stickney, whom I found at home. He had been out all day and had made all sorts of efforts to obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies that were being committed, but without effect.

He said he could learn nothing on which to hang suspicion. Two shops had been robbed in his town, but he could gain no clue to the perpetrators. We consulted together, and finally proposed to go in the morning and see another detective officer named Gamblit, who resided about twelve miles distant in the town of Orton.

This met the views of my host, and so we left the matter for the evening. On the following morning we were up early, and as the coach would take us directly to Gamblit's house, we chose that mode of conveyance, and repaired at a seasonable hour to the tavern for that purpose. When we reached the inn, we found the old farmer, who had been one of my fellow passengers on the night before, stepping about the door in a high state of excitement. He had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and he was sure it must have been done in the stage, for he had slept with his pocket-book under his pillow. He had not thought to look into it when he retired, but he had found it empty that morning when he got up. He said that wallet had been taken from his pocket and put back again—he knew it. As soon as he saw me he was anxious I should be searched. Of course I allowed the operation to be performed willingly. After the excitement was allayed, I asked where the pale young man was, that came in the coach, and was told by the landlord that he went away soon after the coach arrived.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that the old man had been robbed in the stage coach, and of this he succeeded in convincing me. After this my suspicions rested upon the consumptive man, and I believed, if I could find him, I should find the rogue. So I bade the landlord to keep a sharp lookout; and also spoke to the driver who had brought me from Sidney, and who was now on the point of returning; requesting him, if he saw anything of the pale man, to see that he was secured. The suspicious individual had only remained at the inn a few minutes on the previous evening, and had then gone away in a gig, which had come for him; but no one could tell what direction he had taken.

The coach for Orton soon came to the door and Stickney and myself took our seats inside, the farmer having determined to remain where he was until he heard something about the money. There were two other passengers inside, and two or three outside, but they were strangers to me. We had gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before a small farm house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach, and took a seat facing me, and as she turned to give the driver some direction concerning the baggage, she threw her veil over her bonnet. She was pretty—very pretty—with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. Her hair hung in glossy brown ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and was a type of beauty in itself. I looked at the rosy cheeks again, and into her dark lustrous eyes. My gaze was fixed upon this latter point when she caught my glance, and quickly dropped her veil. At first I felt a little ashamed at having been caught staring at her so boldly; but as the face was hidden from sight, and I had opportunity for reflection, it struck me that I had seen those features before.

Here was a study for me, and I was buried in it at once. Where had I seen that face? I whispered to Stickney, and asked him if he had ever seen her before. He said he had not, and joked me for being so curious about a pretty face.

We stopped at a place called "Turner's Mills," in the edge of Orton, to exchange mails, and here I jumped out to see the postmaster who was an old friend of mine—and as I was returning to the coach the thought struck me to look at the trunk which had been last put on, and see if any name was on it. It was marked with the simple initials—"A. M." So that was all I gained from that source. As I came to the coach door I approached it from behind, and as I cast my eyes up I found that the beauty had her veil raised, and was looking in at the post office as though anxious for the mail to come, that we might be off. The expression of anxiety detracted somewhat from her beauty, and as I looked upon her now, seeing her face in a different light, I was struck with a sort of snake-like cast which was perceptible in the whole character of her features. I was on the point of withdrawing my gaze, lest she should catch me a second time, when a light motion of her head rolled her curls over her temple, and I saw a faint line, something like a vein over her left eye. It was a mark—a livid scratch—where something had struck. It might have been the stroke of a whip. But—no; I quickly glided back behind the coach, and there I reflected. Such a mark as that could be made by a fagot.

When I returned to my seat in the coach the fair stranger's veil was down again. Could it be possible that my suspicions were correct, and that chance had thrown in my way a solution of the problem which had vexed my deputies so much? Yes, I was sure of it; the more I compared the two faces in my mind, the more I saw a resemblance. Either these cheeks had been painted red to-day or white yesterday. The eyes were the same, the contour the same, and that brow, with its tell-tale mark, not to be mistaken.

We soon stopped at the door of the inn at Orton. The driver announced that they would stop there fifteen or twenty minutes, to change horses and wait for the mail, and also informed the passengers that they would find plenty of accommodation in the house if they chose to go in.

