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BEAVER ARGUS.

M. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor.

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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

LONG AGO.

BY H. BROWNELL.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking of the Past and Gone,
While the clock with drowsy anger
Marks how slow the minutes linger,
And the embers limly burning
Tell of life to dust returning;
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Comes the Ghost of Long Ago.

One by one I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more:
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words whose music linger yet,
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair,
Gentle sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance, eyes,
Brighter, bluer than the skies,
Odors breathed from Paradise,

And the gentle shadows glide,
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long and gloomy day,
All forgotten fades away.

Thus, when I sit, all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, soft and low,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Services had commenced in the neat little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the psalm and scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently on him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus enchained the attention not only of the true, but false worshipers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air, which the midsummer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling upon his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to; and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—ay, and how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent Mr. D——— sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no tho'ts or eyes for anybody else but the widow, and widow E———'s young, genteel and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could wear anything but mourning?—and, in spite of these protestations hadn't she come out all at once dressed in white and walked into the church in broad day light, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman.

Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and on the last two how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist with an open corsage, displaying the elaborately wrought *chemisette*. Drapery trimmed sleeves, trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat, with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style. Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of 'satin finish,' and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly at the fair creature beside him?

Yes he did so, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E——— had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on a bridal attire, and was going to be married in church.—Who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The Choir sang, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony took place.

To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced widow E——— and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautiful soft coat sleeve as they passed on.

What a morning that was in Fairmount. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains, not only of gossiping ladies, but of sober, matter of fact ones. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was something now under the sun; a lady had a beau and nobody knew it.

Oh, widow E———, didn't your ears burn all that day? We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. D——— preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliments to him though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody was again disappointed, and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. One subject alone occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed, too, as though the widow tried to make as much talk as she could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

Look out, widow! your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a calling with her beau, and the next with him rambled off to the mountains, and the next day with him in a carriage to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

'What in broad daylight?' exclaimed grandma W———. 'Well, if I ever heard or saw the like on't.'

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grand-child, wondered to herself whether it really was any worse in broad day-light than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too. We do, at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home.

And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assemblage was over. There was but one topic; but that was all-sufficient, all engrossing—the widow's beau—for he must be her beau, or ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

'Good afternoon, ladies,' said she, in her usual quiet way. 'I am glad to see such a large and happy gathering. It's a beautiful day for our meeting.'

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patch work, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed quilt.—She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she heard what they were saying when she came in—but her placid countenance satisfied the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack. Old Granma W——— was the first one to commence, she meant to 'do up matters very delicately and in so roundabout way, that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity.' So she began by praising Mrs. E———'s dress.

'Why, it is really so beautiful. Where did you get it?'

'I bought it,' was the quick reply.

'Here?'

'No.'

'Where then?'

'In New-York, last spring.'

'Oh, you did, did you? But I thought you were never going to wear anything but black again!'

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual as she answered—

'I did say so once, but I have finally changed my mind.'

'You have; ha; what made you?'

'Oh, I have good reasons.'

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and blinked and looked very expressively at each other.

'But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress on Sunday night, wearing it up to the burying ground?'

'I did not wear it.'

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was determined to do it, too, when, unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. E———'s dress had hung up in her ward robe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She intended and would find out all about that beau before she went home, that she would. So she began by saying:—

'Your company went away this morning, didn't they?'

'They did,' was the reply.

'He didn't stay very long, did he?'

'Not so long as I wished he had,' was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

'When did he come?'

'Saturday evening.'

'Was you looking for him?'

'I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more.'

'Why du tell, if you had then, and you never told on't, neither. Had he any business in the place?'

'He had.'

'What was it?'

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:

'I didn't mean that—I—I—I—I only thought.'

'Oh, I'd as lief you know as not. He came to see me.'

'Oh, widow E———, how did your good name go down, then! Be careful what you say or you will only have a remnant of character to go home with—and remnants go very cheap.

'He did, did he? and he didn't come for anything else then? But was you glad to see him?'

'Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence.'

'Well, well,' said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question: 'well—well, he is a real good looking man any way.'

'I think so, too; and he is not only good looking, but he is good-hearted—one of the best men I ever knew.'

'You don't say so! But is he rich?'

'Worth a thousand or so,' said the lady carelessly.

'Why du tell if he is! Why you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?'

'Henry Macon.'

'Macon—Macon! Why that was your name before you were married!'

'It was.'

'Then he is a connection, is he?'

'He is.'

'Du tell if he is, then. Not a cousin, I hope; never did think much of marriages between cousins.'

