# The Beaver County Argus.

VOLUME XXXIV--NO 31. BEAVER, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1858. ESTABLISHED 1818.

Published by

M. WEYAND.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS, per annum, IN ADVANCE; otherwise TWO DOLLARS will be charged. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are settled, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 50 cts. per square, of fifteen lines for one insertion—each subsequent insertion 25 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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


## CHILD OF THE ANGEL WING.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

"Oh! sing me a song, as I fall asleep,"
Said a little one with a lustrous eye,
"Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep
In the bright green woods that reach the sky—
That peep in the Spring, when the birdies sing,
And the heavens are blue as our NELLY's eyes;
Or tell of the child with the angel wing
Who walks in the garden of Paradise!"

I sang him the song—I told him the tale,
And watched by his couch till we tho't he slept,
For his cheeks were white as moonbeams pale,
That stealthy and bright by his pillow crept:
Then my words grew few, and my voice sunk low,
And I said in thy dreams may the seraphs sing,
But he whispered soft, as he rose to go—
"Oh! tell of the child of the angel wing!"

Then I sang again—but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke,
And a burning red to his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke,
But spoke no more of the Spring's bright flow'rs,
And he thought no more of his sister—
One name alone, in his fev
Was breathed in a whisper t

"My mother!" he said—and his
For the sense, with their waverin
And he never knew that she knelt
Whose sun went down at his dying
He has gone where the seraphs swe
His story was brief as the sunset dyes,
He walks with the child of the angel wi
In the flowery gardens of Paradise!

## Frightful Mortality at Sea

*Nearly a Whole Ship's Crew Swept off by Yellow Fever—Heroic Conduct of the Captain's Wife.*

The British ship Grotta, Capt Nichols, which sailed from Sagua La Grande on the 25th of June, with a cargo of Sugar, bound to Liverpool, was yesterday towed into Quarantine. When spoken by the steamer the Captain's wife stood heroically at the helm directing the vessel towards Sandy Hook, in order to reach this port; her husband lay below in a dying condition the mates and all the crew excepting two men having died of Yellow Fever. In one hour after the ship was taken in tow, the Captain also died, leaving only three persons alive on board, the two foremost hands, and the Captain's wife. It seems the fever made its appearance among the crew of the ill-fated ship in a virulent form.

The ordinary remedies were tried, but were found of little effect to stay the progress of the disease. One after another died, and their remains were consigned to the deep by the survivors. The first and second mates finally fell victims, and in nine days there were none left but the Captain, his wife, and two of the crew. On the 1st of July the Captain was taken down with symptoms of the fever, and the wife, who had until now, been unremitting in her attentions to the sick among the officers and the crew, was obliged to nurse her sick husband, and also, occasionally, take her position at the wheel, while the surviving crew worked the ship.

The crew originally consisted of six seamen, first and second mates, cook, and the Captain's wife; total, 11 persons, of whom only the three above named survived.—*N. Y. Times.*

COLLAPSE OF CRINOLINE.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post contains the following important intelligence:

With unmitigated regret I desire to communicate a very important piece of news, viz: Voluminous skirts are no longer the fashion! Crinoline, practically, is a defunct article, and borax powder will no longer be put into starch to give petticoats the stiffness hitherto requisite. It is the high chic now to wear few skirts, and, in fact, collapse the balloon! I derive my information from that popular journal of the fashions, The Gazette Rose, edited by the Viscomtesse de Renneville, a lady generally supposed to dwell in a magnificent palace, in the Faubourg St. Germain; but who, in reality, I am assured, lives in a garret, smokes a black pipe, and wears very seedy black pantaloons, and no end of beard!

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.—The following gentleman have already been named in connection with the next Presidency: Howell Cobb, Senator Bright, Senator Hunter, of Virginia; Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Speaker Orr, John Slidell, Senator Brown, of Mississippi, Postmaster General A. V. Brown, Jacob Thompson; D. S. Dickinson, John Letcher, Vice President Breckinridge, S. A. Douglas, R. C. Winthrop, R. J. Walker, Gov. Wise, Crittenden, Bell, and Fillmore, Wm. L. Yancy, Seward, Banks, Chase, Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, G. A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Judge McLean, Major Swann, of Baltimore, George Cadwallader, Humphrey Marshal and Samuel Houston.

