THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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THE BEAVER ARGUS

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Single copies of the paper will be furnished, in wrappers, at five cents each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, *Editor & Proprietor.*

DR. W. C. BOARDMAN

HOMOEOPATHIST.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Beaver, Bridgewater, Rochester and vicinity, that he has located in Beaver, for the practice of the Homoeopathic system of medicine. Office near Anshutz's Tin Shop, Third st., Beaver, Pa. mar18'68:mos.

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The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial. apr17'68:3m.

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apr22'68:1y.

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ju22'68:3m.

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my6'68:6m.

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Parties at a distance, can address J. S. Newmyer, No. 43 Seventh street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

mar1'868:6m.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after June 7th, 1868, Trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows. [Train leaving Chicago at 5:35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 1.45 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's
Pittsburgh	200AM	645AM	930AM	150AM
Rochester	310	815	1040	500
Salem	454	1031	1226PM	447
Alliance	545	1125	115	540
Canton	627	1213PM	158	626
Massillon	647	1240	218	645
Orrville	717	132	253	718
Wooster	745	207	320	745
Mansfield	916	400	500	928
Crestline {	945	445	530	1000
	1000	605AM	600	1015
Bucyrus	1025	629	640	1041
Upper Sandusky	1058	718	719	1114
Forest	1127	749	751	1147
Lima	1227PM	903	906	115AM
Van Wert	128	1015	1016	207
Fort Wayne	300	1210PM	1150	320
Columbia	337	100	1237AM	356
Warsaw	422	153	132	443
Plymouth	510	300	233	555
Valparaiso	635	447	415	724
Chicago	820	700	620	910

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Ex
Chicago	450AM	820AM	920PM	535PM
Valparaiso	637	959	1106	710
Plymouth	920	1125	1237AM	900
Warsaw	1020	1231PM	132	950
Columbia	1115	109	217	1030
Fort Wayne	1220PM	200	315	1115
Van Wert	208	302	430	1215AM
Lima	319	400	535	125
Forest	443	509	653	218
Upper Sandusky	514	533	718	242
Bucyrus	557	602	801	316
Crestline {	630	635	830	340
	530AM	655	910	355
Mansfield	610	728	937	424
Wooster	851	853	1109	550
Orrville	915	918	1127	615
Massillon	946	950	1157	647
Canton	1002	1006	1212PM	703
Alliance	1045	1050	1255	805
Salem	1114	1120AM	125	833
Rochester	1255AM	105PM	302	1005
Pittsburgh	155	210	410	1110

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leave Youngstown at 2:30 p. m; New Castle, 4:00 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 6:00 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at Youngstown, 10:45. N. Castle, 9:40 a. m; Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:00 a. m; New Castle, 7:10 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:00 a. m. Returning, leaves Allegheny, 4:15 p. m; arrives New Castle, 7:05 p. m; Youngstown, 7:50 p. m.

F. R. MYERS, *General Ticket Agent.*

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after May 11, 1868, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

	MAIL.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	835AM	1210PM	......	340PM
Euclid Street	846	1221	......	351
Hudson	950	108	......	505
Ravenna	1025	141	......	547
Alliance	1120	223	......	640
Bayard	1154	252	......	....
Wellsville	130PM	415	......	....

GOING NORTH.

	MAIL.	EXP'S.	......	ACCOM.
Wellsville	850AM	335PM	......	....
Bayard	1022	445	......	....
Alliance	1120	510	......	745AM
Ravenna	1206PM	547	......	831
Hudson	1239	613	......	910
Euclid Street	137	659	......	1017
Cleveland	150	710	......	1030

GOING EAST.

	EXP'S	EXP'S.	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	1120AM	610AM	230PM	....
Bridgeport	1130	625	240	....
Steubenville	1238PM	748	337	....
Wellsville	206	850	445	605AM
Smith's Ferry	236	912	507	635
Beaver	307	940	537	720
Rochester	315	950	530	730
Pittsburgh	425	1055	635	840

GOING WEST.

	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	600AM	130PM	435AM	330PM
Rochester	710	235	550	446
Beaver	720	[illegible]	600	450
Smith's Ferry	757	305	633	546
Wellsville	825	340	715	615
Steubenville	925	445	813	
Bridgeport	1035	555	927	
Bellair	1045	608	950	

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves N. Philadelphia, 650 a. m. | Arrives Bayard, 955, am
Bayard, 12:10, m. | N. Philadelphia 300pm

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

G. L. EBERHART, Editor.

BEAVER, August 5, 1868.

[ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER, MUST BE ADDRESSED TO G. L. EBERHART, NEW BRIGHTON, PA.]

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

Never in the history of the world has there been a time when the proper training of the young mind was so important as at the present. In this active, restless, turbulent age, it is of the greatest consequence to have all energies turned in the right direction. We are capable of doing more now in a year than men formerly could in a life-time. Every moment of life now tells with tremendous effect on the destiny of our race, and should therefore be adjusted to the development of a Christian civilization. This can be accomplished only by properly training the youthful mind while it is susceptible of being controlled for good and noble purposes.

The book before us* is a valuable contribution to the cause of education. It does not merely deal with the dry details of practical school teaching, but presents a philosophical view of the subject, based upon a rational and Scriptural analysis of human nature. The old theories are carefully examined, and shown to be seriously defective. The child is no longer to be considered a totally depraved machine, whose position in life depends upon the accidents of chance, but it is to be treated as a wonderfully sensitive instrument, whose life music may be a splendid harmony or a terrible discord. The business of the educator is to develop the young into such manhood and womanhood as will fulfill the purposes of the great Creator. This can be done only by adapting the instruction to human nature *as it is.* We hail with delight this contribution to one of the noblest callings any one can follow. The importance of the teachers' profession is becoming more and more understood. Our schools and colleges are the fountains from which flow the life-forces of society. Let those who have charge here fully understand and appreciate the position they occupy, and all will be well. And we know of no way in which teachers may be better instructed in all that pertains to their profession, than by carefully studying Mr. Jewell's work.

In order to give some idea of the general scope of the book, we present a portion of the concluding chapter:

"From the preceding discussion, it has been seen that the government of the school is practically of three general species: 1st, that of *Force*; 2d, that of *Authority*; and 3d, that of *Love*. The general elements of effect in these species respectively are, in the first, mere physical capacity, or *Strength*; in the second *Power*, either bodily or mental; and in the third, *Influence*, both intellectual and moral. The general means employed in each respectively are, in the first, *Compulsion*; in the second, *Requisitions* or *Mandates*, either with or without reasoning or penal inflictions; and in the third, *Persuasion*, either argumentative or pathetic. The general idea entertained of the subject, under each respectively, is as follows: under the government of force, he is regarded as a mere unreasoning creature; under that of authority, he is held as an intelligent subject; and under that of love, he is looked upon as not only an intelligent subject, but as capacitated for the exercise of a true and loving loyalty. The ultimate supremacy attained in the successful administration of the three general species respectively is of different kinds corresponding. In the first, the supremacy is that of mere *Mastery*; in the second, it is that of *Sovereign Control*, or *Lordship*; and in the third, it is that of *Moral Supremacy*.

"This analysis at once reveals the relative importance of these species of government in the school, to be precisely that of the order in which they have just been presented, beginning with the lowest, and ending with the highest.

"The government of mere force, resulting only in physical mastery, however just in its place, or complete in its success, stands necessarily lowest in the scale. It is inferior in its governing idea, in the means it employs, and in the ends attained. Furthermore, although necessary and useful within its prescribed limits, it is insufficient of itself; it is unable and unfit to stand alone; and if made the sole or chief reliance, must even be pronounced to be the necessary resource of mere incompetence to govern, and to be, in its essential character, base and despotic.

"Far higher in the scale stands the government of authoritative power, or true control. It is nobler in the idea cherished both of itself and of its subjects, more comprehensive in its capabilities and means, and more effective and salutary in its results. Yet even this species can hardly be considered as, in itself, sufficient or complete. Without the co-operation of the first, it may sometimes fail for lack of material power to command universal obedience. Without the full alliance of the last species, the government of love, it must often stop short of evincing the highest elements of excellence, and must fail to attain the truest and noblest results. It is, of itself, adequate to the preservation of substantial order and organic harmony and prosperity. But it cannot reach that perfect crown of all governmental success in the school, the thorough and benign transformation of character, and the permanent alliance of its subjects in the cause of its own perpetuation and perfection.

