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 ten cents a line for each insertion.

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

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 52—No. 7. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, February 16, 1870. Established 1818.

THE BEAVER ARGUS

Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per year in advance.

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.

Letters and communications should be addressed to J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa.

Business Cards.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—Mrs. M. A. Binder has just arrived from Paris and London with the latest designs, personally selected from the greatest novelties; also, the ... Trimmings to be secured in Paris, ... Ribbons, Velvets, Bridal Veils, Flowers, Jewelry, and Trimmed Paper Patterns, Dress ... making. Exclusive agent for Mrs. M. Work's celebrated system for cutting ladies dresses, basques, &c. N. W. corner of 11th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. [sep22;6m.

BEAVER LADIES' SEMINARY.—The ... term of this Institution will commence **Tuesday, September 14, 1869.** Every ... will be furnished with experienced ... competent Teachers. Miss MARY A. BUNN, ... the place of Miss Dever, graduated in Pittsburgh High School while the subscriber was ... Principal, and her scholarship and experience as ... were the inducements that led him to ... as a teacher in this Seminary. ... who desire to see our Catalogue, will ... on or address the Principal.

D. H. A. M'LEAN.

BEAVER SEMINARY AND INSTITUTE Opens its Fifteenth Annual Session **11th of September,** under the superintendence of the Principal, **Rev. R. T. Taylor, A. M.** Special attention will be paid to the ... of teachers for the Common Schools, ... vocal and instrumental, by a competent ... at moderate rates. Lads prepared for ... or given a Business education. Languages, ancient and modern, by highly efficient ... as well as Painting, Drawing and Wax... Send for a Catalogue to

REV. R. T. TAYLOR, Beaver, Pa.

PREMIUM TRUNK FACTORY.—Joseph Liebler, Manufacturer and Wholesale ... Dealer in Trunks ... chine—H. M... [illegible]

J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of ... old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., ... pleased to meet his old customers and ... who may want either the BEST COOK... STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of ... at best material and workmanship. The ... will be conducted by

J. ANDERSON & SONS.

SHARON MILLS.—The undersigned ... method of informing the public ... have purchased and taken charge of the ... Mills, formerly owned by the Messrs Dar... Sharon, Beaver county, Pa. They have ... and are now prepared to do all kinds ... to the satisfaction of their patrons.— ... of flour will compare favorably with ... market. Give us a call before going ...

SAMUEL DAVIDSON & BRO.

NOTICE:—New Bakery, at Wilson's old ... Third Street, Beaver, Pa. JOSEPH M. ... pleasure to inform his old friends that ... established in business at the above stand, ... will be glad to meet and accommodate ... Fresh bread, cakes, crackers, nuts, &c. &c. ... of all kinds. No. 1 Flour, made ... Wheat, by the barrel, sack, or retail.

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots' Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to ... Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, ... where he is prepared to manufacture and sell ... in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner ... the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call. my26'69;ly.

DEN. K. PIERSOL, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Protestor ... in Beaver. [april:ly.

P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in Mc... building, east of Public Square.

FOR SALE.—Fifty (50) shares of Stock in the National Bank of Beaver Co. Enquire ... New Brighton, Pa. [jan12:lm.

W. A. ROSE, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rochester and surrounding country. Office ... drug store, on Water street, Rochester, ... county, Pa. Consultation hours between ... and ... m. ... furnished and prescriptions carefully filled ... Drug Store.

Blanks of nearly all the different kinds for sale at the Argus office.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.

Blank Constable's Sales for sale at the Argus office.

D. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 3d street, Beaver, Pa. (in room adjoining J. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving ... to order. The patronage of the public is ... and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a call.

Blank Mortgages for sale at the Argus office.

THOS. McCREERY, Banker, corner of Third street and Diamond, Beaver, Pa. Money ... Government Bonds. Interest allowed on time deposits. We will also receive applications for policies in the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF THE U. S. Also Merchants', ... and Artizans' Co., of Pittsburgh, ... below the Court House.

HENRY MERZ, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, ... Gaiters, Boots and shoes made ... A long experience in the business enables him to do work in a superior manner. Terms ... Shop on Third street, near Rev. ... Beaver, Pa. Give him a call ... elsewhere.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to ... on the estate of Miss Jane McKeen, ... Borough township, Beaver county, ... therefore, all persons indebted ... are hereby notified to make immediate payment and all persons having claims against ... will please present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. C. WILSON, Adm'r., Brighton tp.

CHAS. B. HURST, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent. Deeds and ... written and acknowledgements taken, ... duly commissioned as Agent for ... first class Insurance Companies, ... the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock ... is prepared to take risks and write ... on the most liberal terms. Also, agent ... "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers ... sold to and from all ports in England, Scotland, Germany and France. Office ... brick row, Diamond, Rochester.

Blank Subpœnas for sale at the Argus office.

... WILSON. ......JOHN J. WICKHAM.

WILSON & WICKHAM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

BEAVER, PA.

ALEXANDER & MASON,

... ALEXANDER, ... (J. M. MASON, Attorney at Law ... SOLICITORS of ... Washington, D. C.

American and European Patents,

And Counselors at Patent Law.

(Fifteen years experience as solicitors of Patents.) ... Seventh Street, opposite the Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Papers carefully prepared and patents secured without delay. Examinations in the Patent office *free of charge,* ... *asked in any case unless a ... is allowed.* Send for Circular of Terms, Instructions and ... [aug 4: ly

Blank Notes for sale at the Argus office.

LOOK HERE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The ... begs leave to inform his friends ... generally that he has just received ... stock of goods of the latest styles for ... Summer wear, which he offers at very ...

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

... made to order on the shortest notice. ... to the public for past favors, I hope ... attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER, PA.

BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER.

New Brighton Seminary.

Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, *Principal.*

... R. R. JOHNSTON, *Vice Principal and* ...

This Institution, with a full corps of Teachers, ... open for boarders and day scholars, on the **First Monday (4th) of April Next** ... term three months. ... course of study for young ladies is complete ... Department for Teachers, with Special ... Appropriate Lectures. First class Teaching ... Piano and Vocal Music, Painting and Drawing.

