THE BEAVER WEEKLY ARGUS.

VOLUME XXXVI--NO. 42. BEAVER, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1860. ESTABLISHED 1818.

The Beaver Female Seminary.

THE first term of the Sixth Academic year of this institution will commence TUESDAY the 28th of August 1860 and continue about FOURTEEN WEEKS, closing the 28th of November.

REV. R. T. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal.
MRS. A. S. TAYLOR, Governess.
MR. O. L. LONG, A. M., First Assistant.
MISS M. P. BOLLES, Second.
" M. E. WORTHINGTON, Primary Teacher.
" S. M. SPENCER, Painting and Drawing

Among the following advantages of this institution are the following:

1st. The Principal has been engaged in teaching for seventeen years and is ardently attached to his profession.

2d. He has no *congregation or other business* to divide his attention but all his energies are given to the school.

3d The Faculty of the Institution is unequalled in attainments, ability and faithfulness by that of any similar Institution.

4th The discipline, though kind is firm, and pupils who are placed there *do* and *must* study.

5th Special attention is given to the Common Branches and efforts made to render the training practical.

6th Superior advantages for acquiring Vocal and Instrumental Music, also Oil Painting.

7th Terms are moderate and will compare favorably with any Institution, even without taking into consideration the superiority of the advantages offered by this over any other school

8th Apparatus for illustrating the Science.

9th Lectures on various subjects.

CALENDAR.

Fall Term commences Tuesday, Aug. 28th, 1860, closes Thursday Nov. 29th 1860. Winter Session commences December 11th, 1860, closes March 14th, 1861. Spring Session commences March 26th, 1861, closes June 27th, 1861.

EXPENSES.

$42 00 per Term pays all expenses except washing which costs twenty-five cents per dozen —*pupils doing their own ironing.* If the branches pursued are above the common, an additional charge of from one to two dollars will be made

TUITION.

Primary Department per Term of fourteen weeks.	$3 00
1st year, Preparatory Department	4 00
2d " "	4 50
3d " "	5 00
4th " "	5 00

ENGLISH COURSE.

1st year,	$6 00
2d "	7 00
3d "	8 00

Classical 1st year. $9 00; 2d year, $10 00

An incidental charge of fifteen cents per Term will be charged for Pens, Ink and Copy Book unless pupils provide themselves—no other incidental fee is charged.

ORNAMENTAL—EXTRA.

Music—Lessons on Piano, per Term,	$12 00
Melodeon, $10 00; Guitar, $11 00	
Daily use of Instrument	$2 00
Painting in Oils	10 00
Embroidery or Drawing	8 00
Vocal Music—free to Music pupils, to others,	2 00

For further particulars address the Principal.
J. MONROE, *Pres't Board.*

GREAT GIFT

Dry Goods Sale,

AT THE

"NEW YORK EAGLE STORE."

Nos 58 & 60 MARKET ST.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

W. H. WHITE

will commence on

Monday the 18th of June, 1860, and continue until the 5th of Sept. the sale of upwards of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF DRY GOODS

He will distribute among his customers over $3,000 *Worth of Presents.*

Any person purchasing FIVE DOLLARS WORTH of GOODS will be given ONE GIFT; if TEN DOLLARS worth TWO GIFTS, and so on

ARTICLES TO BE GIVEN AWAY,

5 Silk Robes,	valued	$50,00–$250
10 Fancy Silk Dress Pat'rns	do	25,00– 250
25 Ladies' French Dusters	do	10,00– 250
25 Dusters	do	5,00– 125
10 Berege Robes	do	8,00– 80
50 Lawn Robes	do	3,00– 150
50 Lenella Dress Patters	do	1,50– 75
100 Challie Dress Patterns	do	2,00– 200
100 Hoop Skirts	do	1,50– 150
50 French Worked Collars	do	3,00– 150
25 sets Collars and Sleeves	do	5,00– 125
2 Double Brocha Shawls	do	50,00– 100
2 Camel Hair Shawls	do	10,00– 20
2 Persia Shawls	do	25,00– 50
10 Single Brocha Shawls	do	10,00– 100
1000 pr Ladies' CottonHose	do	25– 250
100 do do Black Lace Mitts	do	75– 75
1000 Embroidered Collars	do	25– 100
1000 pairs of Suspenders	do	25– 100
100 Linen & Marseilles Bird.	do	25– 50
10 Dozen Lead Pencils	do	50– 60
50 Gents' Shirt Collars	do	25– 50
100 Duck [illegible]en's Drawers	do	50– 125
50 Pairs Kid Gloves	do	1,00– 100
25 Stella Shawls	do	3,00– 70
		$3005.00

Remember the place—sign of the Golden Eagle—58 and 60 Market street, between 3d and 4th, Pittsburgh. June 20.