"The last, the government of influence, or true supremacy, is in its individual character, whether we look at its controlling idea, its specific appliances, or its ultimate achievements, doubtless the purest and best. Still, it must not be forgotten, that, taken in an exclusive mode, even this species of government is not without its defects. In a general system, yet unvitiated by the prevalence of depraved passions, and a disloyal will, it might, perhaps, be able to stand [illegible] alone. But where the opposite [illegible] are prevalent; where the subjects of the general government are not only imperfect in comprehension, but depraved in nature; and where there are endless counteracting notions, examples, and influence, it stands [illegible] the case is different. Here, it lacks the grand element which is alone able to secure free scope and fair play for the exercise of its own better appliances, and which only can guarantee it either safety or success. While it may be, when the way is clear, to secure the desired transformation of character, and substantial order as consequent; [illegible] is not unfailingly competent to make the way clear when once it has been obstructed. It may indeed go down upon the realm of corrupted nature, and

> "Tempt with wand'ring [illegible]
> The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss;

but it can give no sure pledge that it will not at the last be driven,

> Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Generous then may be the nature which espouses its cause, and seeks to rely on it alone; but it is neither well informed nor practically wise. Hence, we are forced to accept the general conclusion, that in the school as indeed elsewhere, the system of government chosen and administered must be eclectic rather than partial or exclusive; it must range freely through all three of the foregoing species, and, employing them in their proper order and proportion, must perfect itself in a just alliance and harmonious co-operation of the whole. A just apprehension of the validity and force of this conclusion would go far toward the effective correction of the too current tendency to assume the sufficiency and exclusive lawfulness of the various schemes, of natural reactions, moral suasion, and reformatory discipline—schemes in themselves considered not destitute of individual excellences, but which, as commonly taught and urged, are only deceptive and dangerous."

* School Government. By Frederick S. Jewell, A. M.

Teachers' Institute.

We learn from Supt. Whitham that the next session of the Beaver county Teachers' Institute will open in Rochester on the third Monday of October. The good people of Rochester, we are perfectly [illegible] will do all in their power to [illegible] tute pleasant, and will [illegible] ous hospitality to who may attend it.

The services of able and efficient instructors from abroad have been secured, and everything appears to promise that the approaching session of the Institute will be the most interesting and profitable ever held in this county.

We hope that with this timely notice no teacher will find any excuse for not attending.

BRICK POMEROY ON THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Racy Reading for Democrats.

The La Crosse *Democrat* of July 6th handles Seymour and Blair—who had not then received the nomination—without gloves.—As the *Democrat*, edited by the notorious Brick Pomeroy, is a power in the Democratic party, having the largest circulation of any Democratic newspaper, it is of interest to know what it thinks of the Democratic candidates.

Fearing that the *Review & Examiner* may overlook this article, and neglect to publish it, we furnish them with a copy:

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

We notice that Governor Seymour made a speech in New York City on the 25th of June, in which, the telegraph says, he "proceeded to reiterate his views formerly expressed on the financial question." What those views are, as contained in his Albany speech, our readers are fully informed—precisely those affirmed by the Jacobins at their Chicago Convention—gold for the bondholders—rags for the people.

It is well known that Gov. Seymour is opposed to touching the financial question—wants to brave it to stand as it is, all in favor of the bondholders, and against the people—gold, and no taxes to pay for the former, and rags, and all the taxes to pay for the latter.

With characteristic sophistry, he says that "our debt is not due until fifteen years from this time." Therefore he says its present discussion is useless—it is not a practical question.

Of the fearful consequences of following Gov. Seymour's advice we have heretofore expressed our views, and we now repeat them, on the eve of the great event which is to determine the destiny of the American people.

Gov. Seymour is trying to put the public mind asleep on the bond question, and leave the PLOWHOLDERS to sweat, and stagger, and starve under the load of taxation, to pay the bondholders their semi-annual interest in gold, and their taxes in addition; by telling the country that the financial question should not be brought into the canvass this year, that every thing is well enough as it is, if you will only make the country economize in its expenditures, and that a generation hence will be time enough to talk about the nationel debt.

How false and deceptive!

It takes one hundred and twenty-five millions in gold—say one hundred and seventy-five millions in greenbacks, at present depreciation—to pay the interest on the bonds.—This load upon industry—this drain upon the resources of the Plowholders—Gov. Seymour proposes to continue without a change for a generation or more.

Why?

Because he has not the courage to grapple with the question like a statesman and a patriot!

And because the bondholders have got him in their toils, and are using him to uphold their interests—

And enslave the PLOWHOLDER.

FRANK P. BLAIR, OLD BLAIR, AND THE BLAIRS GENERALLY.