... Young Men admitted as Day Scholars ... fitted for business, or prepared for advanced ... college classes. ... is beautiful, the house commodious ... rooms refitted and well furnished for ...

For full information as to rates of Tuition, ... &c., send for a Circular. Prior to the ... March, address the Principal at New Castle ... that date at New Brighton, Pa.

Book Agents Wanted for

Struggles and Triumphs Of

P. T. Barnum.

Written by Himself, In One Large Octavo Volume—Nearly 800 Pages Printed in English and German— 33 Elegant Full Page Engravings.

It embraces FORTY YEARS RECOLLECTIONS of his busy life, as a Merchant, Manager, Banker, Lecturer and Showman, and gives accounts of his imprisonment, his Failures, his Successful European engagements, and important Historical and Personal reminiscences; replete with Humor, Anecdotes and entertaining Narrative. No book published so acceptable to all classes. Every one wants it. Agents are selling from 50 to 100 a week. We offer extra terms. Our Illustrated Catalogue and terms to Agents sent free. J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

jan22:3m]

Miscellaneous.

T. G. MORGAN,

SUCCESSOR TO

SHALLENBERGER BROS.

DEALER IN

Fine Family Groceries.

Queensware, Hardware,

NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME,

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods.

Goods delivered free of charge in all the Villages.

aug19;68.

THE SUEZ CANAL!.

WHILE the World is more or less exercised over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that

S. SNITGER & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES.

Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,

Tobacco and Cigars;

And all other articles usually found

In a First Class

GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call

and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.

jan5. S. SNITGER & CO.

To The Public.

THE Undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that, notwithstanding the "dullness of the times," he has, as usual, a full supply of all articles connected with the

Grocery Business.

Among which may be found a full assortment of

Hardware,

Embracing everything usually called for in a country store;

A Large Stock of the Best

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Syrups, &c., &c.;

All of which are fresh, and the best in the market. The best brands of

FLOUR

Can always be obtained at my Store, and at as low a price as can be afforded.

Cornmeal Feed, &c.,

Kept on hand, and sold in any quantity. This assortment of

Queensware, Glass &c,

Is complete, and will compare favorably with any stock in the county. In short, he aims to keep a

FIRST CLASS GROCERY STORE,

And no pains nor efforts on his part will fail to make it such.

Having been in the Grocery Business for a number of years, and becoming familiar with it in all of its branches, he feels confident that he will be able

To Please his Patrons.

Remember the Stand.

Stewarts' Block,

Bridge Street, Bridgewater Pa.

A. S. HARVEY.

jan5,1862-ly

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINES,

$30.00.

The most perfect machine yet invented. Will widen and narrow, turn a heel or point the toe. It will knit plain or ribbed. It will knit stockings, drawers, shirts, ac., &c. It is cheap, simple and durable. It sets up its own work, uses but one needle, and requires no adjusting whatever. It will do the same work that the Lamb machine will do and costs less than half as much and has not the tenth part of the machinery to get out of order. Circulars and samples mailed free on application. Agents wanted. All machines guaranteed.

STRAW & MORTON,

GENERAL AGENTS,

No. 20 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh Pa.

nov24:ly.

TOBACCO.

Its deleterious effects on the health are annulled and strength to the suffering organs restored by using

LANGE'S PLUGS

They being a pleasant and powerful tonic in the shape of navy tobacco. Patented March 9th, 1869. If your druggist has not got it send 75 cents to us and we will send 5 plugs to any address, postpaid.

J. C. LANGE & SON,

Cor. Penn & Thirteenth streets,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

nov10:3m.

Iron City College.

The Most Complete Business College in the United States,

Affording facilities for acquiring a thorough, practical business education, possessed by no other School in the country.

Since its incorporation in 1855, nearly Sixteen Thousand Students, representatives from every State in the Union, have attended here.

No vacations. Students enter at any time, and receive private instruction throughout the entire course.

N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and all necessary information, on addressing

SMITH & COWLEY, Principals, PITTSBURGH, Pa. jan19:ly.

NEW GOODS!

Fall and Winter Wear.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF GOODS OF THE

LATEST STYLES,

FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR

Gentlemen's Furnishing Good

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

In latest and most fashionable styles, and at short notice.

mar31:tf WILLIAM REICH, Jr., BRIDGEWATER, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

Blank Deeds for sale at the Argus office.

AMARANTH Lodge No. 294, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Coffin's Hall. [feb10;tf

INSOLVENT NOTICE.—TO MY CREDITORS: You are hereby notified that I, William Campbell (laborer) residing in Industry township, Beaver county, Pa., have applied to the Court of Common Pleas of said county for the benefit of the insolvent laws of this Commonwealth, and the said Court have appointed the first day of March Term, 1870, at the Court House in the borough of Beaver, for the hearing of me and my creditors, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper. WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

feb9:3w

AUCTION SALE!

Rare Chance for Bargains!!

Being desirous of discontinuing the trade in certain lines of Goods, we have determined to sell at

Public Sale, Without Reserve,

On Tuesday February 22d, 1870,

at our store in Rochester Pa., the following goods—viz: A large lot of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Queensware in great variety; together with an endless variety of Notions; and Small Wares too numerous to mention. All will be sold at *Public Sale* regardless of cost or value.

Sale to commence at 10 a. m., and continue from day to day until sold. SPEYERER & SONS.

feb9:3w] Rochester, Pa.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Adam Johnston, dec'd, late of the borough of Rochester, Beaver county, Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement. LUCY JOHNSTON,

jan12:6t Executrix.