SEVEN YEARS FLOOD.—The western waters were very high in 1836 and '37.—Seven years after, in 44, and in seven years again, in 1851, and then again, in 58, we have had a great flood. The superstitious can now exercise their talents upon

## S'CAT AGAIN.

We stated a long time ago, that there would be trouble some moonlight night among the cats that congregate on the long shed in the rear of our dwelling. We gave notice that we had wasted more wood on them than we could spare—that we had used up all the brickbats that we could lay our hands on—that we had thrown away something less than a tun of coal—and had smashed a window on the opposite block.—All this proved of no avail, we said we had got a double barreled gun, and percussion caps, and powder and shot, and some morning after a moonlight night, somebody's cat would'nt come home to breakfast, or if it did it would be troubled with the dumps. We gave fair notice of our grievances, and what we intended to do about them.

Well the moon came up on Monday night, with her great, round face, and went walking up the sky with a queenly step throwing her light, like a mantle of brightness, over the whole earth! We love the calm of a moonlight night, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our part of the town love it too; for they come from every quarter—from the sheds around the National Garden—from the kitchen and the stables—creeping stealthily and softly along the tops of the fences, and along the sheds, and clambering up the boards that lean up against the out buildings they set themselves down, more or less of them in their old trysting place—right opposite our chamber window. To all this we had, in the abstract, no objection. If a cat wishes to take a quiet walk by moonlight—if he chooses to [illegible] sure or his [illegible] ess of ours, Cats have [illegible] n to interfere [illegible] keep the [illegible] disorderly [illegible] If they [illegible] can do it [illegible] it decently [illegible] k matters [illegible] rioting, [illegible] om the [illegible] musn't [illegible] s, and [illegible] would [illegible] 'd let [illegible] barreled [illegible] powder and duck-shot, and we meant it. But those cats didn't believe a word we said. They didn't believe we had any gun, or knew how to use it if we had. And one great Maltese (with eyes like tea plates and a tail like a Bologna sausage,) grinned and sputtered, and spit in derision and defiance at our threats.—"Very well," said we, "very well, Mr. Tom Cat, very well indeed? On your head be it, Mr Tom Cat. Try it on, Mr. Thomas Cat, and see who will get the worst of it.

We said the moon came up on Monday night with her great round face; and all the little stars hid themselves as if ashamed of their twinkle to the splendor of her superior brightness. We retired, after the baby had been put to sleep in his crib, and the rumble of the carriages and carts had ceased in the street, and the scream of the 10 o'clock train had died away into silence, with a quiet conscience, and in confidence that we should find that repose to which one who has wronged no man during the day is justly entitled.

It may have been 11 o'clock, possibly midnight, when we were awakened from a pleasant slumber by a babel of unearthly sounds in the rear of our chamber. We knew what those sounds meant—they had cost us fuel enough to have lasted us a week. We raised the window, and there, as of old, right opposite us, on the north end of that long shed, was an assemblage of all the cats in our part of the town.

We won't be precise as to numbers, but it is our honest belief that there were less than 800 of them; and one among them all was silent, we didn't succeed in discovering which it was. There was that same old Maltese, with his great saucer eyes and sausage tail; and over against him sat a monstrous brindle; and off at his right was an old spotted ratter; and on his left was one, black as a wolf's mouth, all but his eyes which glared with a sulphurous and lurid brightness; and dotted all around, over a space of thirty feet square, were dozens of all sizes and colors—and such growling and spitting, and shrieking and swearing, never before broke, with hideous discord, the silence of midnight!