The lady at first did not get out, but at length she did so and went into the hotel. I determined now to find out who she was. I left my deputy at the door of the room she entered, having ordered him to rush in, in case he should hear anything that warranted his intrusion. On going into the apartment I found the beauty was sitting by a window, gazing out between the blinds. She started up as I entered, and let her veil fall.

"I thought this was a private room, sir," she said. Her voice trembled and sounded unnatural.

"It may be," I returned; "but that does not exclude those who have business. I came on purpose to see you."

There was a momentary struggle, and then she appeared as calm as could be.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am an officer from Bow street," I replied. "I want to know who you are."

"Stop—one moment," she said: and as she stopped she carried her hand beneath her cloak. It was quickly withdrawn, and in it was a pistol, but she had grasped a portion of her dress with it, and before she could clear it, I had sprung upon her and seized her by the arms. But it was her no longer. There was more muscle in that slight body than I had bargained for? However, my man "popped" in the moment he heard the scuffle, and the beauty was secured. The glossy brown tresses fell off during the scuffle, and some of the paint was removed from the cheeks.

As soon as the prisnor was secured, I had his trunk taken off and brought in, and upon overhauling its contents we found disguises of all sorts, and quite a sum of money, besides watches and jewelry of much value. I made him assume a proper male attire, and when he stood forth in propria persona, I found that he had not only used red paint for the blushing beauty of to-day, but that he applied a more cadaverous coloring matter for the consumptive individual of yesterday. As he stood now, he was a lithe built, intelligent looking youth, of not more than five-and-twenty; but with a cold-blooded expression upon his marble face, and an evil look in his daring eyes.

We carried him back to Lowstone, where we found the money of the old farmer upon him besides other money which had been lost by different individuals. At first he told strange stories of himself, but finally, when he knew that the worst was come, he confessed the whole. He was from London and had come into the country on purpose to rob. He had two confederates with him, who had helped him from place to place. One of them had taken him away from the inn the night before, and the other had brought him and set him down at the farmer's gate that morning. We made search for these confederates, but they had got wind of their principal's arrest and were not to be found.

However, we had got the chief sinner, and had broken up the game. After he had been found guilty and sentenced, he seemed to enjoy himself hugely in telling how he had deceived the good people of our country. Now he would turn himself into the old woman, who had given the driver so much trouble about her bandbox. Then he would be again the meekbrowed minister, who had distributed tracts to the passengers, and picked their pockets while they read. Then he would draw himself up into the little humpbacked old man, who had been lifted into and out of the coach, and robbed his helpers while they fixed his crutches for him. It was funny—very—and perhaps we might never have caught him but for the accident of the fagot. That was not so funny for him; and I doubt if he found much fun in working at the hard stone—hammering early and late—with an inexorable master over him when he lagged.

HENRY CLAY ON SECESSION.

In relation to the much discussed "right of secession" the opinions of Henry Clay should be entitled to consideration. In a letter to Daniel Ullman and others of New-York, in 1851, Mr. Clay said:

"If there are local exceptions at the North and at the South of rash and misguided men who would madly resist the Constitution and laws of the United States, let us not despair of their return, in seasonable time, to reason and to duty. But suppose we should be disappointed, and that the standard should be raised of open resistance to the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, what is to be done? There can be but one possible answer. The power, the authority, the dignity of the Government ought to be maintained, and resistance put down at every hazard. Government, in the fallen and depraved state of man, would lose all respect, and fall into disgrace and contempt, if it did not possess potentially, and would not in extreme cases practically exercise, the right of *employing force*. The theory of the Constitution of the United States assumes the necessity of the existence and the application of force, both in our foreign and domestic relations. Congress is expressly authorized "to raise and support armies," "to provide and maintain a navy," "to provide for calling forth the militia to *execute* the laws of the Union, *suppress insurrections*, and repel invasions." The duty of executing the laws and of suppressing insurrections is without limitation or qualification; it is co-extensive with the jurisdiction of the United States, and it comprehends every species of resistance to the execution of the laws, and every form of insurrection, no matter under what auspices or sanction it is made. *Individuals, public meetings, States* may resolve, as often as their tastes or passions may prompt them to resolve, that they will forcibly oppose the execution of the laws, and secede from the Union. Whilst these resolutions are made on paper, they are harmless; but the moment a daring hand is raised to resist, by force, the execution of the laws, the duty of enforcing them arises, and if the conflict which may ensue should lead to civil war, the resisting party having begun it, will be responsible for all the consequences."

