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THE

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SPY AND HERO.

While Dean Stanley was in this country he visited, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field, the spot where Major Andre was hanged and buried, and the Dean seemed to be astonished because no monument marked the place. Thereupon Mr. Field offered to put up a suitable monument, and Dean Stanley promised to write the inscription. The publication of Mr. Field's formal offer has raised a storm of protests. Mr. Wm. E. Cable of Lexington avenue offers, in a card, to be one of a hundred to pull down Mr. Field's "votive stone;" and J. N. Rill of Lyme, Conn., has reminded Mr. Field that Nathan Hale, a Captain in the Revolutionary army, was captured near Huntington, L. I., while returning from a perilous and extremely important visit to a point within the British lines on Long Island and New York, and that no monument commemorates his sacrifice of life excepting one paid for by the women of his native town and a small grant from the State of Connecticut. This monument stands in the old cemetery in Hale's native town in South Coventry, Conn. To a great many others this purpose of Mr. Field has brought to mind that Hale has lain in a nameless and unknown grave since he was hanged in New York; and that Congress could never be persuaded to commemorate his services, and that, on the contrary, in 1821 the British Government appointed a commission to journey to America to remove the remains of Major Andre from the grave that was dug beneath the gallows under which he hanged, and subsequently reinterred them with royal honors in Westminster Abbey. No further than this cou'd royal favor go.

The late Henry J. Raymond once said that Hale furnished the most conspicuous example of patriotism that the history of the Revolution has left us. "The equal of Andre in talent, worth, and amiable manners, and his superior in that final test of character—the motive by which his acts were prompted and his life guided—he laid aside every consideration personal to himself, and entered upon a service of infinite hazard to life because Washington deemed it important to the sacred cause. Like Andre, he was found in a hostile camp; like him, though without a trial, he was adjudged a spy, condemned to death, and hanged." Mr. Raymond added—it was the occasion of dedicating the monument in Tarrytown, erected on the spot where Andre was captured—that while Andre's name and fate had been kindly remembered, we had left the body of Hale to sleep in an unknown tomb in his native soil, unhonored by any outward token.

In the summer of 1776 the battle of Long Island was fought, disastrously to the Americans, and a hasty retreat was beaten to Manhatten Island. It looked very black just then for the American cause. Men were sick and dying in appalling numbers. Desertions were rapidly thinning the army. The lack of food and the failure to receive pay were developing insubordination. Not more than fourteen thousand men were fit for duty, and these were scattered from the Battery to Kingsbridge.

Across East River, stretching from what is now Bay Ridge as far east as Greenpoint, with posts at Bedford, Bushwick, and Flushing, with great ships of war at anchor in New York Bay, was arrayed a British army of twenty-five thousand men, in grand fighting condition, whose special purpose had been announced to be to end forever the opposition of the rebels. Its commanding officer, Gen. Howe, was able and distinguished, and was flushed with the important victory he had gained on the crests, now the outskirts of Brooklyn.

Washington's anxiety was intense. It was a matter of infinite importance for him to know what Lord Howe would do. Did he propose to bring his army and navy down upon New York and attempt the city, then covering a comparatively small tract north of the Battery, or did he propose to cross from Long Island at Hell Gate and bear down upon the city, or by way of Blackwell's Island to Harlem, or would he try by an attempt above or below Kingsbridge to cut off the American army, or would he make a simultaneous attack by way of the North and East Rivers and surround Washington's forces? Washington felt that upon a correct anticipation of Howe's plans hung the fate of the American army. Washington had to decide whether New York should be held or evacuated; if New York was evacuated, whether he should also abandon Manhattan Island rather than stake the Revolution on a single battle, with a superior force bearing down upon his army by way of Kingsbridge. With the utmost effort Washington could get no inkling of Howe's plans. He determined, however, to evacuate the city, and did so, Gen. H[illegible] taking possession Sept. 15, 1776, [illegible] Washington beating that remarkable [illegible], by way [illegible] out to Harlem Heights, where the American army encamped.