J. WILSON, JESSE W. CARR, D. M'CANDLESS.

WILSON, CARR & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

No. 94 WOOD STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PENN.

HAVE the pleasure of informing the trade that they have now in store the most extensive stock of desirable merchandise for the Fall season, ever offered in the market by themselves, or any other house. An examination is respectfully solicited.

Pittsburgh, Sept. 5, 1860.

WHITE SUGAR, COFFEE, PULVERISED AND CRUSHED SUGAR FOR SALE.

Cheaper than the cheapest by
A. S. HARVEY,

July 11th, 1860. Bridgewater.

200 Shawls, of every kind, at the very lowest prices at Hurst's

The Beaver Argus.

S. Davenport, Editor & Publisher

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

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

Letters and communications, by mail shall have prompt attention.

Green be the Turf Above Thee.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK

Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.
Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.
And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hands in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow
Whose weal and woe were thine.

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.
While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like me.

OVER-DRESSING.—The over-dressing of American ladies in the streets, at hotels, and in the churches, is a subject of general remark among travellers from abroad, as well as sensible people at home; though to little purpose, it would seem, as at no period has the love of display been more conspicuous in our country. American women are slaves to dress; it is the bane of their life, eye, and of the male victims, too, whose lives are connected with theirs. Traveling trunks, almost as large as a small house, must be carried about, filled with all sorts of finery, for a Summer jaunt to watering places, and for a Winter visit to a city. The father or husband vainly remonstrates; flounced dresses and crinoline must have ample space, and there must be a variety, too, in the costumes. "Heaven save the ladies, how they dress!" may we well exclaim—Why will they not become more practical? Does the most fastidious critic of female beauty admire a young lady in full toilette more than in simple dress? If beautiful there is no need of ornament; if plain, she should appear without pretensions.—We have known ladies who have traveled through the continent of Europe with only a small trunk to contain their wardrobe, and they found a wonderful relief in not having "too much to wear."

MR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER TO BONNER, OF THE NEW YORK LEDGER.—Mr. Bonner, purposing to publish a number of sketches of eminent statesmen, writes to the President, requesting from him some account of Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, who was in Congress with Mr. Buchanan forty years ago, and the following is the President's reply:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, '30

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 3d inst., and shall most cheerfully comply with your request, and furnish you a sketch of the life of Wm. Lowndes as soon as possible. He was one of the greatest, wisest, and purest statesmen that has ever adorned our country, and yet his memory has been sadly neglected. The truth is that my public duties occupy my whole time at present. I had hoped I might enjoy some leisure after the adjournment of Congress; but in this I have been disappointed. If not before, I hope to furnish you the sketch soon after the 4th of March. This from me will be a tribute not only to justice, but to gratitude. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BONNER, Esq.

Henry Clay Dean is making Douglas speeches in Iowa. Dean was once chaplain of the Senate. On a recent occasion he was repelling the charge that the Democratic party, had ever misappropriated the public money. "Tell me" said he, "who can, where the Democratic party ever misapplied a dollar."

"I can tell!" said a piping voice at the rear of the hall.

"Stand up then," cried Dean, "and let us hear your answer."

Up popped the owner of the voice.

"Now, Sir, tell me if you can, where a dollar has been wasted?"

"When the Democratic Senate paid Henry Clay Dean for his prayers!" was the reply that brought down the house.

MORAL QUESTION FOR LEGISLATORS.—If I go into a grocer shop and steal two or three pieces of sugar, I am a thief. But if the grocer sells me a pound of sugar, and there are one or two ounces short, he merely sells things by false weight. I am imprisoned. The grocer is fined a few shillings, and escapes. I am guilty of but one theft. The grocer, it may be, is guilty of a thousand, for he robs every person to whom he sells goods with those false weights. By what strange anomaly of the law is the greater thief allowed to get off so much more cheaply than the lesser?