It is reported that Montgomery Blair says that none of the candidates now prominently named will receive the Democratic nomination at New York, and that the party can only be united by bringing forward a new man.—*Exchange.*

Such stuff as the above is more than Democratic nature can bear. To have one of that pestilent Blair family talking thus oracularly about the affair of the Democratic party is the most impudent thing of the day.

What have the Blairs in common with the Democratic party? Old Blair has been virtually working against it, and doing it all the harm in his power, for more than twenty years, and during all this time—embracing the whole of their political lives—the young Blairs have been ready and active co-workers with their father in feeding his hate and ministering to his thirst for vengeance against the Democratic party.

They all contributed, to the extent of their ability, to widen the gulf and increase the bitterness between the North and South, which led to the late tremendous convulsions. They were in every movement for the promotion of sectional division and hostility, from the free soil defection, in 1846-7-8—mainly instigated and engineered by old Blair—until the election of Lincoln, and the inauguration of abolition diabolism in the Capitol of the Union.

One of the young Blairs, a member of Lincoln's Cabinet, the other, one of his military tools—the civilian damning himself forever, as a public man, and placing an impassable barrier between himself and all true democratic fellowship, by a bold violation of law, an audacious defiance of the Constitution in excluding from the mails all Democratic papers which conspicuously differed in opinion from the policy and measures of the Lincoln administration, and when respectfully asked by the parties agrieved why, and by what authority, such action was taken against them insolently answered, as would a petulent boy, when questioned why he had been guilty of a misconduct, *"I did it because I had a mind to!"*—and the military member of the Blair family making his first demonstration in the field, by leading his regiment of brutal ruffins against the unarmed populace of St. Louis, indiscriminately shooting down in the crowded streets, men women and children, murdering by wholesale an unoffending population, and committing a deed of cruelty blacker and more unpardonable than any of which the infamous Suwarrow was ever guilty, and, in contrast with which the acts of woman-whipping Haynau, whom the sturdy and indignant brewers of London so mercilessly hooted and pelted, appear decent and human.

And this he, too, did—*"because he had a mind to."*

And who does not remember that fine piece of political strategy—that charmingly pure and honorable piece of manœuvering between Lincoln and young Frank Blair, during the war, when the latter, while holding a general's commission in the army, got himself elected to Congress from St. Louis?

Frank wanted to get into the House and be Speaker. If he couldn't be Speaker, he wanted to remain a General. But he could not be a member of the House and a general both at the same time.

This had to be managed some way. So, Frank and brother Montgomery, and Lincoln and old man Blair, got together and set their wits to work to devise some way of getting along with it.

The result was eminently creditable to the purity and ingenuity of the parties concerned, and demonstrated that the Blair family will not voluntarily give up a good thing that they have in possession, without making sure of something better in exchange. So it was arranged that Frank should resign his general's commission and Lincoln should accept it, but not confer it upon any one else, until it was seen whether or not Frank got the Speakership, and if he did not he was to have his commission back.

And so it was carried out, Frank did not become Speaker, and was reinstated in the army, furnishing an eminent example for the purity and patriotism that prevailed in those days, and for which the Blair family has always been so distinguished.

Thus were these younger Blairs the ready tools and co-workers of Lincoln and the Jacobin party during the whole process of the destruction of the grand fabric of free government which now lies in ruins around us, counseling the worst and all the measures which the destructionists introduced and carried out, and the elder Blair, like a spirit of evil, thrusting himself into the dark conclaves of the conspiritors against public liberty, hissing out his venom against the Democratic party, and instigating the wasting and destroying of the South for grudges of well nigh forty years standing, conceived and cherished because her leading men—Calhoun, M'Duffie, Rowan, Bibb, Tazewell, Tropp, Davis and others—always scorned him as a mercinary adventurer, and refused to recognize him in society.

It is this Blair family, whose history is thus truthfully sketched, which now claims position and a voice in the Democratic party, and even assumes to dictate its nomination for the Presidency. In fact, it has the modesty to claim the nomination for one of its own members—the butcher of St. Louis—the nice young gentleman who so adroitly balanced between a Speakership and a Brigadier Generalship, and to whom Lincoln so kindly tossed the latter when the former was not to be caught.

Has the Democratic party fallen so low as to be used by such creatures? Is it so craven as to allow such fellows to say what it shall do or what it shall not do? One of these Blairs has the impudence to say that the party cannot be united on any one of the candidates already named—some new man must be taken up! Think of it! Look it over! Where is Train! Send for Train! He only can match him.