To Washington there seemed only one way remaining of discovering Howe's plans, and that was for an intelligent soldier to pass the British lines, penetrate the enemy's camps on Long Island, make careful estimates of his force, and accurate plans of his defences and position. In short, he required the aid of an intelligent spy, and he so expressed himself to his board of officers. They acquiesced, and Colonel Knowlton was asked to find the man willing and competent to undertake the hazard? Knowlton invited competent officers of his own regiment to serve Washington and their country, but he urged in vain. He is described as turning "from a group of reluctant, half-resentful officers, fast yielding to the torture of disappointment," when there came a voice from among them with the painfully thrilling, yet cheering words, "I will do it!" and Capt. Nathan Hale, pale from the effects of a recent illness, stepped forth and volunteered for the dangerous, despised, yet in this case, vital duty of a spy.

His comrades are said to have recoiled at the prospect of the gifted and greatly esteemed young Captain's doing a duty they thought fit only for a sneak. His friends and fellow officers remonstrated. Capt. Hull, afterward a General, Hale's classmate at Yale, urged him to seek the sacrifice of himself for his country's good in the path of a soldier, not of a spy, and Hale answered Hull in these words:

"I think I owe my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the Commander of her armies, and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

Then Hale presented himself to Washington and received his instructions. The Commander-in-Chief wanted an estimate of the number of the enemy, how they were distributed, the place of their encampment, their concentration of batteries at particular points, but above all such hints of their plan of attack as it was possible to gather. Procuring a school-teacher's garb, Hale quit the camp at Harlem Heights, and made his way to Norwalk, Conn. Here he doffed his uniform, put on a brown suit and a brood-brimmed hat. Then he was taken by sloop across the Sound, and about two hours before day-break, he landed upon the point of Great Neck in Huntington Bay, which juts farther into the water. The spot was then called the Cedars, and is still known by that name. Hale passed the day and night with William Johnson at his farm near Huntington, and then plunged boldly into the enemy's country. Where he went, and how, what were his dangers and escapes, his devices, his information, and his "skill of imposture," there are no means of knowing.

He was gone about two weeks, and during that time had made his way from Huntington through the British lines, into all the encampments in and near Brooklyn, and then he crossed to New York. He must have passed the lines of the army twice, for he was captured while waiting for the boat that was to take him back to Connecticut on the Great Neck Point, upon which he landed two weeks before. After finishing his work in New York, he probably crossed to Brooklyn somewhere near South Ferry, and threaded his way back through the lines until he reached Huntington. Accounts differ regarding the discovery of his true character, but it has generally been believed that a Tory relative recognized him while he sat in Widow Chichester's tavern, in Huntington, waiting for his comrades' boat, and betrayed him to a British naval officer, whose vessel lay in Huntington Bay. Hale stood on the Great Neck Point, waiting for the boat that he expected, and at length saw one. He walked down to the water's edge, prepared to leap aboard, and when suddenly he saw a British officer jump up and order him to surrender. Several marines at once covered his body with their guns. He started up the bank. Again the officer shouted to him to surrender. Hale looked back over his shoulder and saw that escape was impossible. He turned and walked quietly to the rowboat, boarded it, and was taken aboard the ship Halifax. He was stripped and searched, and, as in Andre's case, there were found between the soles of his shoes detailed plans and memoranda. Further than this nothing has ever been known. Whether Hale was treated with the kindness that was extended to Andre after his capture is very doubtful. It is certain that he was not after he arrived in New York.