'Henry is not my cousin.'

'He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he? do tell, now.'

'He is my youngest brother.'

If ever there was rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the latter been done, the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. E——— and the minister, who unobserved, had stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps (mind you, we only say perhaps,) they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the Widow's Beau.

No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, greater or purer than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his care as he winds around the long narrow street, and beholds the soft light illuminate his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and wailing cry at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harrassed, perplexed and persecuted. He has borne with him many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to energy so desperate that his frame and spirit are weakened and depressed, and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain-beat caused by too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat is thrown off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear; like a winged angel, it flies right into his bosom, and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquetish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why! he forgets all the trials of that long day, as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household. Christianity—oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy, that sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

THE AREA OF UTAH.—It may be a matter of some interest to our readers to know something of comparative extent of that territory of the United States, whose chief officer is bidding defiance to our government. According to Colton, the area of Utah is 268,170 square miles. To engineers, and a few others, this will give a just idea of its vast extent, but the majority of the people will form a better estimate by being told that it is as large as the whole of the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee. Or to compare it with European countries, it is equal in extent to Great Bitain and Ireland, Switzerland, Prussia and Denmark, with the Islands of Guernsey, Jersey and Man, and the Ionian islands added.

COOL IMPUDENCE.—The Editor of a Western paper owes a bank about $1;000, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper:—"There is a large and rare collection of the autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe keeping in the Cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a note in the hand writing of the autographist. We learn that they have cost the Bank a great deal of money. They paid over a thousand dollars for ours. We hope great care is taken to preserve these capital and interesting relics, as, should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be easily collected again. Should the Bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times."

REMINISCENCES.

The following extract of a letter from the Hon. J. R. Giddings, to the editor of the Ashtabula Sentinel, will be read with peculiar interest:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1857.

'This is the last session to be held in the old Hall of Representatives. To-morrow we occupy the new building, and this will be appropriated to other purposes. I look around upon its majestic columns, its lighted dome, its spacious gallories, its faded tapestry, its gray walls, with emotions of sadness. They have long been familiar to my view. I have become attached to them. They seem to be companions of my better days. I look at the figure of the recording angel, as he sits upon the clock of time, with pen recording those passing events which will long live in history, after we shall have passed from our present state of existence. They will tell for good or for evil on coming generations. There, high elevated above the Speaker's chair, stand the Genius of America, holding forth that scroll which contains our past history, of which members take so little notice. He and the recording angel look down upon us with countenance cheered with hope for the future, rather than with satisfaction and with regard to the present.

'The Speaker's seat, the Clerk's table, the mace, the old armed chairs, the writing desks, are dear to me. They have for twenty years been my companions. With them I have spent the best, the most active part of my life, and am now pained at the separation.

'Here I have spent sleepless nights and anxious days. I well recollect the time when, for thirty-one consecutive hours, 'the Old Man Eloquent' maintained his seat, now near me, during one of those conflicts which often marked that period of our history. He has long since passed from those scenes, to the peaceful climes of the spirit land. Yet, methinks I see his venerable form, with his pen in his hand, watching transpiring events, as in days of yore.—He was the connecting link between the revolutionary and the present age.

'With thrilling emotions I call to mind the period when he was arraigned by the slave power before the House, for presenting the respectful petition of his constituents. I now see him in memory, as he stood at the time of his celebrated reply to Marshall on that memorable occasion.—His aged form seemed to rise with his subject; his language became impassioned, and his invectives more and more terrible, until many cheeks were bathed in tears.—Reporters laid aside their pens; the vast galleries seemed filled with inanimate beings, bent forward in the attitude of endeavoring to catch each syllable that fell from his lips. A friend now occupies the seat at which he then stood—the seat at which he sat when the angel of death kindly summoned him to happier realms. I helped to bear his lifeless form from the hall. We placed him in the Speaker's room, where he bade adieu to 'the last of earth.'

'Several political generations have appeared in this legislative temple since I first took my seat, made their obeisance to mankind, pronounced a few words, and then disappeared. Many have gone before me to the unknown land. Some have climbed to higher honors, and some have disappeared in the mass of human beings who throng the earth.

'What scenes I have witnessed within these walls! It were perhaps well to draw the veil of obscurity over them. There Garland and Bynum fought. On my left, near the door, White and Rathbun came into conflict. Opposite to where I sit, Haralson and Johnson exchanged blows. But time would fail me, were I to describe the re-enactments of Wise, and Stanly, and Bell, and others, who figured in those unworthy affrays. The flourishing of canes, the show of bowie-knives, and cocking of pistols, with the apparent purpose of assassination, all rush upon the recollection as I call to mind those scenes which marked the early history of the cause of Freedom.