The Democratic party cannot be united on any candidate already named! Good!—Where did you learn all that Montgomery?—By going to *Silver Spring* and consulting the *old man*, or sending out to *St. Louis* and asking brother Frank? Then the Blair family stands out against the nomination of any candidate already named! Of course, the Democratic party cannot be united then on any of these candidates! The Blair family "goes back" on these candidates! So the party cannot unite on any one of them! The party is not united without the Blairs! In fact, it is no party without the Blairs! Whew! What a big family! To use the expression of their late lamented master, *"What a long tail our cat has got!"*

But all this difficulty could be got over, if the Convention would unite the party by nominating Gen. Frank. Then the party would be united, of course, for the Blair family would be satisfied! When they are satisfied the party is united! How Simple!—Why has not this been thought of before?

Now, gentlemen, enough of this. The Democratic party is united—united as never before, *upon the principles and not a man.* You know this full well, and all your efforts will avail nothing to defeat the people's will. In this great crisis you are of no account—you have no weight—you must stand aside, and give place to the millions who are going to do the voting and elect the ticket, and will have it to suit them—*or know the reason why!*

This trifling with the people's will must stop. This cheating must have an end. The country had enough of it, and its patience is exhausted. The public mind must not be provoked farther. There is a feeling growing up most threatening to certain conspicuous actions in the interest of the bondholders. *Foul play is apprehended!*

If it be successfully consummated, prepare for the consequences. The people's wrath will be terrible, and they will take up their own cause, and battle for it under leaders of their own selection, and in whom they can trust.—We warn all who have entered into the conspiracy of the bondholders against the right to look to their safety, while they may, and make harmony where they are threatening discord, and secure victory when they are plotting defeat.

A RAILROAD FLIRTATION.

"Katonah!" shouted the brakeman, opening the car door as the train paused before a pleasant little station on the Harlem Railroad.

I do not know as I should have particularly noticed that we stopped at all, for I had been napping it for some miles; but, just as I was casting an enquiring, sleepy look out of the window, and settling myself for another *siesta*, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a young lady, a way passenger, who perceiving the car well filled, paused before me in evident embarrassment.

I scarcely wish the reader to infer from this that there were no vacant seats; on the contrary, the chair I occupied, was selfishly monopolized by my shawl and valise which had excluded many an applicant, and so the moment I observed the car door open, I mentally resolved not to budge an inch; but a glance at the new comer changed my mind.

She was a young lady of exceeding beauty, dressed in the rich and tasty style of the present fashion. Whether it was her genteel aspect, or the soft melancholy of her dark impressive eyes, I cannot say, but when she ventured almost timidly, to enquire if the half seat at my side "was engaged," I gallantly arose and proffered it to her at once. I must acknowledge I felt somewhat flattered by her preference, for though a young man and tolerably good-looking, I had the sense to perceive there were far better men around, who like me, might have shared their chair with the handsome lady stranger. I fancied they envied me too, as the fair girl sat plump down, and her dainty form nestled close to my side.

"I fear I have disturbed you," said my companion, in a low, sweet voice, that thrilled me with its soft cadance.

"Not at all, Miss," I rejoined with stereotyped politeness. "I am to happy to oblige you."

She bowed and smiled in reply, and a short pause ensued, as is usually upon such acquaintanceship. In the meanwhile, the train had started, and we rattled swiftly through the fields and woods, now decked in the lively tints of Spring. The conductor came in, and went through his customary routine of examining the tickets. I perceived hers was marked for New York, and after some hesitation, I said:

"You go to the city?"

"Yes," she replied with a smile of winning candor; "that, I presume, you have already found out."

"I shall keep you company then," I observed pleasantly.

"Thank you, sir."

There was a slight dignity, I thought, in her tone, which repelled further familiarity, so as I am a very modest man, I drew back and said nothing further. On rushed the steam horse [illegible] had been passed and I was fast relapsing into my former apathy, when my lady friend, to my surprise, leaned towards me and whispered:

"I am so very timid on the cars."

"Indeed," said I, quite charmed with her abruptness. "You surely are well accustomed to traveling?"

"Perfectly," she replied with some nonchalance, "but that is not it exactly. There are so many dreadful accidents on the railroad."

"Dreadful indeed!" echoed I.

"And," added my companion with naivette, "it is so unpleasant to travel unattended. I usually have my brother Charlie with me; he is a splendid escort."