Hale reached New York on Saturday, Sept. 21, the day of the great fire that burned 400 buildings from Whitehall slip to Barclay street, where it was checked by the College Green. He was taken at once before Lord Howe, who was using the Beekman mansion, near Turtle Bay, for his headquarters. The present site is Fifty-first street and First avenue. Here lived James Beekman in luxury; but, a strong advocate of the Revolutionary cause, he gave up his elegant home when Lord Howe occupied New York, and took his family back into the country. Here the British officers received and entertained their guests, here Andre danced the night before he went up the Hudson to barter with Benedict Arnold, and here Hale, pinioned and guarded, was taken before Lord Howe. It is believed that Gen. Howe retired to a greenhouse just back of the mansion, and listened to the charges against the young Revolutionary Captain, and was shown the plans and data found in Hale's shoes. He denied nothing. He admitted that he was a Captain in Washington's army, said that he had been a spy and had been successful in his search for information, regretted that he was by his capture unable to serve his country, and then fearlessly awaited his sentence. He did not even demand a court-martial. In a few minutes he heard his sentence: "William Cunningham, Provost Marshall of the Royal Army in New York, is directed to receive into his custody the body of Nathan Hale, a Captain in the rebel army, convicted as a spy, and to see him hanged by the neck until dead to-morrow morning at daybreak."

Hale was at once taken in charge by the brutal Cunningham, who was afterward hanged after confessing that he had been accessory in several hundred murders, and who was responsible for the awful suffering of Federal prisoners in the old Sugar House prison, still standing in Rose street. It is believed that Cunningham took Hale to the Provost, a prison that stood where is now the Hall of Records. Beyond this, toward Broadway, and bordering on Chambers street, was a graveyard, which also served as a place for public executions. Hale is believed to have been confined in a cell, the little window of which looked out upon the Park and Centre street. Cunningham asked Hale as he put him into his cell for his name, age, size, and rank, and then read the death warrant to him. As he was leaving Hale asked that his arms might be unpinioned and that he might have writing materials and a light. Cunningham refused this with an oath. Then Hale asked that he might have a Bible. This, too, was denied him. Subsequently a young officer of Hale's guard interceded for him, and his arms were freed and a light, ink and paper and a Bible were given to him. Part of the night he passed in writing—one letter to his mother, another to his sister, and a third to his sweetheart. When Cunningham reached Hale's cell in the morning he found the Federal Captain and spy ready. It was just at daybreak. Hale handed the Provost Marshall the letters that he had written and asked as a dying favor that they be kept until they could be delivered. Cunningham read them insolently in Hale's presence, and then tore them up. When asked afterward why he did this, he said that "he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die with such firmness." Then he ordered Hale to make ready for the scaffold. His arms were pinioned, a coarse white gown trimmed with black was placed over his body, and a white cap put on his head. A rough board coffin was carried by attendants in front of him, a guard of soldiers were around him, and the negro executioner Richmond brought up the rear with the ladder and noose. Thus attended Hale walked to the gallows. It is probable that he walked from the prison to the cemetery, on the site of a part of which the new Court House stands. Then, while Capt. Hale was standing on the rounds of the ladder, with the noose about his neck, Cunningham addressed him, and scoffingly asked him to speak out his dying speech and confession. It is said that Hale just glanced, with a touch of contempt on his features, at Cunningham, and then turning to the others, he said quietly, but with an impressiveness that silenced the jibes of those who were there to joke, and melted some to tears: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

"Swing the rebel off," shouted the maddened Cunningham. In half an hour the body of the martyr was buried, probably in a grave dug beneath the gallows. The site was unmarked, and when the Revolutionary army re-entered New York there was no one who who could tell where Hale was sleeping. But the story of his heroic death, and of his memorable words under the gallows, speedily became known throughout the army. It inspired the men like a victory, and in after years until within a comparatively recent time, Hale's only monument has been the remembrance of him as the "Martyr Spy of the Revolution" and of his dying words.