We loaded our double-barreled gun, by candle-light, we put plenty of powder and a handful of shot into each barrel. We adjusted the caps carefully, and stepped out of the window upon the narrow roof upon which it opens. We were then just eighty rods from the cat convention, and we addressed ourself to the chairman, (the old Maltese) in a distinct and audible voice, and cried "S'cat?"—He did'n recognise our right to the floor, but went right on with the business of the meeting. "S'cat" cried we again, more emphatically than before, but were answered by an extra shriek from the chairman and a fiercer scream from the whole assembly. "S'cat once?" cried we again, as we brought our gun to a present. "S'cat twice?" and we aimed straight at the chairman, and covering half a dozen others in the range. "S'cat three times?" and we let drive. Bang! went the right hand barrel—and bang! went the left hand barrel. Such scampering, such leaping off of the shed, such running away over the eaves of the out-buildings; over the tops of wood sheds, was never seen before. The echoes of the firing had hardly died away when the whole assemblage was broken up and dispersed.

"Thomas," said we the next morning, to the boy who does chores for us, "There seems to be a cat asleep out on that shed go up and scare it away." Thomas clam-

After examining it a moment, "somebody has been a shootin' of it!" said he, as he tossed it down into the yard. "You don't say so," said we. That cat was the old Maltese, the chairman of that convention—but he won't preside over another very soon. We don't know where he boarded, or, who claimed title to him. What we do know is, that it cost a quarter to have him buried or thrown into the river; and if any body owned him, all we ask is, that he should pay us back our quarter, and the difference between his value and that of the powder and shot expended on him.—We'll throw in the vexation of being broke of our rest, and the wickedness of using certain expletives—under the excitement of the occasion—which are not to be found in any of the good books of the day.—[Albany Register.

## What it Costs to Whip a Woman and Child in Cincinnati.

Just eight dollars. For that price a man may borrow a horse-whip at a livery and whip a woman bearing in her arms the illegitimate child of the whipper; and this may be done in one of the most public streets of the city, and as evidence of this castigation she may show the marks of the whip. Just such a case came before Judge Pruden, of Cincinnati, and he fined the brute who could horse whip a woman he had first ruined, eight dollars. The case was that of Capt. Fuller, of the steamer Gen. Pike. A woman named Callahan, the mother of Capt. Fuller's child has been in the habit of annoying Capt. Fuller, by going to the Captain's house. It appears the woman made known to the wife of Capt. Fuller, before the marriage, the position of Capt. F. towards her, the mother of his ill starred child, and after the marriage, she was in the habit of going to his house, and for this annoyance, Capt. F.—brave captain—gets a horse-whip and thrashes his former mistress in the street, his own child in her arms. The testimony for the valiant captain proved that time and again he had given the woman money when she demanded it, and that he had authorized a friend to compromise with her. Let us prate no more of Mormon brutemen and women slaves, when a Judge in Ohio holds that it is only an eight dollar offence to horse whip a woman is one of the most public streets in Cincinnati. The next trip of the Pike, a card should emanate from the ladies' cabin thanking the courteous, polite, and kind captain for his uniform civility to the ladies under his charge.

## A Woman can Keep a Secret.

It has been demonstrated in Schuyler [illegible] there was an old couple in the vicinity of Bushville had a beautiful daughter—an only child—upon whom they lavished all their affections. Two years ago a young man applied to them for work; and they employed him. His amiable qualities and industry soon won their confidence. He had been in their employ six months, when the farmer having business at Beardstown, sent the young man there to attend to it, and as the daughter had some purchases to make she was allowed to go with him. At night they returned.—Affairs went on for eighteen months, the only change being the pleasure with which the old people discovered that the young folks were daily becoming attached to each other, and they looked forward to their marriage as a result most gratifying. Being considered as lovers the young people were allowed to "sit up" together after the old folks had retired; but one night, two weeks ago, the old gentleman feeling unwell, rose up, and not finding his daughter in her own bed, where she ought to have been, looked elsewhere, and found her where he thought she ought not to have been. Much noise and confusion ensued.—Next day the farmer posted full speed to Beardstown, had an interview with the keeper of the county records, and discovered that the aforesaid young man and women had been legally joined in marriage for eighteen months, and she had never told any person of the fact.

## Things that All should Know.

A quart of peas, sown in a shallow box fifteen inches wide by eighteen long at any time of the year, and cut off when about four or five inches high, and boiled like spinnach, with a little salt makes a delicious dish. The tops of Jerusalem artichokes, cut off about six inches long, boiled like other greens, make a capital dish, which partakes in some degree of the flavor of the root. Boiled water cress also make a wholesome and delicious dish. It must not, however, be over boiled, for impaired constitutions it is invaluable. In April and May, late potatoes should always be peeled some ten or twelve hours and steeped in cold spring water before they are cooked. This is a great improvement, it makes the potato nearly as good as those dug in October. The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this:—The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water, then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand five minutes before it is used, the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom. The result is that the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.