Notice In Partition.—BEAVER COUNTY SS. In the Orphans' Court of Beaver county. In the matter of the partition of the Real Estate of Daniel Evans, late of Beaver county, deceased: (SEAL)

And now, to wit: Dec. 29th, 1869, Rule on the heirs and legal representatives of the said Daniel Evans, who died on the—day of— 186—, leaving a widow named Sarah Evans and six children surviving him, viz: John Evans, your petitioner, residing in Iowa, Martha Greenwood, George, over 20 years, Emanuel aged 14 years, Edward aged 12 years, and Sarah Jane Evans aged 16 years; residing in Rochester tp., Beaver county, and Martha Ann Remington, of whom Ephraim Smith was appointed guardian by this Honorable Court, on the——day of——186—, minor daughter aged 6 years, of Mary Remington, dec'd., formerly Evans, intermarried with John Remington, daughter of said Daniel Evans, dec'd., said Martha Remington resides with her father, John Remington, at Madoc, Canada West, and all others interested, to show cause, if any they have, why an Inquest to make partition of the Real Estate of said dec'd. should not be awarded at an Orphans' Court, on the third Monday of March next.

A true copy of Rule

Attest: JOHN C. HART, Clerk.

Attest: JOHN GRAEBING, Sheriff.

feb9:3w.] Beaver county, Pa.

Insure Your Life

AT ONCE!

John Hancock

We want the Merchant, The Farmer and the Mechanic to *think* of and *know* the benefit to be derived from insuring their lives in the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Mass. This company presents the advantages offered by other companies, and *in addition* this Company makes *all its* Policies *non-forfeitable,* after *one* payment. It also pays *dividends in cash* after *one* payment—and for reliability is second to none. We should prefer that parties, desiring insurance, should apply through the agent for the county. COLE & STROUD, *Gen'l Agts.*

Office, 150 & 152 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company of Boston, Mass. We wish energetic and responsible agents for this and the adjoining counties. Applications from men of known respectability and integrity will only be entertained.

feb9;3m] **COLE & STROUD,** General Agents, Philadelphia.

WALL PAPER

WALL PAPER.

WINDOW SHADES

BOOKS,

STATIONERY, &c.,

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST assortment of the above in the city. Call and examine before purchasing, and be convinced, at

F. E. WELLS & CO'S.,

NO. 106 FEDERAL STREET.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN'A.

sept15;1y.Feb.9ch'd

HOUSE & LOT

In Beaver, at Public Sale.

THE Undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Workman, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on

Tuesday, March 8, 1870,

At 1 o'clock, p. m., the South half of Lot No. 29, in the borough of Beaver, P., fronting 150 feet on Elk Street and 120 feet on Bank Alley; on which is erected a comfortable two story frame dwelling house, nearly new and in good repair. The property is situate near the bank of the Ohio river, only a short distance from the C. & P. R. R. Station, and in a pleasant locality for a private residence.

TERMS:—One half of the purchase money to be paid on the 1st day of April, 1870, at which time possession of the property will be given, and the balance on the first day of January, 1871, with interest. S. B. WILSON, Ex'r.

feb9:4w

SPRING STOCK.

C A R P E T S

Oil Cloths, Etc., Etc.

M'CALLUM BROTH'S.

51 Fifth Avenue, above Wood street,

PITTSBURGH, PA

Have on hand

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARKET.

From the Finest Qualities to the Very Lowest Grades.

WINDOW SHADES,

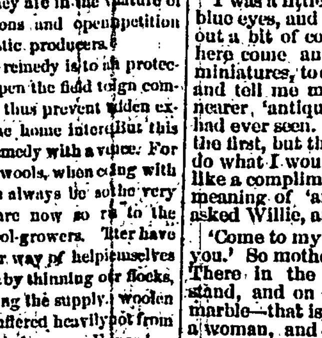
Fine and Common Table Covers, &c., &c.

Prices uniform to all, and the lowest.

M'CALLUM BROS.

mar24:ly.

Blank warrants for sale at the Argus office.



This is no Patent Medicine Humbug, gotten up to dupe the credulous, nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing Remedy, a perfect Specific for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, also for offensive Breath, Loss or impairment of the sense of Smell, Taste or Hearing, Watering or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the head, when caused, as they all not unfrequently are, by the violence of Catarrh.

We offer in good faith a standing Reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh that we cannot cure.

Sold by most Druggists Everywhere.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Sent by mail post paid on receipt of 60 cents. Four packages for two dollars or one dozen for five dollars.

Send a 2 cent stamp for Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh. Address the proprietor, R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

mar3:3m;je:3m:sep3m.dec.3m.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after Nov. 15th, 1869, trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows. [Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.15 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.
Pittsburgh	155AM	645AM	945AM	215PM
Rochester	310	830	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salem	506	1031	1245PM	[illegible]
Alliance	615	1115	135	610
Canton	700	1215PM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Massillon	717	1240	[illegible]	705
Orrville	800	125	318	738
Wooster	833	201	[illegible]	805
Mansfield	1035	354	[illegible]	940
Crestline (A)	1100	440	600	1018
Crestline (D)	1115	600AM	620	1020
Bucyrus	1140	629	[illegible]	1043
Upper Sandusky	1215PM	710	738	1115
Forest	1244	748	801	1145
Lima	150	905	915	1255AM
Van Wert	258	1018	1021	200
Fort Wayne	430	1150	1205AM	330
Columbia	511	1235PM	1256	359
Warsaw	602	144	150	[illegible]
Plymouth	656	250	308	[illegible]
Valparaiso	828	430	447	738
Chicago	1030	635	650	920

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.
Chicago	450AM	830AM	505PM	830PM
Valparaiso	730	1000	655	1151 "
Plymouth	901	1125	830	100AM
Warsaw	1005	1235PM	948	230
Columbia	1055	[illegible]	1027	425
Fort Wayne	1150	155	1120	500
Van Wert	115PM	250	1227AM	613
Lima	225	353	125	650
Forest	333	442	240	940
Upper Sandusky	425	510	305	1000
Bucyrus	515	548	347	1046
Crestline (A)	550	610	415	1115
Crestline (D)	550AM	630	425	1205PM
Mansfield	631	700	459	1236
Wooster	835	807	615	201
Orrville	905	838	648	227
Massillon	943	921	717	258
Canton	1003	938	735	312
Alliance	1115	1035	840	430
Salem	1152	1056	908	425
Rochester	205PM	1235AM	1059	604
Pittsburgh	815	140	1155	705

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2:25 p. m; New Castle, 2:45 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 4:50 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 9:50a. m. Youngstown, 10:30, a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:30 a. m; New Castle, 7:20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 3:50 p. m; arrives New Castle, 6:20 p.m; Youngstown, 7:05 p. m.