HOW SMITH'S BULL WON THE PREMIUM.

We commend this to all who attend State and County Fairs. It is from the *Rural New Yorker* and was first published in that journal a year ago, and it is now re-published in the "Rural," for the benefit of officers who fill vacancies in committees:

COL. MOORE: Some years ago I got acquainted with one of your contributors who edited the *Wool Grower*, and he used to put me in print. I must say my vanity was flattered by seeing my name printed in the paper, with some things I said, and some I didn't say, and we've kept the papers ever since. After all, every likes a little fame; but some are satisfied with a smaller amount than others. Well, I have not the editor any more to set me out, so I have been thinking I would just try and see if you would not put me in the Rural on my own hook—especially, as I want to tell you all about my going to the State Fair, at Buffalo, the other day.

CONCLUDES TO GO.

As it was not so far off but what we could go out with the team, mother and I concluded we would hitch up and have a week to see the sights, and some cousins we had not seen for a long time. Mother (that's wife, you know,) thought we ought to take something to the Fair. I told her to take a tub of butter, but she didn't think it was good enough, but thought I might take some of the stock. But I thought it would be a great bother. However, Sam was pretty strong in the faith that we could beat everybody on horses, and wanted to take old Nance. A right smart old beast, is that old mare, you may depend.

TAKES THE MARE.

Well, we packed off Sam, for I was willing to give the boy a holiday. It does the boys great good to attend these kind of Fairs, I do believe, after seeing all I saw there.

GOES IN.

We got safely to town on Monday night, and Tuesday I went up to the Fair grounds to see what was going on. I got in and hunted up Sam, and found he'd got the mare entered, and had got his card on her head, and a good stall, and all things comfortable. The animal arrangements were first rate generally, and during all the time of the Fair the supply of fodder was good; I think that Major Patrick, who was everybody in managing things, a trump sort of a man.

HEARS SOMETHING.

As I was standing up near the business office, in the crowd, I heard a couple of men talking about premiums. One said to the other:

"Are you an exhibitor?"

"Yes."

"So am I, and we had better look to the Committees."

"Why so?"

"You see the Committees are never all full, and if you are on hand at the big tent when they are called, it is easy to slip in a friend, which is a mighty nice thing sometimes."

"Well, I am showing a patent for making cowcumbers, and if I can get the premium it will make my fortune."

"And I am showing a new kind of bobtailed hens, and a premium wont set me back."

"Well, you get me on your committee, and I will name you for mine."

"All right; go in to win when you can."

"Thinks I, perhaps if that's the way the thing looms, I may as well take care of myself as any one else. Everybody for himself seems to be the rule on these occasions. So off I streaked to the cattle pens to find Smith, who is my neighbor, you know Smith is in the parent bull line. (Mr P. evidently means "improved.") Says I, "Smith, you're showing bulls, and I'm showing old Nance, and I guess if merit counts, we can win. And that's the talk here on paper. Then I told him what I had heard about the committee

"Is that so?"

"Exactly."

"Well I think old Nance is the best mare in the yard"

"And you have got the best bull on the Fair ground."

Then I told him that we must be up at the tent in time.

Well, sure enough, when the committees were made up, I was on Smith's bull committee, and he was on the mare committee.

THE COMMITTEE GOES OUT.

The head man took the book, as he had the things in it, and were all introduced to each other, and went down to look at the bulls We were on the red bulls. So we went along, and looked at them, and I didn't say much till we came to Smith's bull, and I looked at him pretty carefully, pulled his tail, punched my fingers into his ribs, and went through the motions, as I had seen the others do. Says I, "that's a bull that looks like it." Smith had combed him all over with a fine toothed comb, and brushed him with a hair brush, and he did look slick, for he was just as fat as a hog. And from all I saw, I think fat covers a multitude of sins.

GETS THE HORNS POKED AT HIM.

Just as I said that, the fellow who had a bull in the next stall comes up to me pretty fierce, and says he:

"What do you know about bulls?"

"Well," says I, "I think I know what they are used for in my section."

"May be," says he, "you are on the committee?"