☞ The Washington Union says that "the Administration has its hands full."—One would suppose from the very rapid dis- [illegible]

## MARY MALONEY'S IDEA OF A LOVER.

'What are you singing for?' said I to Mary Malony.

'O, I don't know, ma'am, without its because my heart feels happy.'

'Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see, you don't own a foot of land in the world.'

'Foot of land, is it?' she cried, with a heavy Irish laugh. 'Oh, what a hand ye be after joking; why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land.

'Your mother is dead.'

"God rest her soul, yes,' replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos, 'may the angels make her a bed in heaven.'

'Your brother is such a hard case, I suppose.'

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, unfortunate creature.'

'You have to pay your little sister's board.'

"Sure, the little creature, and she's a good little girl, is Biddy, willing to do whatever I axes her; I don't grudge the money for that."

'You hav'nt any fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney?'

'Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and my calico gown looks as big as the great ladies.

But then ye says true, I hav'nt but two gowns to my back, two shoes to my feet, and one bonnet to my head, barring the old hood that ye gave me.'

'You hav'nt got any lover, Mary."

"Oh, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times come. No, no, thank heaven I ain't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it.'

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?'

'The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and then if need troubles come, why, God help'n me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick M'Grue, should take it into his head to come an ax me, but the Lord willing I'd try to bear up under it.'

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction, was so droll. But she was evidently sincere, having before her the example of her sister's husband and her drunken brother.

## The Value of a Bridle.

A correspondent of the Boston Post gives a graphic description of the "Great Derby' race in England, introducing a curious incident, as follows:

I 'guessed' 'Toxopholite would win, and like many a wiser man guessed exactly wrong. At a quarter to three the band struck up, and out rode the jockeys ready for the start; all accoutred in silk jackets and close-fitting caps of divers gay colors—blue, yellow, red, purple, white and black predominating. They all wore short belts when necessary, making the weight of each man exactly eight stone seven pounds, or one hundred and nineteen pounds. Of course they are weighed as soon as they come in, or a dishonest jockey might spill his shot, and with the advantage of lighter weight put in more powder, and bag the game in an illicit manner. A singular incident in this last weighing took place yesterday. Wells, the jockey who rode "Beadstead," on weighing at the close, was found, by some chance, one pound short weight, and honest or dishonest, accident or design, everything must be according to fixed rules or the race is lost. Now, as the horse carries a bridle, which it is not usual to weigh, though the saddle is weighed with the rider, he can claim the bridle if he chooses, and in "Beadsman's" case it was thrown in and made up the odd pound.—The excitement on account of the short weight was terrible, and had the bridle not been thought of, or been insufficient, Sir James Hawley's winner would have been nowhere, and Lord Derby, with "Toxopholite," would have won the race. Here three hundred thousand dollars rested on the weight of a horses bridle—an article worth, under the circumstances, a good many times its weight in gold. Oh, there is nothing like learning—and leather!

THE FEELING OF THE CHINESE.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from [illegible] says:

"The Chinese are now willing to trade with the Americans, because they have had no cause to be afraid of them. But they are at heart, more bitter against England than ever, and if they could, would stop all trade with that nation, throwing their whole traffic into other hands. However, there is little danger of such a proceeding. There is even now a fleet on the way to the Gulf of Pe-che-le, which can easily carry out the threat of the English Ambassador, to serve him as he has served Canton.—The Emperor did not even know that there was such a country as the United States, until fully informed of the good conduct of its naval representatives. But he is in a fair way to become enlightened on this, as on other points, so that he will be more capable of attending to his foreign affairs, than times past.