F. R. MYERS,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Nov. 15th, 1869, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	815AM	1235PM	335PM
Euclid Street	820	1240	346
Hudson	930	140	443
Ravenna	1004	210	513
Alliance	1100	249	600
Bayard	1129	315	
Wellsville	105PM	445	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Wellsville	835AM	335PM	
Bayard	1025	510	
Alliance	1120	535	725AM
Ravenna	1208PM	611	815
Hudson	1243	638	855
Euclid Street	140	719	956
Cleveland	200	730	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S	*	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	725AM	150PM	430PM
Bridgeport	555	815	200	440
Steubenville	700	1035	306	600
Wellsville	815	125PM	455	
Smith's Ferry	840	140	516	
Beaver				
Rochester	925	230	580	
Pittsburgh	1035	325	655	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	625AM	155PM	350PM	
Rochester	733	255	500	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry	817	323	548	
Wellsville	850	415	620	
Steubenville	950	520		705AM
Bridgeport	1059	628		815
Bellair	1010	640		830

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville and an express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

N. Philadelphia, 6:45 a. m. | Bayard, 0:45 a.m. Bayard, 11:50a.m. | N. Philadelphia, 3:40pm.

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

Dry Goods.

CASH BUYERS

AT

WHOLESALE

WILL FIND A VERY LARGE AND

ATTRACTIVE STOCK

OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY - GOODS,

At Very

LOW PRICES,

Either by the yard, piece or package.

AT

A. W. ERWIN & CO'S.

178 Federal Street, Allegheny

jun2:ly.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Written for The ...]

DEATH IN THE AL[MSHOUSE].

I am so old, so feeble and ...
I have lived four score y...
My locks are gray and wh...
My cheeks with furrows ...

My hair is very, very thin ...
It is growing less and less ...
My form is bent like a bow ...
For I am so very old, you kn...

I sit hour after hour, and ...
My speech is so foolish ...
But, lately, to memory co...
Thoughts of the dim long ...

They come like the shadows ...
I cannot remember them all ...
Fast and faster they come an...
Come, and go, and I think of ...

Years ago, I remember well ...
I had a home in a shady dell ...
Thinking of it my heart ...
Of all there used to be four ...

Four of us there was, I said ...
Except me, they are long ...
The last to die was my good ...
I am cold. Stir the fire, ...

Hark! Is there not some ...
Perhaps it was the branches ...
From the old elm tree, in ...
Brushing and rattling on the ...

My friends have kin of thei...
I had to go to the Alms-House ...
It is the way of the world, ...
I should have died years ago ...

Just now, I thought I saw ...
Of my children's cold, dead faces ...
But now they have vanished from ...
Gone, into the blackness of ...

They called me, and I am going ...
I am cold. Is it not snowing? ...
Near four score years of labor and ...
But, I shall be younger to-morrow ...

How cold I am; so cold I shiver ...
Cover me up, I'm nearing the ...
The good Lord is waiting ...
There, now—let the old ...

COLUMBUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Spread of Catholicism in America—Its Alarming Tendency—Necessary to Arrest its Progress—Attempt to Mob a Lecturer—Contested Election Case Decided—Woman's Rights Convention.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. [illegible], 1870.

This goodly city of Columbus has been aggitated, during the week, to a considerable extent over religious matters. One Rev. J. G. White—a traveling Lecturer—made his appearance in this city some few days ago, and delivered a number of lectures on "Romanism in America," to large and attentive audiences.

Mr. White is a large, fine looking man, gifted with singularly eloquent powers of speech, as even his enemies acknowledge. His object, he claims, is to awaken the Protestant people of this country to the fact that the Catholic Religion in the United States, through the energy of its devotees, is gradually spreading [illegible] alarming extent around our [illegible] free, republican institutions. He [illegible] to show Romanism up in its true [illegible] that all who may choose to listen [illegible] will be convinced that what he [illegible] true; and, to prove it, he produces [illegible] &c., which he asserts are used [illegible] Catholic clergy in their rites.

Mr. White's last lecture was [illegible] [illegible] Previous to which, a lengthy correspondence between himself and his opponents was published in the newspapers, in which he courted any of his opponents to discuss with him in public the matter in question. Threats were made to mob him. He published a card in one of the daily newspapers, calling upon all the law-abiding citizens to sustain him in the exercise of free speech. There was during the day symptoms of an impending riot in the approaching evening, if the lecturer persisted in carrying out his programme. His placards, advertising the lecture, were torn from the street cars. But, nothing daunted by the threats that were made, against his life, Mr. White delivered his lecture in the evening to a large audience. At the close he was escorted to his lodgings by a strong force of police, headed by the Mayor of the city.

A large mob awaited the lecturer and his friends, on the street, determined to assault them as they left the Opera House; but an opposing crowd of Mr. White's audience marched with him to his place of sojourn in the city. As it was, two stones were thrown at him on its way to his lodgings. One of them, missing him, broke a large plate-glass window in the Neil House; the other struck Mr. White on the shoulder, doing no serious injury.

The question of the eligility of Mr. Blakeslee, Republican member of the Ohio House of Representatives from Williams county, has been settled by the report in his favor of the Committee of Privileges and Elections, and its action in the House. It will be remembered that Mr. Blakeslee's right to a seat in the House was warmly contested by the Democracy during the present session the Legislature, with a view to prevent the passage of the XVth Amendment to the National Constitution.

Next week we are to have Women's Rights Convention hold its meetings in Columbus, when a number of prominent advocates of Female Suffrage are expected to take part in the proceedings.

GALEN.

Domestic Wool.