"I have the honor," says I.

"But," says he, "that bull haint got any pedigree."

"Well," says I, "he had a father and a mother, didn't he?"

"Oh! yes, but then nobody knows who they were."

"Well, then nobody knows but they were just as likely as your bull's parents."

"But, sir, look at my bull's pedigree. There it is, sir. Got by imported Shirtail, out of Skim milk, by Thunder," etc., and he showed a string of names as long as your arm.

"Well," says I to the committee, "are we to judge the pedigree or the animal?"

And they said the animal, of course.

Then said I to the fellow, "will your bull get better stock than this?"

"Of course he will, for he's got a pedigree, and that bull hasn't."

"Well," says I, "your bull has got somebody to brag for him, and the other hasn't, that's certain." And that sort o' knocked him. "But," says I, "I've known who felt grand over their pedigree, and I've seen a heap of people who couldn't go further back than their father and mother that banged them all to pieces for smartness. Handsome is that handsome does," says I, "and as the hymn book says, a man's a man for [illegible]

SMITH'S BULL WINS.

When we got through and looked at our marks, the other two had Smith's bull second. I had him first. So we talked it over, and finally, as they did not care much about it, they altered the figures and gave Smith the first premium, which I think was right.

AND THE OLD MARE.

Smith had a great time over old Nance. It turned out that each of the other two committee men had friends whose mares were to be judged, and they pretty soon picked out their favorites. So he kept still and let them talk, and they soon got into a quarrel, and he kinder sided with one, but thought old Nance was the best mare, and finally, to keep the other from getting first, they sided with him, and he went in for both of theirs. Smith says he saw some queer things on that committee.

You see we got our premiums, but you don't see, perhaps, Colonel, as well as I do, that it wants something more than merit to be sure of winning.

GETS IRREVERENT.

The State of New York is a great State, the biggest in the Union, and the New York State Agricultural Society is a great institution, but if there aint some of the allfiredest big humbugs crawling around its Annual Fair, then I'm a tea-pot.

CONCLUDES.

I want to tell a heap more, but I have used up so much paper I fear you wont have patience to print my letter.

Yours to command,
JOHN PLOWHANDLE.

Seven Years' Progress.

In the first year of his administration, President Washington made a hasty tour through the Eastern States of the Union, and in the following [illegible] he visited the Southern States [illegible] (it is mentioned as a trait of manners) traveling with his own carriage and horses. The United States at that time numbered a population of about four millions; the largest cities, Philadelphia, Boston and New York, were then small towns; the branches of industry were almost unknown; a small military force guarded the Indian frontier; there was not a single vessel nor a State government West of the Alleghenies.—This state of things but ill sustains the comparison with that which we now behold in the American Union; thirty-three States, some of the largest in the basin of the Mississippi, and two on the Pacific Ocean, a population of thirty millions, a commercial tonnage inferior to that of England alone, if inferior even to that; a highly advanced condition of the great industrial pursuit; a respectable military and naval establishment; and creditable progress in science and literature. Yet the United States, as Washington saw them on his tours in 1789 and 1790, presented such a contrast with the colonies as he traversed them on his way to Boston in 1756, as was probably never brought within the experience of any man, and within so narrow a compass as thirty-three years. *Everett's Life of Washington.*

Domestic Receipts—Infallible.

1. To keep horses and cattle from jumping. Keep good fences around fields of good pasture.

2. How to sleep soundly at night. Do a hard day's work at some honest manual labor, go to bed early, and always with a consciousness of having done right through the day, (*warranted.*)

3. To cure dyspepsia. Take a new axe, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a half inch hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, (boarding yourself,) until the heat of the handle dissolves and absorbs the camphor.

N. B.—It will be just as well at these times to take a maul and *split rails*, at the same price per hundred.

4. To prevent dogs from killing sheep. If the dogs are good for anything, give them plenty of bread and meat to eat at home—if good for nothing, give them less meat with one grain of strychnine in it.

5. To prevent wives from scolding.—Provide them with plenty of good wood and water—plenty in the pantry and kitchen, and always wear a cheerful countenance, and speak pleasantly yourself.

P. S.—Wife says I must add to this, marry a *sensible woman.* UNCLE BEN,
In Highland News.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, then, ladies!