'Here, too, I have witnessed the highest manifestations of patriotism. I have been enraptured with the most sublime eloquence, and have laughed to perfect exhaustion under the facetious powers of Corwin, Starkweather, and others. But here comes the message from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Bell, of New Hampshire. Another friend is gone. He was my junior in years and in service here. Hon. Mason W. Tappan has risen to pronounce an eulogy upon the deceased. In a few moments we shall resolve to go into mourning for my deceased friend. As I place the sad emblem upon my arm, departed scenes and departed friends must occupy my thoughts.'

A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.—A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over. She can go forth into the streets, without being invited to treat at every coffee house. She can paint her face if it is too pale, and flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed. She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins' if too thin. She can eat, drink and be merry, without its costing her a cent. She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better. And she can get in debt all over, until he warns the public, by advertisement, to trust her no longer.

☞ A hard-shell preacher speaking of Daniel in the den of lions, says: 'He must have been a 'dead-head,' for there he sot all night, lookin' at the show for nothin'. It did'nt cost him a cent.'

ANECDOTE OF TRISTAM BURGESS.

Oliver H. Smith, of Indiana, in one of his Reminiscences, published in the Indianapolis Journal, tells the following story:

During the debate in Congress on the tariff, in 1828, an amendment was offered to increase the duty on molasses ten cents per gallon, being an increase of a hundred per cent., ad valorem. Its object was to choke off the northern members, and indirectly to kill the bill. The moment the amendment was announced, by the chairman, in committee of the whole, Mr. Burgess, of R. I., arose and implored the mover to withdraw it. He showed its effects upon the trade between the eastern States and the adjacent islands, in timber and the return cargoes of molasses, which was the daily food of the poor. His speech was short and to the point. As he took his seat, Henry Daniel, of Kentucky, sprang to his feet and roared out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Speaker, let the constituents of the gentleman from Rhode Island sop their bread on one side in molasses, and they will pay the same duties they do now.' Mr. Bartlett, of New Hampshire, remarked to me: "Now look out for Tristam, Harry will catch it." Mr. Burgess arose with fire beaming from his countenance, and addressed the chair. "The relief proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky is but adding insult to injury. Does not that gentleman know that established habits become second nature, and that all laws are cruel and oppressive that strike at the innocent habits of the people? To illustrate, what would they think of me if I should offer an amendment that neither himself nor his constituents shall hereafter have more than a pint of whiskey for breakfast instead of a quart? Does he not know that the disposition of all animals partakes, in a greater or less degree, of the food on which they are fed? The horse is noble, kind and graceful; he is fed on grain and grass. The bear (looking at Daniel, who was a heavy, short man, dressed in a blue coat, with a velvet collar) will eat hog and raw hominy. You can domesticate him, dress him in a blue coat with a velvet collar, learn him to stand erect, and to imitate the human voice as some showman have done, but examine him closely, sir, (looking at Daniel some seconds,) you will discover he is the bear still. The gentleman told us, in a speech some days ago, that his district produced large numbers of jackasses, hogs and mules. No stronger proof of the truth of his statement can be given than a look at its representative.'

Daniel wilted under the sarcasm, and few members afterwards felt disposed to arouse the eminent son of Rhode Island.

Birth-Place of Daniel Webster.

If nobler sentiments than the following, (says the New York Mirror,) which were uttered by Daniel Webster, ever fell from human lips, we have yet to see them.—They are indeed pearls of the rarest value, which should be cherished in every heart of hearts by every one.

"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make distinguished origin either a matter of personal honor or personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It happened to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlement on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generation before them.

I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war; shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind."

A GOOD IDEA.—The Metropolitan police of New York have added one valuable feature to their duties. Wherever it comes to the knowledge of the Superintendent (as it is pretty sure to do through some of his secret aids) that a new counterfeit is to be sprung upon the public, word is at once sent to every member of the department, and he then warns every shopkeeper within his beat, giving them the name of the Bank, &c., and thus putting them on their guard. In this manner several extensive arrangements for putting counterfeits into circulation have been "nipped in the bud."

A FOG IN PARIS.—Between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the 19th ult., a dense fog covered the streets of Paris. The darkness was so complete that a pedestrian could not distinguish an object at a short distance from him. In some streets it became impossible for coachmen to continue their course. In others, coachmen were obliged to descend from their seats and lead their horses, calling out at the same time to avoid a collision with others. The authorities commanded that policemen should be placed at short distances from each other, holding lighted torches.