The Secession cockade seems to be fashionionable only with the middle aged men of Charleston. A card signed "Many Ladies," is published in the 'Evening News,' which reproachfully asks: "Why is it that our chivalric young men and our gallant old men do not adopt the emblem of secession?" The fair querists threaten that if the men have not spirit enough to show their colors, they will set them an example.

A fellow was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight. One of the flags, waving before his eyes, bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death," somewhat troubled and discouraged him. "Victory is a very good thing," said he; "but why put it Victory or Death? Just put it Victory or Crippled, and I'll go that?"

A speaker at a stump meeting out west declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south. "Then," said a tipsy bystander, "you ought to go to school and 'larn' your geography."

SOMETHING ABOUT DIPHTHERIA.

The following report from the pen of a leading physician of Delaware county, in relation to this singular and fatal disease, and more particularly in regard to certain facts disclosed by examination into a fatal case happening during the course of his practice, will be found of importance and general interest to the community, particularly at the present time:—

"This disease, which for the last four or five years has been making its way westward, has appeared in various localities through this county and by its fatality, has caused considerable alarm in the public mind. It is characterized by the formation of a membranous exudation covering the throat and roof of the mouth more or less completely, and in some cases extending into the windpipe, causing death, as in croup, by suffocation. It is not identical with a form of throat disease which has occasionally prevailed in different parts of the country and which has been variously designated as malignant sore throat, putrid sore throat, erysipelas of the throat, Black Tongue, &c. The tendency in this form of disease is to a rapid death or gangrene of the parts affected; and it lacks wholly the membranous exudation which is the peculiar feature of Diphtheria. The disease is not altogether new. Several epidemics have been described in which this peculiar exudation was observed. and Physicians in every country have occasionally met with cases of throat disease accompanied by a membranous exudation, but lacking altogether the fatal tendency that has marked this epidemic visitation of the disease. The danger from the extension of the exudation into the windpipe has been referred to. This undoubtedly in some cases is the direct cause of death, but very many cases prove fatal in which there is no affection of the windpipe and no material obstruction to the respiration. Death has been supposed to result, in such cases, from the terribly depressing effect of the disease upon the nervous centres. Perhaps a large majority of the fatal cases have been of this character and until the interesting fact developed by a case that occurred in the family of Mr. Rodman Prichett of East Goshen, but little has been brought out to satisfy the minds of intelligent Physicians as to the precise cause of death in those cases in which the difficulty about the throat is insufficient to account for the result. In Mr. Prichett's family the disease first appeared in June last and at that time counted its two victims. Last week it again appeared and added two more to the list. In none of these did the exudation extend to the windpipe nor was there an amount of disease of the throat to explain the result. The attending Physicians finding themselves baffled in their efforts to arrest the fatal tendency, sought, in the last case, and readily obtained the privilege of making a post-mortem examination, which developed the fact that in the cavities of the heart there had been formed a mass of firm leathery consistency, and more or less firmly adherent to the lining of the cavities. Much the larger amount was found in the cavities of the right side of the heart, forming when rolled together a mass nearly an inch in diameter. The adhesions to the walls of the heart in some parts were so firm as to render it impossible to separate it without leaving particles still attached. It is true that a gelantinous mass is often found in the heart, formed by its contracting upon the coagulated fibrin of the blood, during the last moments of existence; but the leathery character of the mass removed and the firmness of the adhesion preclude such a theory of its formation. A more rational explanation is found in the altered condition of the fibrin of the blood which is the remarkable feature of the disease. The existence of such a mass would account, not only for the rapidly fatal termination, but also for the existence of an extremely feeble pulse in connection with a violent, tumultuous action of the heart as is so often observed in fatal cases of this disease. Should this condition be confirmed by subsequent examinations great practical good may result in directing the attention of Physicians to another source of danger than the local disease of the throat and lead them by early and decisive measures to counteract more successfully the blood-vice, upon which the disease depends. One other point may be worthy of notice as calculated to do away with unnecessary anxiety upon being brought in contact with cases of Diphtheria. It seems to be purely and simply an epidemic disease, dependant upon a cause or causes existent in the atmosphere, and that it will select localities and individuals that have most affinity for it, without reference to direct exposure to the disease."