One of the most elaborate passages in Revenue Commissioner Wells' last Report is devoted to an effort to prove that the protective duty on wool has acted most disasterously to the interest of the American wool grower. He points to the low prices of wool and the reduced number of sheep and argues that these the natural and legitimate results of protection. If the domestic production, for by the influence of protection, were in excess of the consumption, of course prices would fall, and the business become unprofitable.—But that is not a permanent result. It is temporary only, and has occurred everywhere and under all circumstances, high prices invariably producing their natural cure by stimulating production. British interests have attained their present enormous development by [illegible] such stages, and they are in the nature of free institutions and open competition among domestic producers.

Mr. Wells' remedy is to abandon protection, throw open the field to foreign competition, and thus prevent sudden expansion of the home interest. But this would be a remedy with a vengeance. For these foreign wools, when coming with our own, can always be sold at the very prices that are now so ruinous to the American wool-growers. Better have taken a better way of helping themselves and the trade by thinning our flocks, and so reducing the supply. Woolen mills have suffered heavily not from any fault of their own. Foreign producers of woolen goods fairly flood our markets for a year or two, as if determined to swamp their American rivals at any cost. It is the same old story. These European manufacturers for markets and accept a loss for these purpose of crippling American industry.

Our mills being thus embarrassed, and finding the demand cut off in consequence of the excessive supply, the market of the American wool-grower falls off as a matter of course. How could it be otherwise? The home production of woolen goods was not excessive. It was the enormous influx that made it seem so. We had no occasion for that tremendous importation. But the foreign manufacturers made their goods for this market only, and if not sold here they were useless. Hence they were thrown upon the market in all sorts of ways, and prices fell ruinously. Of course the wool-grower suffered. His market was injured just in proportion as American woolen mills were injured. And now, to cap the climax, it is coolly proposed to take off the duties on foreign wools and reduce the tariff on foreign woolen goods. The very object aimed at by the European interests would thus be accomplished, and the American manufacturers and woolgrowers might whistle for their market.

In order to enable the home manufacturers of woolen goods to become permanently prosperous, it is indispensible that they should be in possession of a domestic supply of wool entirely independent of all foreign importations; otherwise they must always work at a disadvantage when competing with rivals who enjoy, in addition to great capital, long experience and cheap labor, the invaluable resource of an abundant supply of the raw material. In the eyes of Mr. Wells, it would seem to be a matter of entire indifference whether we produce the raw materials or not. To be sure we have immense stretches of land that are good for little else than grazing, and where—if the people do not engage in the production of raw materials—they must supply their industry only with painful labor in transporting foreign materials over such distances. But, then, Mr. Wells has a case to argue, and it makes little difference to him how the people may suffer in consequence of his vagaries, providing he can make out a plausible statement. We insist that whatever raw material used in the arts can be produced in the United States should be forced and stimulated by all the aids of protection.—[Phila. North American.

The statement which was read and filed as Mr. Justice Grier's opinion, in the legal tender case just determined in the U. S. Supreme Court, taken in connection with the dissenting opinion of the three Judges, leaves a strong inference that—as the Court stood just before Grier left it—the law would have been held valid as to contracts made after its passage, if such case had been before the Court. Mr. Justice Miller prepared the dissenting opinion, which is spoken of by those accustomed to judge of such matters, as one of the ablest ever delivered in the Supreme Court. Attorney General Hoar, in private conversation, expressed his approbation of Judge Miller's opinion. The effect of the majority opinion is almost universally discussed among the leading lawyers in Congress, and all sorts of opinions are expressed. It is pronounced one of the most important decisions ever rendered, and many prominent Republican Senators believe that the decision will prove disastrous to the business of the country, as all Railroad, State and County bonds and [illegible] war, must be paid in gold and silver. It is also believed that it will have the effect of raising the price of gold and delay the day of specie payments.—[Cor. Pitt. Gaz.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

HANNAH FAUTHORNE'S FIRST LOVE.

Fifty years ago, and I've but to shut my eyes and there comes Willie over the hill, as I used to see him coming, when I sat waiting for him at the farm house window. Sometimes on horse back, but mostly on foot, for the Hall was not far away. Nowadays you see the boys and men all alike in black, or with a little bit of gray or brown. It wasn't so then. Will wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, and knee buckles, and silk stockings, and buckles in his shoes, and a buff vest; and, on gala days, claret color and white silk. Handsome in any one's eyes, and wonderfully so in mine; for I was half Quakeress, half Methodist, and never had worn anything gay myself.

Tall? Surely he was tall. Never a Haslet under six feet, and broader in the shoulders than any of his age. Straight featured and rosy, and just twenty-five.

Will's father was rich Squire Haslet and, they lived at the Hall—a grand house we thought it, for we were plain people. Father a Quaker, mother a Methodist, and he kept to the plain dress and language, all his life. In those days there never was a Methodist who wore gay colors, or new fashions, and mother took to the poke bonnets and grave dresses naturally.

So we were quiet enough, not a picture nor an ornament in the house. Not a fiddle, though brother Barzillai begged to have one. And at dusk Saturday night, work put away, and the house clean, and not so much as a mouthful cooked the Sabbath thro', Everything cold; and mother put the key in her pocket, and took us girls on way to Methodist meeting, and father took the boys to Quaker meeting, for that was the compact, and they never let religion go between them.

It was all so different at the squire's. The curtains and carpets and Mrs. Haslet's caps all aglow with color. And Sunday a feast day, with more work for the servants than any other; and guests down from the city, and the piano—such a wonder to all—and the harp a playing. They went to church if they chose, and sat in the squire's high backed pew with curtains.

Mother used to say—she was a bit prejudiced—that what with the organ and altar cloths, and fonts and carvings, and painted windows, and gay bonnets, the Episcopal church was all the world like a play house. Sister Ellis used to say to me, 'For all that, I'd like a pink bonnet myself, and to go where there was music in the church.' Ellis hadn't a Quaker bone in her body, nor a drop of Methodist blood in her veins. I always wondered Will didn't come a wooing her instead of me.