Hale was just of age when he died. He was a native of Coventry, Conn., and born in 1755. Educated at Yale College, he was a teacher in New London, with the ultimate [illegible] of entering the ministry, when [illegible] news came from Boston of the [illegible] of Lexington. He was one of the [illegible] to enlist a few hours after this [illegible] received, and he encouraged [illegible] to enlist. "Let us march [illegible]," he is on record as saying, "[illegible] lay down our arms until we [illegible] our independence." The [illegible] the [illegible] London [illegible] the road to Boston. Some years ago an effort was made to induce Congress to make an appropriation for a monument to Hale's memory. It was unsuccessful. Then the women of his native town, Coventry, with the aid of a small sum granted by the State of Connecticut, collected money enough to erect a monument. It is a simple granite shaft forty feet high. It bears his name and the dates and places of birth and death and his dying words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

A CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.—The first schooner launched in this country was built at Cape Ann in 1714.

The first lime made in New England was burned in Newburry, Mass., by James Noyes.

The first cotton factory in the United States was established at Beverly, Mass., 1787. It continued in operation until 1802, and then stopped, ninety per cent. of the capital having been sunk in the enterprise.

The first cast-iron edifice erected in America was upon the corner of Centre and Duane streets, New York.

Samuel F. B. Morse, of telegraphic fame, studied painting in England, and was the first person to deliver a course of public lectures upon Art in America.

The first successful experiment of burning anthracite coal in an open grate was by Judge Jesse Fell, of Pennsylvania, February 11, 1808.

The tulip was first introduced into Europe by the celebrated botanist, Conrad Gesner, about the year 1559. Its beauty soon made it so much of a favorite, and there was so great a desire to possess it, that what is still known as the "tulip mania" sprang up in Holland. One plant was regarded as making its possessor rich, and was often given as a munificent marriage portion to the bride. More than two thousand dollars were given for a single plant—a great sum in that country and in those days.

Inflammable gas was first evolved from coal in 1736 to 1739. A use of the gas was first attempted at Cornwall in 1792. The first display of gas-lights was made at Boulton & Watt's foundry, at Birmingham, on the occasion of rejoicings for peace in England in 1802. Gas was permanently used at the cotton mills in Manchester, where one thousand burners were lighted in 1805. Gas-light was first introduced in London, August 16, 1807. Pall Mall was lighted in 1809; London generally in 1814. Gas was first introduced at Baltimore in 1821; at New York in 1823.

The first locomotives in the United States, says the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, were brought over from England by Horatio Allen, of New York, in the fall of 1829 or the spring of 1830, and one of them was set up on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, at Carbondale, Pa., but, being found too heavy for the track, its use was abandoned. The first locomotive constructed in this country was built by the West Point Foundry, at New York in 1830, for the South Carolina Railroad, and named the Phœnix. A second engine was built the same year by the same establishment for the same road, and named the West Point. In the spring of 1831 a third engine was built by the same establishment for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, from Albany to Schenectady, and called the De Witt Clinton. This was the first locomotive run in the State of New York. This engine was put on the road by David Mathews. The first Stephenson locomotive ever imported into this country was the Robert Fulton. This engine was brought out in the summer of 1831 for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. It was subsequently rebuilt and named the John Bull.

SOME INTERESTING DATES.—Dates are generally dry reading, but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates, and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events, all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century.

Postoffices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530; the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590—these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a sing'e century.

Facts in the Cobb-Bishop Case.

The notorious poison case, implicating Kate M. Cobb, of Norwich, Connecticut, in the murder of her husband, and Westley W. Bishop as her accomplice in that crime and principal in the poisoning of his wife, is now in progress in the Superior Court of New [illegible] State.

In the preliminary trial of the accused persons in the City Court of Norwich in July last Judge Kellogg supported the indictment of the Grand Jury, and bound them over for trial at the November term of the Superior Court. The case was called at the opening of the court on Nov. 13, but was postponed until Dec. 31, in order to allow counsel for the defence more time for preparation, and because Dr. Paddock, an important witness, would not return until then from a tour in Europe.