REMARKABLE CASE OF A FAST WOMAN.—The Cleveland, Ohio, *Plaindealer* says, in that city, recently, a woman, still young, and in whose face traces of former beauty were still discoverable, was sent to the county jail for vagrancy. Five years ago she was a school teacher, in a small town in the State of Michigan. She was pretty, educated, and captivating in manners. But she had an uncontrolable passion for dress, and was one day detected in the act of stealing a costly silk from the counter of the village store. She was arrested, but under promise of leaving the village, never more to return, she was spared the pain and mortification of a public trial for larceny. She traveled West, and encountered a Southern planter somewhere on the route, who employed her as a governess in his family. She accompanied him to his home in the far South, where she succeeded in captivating him, causing his wife to sue for a divorce. After thoroughly ruining the planter, and scandalizing his friends, she eloped with a light mulatto, the most valuable servant in the planter's collection, and went to St. Louis. There, becoming sick of the mulatto, she sold him for $2000. She is next heard of as a manageress and leading actress of a strolling theatrical company in the interior of Missouri, playing star parts upon the stage, and 'doing' susceptible grain-merchants off. The St. Louis papers last spring contained numerous reports of her dashing swindles along the Missouri river. She ran a wild race in Chicago, and brought up in Bridewell, where she served out a short sentence for theft. She reached Cleveland in the course of time, hopelessly dissipated and shattered.

Pennsylvania made the first turnpike road in the United States, laid the first railroad, established the first water works, ran the first locomotive, established the first hospital, the first law school, the first public museum, the first hall of music, and the first library in the world open freely to all. Good for Pennsylvania!

A LITTLE ROMANCE ABOUT GARIBALDI.

The London *Athenæum* says that a bit of romance about Garibaldi may help to explain the hostility of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies to France, and that of the Emperor of the French toward the Liberator of Italy. The family of Garibaldi, like the family of Bonaparte, is Corsican; and the name of Pozzo di Borgo or of Louis Blanc is evidence with what fiery hate a Corsican may pursue his vendetta against that lucky race. The Dictator's grandfather, Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi, was one of those patriot Corsicans who gave the Crown to Count Von Fenhoff, crowned Theodore the First of Corsica, and being sent by the new king on a message to his mother, Madame Von Fenhoff, who lived at Peddench, near Ruggeberg, in the Mark Country, (now part of Westphalia,) Garibaldi fell in love with the king's sister, Catharine Amalie, and, with his sovereign's consent, married her. The registry of this marriage, we read in a Rhine paper, is still to be seen at Ruggeberg. In the same year, Garibaldi took Catharine home to Ajaccia; but fortune failing the patriots, Theodore fled before the Genoese to England, where he became the idol and butt of Walpole, who traduced his character, and wrote the inscription over his monument in St. Anne's church—bewailing the fortune which "bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread."

Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi fled from Corsica to Nice, where, after the French conquest and occupation of the island put an end to the last hopes of independence, he forgot politics and practiced as a physician. His grandson is the Dictator—the present Garibaldi. Meanwhile the offences of the Bonapartes against the Garibaldi's have grown in bulk and atrocity. Corsica has been made French. Nice has now been made French. The old country, the new country, are alike gone. More, the very last home of the hero is menaced. Caprera, the lonely green rock in the Straits of Bonifacio, which he has bought with his gains and peopled with his pigs and asses, belongs to the island of Sardinia, and must follow its path should a new "recovery" of territory to France take place.

Thus, the Bonapartes seem to chase the Garibaldis like an evil fate, leaving them no foot of earth on which the soles of their feet can rest in peace. Who can wonder at the Dictator's doubt, suspicion, and dislike. A romantic speculation may be allowed to close the record of these romantic facts. Theodore, King of Corsica, left no lawful son. An illegitimate son, known about London streets as Col. Frederick, a man of mark in his day, pistoled himself under one of the porches of Westminster Abbey. The title has been declared by the Corsican Parliament hereditary to Theodore's family, a near branch of which Dictator Garibaldi now represents. Thus, Garibaldi's title to the throne of Corsica is just as good as that of Louis Napoleon was a dozen years ago to the throne of France.