I was a little bit of a thing with blue eyes, and skin like wax, without a bit of color in it; and didn't here come an artist who painted miniatures, to our place, one summer and tell me my face was 'classical,' nearer, 'antique' than anything he had ever seen. I was pleased with the first, but the last worried me, for do what I would, though it sounded like a compliment, I could make no meaning of 'antique' but *old,* so I asked Willie, and said he:—

'Come to my house and I'll show you.' So mother let me, and I went. There in the drawing room was a stand, and on it was a woman in marble—that is, the face and neck of a woman, and down to the waist. A 'bust' he called it. Says Willie, 'That's antique. It is Psyche, and more like you than any picture could be.'

'Never like *me*.' said I; and then I blushed and turned away, for not a scarf nor a tucker had she, and I felt ashamed.

It was a splendid house—too grand it seemed to me to live in; and he took me all over it, even to the hot house, where summer flowers grew in the winter time, and put some in my hair.—'White,' said he, 'you look best in white.'

One night I heard father and mother talking by the kitchen fire. Says mother, 'It's wrong to stand in the girl's way; though he's Episcopal. And think of her being mistress of the Hall, and riding in her own coach.'

'Thee thinks too much of the world Eunice,' says father.

'But remember, Ellis,' says mother, 'it's a chance that comes to few. And she'd be good to Ellis if we died and the fear would be off our minds for the children. It's hard to be poor to pinch and save, and to know a bad year for crops or a spell of sickness would swallow all. He loves her, and he'll be good to her; and she can go to her meeting and he to his.'

'Thee'll have thy way at last,' says father, 'But I'd rather see her marry some young friend, with but one cow and two or three acres. I misdoubt the way of world's folk.'

But his voice was mild and I knew he had yielded. As far as the squire himself—a handsome, burly red faced gentleman with a loud voice—he rode over one morning to see father. Mother went into the sitting room, and I was to stay in the dairy; but how could I, when I knew my fate was in the balance? I crept into the entry and listened. I heard the squire first.

'My boy has set his heart on your girl,' he said; 'he might find a richer mate, but he could not find a prettier or better. If you'll say yes, neigbor Fauthorne, I will, and his mother. Sabrina's to be married soon, and we shall want a daughter at the Hall.'

Father said not a word for a while. He folded his hands, and sat looking at the floor. At last he said, 'Have thy own way, Eunice, she is a girl.'

Oh, but it's sweet to have the first love crowned by a parent's blessing. Well, well, with joy comes sorrow. A month after that Willie's mother died. She dropped from her chair at the dinner table, and when the servant sped across the country and back with the doctor she was dead. I wept as I stood near the grave and saw Willie so sad, dressed for the first time in mourning, and I had more reason to weep than I knew, for Sabrina Haslet was mistress of the Hall, and all along, in secret, she had set her heart against her brother's match with me.

As soon as she could she began to fill the house with company—nearly all young ladies, handsome fashionable, dressed in finery and jewels, and Will must play the part of host and make them welcome. He told me so. 'Though I'd rather be with my Quaker beauty by the river side,' he said. 'But Sabrina wants company to keep her spirits up.'

I had a guess that she hoped to wean him from me, but I never told him so. True love, I thought, needs no chain, and for a while he was my own Willie all the same. But at last there came to the Hall the handsomest lady of all—Miss Dorcas Oakley. She stayed a long while and there was dancing in the evenings and riding all day; she rode beautifully and always with Willie. I thought to myself over and over again, 'Does she know it is my love she rides away with as though he were hers?'

Then the jealousy began to grow in my heart, and I was not the same girl at times. Yet all the while he told me that it was a fashion and courtesy, and kept me quiet while he was by. He would have had me at the Hall often, but Sabrina sent no message. She was mistress of the house, and I would not go there without her invitation. So I pined and grew thin, and mother thought me ill. So I was, but of heart, not of body. And when she talked of my wedding day, my blood would boil, and I'd say between my clenched teeth, 'No, I'll marry no one who weds me because he's bound to me, and not from love!'

One night as I stood by the garden gate looking at the stars, a woman in a hood came over the fields and stood beside me. It was Sabrina Haslet. I started as if I had been shot, and she took off her hood, for it was warm, and looked hard at me.

'What kind of a girl are you?' she said.

'What kind of one are you?' said I. 'Not a civil one to speak that way.'

Said she, 'What I want to know is this. Are you the person to hold my brother to a foolish bond or to let him free when he begins to struggle? You caught him cleverly, and though his heart has slipped through your fingers, you may be mistress of the Hall yet, I suppose. Will you?'

'With his heart gone from me!' I cried. 'Has he told you it is gone?'

'He'd die first,' said Sabrina. 'His honor would not let him break troth with you. But to see how he loves Dorcas Oakley, and *she* is a match for him in rank, and wealth and beauty. People are talking of it, and pitying him.'

They shall pity him no more,' I said. 'What is that Hall to me? It was my Willie's love I cared for. Tell him he is free.'

'You must tell him yourself,' she said; 'if you care to see him happy, open his cage,' and she tied on her hood and sped away.

That night there went a note to Willie:—

"*Master William Haslet:* I've thought a long while that the bond between us was best broke, I feel sure of it now. It will be better that we should not meet again; and in this I send you back your ring. May good fortune and happiness attend you! And with this wish, I sign myself HANNAH FAUTHORNE.'

This I wrote with a heart torn and rent as never flesh could be, and it was sent; and though he came to the farm I would not see him; and all was over between us.

I waited only to hear that he was betrothed to miss Dorcas Oakley, Instead of that I heard, a week after, that he had left the country. Where he had gone, and why, no one knew. When I felt sure that Miss Dorcas Oakley could be nothing to him, or at least that they were not to be married, my heart smote me a little and I wondered whether I should not have put my pride down a bit and have heard him speak for himself.

Miss Sabrina Haslet did not marry. The wedding was put off, first by her mother's death, and then by her father's six months after; and then folks said there was a quarrel. But be it as it may, he who was to have been her husband, married instead, that same Miss Dorcas Oakley. Other suitors came no doubt, for Miss Sabrina was handsome and rich; but she liked none of them, and lived on in the Hall quite alone but for the servants. By and by she saw no company, and shut up half the house and semed more lonely and wretched than many a poor woman. All her beauty left her, too, and she became a sharp, sour spinster, always dressed in black—she who had been both belle and beauty.