Public opinion, that had lost none of its bitter animosity in the lapse of time, sharply criticised this delay of justice, arguing, perhaps more or less correctly, that it was simply a device of counsel to put off the day as long as possible, in the hope that Bishop, who has long been in failing health, might quietly die in jail of consumption. But Bishop's life, apparently, does not hang by so fragile a thread as Mrs. Cobb's lawyers imagined.

After his confessions Bishop regained his courage; he felt that he had satisfied his conscience, and had fully expiated his offence. Strangely enough, a religious peace and joy entered his heart, and to all his visitors he expressed great satisfaction with the world and his fellow men, telling them with much fervor and spiritual unction that he had found peace and favor with God. His assumed spiritual experiences have operated well on his physical condition and the hope of the lawyers that he would not live to meet his trial is dissipated. Bishop is sufficiently healthy to live for years, and Mrs. Cobb was never in better health, having gained thirty pounds in weight since her incarceration in jail.

For many years the families of Cobb and Bishop lived in pleasant cottages on the west side of the city in the same neighborhood, and on terms of the most trustful intimacy. The two men fought side by side in the rebellion, returned home after the war with honorable records, were members of the Grand Army brotherhood, held influential positions in the same Masonic society, and were in every respect apparently as devoted to each other as brothers. Between their wives there seemed to exist the same tender and loving attachment.

Notwithstanding the seemingly affectionate relations of the families, the tongue of gossip found food in dark suspicions and insinuations. It was whispered that Bishop, who drove the market wagon of Charles Hulburt, tarried longer in the house of Kate Cobb when her husband was away at his work than was necessary in the delivery of her groceries. It was noticed, too, that when the two families walked to the same church on a Sunday morning, Bishop always went by the side of Kate, and her husband followed with the children, and that when they took seats in the pew Kate sat by the side of Westly, and looked over the same hymn book when they sang. She was often seen at the store in which Bishop was a clerk, and he frequently escorted her home, unaccompanied by her husband, at late hours of the night. A "wife's infidelity" and a "husband's blind credulity" were the topice that were most discussed in the homes of west side neighbors. The general rumors were borne to the ears of Cobb, but he laughed at them, and trusted his wife and his friend with unaffected faith.

On the 4th of February of this year, Mrs. Westly W. Bishop accompanied Mrs. Cobb in an afternoon sleigh ride. They had a spirited horse and a dashing cutter, and as they sped up and down the avenues of the city their cheery voices and smiling faces were noted by many. They returned home in the early evening, and a few hours later Mrs. Bishop was seized with violent strictures, convulsions, and benumbing sensations. A physician, Dr. Bailey, was summoned, who administered ineffectual remedies. He studied the case anxiously and carefully that night and on the succeeding days, but admitted that he was unable to ascribe the symptoms to any disease with which he was acquainted. Mrs. Bishop lay hour after hour in her darkened bedroom, now shaken by terrible spasms, and again sinking into deathlike stupors, with palid face and motionless form.—Occasionally her husband, stealing a moment from his business, stood at her bedside administering medicines, and sometimes it was the face of Mrs. Cobb that the dying woman saw bending over her pillow. No one else entered the chamber. It is hinted by those most intimately associated with the case, that in the coming trial the veil that hangs over the deathbed of Mrs Bishop will be lifted, and a picture of a dying wife's suspicion and discovery of a crime that came too late to be availing will be disclosed.

Mrs. Bishop died on Thursday noon, Feb. 7. 1878. She was buried a few days thereafter. The neighborhood was agitated with gossip for several weeks, but, as it assumed no definite shape, the discussion of the case gradually died out. A short time after the body of Mrs. Bishop had been buried, a grand mourning meeting of Victoria Lodge of Good Templars, of which both the Bishop and Cobb families were members, was held. Tears and resolutions of sorrow and respect were sown in equal quantities to the memory of the "dear deceased sister." Tears were also shed over the bowed head of the heart-broken Bishop and that of Kate Cobb, who mourned the irreparable loss of "her dearest friend." Then Mrs. Cobb advanced silently, in her heavy mourning attire, to the front of the platform, and read, in pathetic tones, touching poetry about her dead friend. The last lines were:- "She is not dead, she is not dead. She lives within my heart."