"If you will allow me," said I, quite gallantly, "I will gladly occupy that position."

"I am much obliged to you sir," replied the young lady, with a grateful glance from her dark orbs, "yet I am half-frightened to think I am accepting the escort of a stranger, not that I fear you, sir; but, alas! I have a jealous father."

"A jealous father!" I repeated, somewhat puzzled and surprised.

"Ah, yes," sighed the young lady, "it is my misfortune, while having wealth, health, and almost everything that the heart can wish, to be under the tyrannical control of an old step-father, who treats me oftentimes in the most cruel manner; debars me from the society of your sex, shuts me up in the gloomy confines of my chamber, and treats me with pitiless rigor, if I do so much as to speak or look to a man."

"What a monster!" I ejaculated with a face of melodramatic sympathy.

"That is the reason," she continued, looking around her half fearfully as she spoke, "That is the reason why I am so diffident about entrusting myself to your care, but I do it on one condition."

"Name it," I rejoined, charmed and delighted with the strange confidence the young lady was reposing in me.

"That you leave me the instant the cars reach New-York."

I was so bewitched by the beauty and charming ensousiance of my quandam friend, that I readily gave the required pledge: apparently quite relieved the young lady threw aside all reserve, and talked and chatted with me in the most pleasant manner possible. It is needless to say that in an hour's time I had so far advanced in her good graces, as to venture to press her hand, and the sweet, half-coquettish smile that played around the corners of her cherry lips did not seem to disapprove of the liberty I had taken.

"Do you know," said she as we sat chatting confidently together, "that I liked your face the first moment I saw it."

"It was sympathetic on both sides then," I whispered, drawing so near to her that I could feel her hot breath fan my cheek.

"Yes," she murmured, gently withdrawing herself from my glowing embrace, for we had passed through the tunel, and I had taken a lovers advantage and snatched a hasty kiss.

"You are a naughty man, the naughtiest man I ever saw," she said, in a low and tremulous tone. "If pa should be on the train what would he say?"

"Never fear sweet creature," I rejoined earnestly, "your cross old father is miles away, and let us improve the present opportunity."

"Are you aware?" she observed, half mischievously, "that there is another tunnel beyond, a great deal darker too than the one we have left?"

"I know it," said I, with a tender glance at my fair enslaver. "We are drawing near to it very fast."

Once more I placed my arm around the waist of the young lady, and wrapped in the gloom of the tunnel, took sweet pledges from her lips. It was very gratifying to my vanity. All good-looking young men are vain, you know—to perceive that my lovely companion clung more affectionately to me than before, indeed I had scarcely time to tear myself from her arms when we emerged once more into broad daylight. She had let her veil drop over her face, but I could detect the crimson flush through the fine net work of lace. Her voice betrayed much agitation as she whispered:

"I have gone too far with you, you must have ceased to respect me."

"My sweet charmer," I rejoined, "let us ever be friends; give me your name and address?"

"My name and address!" she responded, "you must never know; I already feel frightened to think how far I have permitted myself to venture with a stranger. Forgive and forget me."

"A flirt, a coquette!"

"No, no," she returned hurriedly, pressing my hand, "I am not a flirt, but I dare not,—as much as I think of you I dare not let the acquaintance proceed further. Have pity upon me! have pity!"

She looked so pleadingly, so entreatingly with those soft dark eyes gleaming through the silken meshes of her veil, that I could not pursuade myself to be offended with her. At last she reluctantly consented to give her name, and handing me a prettily embossed card, I read "KATE DARREL, No.—University Place."

The train had reached Thirty-Second street, and I could easily see that my fair inamorata grew every moment more restless and disturbed. First her head peered out of the window: then she would half rise and cast hurried and fearful glances behind.

Already I was beginning to share the uncomfortable feelings of my companion, as visions of angry papa flourishing a cane over my head rose vividly before my mind's eye, when suddenly Miss Darrel uttered an exclamation, rose from her seat, and unceremoniously darted from the car.

I wondered at the ease and dexterity with which she descended, though the car was propelled quite rapidly by horse power, but my wonder and surprise was destined to be considerably increased, when a few minutes afterward a thick set, stern looking gentleman entered from the other side, his eyes inquisitively scanning the face of each lady passenger.

"Hello!" said he rather gruffly, pausing before me, "has a young lady been occupying this seat?"

"Yes sir," I replied, somewhat disconcerted and quite abashed.