☞ A factory proprietor pasted up the following notice:—"I will admit no sogars, or good-looking men within these walls.—One sets a flame among the cotton, and the other among the gals.'

FROM ENGLAND.

By the Arrival of the Africa we have three days later intelligence from Europe. Apart from the details of the news, our English files contain several features, a glance at the spirit of which will be found interesting.

As is natural, the English press rejoices over the relief of Lucknow. The Indian Mutiny is virtually ended, the soldiers of Great Britain are covered with glory, and Great Britain's rule will doubtless soon be more firmly established than ever in those possessions which a short time since seemed in some danger of passing from her grasp. Great Britain has reason to be proud of her victorious arms; has reason to shout aloud for joy; for in this warfare her brave men have contended against fearful odds, and against a savage enemy, whose desperation and ferocity have no parallel. From all parts of the civilized world Great Britain will find her rejoicing answered, and laurels awarded to her military prowess. But she raises the shout of joy through blinding tears. Other graves besides those of the brave soldier falling in battle has the cruelty of the Sepoy made graves for the living as well as the dead.—Touchingly the London News brings a fearful phase of this Indian Mutiny before the reader. Says the news: "It is understood on unquestionable authority, that there are several ladies now in Calcutta who have undergone such unspeakable degradation that they obstinately refuse to give their names, preferring that their relations in England should suppose them dead.'

And on these words, the News founds an earnest entreaty to the sufferers to come home. It says that it would change the word 'degradation' into "courage,' for it is not in the power of man or devil to degrade the innocent. "When we tell them,' says the News, "that there is no one here who does not regard them with cordial respect—with a reverence which almost absorbs comparison; when we tell them that, all unknown as they are, we pass sleepless nights on their account that tears fall and prayers go up for them through the silent night—surely they will not refuse to come home.' Can there be a more awful phase of war than this which renders such an appeal necessary?—*N. Y. Cour. & Eng.*

A Relic of Indian Times.

Upon the farm of Gideon P. Hathaway, in the southerly part of Freetown, Mass., there is a deep hollow, surrounded upon all sides by hills, which have been in turns planted and pastured for at least one hundred and fifty years. Quite recently it occurred to the mind of the owner that this hollow, receiving the constant washings of the surrounding hills for a century and a half, must be rich in vegetable deposits. He accordingly commenced the removal of the soil, which consisted of a dark-colored vegetable mould, deepening on all sides as it approached the centre, when it was six or eight feet thick. He had not proceeded far ere he began to discover, firmly imbedded in what had originally been the bottom of the hollow, large flat stopping stones, leading towards the center, where he found a living spring of excellent water, walled up with large, flat stones set up edgewise. Near the spring lay a stone pestle, two feet in length, such as was commonly used by the Indians in pounding their parched corn preparatory to making the Indian meal cake. From the pains taken to make the spring convenient of access we are led to conclude that this must have been a spot frequently resorted to by the Aborigines; and here for centuries probably, they, when wearied, were wont to stop and take a cooling draught of nature's healthy beverage, long before the white man's axe was heard in their forests or the curse of his fire-water had been felt in their iron constitutions. That this was not the work of white men we conclude from the fact that the land was in the possession of Mr. Hathaway's great-grand-father and the residence of his father, now living, eighty years ago, and that the oldest inhabitant had no knowledge of nor heard from tradition of the existence of this spring.

"LET GEORGIA HOWL.'—Mr. President Buchanan wrote a letter to the Hon. Robert J. Walker, when the latter, in his capacity as Governor of Kansas, was encamped before the rebellious city of Lawrence during the isothermal war, giving him moral aid and comfort, to the extent of six pages of White House note paper, saying among other things, "Let Georgia, Alabama and Mississipi howl, I and my administration will sustain you, and we will stand or fall together on it.' It is Mr. Buchanan's turn to howl now.

THEY have a queer way of paying taxes out in Kentucky. The Frankfort correspondent of the Louisville Journal says:—"A member from one of the mountain counties has obtained leave to introduce a bill to increase the premium on red and gray fox scalps. This is understood to be a measure of relief to certain tax payers in the mountain regions who pay their taxes in scalps."

VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.—The Queen's children are rapidly growing up. The Princess Royal, who is about to be married is now aged 17; the Prince of Wales is 16; the Princess Alice, whose hand is to be demanded in marriage by the Prince of Orange, is 14; and the Prince Alfred, whose residence at Alverbank his mamma graciously visited, is 13. Beside these four eldest the family includes Helena, 11; Louisa, 9; Arthur, 7; and Lopold, 4.