"There never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came that way,
And took her for his mate."

An editor says: "On our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches." We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves.

A SENATOR'S COURTSHIP.

Senator Foster of Connecticut, is about to get married. Life Illustrated says:

If reports are correct this is not the first time Mr. Foster has been wounded by the little god. When we lived in Connecticut we recollect hearing a story that ran in this wise: During his period of law study in the southern portion of the State, he became acquainted with a young lady of prepossessing appearance and more than ordinary accomplishments, a daughter of parents of the highest respectability, and moving in the most fashionable circles of the vicinity. With her he entered into one of his earliest pleas and commenced his first suit. That he was successful is evident from the fact that, shortly after his admission to the bar, having obtained an honorable position and business connection, arrangements for consummating the marriage were made, and all went on harmoniously until a short time before the appointed day. During his visit one evening, he remarked that he believed all necessary arrangements for the wedding were made, and the route for the bridal trip decided. He added. "On our return we shall be obliged to devote a short time to our friends here, after which, if you please, we will pay a visit to my old father and mother, and spend a few days with them." Now La Fayette was always a good boy, and taught to honor his father and mother, which early became to him a pleasure as well as a duty. He had received from them words of encouragement, which had done for him without money, (for they were poor) what money could never have done, and through all his privations and and struggles to obtain an education and position in life, he had been stimulated and supported by the thought of the pleasure his success would give them, and he looked forward to the day when, with his chosen one, he should meet them beneath their humble roof and recieve again their blessings, to be one of the happiest he should ever experience. For a few moments the lady kept silence. She then said:

"Mr. Foster, you know I have been educated with different ideas from yours, and have always associated with people whose manners and style of living are different from those of your parents, and although I shall make no objections to your proposed visit, I wish you to understand that I shall not expect to repeat it soon or often, and that I shall not desire to associate with people of their class."

Nothing could have surprised him more than to hear these words from her lips.—For a few moments he walked the room, seeming half bewildered. Then taking his hat in his hand, he turned, and with words more emphatic than refined said:—"Madam, I am glad I have found you out in time. You may go to the devil."

The last we heard of the lady, she was still living an ancient maiden, having seen this son of parents whom she believed beneath her notice filling with honor the highest public offices to which his fellow citizens could promote him

A Sensible Bird.

A clergyman of this city, upon knocking at the door of a room in a mercantile establishment in this city, received the usual reply of "come in." He entered, but saw no one. In a moment he heard as if from a human voice: "How do you do?" Upon looking about he discovered a parrot, and saluted it with "Good evening, Polly;" but the latter deigned no notice. "Hurrah, then, for Douglas," cried the clergyman, who by the way, is a live Republican. Polly kept silence no longer under such provication but replied with "Hurrah for Lincoln." The gentleman was amused, and again hurrahed for Douglas. The parrot, looking contemptuously down, in a tone of command cried out, "Shut up" The other did not obey, but again hurrahed for the loco foco candidate. Such persistence in insult roused the bird to its extreme point of endurance, and with a look of mingled scorn and disgust it screamed out. "Shut up, you dirty blackguard." This proved a "settler" for the clergyman, and he made a hasty retreat. Sensible bird!—*Detroit Adv.*

SHAKESPEARE.—All that we know about Shakespeare is, that he was born in April, 1556, at Stratford on Avon, was the son of John Shakespeare, tradesman, and at the age of eighteen was married to Ann Hathaway, then twenty-six years old. In 1586, he went to London, and there became a player; in 1589, he was one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars theatre, and in 1595 was a prominent sharer in a large theatre called the Globe. He seems to have altered, mended and added to dramas of others before he wrote any himself.—Between 1591 and 1613 he wrote over 30 plays, but the precise date of the composition it is impossible to fix. About the year 1610 he retired permanently to Stratford. He died on the 23d of April, 1616. Such are the meagre result of a century of research into the external life of Shakespeare.

A PULPIT ANECDOTE.—Some days since we chanced to be in company with several eminent divines who were relating numerous amusing anecdotes of the pulpit. Among others, the following struck our fancy as deserving of record:

"I was," said the reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk several years ago, under a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, and old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Merciful Father, if I had but one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory." The worthy gentleman, thus interrupted, immediately replied, "Good Lord, stick it in and *let her go*, she is but a trouble here." That quieted the old lady.