Then the meeting was adjourned, and Bishop went back to his grocery, and Kate to her home. A few days afterward the inconsolable Bishop was lovingly gazing down upon the brown hair of Kate's bended head as she pinned a rosebud into the lapel of his coat.—His visits to her home, ostensibly to deliver goods, grew daily more frequent and of longer duration.

A few days before the sickness of Mrs. Bishop, Charlie Cobb was taken with severe constrictions and vomiting. He spedily recovered, and thinking that the attack had been caused by his usual spring billiousness he bought cathartic bitters and began to take them. The bitters did not produce the usual effect. The more he took of them the more unpleasant his sensations become, and he at length threw the medicine away. On the last of February, Cobb was attacked by the strange constrictions, dizziness, and vomiting that overpowered him the first of the month. He consulted the best medical skill, but it was powerless to remove his trouble entirely. He was doctored for all manner of diseases but chiefly for led poisoning, his symptoms indicating that ailment. On the 1st of April he had another severe attack, similar to the preceding one, and at different intervals these attacks continued through the month of May. Medical prescriptions afforded him slight and only temporary relief. At this time his form had become worn to a shadow, his eyesight failed, he shuffled around his house and garden with uncertain, tottering steps, his hair fell out, and his beard dropped from his face. He was evidently on the verge of the grave.

The 7th of June was a lovely summer day. Tempted by the serene weather and freshly inspired by the balmy and invigorating breeze, Cobb walked briskly in his garden in the morning sunlight. At about noon he entered his house, and said in a cheery tone to his wife: "I am feeling much better to-day: in fact I haven't felt so well in a long time."

At dinner he ate with a greater relish than usual, and indulged in cheerful conversation with Kate. At the close of the meal she handed him a cup of tea, a portion of which he drank. He put the cup down and said:—"Oh, I feel so strangely all over. I'm burning up inside." He reeled and, fell into the arms of his wife, who bore him to a sofa. His face worked in a momentary spasm of pain, then his form straightened and stiffened, and he lay dead. His last unsuspecting words to his wife were: "Don't be alarmed, Kate; it's nothing."

The subsequent developments is this story of double crime followed rapidly. The suspicions of Mr. Cobb, Sr., that his son had been murdered by poisoning; the enforced autopsy; the chemical analysis that revealed arsenical poison enough in Cobb's remains to destroy the lives of a dozen men; the arrest of Bishop and Mrs. Cobb, and their commitment to jail; the disinterment of the remains of Mrs. Bishop; the discovery of deadly doses of a similar poison in her system; the indictment by the Grand Jury; the preliminary trial of Bishop in the City Court, and the binding of him over to the Superior Court: the binding over of Mrs. Cobb, who waived examination, to the same Court.

After Bishop quitted the court room for his cell in the county jail, the feverish excitement that had buoyed him up and given to his mind an unnatural vigor and strength, to his demeanor an unwonted defiance and air of imperturbable calm self-reliance, completely deserted him. A settled expression of dejection and despair clouded his face, and his weak nature, robbed of the support that had upheld him in the commission of his crime, utterly broke down in the gloom and solitude of the jail corridor. To add to his discomfiture his pious relatives turned a torrent of religions exhortation upon him. He was a Methodist. They shouted camp meeting tunes, calling him to repentance, nightly in his ear. They prayed with him, bidding him to soften his heart, confess, and thereby escape damnation. The result was a natural one. He surrendered with none of the honors of war. He gathered a few, all that would go, of his Masonic friends in the jail corridor one night, borrowed a paper of chewing tobacco, and as he tessellated the stone floor with tobacco juice told, in a horribly cool way, his story of crime.