☞ One may have a bad opinion of him who has no good opinion of any one.

☞ Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

LAST LETTER FROM LUCKNOW.

Our readers will remember that since Lucknow was relieved by Gen. Havelock, the Sepoy force from 50,000 to 70,000 strong, had again surrounded the Residency, and, at later dates, were threatening the gallant Havelock and his little army with destruction. Sir Collin Campbell, at the head of 10,000 men, was, however quickly advancing to the rescue.

The following, as the very latest communication received from any of the besieged, in Lucknow, possesses peculiar interest.—It is written by Lititenant Moorsom, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster to Sir Henry Havelock's force, and is dated Oct. 27-1857. It was brought on a small scrap of paper by a cossid from Lucknow to Cawnpore, and thence forwarded to its destination. It reads as follows:

Lucknow, Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1857.

My Dearest Mother:—All right, physically and mentally, brain, body and limbs, to date. We relieved Lucknow from its instant peril, and are now ourselves occupying a more extended position in the town blockaded with the garrison. Write to Inglis', Gubbins', and Couper's people if possible, to say that they and theirs are all well. We have grub abundant, amunition, good quarters, plenty of fighting men, stout hearts, and our God on our side; on the other, our enemy numerous, but cowardly with a scarcity of iron and lead for guns.—Had we not many women and children, and wounded, we could walk out of the town at any moment.

As it is, we can hold our own, and steadily make small advances, until reinforcements arrive. I tried once before to ease your anxieties by writing, but the messenger was compelled to throw away his dispatches before falling into the hands of the enemy.

This goes through the beleaguering host; so you will I hope, see the necessity for my writing no more fully. Mother mine, don't doom me 'down among the dead men' until you hear it on the best authority; and with very dearest love to all, believe me, your truly affectionate son,

W. R. MOORSOM.

Horse Infuriated by Blood

Recently we mentioned the trampling of a man to death in New England, by a horse which had been maddened by the sight of blood. The Doylestown (Pa.) *Intelligencer* has an instance of the excitement of a horse from the same cause:

'On Saturday week, a serious accident occurred on the farm of S. B. & J. B. Larzelere, in Abington. They had been killing hogs on that day, and, after the job was completed, a person in their employ, with his bloody clothes on, went into the stable by the side of a team horse to remove the harness. While unloosing the hame string the horse became frantic at the sight or smell of the blood, pawed him down, broke his ribs, and it was with great difficulty that those who came to the rescue could get him over the manger into the entry and out of danger. The noble animal, although of uncommonly docile disposition generally, kicked himself clean out of the harness, and knocked the strong board partition between the stalls into fine kindling wood. On the following morning the horse had not entirely recovered from his fright, and was still so wild that the person who usually takes care of him had some difficulty in going through the daily morning routine. We make these remarks to caution our friends against making similar experiments.

COST OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—Of the total income of the British government, last year, amounting to about $355,000,000, the amount received from customs was $115,000,000; from excise $85,000,000, for stamps $35,000,000; land and assessed taxes $15,000,000; income tax $75,000,000; and Post-office $16,000,000.

The principal expenditure were $140,000,000 for interest on the national debt, $70,000,000 for the army, and $50,000,000 for the Navy.

The total expenditure was about $353,000,000.

About $21,000,000 was applied to salaries, &c., on the revenue department; $10,000,000 to redeem Exchequer bonds, and among the charges on the Consolidated Fund is one of about $5,000,000, being the compensation to his Majesty the King of Denmark for the abolition of the Sound Dues or tolls on ships. The balances remaining in the Exchequer on the 30th of September amounted to the sum of $10,000,000.

☞ MR. SHOUTS says Kansas is a great country. Rents cheap, because they have no houses. Women not expensive, because they don't have any. Society primitive and not particular. The men and hogs, cattle and dogs, all lay in the same bed.—If you want to live like a double breasted fighting cock, go to Kansas. The boat sails frequently.

SEVERE REBUKE:—At the opening of a court in a French town, lately, the galleries were filled with the ladies of the neighborhood. The cause to be tried was a scandalous one involving indelicate details. The President, adverting to the fact, begged all the modest women to retire—Not a soul moved. "Usher,' said the President, "now that all the modest women have left, turn out the rest.'

☞ The Florida war goes bravely on.—During the last half year the exertions of our brave troops have been tremendous.—The arduous struggles have been rewarded by the glory of the capture of three squaws (two only of whom afterwards escaped) and a baby,—the squaw with a baby was unable to run away—and the death (reported) of six braves, none of the bodies being found by our victorious troops.