"Light jockey, maroon colored silk and grey traveling cloak," pursued the gentleman interrogatively.

"I believe that was her costume," I replied, somewhat sulkily.

"By-Gad! she's given me the slip again!" cried the gentleman, slapping his breeches pocket with much emphasis.

"Given you the slip," I repeated; a sudden and awful light breaking upon me.

"Yes, the jade is as sharp as a needle."

"Pray sir," said I, with a slight sensation of suffocation, "may I be so bold as to enquire if you are the father of that young lady?"

"Father! the devil,—No sir,—I am a detective!"

"Then," continued I, with desperate calmness, "who is the young lady?"

"Bless your soul, she is Nancy Dacors, the *fashionable female pickpocket.* By Gad, sir, has she been playing her points on you?"

The detective grinned, and the passengers, gradually comprehending the situation, smiled provokingly. I did not reply—the intelligence was stunning and affecting in the highest degree. So my beautiful traveling companion was nothing more than a [illegible] [illegible] myself upon having made a conquest, in reality had been the victim of a cunning and designing deceiver; and well had she duped me, for even while I was snatching those dear bought kisses, she had dexterously relieved me of my watch and purse, and, as I never saw her or my valuables again, it may be readily believed that my adventure was not without its moral, or that I was, thereafter, quite as eager for a RAILROAD FLIRTATION.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to TEN lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged for at 15 cts ten cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths inserted free of charge.

The publisher reserves the right to change advertisements from one place in the paper to another whenever it is desirable to do so.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Pendleton's "next friend" in the Democratic Convention was Wash. McLean; or, as the "unterrrified" call him, "Wash me clean." Under his management, poor Pendleton was washed clean of all his chances for the Presidency. As a Hoosier said of a Turkish bath, they wash all the hide off, so he won't be the same man again until a new skin has grown.

The New York *Express* says: "A party of Southern delegates to the Convention, in company with detectives, 'did' the slums of the city Monday night. They saw enough of the mysteries and miseries of the metropolis to satisfy their curiosity, until the meeting of another convention, at least." They also saw where the Democratic majorities come from.

A Western paper says that Dan Vorhees, once very popular with the Western Democracy, is denounced and repudiated by the party in his neighborhood for the part he took in the Convention. His old friends even talk of presenting this Copperhead sage with that Southern adornment, so fashionable in secession States some years since—a coat of tar and feathers."

The Bridgeport *Farmer* says: "The vote for Seymour in New York next November will make Hiram sick." To which the *Standard* responds: "We don't know about that. The vote for Seymour was all out in New-York during the draft riots in 1863, and it didn't make Hiram sick at all. On the contrary, he sent 'Old Ben' up there, and, if our memory serves us, it was not Hiram, but Seymour and his voters, that were taken 'dreadful sick' of that job.

Timely rhymes these:

> There's a queer sort o' chap they call Seymour—
> A strange composition called Seymour,
> Who stoutly declines,
> Then happiness finds
> In accepting, does Horatio Seymour,
> Hi diddle, diddle, Hendricks and his fiddle,
> S. P. C. jumped over the moon,
> While Pendleton cried to see such sport,
> And Seymour ran off with the spoon.

The Tennessee Rebels, emboldened by the action of the late Democratic Convention and the letter of Frank Blair, are seriously contemplating the overthrow of the present Tennessee State Government. The Ku-Klux-Klan mean trouble and are well organized. They warn the negroes that they will not be hurt if they abstain from politics, but the white Republicans are to be murdered without mercy. The meeting of the Legislature, called for the 27th, will not be a moment too soon.

An immense Republican mass meeting was held in Des Moines, Iowa, on the night of the 18th. The East Des Moines and West Des Moines Grant Clubs were out in strong force, each headed by a brass band. When they united, the procession was full a mile long, and, with their 500 torches and flags, made a very imposing appearance. After marching through the principal streets, the crowd assembled in Court House square to listen to the speeches of T. D. Ingersoll of Muscatine, and Gen. L. A. Grant.

Dispatches from all points in the North West almost universally say that the nominations of the Democratic Convention are received by the Democracy with much coldness and dissatisfaction, while the Republicans seem delighted. They regard the ticket as a very weak one, which they can beat with ease. The nomination of Frank Blair, jr., is particularly offensive to the Democracy. They regard him as an unprincipled, foul-mouthed traitor, with no real sympathy for the party which has nominated him, and who would probably sell them out if he should by any chance be elected.