The confession fell like a thunderbolt in the community. All the animosity that had ever been cherished against Bishop was revived with double vehemence, and mingled in the tide of bitterness was an added element of disgust and contempt. A strange sort of compassion and sympathy toward Mrs. Cobb was also excited by the confession. It was a pity that a woman, who had given such conclusive proof of a strong and mastering intellect, if she must set out on a career of crime, should call to her side and assistance such a weak fellow as Bishop, who had now clearly proven himself a miserable coward as well as a villain. This was what the people said. His lawyers said that Bishop was a fool, and at once threw up the case.

Mrs. Cobb maintained at the time of the confession, and her assertion has not since been altered, that the story was a cold-blooded and deliberate lie. Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and her tone was hard and cold, but incisively fierce. She was terribly enraged, and for a moment she lost her strong self-poise.

"I love Westley Bishop!" she cried in a voice half stifled with contempt; "why, I had a husband that was better than he!"

Notwithstanding the apparent contradiction, this single contemptuous expression throws a flood of light on the nature of the infatuation that bound the two criminals together. Mrs. Cobb was strong, energetic, and masculine; Bishop was weak, indolent, easily influenced, and womanish. Mrs. Cobb thoroughly disliked her husband; "the very sight of him" was offensive to her, as she once said to Bishop. She loved to rule, dictate, domineer. She looked around her. Westley Bishop was just the man for her to operate with, to twist, to turn, to humble, or to exalt, as her fancy dictated. He was exactly capacitated, by the elements of his plastic nature, by the circumstances of his business habits, for the position of the puppet she desired. The only mistake was that, like many another woman, she fell in love, if the theatrical and unnatural passion she cherished may be called that affection, with the plaything that amused her. The moment that Bishop became necessary to her happiness, and circumstances show that he did so become, that woman sealed the doom of her husband.

The confession of Bishop is interesting as a psychological study. It bears in almost every leaf the imprint of truth in that it portrays in every apparently trifling light and shade the true and accepted characters of the principals in the tragedy. Perhaps it has not a parallel in criminal history in exemplifying the terrible strength of the unnatural passion that a strong, unscrupulous woman may conceive for a weak and pliable man.

After the drama had been brought to its inevitable conclusion, the hated obstacle removed, the ambition attained, the dreaded disclosure made, the crime traced to its authors, and themselves thrown into prison and walled out from each other's society, it is more than probable than the infatuation that bound each to each began to decay if it did not perish at once. They had no longer a use for each other, nothing now stood in the way of their unnatural passion, and the passion died in the accomplishment of the object for which they worked.

This conception will certainly explain the light and unfeeling manner in which Bishop speaks and has spoken since his commitment to jail, of his late paramour and the lofty contempt with which Mrs. Cobb looks upon Bishop.

The coming trial is looked forward to with steadily deepening interest. More than 100 persons have been summoned as a special panel from which to select a jury for the trial of the case.

COLORED CONGRESSMEN.—Republican papers have been shrieking themselves hoarse over the fact that there are no negro representatives in Congress from the South. Neither are there any from the North. New York Republicans could have sent half a dozen negroes to Congress, if they had chosen; Pennsylvania could have sent a dozen, and Massachusetts could have been represented by negroes solely at Washington, if she had desired it. But while they are demanding that the South should send negroes to Congress, they are very careful not to send any themselves. In point of fact the country has yet to hear of the first instance where a negro has been elected to any office, great or small, in the North; and it cannot be forgotten that a few months ago white men in New York State refused to serve on the same jury with negroes. In view of these facts, it would be in better taste for Northern journals to say nothing more on this subject.

TATTLERS.—Every community is cursed by the the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business but their own. Such people are the meanest specimens of depraved humanity which an All-wise Providence permits to exist on this earth. It is well known that almost every person is disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt. Tattlers are confined to no particular class of society. They belong to all classes and operate in all. We find them among the rich and the poor—"upper ten" and "lower million"—in the church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well-informed in regard to other people's private business, to retail scandal to their neighbors, and exult in fiendish triumph over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims.

The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.