SECTIONAL.—Andrew Jackson of Tenn. was President, and John C. Calhoun of S. C., Vice President—both from the extreme Southern "section," and both slave holders—in 1828. Yet the Union endured. In 1836, Fillmore and the Northern Union-savers voted for Harrison of Ohio and Granger of N. Y. on the same ticket. And the Union "survived." Then, Frank Pierce of New Hampshire was President, and Jesse Bright of Indiana acting Vice President—both from Free States—in 1854. But the Union wasn't "split." In 1856, we offered them Fremont, away down at the South-West, and Dayton up at the Central North-East. But the Union-savers preferred a "sectional" ticket from Pennsylvania and Kentucky, central States almost adjoining each other. Now, the People choose a man from the farthest East, and one from the Central West—men much wider apart than Jackson and Calhoun, Harrison and Granger Harrison and Tyler, Buck. and Breck., or Pierce and Bright—and the split, divided, mauled, broke-up Democracy call it "sectional." Tut, men—you don't remember the facts of history, or you wilfully belie them!

The steamer Glasgow, with European dates of the 8th inst., reached New York on the 20th. Lord John Russell's dispatch on Italian affairs had caused much excitement and some ill-feeling among the diplomatic corps. About 15,000 Neapolitan troops, 4,000 horses, and 32 guns, had been pursued by the Sardinians into the Papal States, where they were disarmed by the Papal and French authorities. Francis II. had lost about 30,000 men in less than one week. There was a report that negotiations were not going on smoothly at Tientsin, in China. Chowfoo had been captured by the rebels, and Maypo and Ningpo were threatened. Private telegrams speak of the recommencement of hostilities.

It seems that the early French settlers and the Indians in Western Pennsylvania were acquainted with the natural oil or petroleum wells, which are now thought by many persons to be a new discovery. At Franklin, old oil vats have been discovered, with trees a century old growing in them. An old well, supposed to have been sunk for obtaining the oil, has also been discovered, with the remains of an Indian ladder in it. The early settlers used to place a dam on the creek, then take off the oil which floated on the surface, by absorption with blankets. This they used to sell in vials as a medicine for curing rheumatism.

LINCOLN AN INVENTOR.—We were shown at the U. S. Patent Office the model of a steamer combining buoyant air chambers with a steamboat or other vessel, for the purpose of enabling their draught of water to be readily lessened, that they might pass over bars or through shallow water without discharging their cargoes. This method of lifting vessels over shoals was invented by Abraham Lincoln, President elect, for which he received a patent, May 22, 1849.—*Washington Star.*

V. Barnes, a native of Eastern Virginia, and a resident of Harper's Ferry, writes to the Wheeling *Intelligencer* that, having avowed his design to vote for Lincoln, he was threatened with indignity and compelled for personal safety to leave that place before the election, and is not safe in returning. He is a Methodist. Such is the Terrorism that reduced the Lincoln vote in the South. If men dared vote in the Slave States as they wished to, the returns would indicate quite a different result.

A German journal speaks of a young authoress who has distinguished herself in the literary world. She is called the Baroness de Clokekrakerstocae Pickalkrenken.

COOKED VS. DRY CORN FOR HOGS.

The following valuable facts are from the *Valley Farmer*: Upon the question of "how much pork will a bushel of corn make?" Mr. Richard Thatcher, of Pennsylvania, gives, in the New York *Tribune*, the result of his feeding scalded or cooked corn meal, in several instances, to fattening hogs. The result of one trial gave sixteen and one-half pounds of pork for each bushel of fifty-six pounds of meal fed out. In another instance, seventeen and nearly one-half pounds were the gain from a bushel. The breed of hogs experimented upon was the "Chester" (county, Pa.,) white, which we regard as among the best breeds now in the country. We have recently seen accounts of several other experiments of feeding hogs in the same way, with similar results, while the same breed of hogs fed in the ordinary way, upon dry corn, in the ear, gave a return of but about one-third of the weight compared with those fed on the cooked meal.