I lived on at home. Ellis married, and so did Barzillia. The years did not seem to give a gray hair to my mother, nor a wrinkle to my father; they were too placid to grow old fast. No wonder I did not marry. They seemed to think that, having been so nearly mistress of the Hall, it was not likely I should be willing to wed for less. The Hall! It was Willie I loved, and not his house or lands.

One winter night—Christmas time was nearly come, and I sat by the fire dressing dolls and tying up sugar plums in paper horns with bits of ribbon for my nieces and nephews' stockings—there came a loud rapping at the door. I opened it and there stood an old man servant from the Hall.

'I'm sent by Miss Sabrina, miss,' said he. 'She is very ill, and desires you to come alone; she has something particular to say to you.'

'Sabrina Haslet send for me!' I thought; and then my heart beat fast and I fancied I hardly knew what.—'Ill, did you say?' I asked.

'Very ill,' said the man; 'the doctors gave her over.'

I went back to get a shawl and hood, and tell my mother where I was going, and then came out. The night was bleak, and snow falling and lay deep upon the ground, and there stood a carriage with rugs in it ready for me. I stepped in and was whirled away towards the Hall. It was like a dream; I could scarcely believe myself awake. It was still a dream when he stopped at the Hall, and I only realized that all was true when I stood in Miss Sabrina's rooms and saw her lying wan and pale upon the pillow. Oh! what a change had come over her.

'You've come, Hannah Fauthorne,' she said; 'thank you for that. I thought you'd refuse, perhaps. It's a long while since we spoke together!'

'A long while,' I replied.

'Yet you haven't changed much,' said she. You look as you did when you stood by the hedge in the moonlight, and said: 'What is the Hall to me? 'Twas Willie's love I cared for. I remember the words, Hannah Fauthorne. They've stung my soul often since. Do you know I lied then?'

'Lied?'

'Yes, lied. It was I who wanted him to wed Dorcas Oakley. Willie's never belonged to any one but you. He was true as Heaven. I thought a poor girl like you beneath him. I told him you loved that cousin who came to your home so often, and when your letter came he believed it. I thought he would marry Dorcas then. I never meant to drive him from home and kin; but he went, and the last words he said were: 'Sabrina, my heart is broken.' And all these years he has wandered over the world a lonely, sorrowing man; and I, his sister, the cause. And she—Dorcas—oh! you know my lover jilted me for her; all the place knows that.'

I looked at the poor, dying woman. I was trying to forgive her, but I could not help speaking harshly. 'I am only a stranger,' I said; what I have suffered is nothing to you. But had you no mercy on your brother? You have had time to repent.'

'Time!' she said. 'Yes, Hannah Fauthorne, it seems like eternity; but I have sought for him in vain, for years I thought him dead. Yesterday I learned that he is alive, and not many miles distant. Old before his time, they say, but he lives. Look,' she continued, drawing a packet from under her pillow; 'in this I have written the truth. It shall be sent to-morrow. It is directed plainly. If I die in the night, it can go all the same. Will and you may meet again and be happy when I am under the turf.' Then she began to wail: 'Don't leave me! don't leave me to die alone!'

I sat down by her. 'Don't fear,' I said, 'and try to think of other things. Forget earth, and look to Heaven.' I never left her. Sitting by her side on the third night, I saw a change come over her face, and bent over her.

'Hannah Fauthorne,' she whispered, 'have you forgiven me?'

'As I pray to God to forgive me,' I answered.

Then fainter still she spoke: 'Be kind to Will; he loved you. Oh! to think I should have lost my soul that you might not be my sister—you who seem so like one now.' And with these words there came a look into her eyes I shall not forget; and the Christmas dawn she lay on my arm—*dead.*

On Sunday they buried her. The graveyard was full. Every one came to see Squire Haslet's daughter laid in the great vault. I stood near it; but, though the solemn words of the preacher rang in my ear, and the coffin was before my eyes, and I should have thought of nothing else, my mind would wander away to the past, and I saw Will as I used to see him and myself, as in a mirror, young and blithe, leaning on his arm. Then I found myself praying for the dead woman, 'God forgive her, for she knew not what she did.'

I came back to the present with a start and a thrill; they were closing the vault. And beside the clergyman, speaking to him in a whisper, stood a tall man, with foreign look about him, and a heavy hat slouched over his eyes; a man all in black, with hair dark as night, but with here and there a silver thread. Why did my heart beat so when I looked at him? Surely I had never seen *that* man before? I turned away and went homeward. The path led by the old Hall. I paused a moment to look at it. Every window was shut; from the broad front door, and from the necks of the stone lions on the porch, streamers of crape were floating. O! how often had I seen every window ablaze with lights and heard music, and dancing feet, and laughter from within. And, now, in the winter twilight, for at five this day was nearly done, and the clouds lowered heavy with coming snows—now how dark and cold it was; and yonder in the graveyard lay in the grim vault, master and mistress, and she who had been the pride of their hearts, the toast and beauty of the reign—Sabrina Haslet. And Willie, where was *he?*

The gloom, the scene I had just witnessed, the memories were too much for me. I bowed my head on the cold stone of the gateway and wept. 'Gone, gone, gone,' I cried, and the sobbing wind seemed to resound the words gone, gone, gone.

I had heard no step on the snow, I had seen no shadow, I never guessed any one was near me until a hand was laid on my shoulder, a hand large and strong, but trembling like an aspen leaf. I looked up. Beside me stood the tall, dark man I had seen in the graveyard. When I turned, he removed his hat, and I saw the face of *Willie Haslet.* A face altered and aged, bronzed and sad, but still his, with love in it.

'Hannah,' he said, 'Hannah!'

And I, as though I spoke in a dream, murmured: 'He has come back again! He has come back again!'

'Yes, Hannah, back again,' said the low, sweet voice that had been in my memory so many years. 'Her letter brought me back. She was my sister, and is dead. Hannah, you know all?'