CUTION TO FARMERS.—The Columbus (Ga) Inquirer mentions considerable fatality in stock from eating oats affected by the rust. Cattle have been killed by it in Russell [illegible], and a gentleman in Barbour [illegible]

## A SONG FOR THE BOYS.

Don't shoot the birds, the warbling birds
That cheer you with their song,
That fill the air with melodies,
A bright and happy throng;
That carol forth their native lays,
From shrubs and lofty limb,
And gaily sing their tuneful strains
From morn till evening dim.

Don't shoot the birds, the harmless birds,
That come with buds and flowers,
That soothe the farmer's daily toil
Through summer's sultry hours;
That build their nests and brood their young
Beside your cottage door,
And linger near from early spring,
Till autumn's golden store.

Don't shoot the birds, the sportive birds,
That flit o'er hill and plain,
That leave when chilling winter comes
But soon return again,
That warble out their hymns of praise
With many a gleeful voice,
Which calms the daily cares of life,
And bids the heart rejoice.

## The Submarine Telegraph.

The following communication from T. P. Shaffener, Esq, a gentleman practically and scientifically versed in telegraphing, appears in the Washington Union, of Friday. No account has yet been had from the telegraph fleet, and we therefore give the article as containing many ideas of interest just now.

It is useless to enter into a discussion upon this subject [the Atlantic telegraph.] There is no probability that the contract will ever be made, for two reasons: First, the cable can never be worked if laid; second there are reasons—some of which will prevent the execution of any contract with that company.

I have some pretensions to a knowledge of the science and art of telegraphing Four years ago I published to the world to America and Europe that my studies and experiments on both continents satisfied me that a current of electricity of any known form or mode of generation could not be transmitted for a service from Ireland to Newfoundland. Since that time, there have been no new discoveries in galvanic or other electric developing powers changing the state of science then calculated upon in the demonstration of the impracticability of the proposed telegraph.

It has been stated that a current of electricity has been transmitted though the whole 3,000 miles of the Atlantic cable in the ships, and therefore there can be no doubt but what the climax has been attained This imposition has been fully exposed in my memorial to Congress. When the cable is laid in the water, the element of retardation then commences its functions. "The further they lay out the cable the feebler will be the current," until it ceases to traverse the wire.

I predict—not as a matter of prophecy, but as a certain result springing from the fixed laws in electric science—that the cable will be laid perhaps 1,000 or more miles, and it will be found unavailable for telegraphing. In this dilemma the company will have the cable broke again and the accident will be charged to Providence. This will be the finale.

## An Indian Lover.

Miss Bishop, the writer of 'Floral Home,' who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly scoured brass ornaments and bear's claws—and through an interpreter announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, "All the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one." As an extra inducement he promised that she should have the best corner of his lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the papoose, cook the food, carry game, plant and hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the 'green eyed monster,' even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction.

The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt, and left with haughty air. Next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate fared worse; she had been only a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs; a young warrior, smitten with her, called often; hoping to be rid of him she gave him a ring; he interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge; the next day he again returned with six young braves to compel her to go with him. Explanation and interference saved her.

GOD'S LOVE.—Not as the world loves doth God love. They love to day, and hate to-morrow; wearing their friends like flowers, which we may behold in the bosoms whilst they are fresh and sweet, but soon they wither, and soon they are laid aside. Whereas the love of God to his people is everlasting, and he wears them as a signet upon his right hand which he will never part with. Not as the world gives, doth God give.—They give liberally, and repent suddenly, but "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance."—*White.*

HURRY UP, GIRLS.—A writer has computed that a woman has lost half her chances of marriage at her twentieth year; at twenty-three she has lost three-fourths of her opportunities; and at twenty-six seven-eights of her chances are gone. 1860 will be leap-year, that delightful season, when, by common consent, the fair sex can intimate their preference. Look at the facts [illegible]

## Letter from the Horse Tamer.

The Nashville *Spirit of the South* has the following:

LIVERPOOL, Friday Evening, April 23.

*My Dear Nephew*:—I wrote you two sheets this morning, but was called away before I had quite finished, and now I have just got through with the day, and had my tea, I will hurry to finish your letter before any one calls. There is no rest for the wicked, and no accomplishment without great labor. I have just had a very hard day, and between the hurrahs, the rush of people, the lecture, the breaking of these very bad horses, (one so as to be shod) the excitement, and the perfect volley of all manner of questions; I feel very much like leaning back in my chair, and taking a quiet snooze.