The experiments of Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, as detailed in the December number of the *Valley Farmer*, for 1856, afford conclusive evidence of the advantages of feeding cooked over raw food. In the experiments on the same animals, it was proved that dry corn would afford a gain of about five and three-quarters to six and three-quarters pounds of pork to each bushel consumed, but when changed to food prepared by grinding and cooking, gave a return of from fifteen to nearly eighteen pounds of flesh for each bushel of corn fed out. These various experiments demonstrate facts worthy the consideration of farmers and others.

With care in breeding from a good stock of hogs, and with their proper management throughout, keeping the hogs constantly thriving, at least an average of fifteen pounds of flesh may be received from every bushel of corn consumed. A few well conducted experiments in feeding, with appropriate apparatus for preparing the food, compared with facts determining the amount of gain from the ordinary method of feeding, would settle the question and lead to valuable improvements in this most important interest to farmers generally.

BAD AIR AND INTEMPERANCE.—A London city missionary attributes much intemperance to the poisonous influence of bad air. He thinks that the atmosphere of the damp, ill-ventilated cellars to which the lowest classes are confined, induces a fierce craving for stimulants—an opinion which has much probability. When the vital forces are forcibly diminished or exhausted, nature braces against the depletion, and looks in every direction for the means of recovery. The missionary fortifies his opinion by the statement of numerous cases, in which persons who had been enabled to change their ill-accommodations for pleasant and healthy lodgings, deserted the gin-shops of their own accord. This is an excellent hint to moral reformers of every kind. The great secret is to begin the work of reform with their improvement. If a bad man is hungry, naked or homeless, the first step should be to feed, clothe, and comfort him, whereby, in a majority of cases, the way of his reformation will be greatly facilitated. This is especially true of the young to whom the discouragements of want and poverty are a certain means of depravation. The statement which has occasioned this paragraph goes farther, however, and touches the recondite, but very certainly established fact of the interdependence of moral and physical conditions—a subject of great importance, but little considered.

PARSON BROWNLOW, of the Knoxville, Tennessee, *Whig*, pitches into the Disunionists in the following refreshing style:

"UNION MEN, BE ON YOUR GUARD!—There are those all over the country, and in all of our towns and villages, who talk long and loud about the horrors of Lincoln's election, and taking advantage of the events which themselves and associates have hastened, call upon us all to unite—to let 'bygones be bygones'—and all act together as a united South. The object of these men is to get as many Union men to commit themselves to the cause of Secession as they can. Let them know, wherever they meet you, that, as law-abiding citizens, loyal to our blood-bought government, you will never consent to see our soil ravaged by the terrible strife which would result from Secession, and on the very threshold proclaim your determination to oppose all the mad schemes of Disunion and to stand by this Union of States! Tell these secret emissaries and street talkers that you admit the value of cotton as an article of commerce, but remind them in the next breath that Kentucky and Missouri hemp, as a necklace for traitors, is an article of still greater value for home consumption."

The Western People are so disgusted with those New York merchants who sought to create a financial panic at the close of the campaign, in order to defeat Lincoln, that they have determined to adopt the policy of non-intercourse with every New York merchant who entered into this treasonable conspiracy. Through one of their journals, (the Detroit *Advertiser*,) they call upon the Republican papers of New York to publish a list of the disunion merchants of that city.

A sporting gentleman in New Orleans, owning a horse, which, he asserted, could not be ridden by anybody but himself, Miss Ellen Dennison made the attempt; the horse plunged, ran away and brought up at his stable door; on again being brought out, after grooming, he ran away again, and on being secured, was again led to the stable; the lady having stuck to him throughout, mounted him the third time, and the horse became quiet as a lamb.

A NAIL IN THE BRAIN.—Geoffrey J. Levalle, who was shot in a fight with T. B. Kershaw, at Petersburg, Va., died on the 12th inst. The wound was inflicted on the 15th of October, and the pistol was charged with a horse shoe nail. The nail was found in his brain, where it has been for nearly a month.

At the late vote on annexation in Naples, a woman, who, from her heroism, has become famous, La Sangiovannara, claimed the right to vote, and voted. She is the leader of a large district in the City of Naples, and fought at Capua. Having borne arms she was adjudged to have gained the right of suffrage.

The Vermont Legislature has passed a law against prize fighting—principals, ten years imprisonment or $5,000 fine; aids, seconds or surgeons, five years imprisonment or $1,000 fine; and citizens of the State who attend a prize fight in other capacity, out of the State, to receive the same punishment.