'All,' I said.

He looked at me; I felt that, tho' I dared not look at him. We were silent a moment, and then he spoke, 'I have not crossed that threshold; it rests with you whether I shall. I will not be master of the Hall, unless you will be my wife and the mistress.'

'The Hall!' I cried. 'Did the Hall woo me? Did I love the Hall? You speak of it first as all do! O, Will Haslet! if you had been a poor farmer's son, all might have been different. I never thought of anything but your love.'

'I forget,' he said, ''tis not young Will Haslet now. My hair is gray; the time for wooing is past.'

'And I am old also,' I said. 'This is not Hannah Fauthorne I sometimes think, but another woman with her name.'

'There is no change in you,' he said, 'O, Hannah! must I go?' He opened his arms.

I took one step forward, and my head was on his breast, as it had been ten years before, and I was his again.

Thirty years ago, but I remember how the bells rang when we were wed, and how the church was crowded with the people to see. And who so proud as mother? For her girl was the squire's lady and mistress of the Hall, where she and father sat by the fire many a long day and died in peace and hope, almost together, at last. So may we die, Will and I, for we love each other still, though both our heads are white as snow to-day. But, amidst the changes that have come to all these years, we have never changed to each other, and, as we have lived, so shall we die.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

THE TRUE MIRROR.

What a Flinty Hearted Butcher says concerning Beauty in Washington.

"Mack," the ungainly correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* whose weakness is not 'puffing,' relieves himself of the subjoined dissertation on the fashionable society of the city of Washington. We give him credit for his pluck and believe he hits the fashionable nail squarely on the chignon, for, knowing nothing about the pretty girls and women of Ohio and Indiana, we think Pittsburgh and Allegheny alone present one hundred true beauties—to say nothing of their mental qualities and accomplishments—to every one to be scared up in Washington. But hear hard hearted 'Mack' talk on the subject:

You must go from home to hear the news, they say, and if you want to know all about the beauty and fashion with which Washington is filled during the 'season,' you must look into the newspapers published a few hundred miles from here. You may find it in Forney's *Chronicle;* but that is no newspaper at all. Its name should be changed to the *Unlimited Puffer.*

But the New York papers come here every night laden with glowing accounts of the receptions of the previous evenings—what the charming Mrs. Thing-a-bob wore and how beautiful she looked; and how the lovely and accomplished Miss So and so was the cynosure of all eyes. From all of which we would think the array was perfectly dazzling, and wonder how any bachelor could manage to behold it all and keep his senses.

Now, I do not profess to be a judge of female beauty, and I acknowledge utter ignorance of those toilet and millinery mysteries which enter so largely into the make-up of the "perfect woman, nobly planed" for courtship, flirting and command. Anxious to test the truth of all I had read and heard about the beauty and loveliness of the Washington receptions, I secured the services of a connoisseur in such matters, and quite susceptible young man withal, and together we made the rounds, about a week ago. We went everywhere—we plunged *in medias res*—into the very center of all the "galaxies of beauty." I had no idea that my friend would come out with a whole heart. But he did; and when at the close of the expedition I asked him if he hadn't been impressed, he irreverently said, "Not a d—n bit."

The fact is, the 'stock company'—if I may so call it—is a magnificent array of be-jeweled homeliness. You will, however, find at every reception a few 'stars'—real gems of female beauty—but they are here for a 'few nights only.' They come, mostly, from the West; and Cincinnati just now furnishes a few of them. There are seldom more than four 'beauties' in Washington at a time—and lest I be considered a 'brute' for this assertion—I hereby declare that every lady who reads this and visits Washington is one of the four deliberately meant. I confess, however, that I can't bring myself to a point of admiration for the 'stock company.'

Though not a judge of beauty, I can tell the want of it a mile off; and though an ignoramus on toilets, I can easily detect a struggle between age and art that desperate effort to smooth out the wrinkle of years and fill up the furrows of Time, the ruthless plowman. After he has passed over his inexorable sub soiler you may follow with harrows and rollers and no end of implements and artifices, but you can't restore the beautiful freshness of the unturned sod. And so the 'stock company' looks all the worse for this desperate contest; and resorts to diamonds and low necked dresses, and powders, and I know not what else. But Nature has not been demoralized by the war and will not yield to shoddy. And thus it happens that the largest 'dazzle they can get up in Washington falls short in beauty and grace and elegance of the quietest and most unpretentions little social gathering in one of the small towns of Ohio or Indiana—where Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain of perpetual youth is not sought after nor believed in, and scarce desired—where youth and beauty go hand in hand till they silently merge into a graceful and unpowdered maturity, and where the 'weather' is not selected as the only topic of conversation with which all may be supposed familiar.

This is the way the Fox girls produce their spirtual rappings: Fasten one end of a piece of elastic band, four or five inches long, to the middle of a pound bar of lead, and the other end to a ring large enough to receive the toe of your shoe. Take another piece of elastic band, eight inches or more in length, fasten one end to the ring, and the other to the right leg above the knee. When standing with the contrivance arranged as described, the bar of lead should come not quite to the ankle. Of course, a long dress is necessary to conceal it. When sitting, the raps can be made by putting the toe of the left shoe through the ring, and with a slight movement of the foot causing the lead to strike the floor. One end of the bar will likely come in contact with the floor a little before the other end does, and this produced the peculiar double knocking made by the Fox mediums. By a slight lateral motion of the foot, raps can be made with such a contrivance on a table leg or a door. A gentleman walking home with one of the girls, one evening after a *seance,* noticed a sound in connection with her step like that made by a wooden peg in walking, and the embarrassed girl said she could not conceive what caused it.

—The Oil City *Times* says: "It is generally understood in this section that Ames came home for a *screw driver* in order to tighten up the loose screws, and that when he left for Harrisburg he took with him a large one of a peculiar kind.

—At Gibson, Susquehanna county, a gold hunter is prospecting, and tradition says many years ago the Indians gathered the precious ore in large quantity in that locality. The ditch constructed by them has been found but the gold has not yet turned up.