They tried to bring some horses to day to defeat me, but they couldn't come it, and I, as usual came off victorious, amid the loud cheers of a class of about one hundred scholars.

I wish you could be here just one day to see how enthusiastic the people are. This morning when I stepped into the school and took off my hat, they set up such a cheering and clapping of hands that made everthing ring, so animating me that I was full of eloquence, and addressed them with as much enthusiasm as though I was a second Kossuth. The streets outside the building were crowded, and when I rode out on the back of a vicious stallion that no man had been able to mount for three years, they too set up a loud hurrah for the great American that they think I am. They don't know that I am nobody but your Uncle Jack, that used to break horses in the little town of Groveport.

Well, the name American sounds well, and I think I would be justifiable in being proud of the name, if I am not of myself I wouldn't like to be called the great Frenchman or the great Englishman. Nothing carries with it so much music as the name of American, etc., etc.,

As ever, your friend and uncle,

J. S. RAREY.

☞ Some printer's devil has been perpetrating some doggerel. Hear how he talks:

A lady with a crinoline was walking down the street, her feathers fluttered in the air, her hoops stuck out a feet. She walked the earth as if she felt of it she was no part, and proudly did she walk along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the bushy tail of which her crinoline did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure shook—it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail did soon espy, as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed to point which way the maid [illegible] ed was he such quarters he had got, and walked behind the lady in a kind of doggist trot. Each step the lady now did take served to increase her train, while those who followed in her wake roared out with might and main. Some held their sides, and laughed so hard, and many fairly cried, and many even still confess, that they'd "liked to died." But still the lady sailed along, in crinoline and pride, unmindful of the crowd behind, or dog close by her side. But soon another dog espied the tail which fluttered free—it so provoked his doggish ire he could not let it be—but with a deep ferocious growl, for battle straight he went, and beneath the lady's crinoline both dogs were quickly pent. They fought 'tis said one hour or more—the lady nothing knew—but with her head erect sailed on, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight had not one dog mistook and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But since that day I've heard it said, the lady ne'er was seen upon the street with so much pride—and *such* crinoline.

GRASS WIDOWS IN INDIANA.—A correspondent of the Dayton Journal, who has been traveling out in the Wabash regions of Hoosierdom, discovered one peculiarity in every town he tarried in:

Speaking of grass reminds me of the fact that Indiana (and particularly the Wabash) is literally swarming with grass widows. Every hotel or tavern has or has had one or more of these bewitching vixens domiciled with them for ten days which makes them citizens and residents of the State of Indiana, and with a little hard swearing, natives too. At the expiration of ten days a suit is commenced against some vile husband, and, as a matter of course, a divorce is granted, if for no other cause than incompatibility of temper. Here are congregated from all the States in the Union (except Illinois, who is a competitor for this profitable lawyer trade) all the discomfortable grass widows. A case I heard of at Peru, where the widow of a millionaire had come from Brazil, remained here ten days, got a divorce, with $100,000 of alimony, and would have had more, but old Crœsus had no more in the United States that was comeatible.

SENATOR Wilson has written a letter to the Evening Post, showing that the statements of a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, in relation to his (Wilson's) difficulty with Senator Gwin, are false. The Senator pithily concludes his letter as follows:—"When I declined Mr. Gwin's challange, I did suppose he would assault me at sight, and I was not unprepared to meet it. I did not deem physical courage so rare a thing or so exalted a quality as to lead me to impute any want of it to him, but I did not suppose he was foolhardy enough to attempt upon me what this letter writer designates 'another caning affair.' Since I helped to wash the blood from the head of my colleague in May, 1856, I have had an idea that it would not be quite safe for any one [illegible]

## A Sad Warning.

The case of Porter, the Sunday School defaulter, is thus alluded to by a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*:

"Mr. Frederick W. Porter, the defaulting agent of the American Sunday School Union, whose fall made such a sensation a short time since, has at length made a full and complete confession of the great wrong he had done. He stood very high in the Society and in the Church, and was almost the last man to be suspected as guilty of so foul a deed. In a letter recently laid before the Board of the Sunday School Union he has made a complete confession. He began his wrong doing nineteen years ago. The plan was the same that he pursued to the last. His temptation began with the mulberry and silkworm speculation nineteen years ago, and under the garb of religion he has for that long time carried on his dishonest plans. He allows that at the start he knew it was wrong; but hoped to be able to meet the notes as they matured.—But as he was unable to do so, he was compelled to renew his notes and pay a heavy bonus. Thus, for nineteen years, he has been treading the thorny path of sin, praised for virtues that he knew he did not possess, and taking of the sacrament, which, according to his own professed faith, was adding damnation to himself with each unworthy reception. He defrauded the society out of over $80,000; but the Philadelphia broker who aided him to the dishonest gain, promptly paid all the notes that his name was on, and the loss was lessened nearly $40,000. Mr. Porter confesses that in the nineteen years of fraud, he has used the name of the society to the large amount of $600,000, by renewals and re-issues. No wonder he is a sick man—one whom, if the law does not reach, the grave will soon cover up. Nineteen years of fraud and crime, and perpetrated in the name of religion—with despair looking him in the face—exposure waiting for him at the corners of each street—with remorse gnawing at his heart—and the worm that dies not hastening to his repast! Mr. Porter's confession will soon be made public."

## Lady Taming.

The great success of Rarey in taming fractious horses in England, has suggested to a crafty Yankee the idea of applying the secret art to women, especially those who have promised to obey, and of course, never done so. He charges $50 a lesson. Here are some of his certificates:

"This to certify that Mr. Paul Prettyman has succeeded in subduing my wife.—He took her when in her most restless condition, and in one hour she was cooking a beef-steak with the utmost placidity.

JAS. P. HOUNDS.

Bread Top City, May 7, 1858.

"Mr. Prettyman has full liberty to refer to me. His art I consider the great desideratum of married life. He quieted Mrs. Simpkins, who was always ugly in double harness, and accomplished wonders. Not a shirt button has been missing since the date of his trial. S. S. SIMPKINS.

Bellefonte, Pa.

GOOD HITS.—In the trial of Lane at Lawrence, Kansas, for the murder of Jenkins, the attorneys used a good deal of pungent wit and sarcasm. One little pass between the counsel was so pointed and opportune that it is worthy of note:

Col. Young insisted that, in law, the man slain is supposed to be wrongfully slain.

Mr. Coe—That is the law of England, not of America.

Col. Young—if there is any book on God's earth that contains any other doctrine, I'll agree to eat it without greasing! [Laughter.]

Mr. Coe—Then you'll have more law in your stomach than you ever had in your head! [Roars of Laughter.]

A NURSERY FOR TREES IN WASHINGTON.—The Secretary of the Interior has instituted an inquiry through the Agricultural division of the Patent Office as to the expediency of establishing a nursery in Washington city, with a view of furnishing public grounds with ornamental trees. The *Union* says:

"It is proposed to collect the seeds of our native forest trees by officers at our military posts, Indian agents and other functionaries employed by the government. It is believed the trees can be furnished by this method for less than one-tenth of the cost which has usually been incurred for ornamenting the city. By this means, in after years, the metropolis will present a perfect *Aboretum* of American trees, so far as they may be adapted to this climate. In connection with the same enterprise it is proposed to plant the tea seeds now being collected by Mr. Fortune in China, which are expected to arrive early next winter.

BRESLIN'S DISCLOSURE.—It is said that Mr. Breslin is about to publish a clear and candid statement of his operations from minute books in his possession, showing names, locality, date and amount of transactions, with each; the character and amount of the sureties, the pledges of honor upon which he relied, the frequent renewal of those assurances and consequent disappointments, &c., during the time that he was Treasurer of State. We do not believe that Mr. Breslin is a thoroughly bad man, and hope he will make the disclosure contemplated. If Mr. Breslin has been made the scape goat for the sins of others, as many believe, such a revelation is necessary. Let us have the contemplated statement.—*Ohio State Jour.*

☞ A popular author gives the following advice to wives: "Should you find it necessary as you undoubtedly will, many of [illegible]