GOV. SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.

The Albany *Times* says: The much talked of horses presented to Gov. Seward, arrived in Albany from Boston. Three originally were shipped, but most unfortunately the mare died on the passage. Neither of the horses would attract any attention on the street, and if the larger one was put up at auction unheralded, the chances, unless keen fanciers were in the crowd, are that he would not bring the sum of one hundred dollars. He is about fifteen hands high, dark bay, with black mane and tail, the latter long, fine and very thin; small head, large bright eyes, and large nostrils, but none of the fire and poetry—if we may be allowed such mixture—about him which we are led to expect in the steed of the desert. In short, to the uninitiated, a "full blooded Arabian," as here represented—and he is affirmed to be pure and invaluable [illegible] He is bay, marked with a white stripe on the forehead, white fore and hind off feet, and a dapple on the back. But the beauties and perfections excite the knowing the knowing ones. Legs—and they are superb —hips, shoulders, back, breast neck, &c., are deemed perfect, and in all essential points he is pronounced by those who ought to know, the most splendid animal they have ever seen. Hearing these enthusiastic posted ones talk will greatly relieve the disappointment experienced on first seeing the stallion. This one is six years old.—The other is but two years, and is a much handsomer animal, some fourteen hands high, and a very beautiful sorrel. He evinces more spirit than the other, and his points are quite as loudly praised.

The Latest Snake Story.

About two weeks ago, a Mrs. Judy, who lives a few miles northwest of Germantown, Ohio, went out into the pasture some distance from the house to get the cows. As a storm was coming up rapidly, she took a near way across several fields, and had passed through a quantity of brush on the way. Having started the cows towards home, she stopped a moment to detach from her dress what she supposed to be a piece of brush that had become fastened to it, and which impeded her progress by getting fast against everything with which it came in contact; but, judge, of her alarm, when stooping to take hold of it, to discover that it was a long black snake! Horror stricken with fright, she was incapable of of ridding herself of the reptile, and turning, she led straight for the house, screaming at the top of her voice. As she neared the house her husband and one of the workmen heard her screams, and ran to see what was the matter. When they met her she was nearly exhausted, and faintly crying 'snake,' fell fainting in her husband's arms. He carried her to the house, while the workmen discovered and killed the snake, a 'racer,' which was about six feet long. Mrs. J. had crossed several fences, and the reptile had clung to her until the last fence she climbed over, just before she met her husband. The worst feature of the case remains to be told. We learn that the fright threw the woman into convulsions, and they finally ended in a fever which terminated in her death.

WHAT IS A FAST WOMAN.—In the last number of Frazer's Magazine the word 'fast' as applicable to the fair sex, is defined as a "combination of the less intellectual persuits of man with the less desirable attributes of woman." The writer proceeds in his definition to say that "a fast girl can ride across the country, smoke, shoot, play billards, bet and talk about dogs and horse in a truly edifying manner. She uses slang terms freely, and is defiant in manner. She wears shorter and more vivid petticoats, smaller hats, brighter feathers, boots with higher heels and more plentifully decorated with littlebrass rings, than those of her slower cotemporaries, and piques horself on "reading anything."

NAUGHTY BOY.—A correspondent of the Leavenworth *Times* writes from Niagara that the Prince of Wales would not obey the Duke of Newcastle:

"I noticed the Prince at the ball, and the way he went in surprised every one.—He danced every set from about twelve o'clock until near morning. Rumor has it that the old Duke put his Royal Highness in his room, and then retired.—When the old fellow had got fairly snoring, the Prince came out and bade his attendants go somewhere else, while he slipped into the ball-room and 'went in' with a right good will He is a good dancer, and has avery appearance of a gentleman. If 'turned loose' he would be inclined to be a 'fast boy.'

Beautiful Comparison—Did the reader ever meet with anything prettier than the following? "As the needle of a compass, when it is directed to its beloved star at the first addresses waves on either side, and seems indifferent in his courtship of the rising and declining Sun, and when it seems at first determined to the North, stands while trembling, as if it suffered some inconvenience in the first fruition of its desires and stands not still in full enjoyment till after first a great variety of motion and then an undisturbed posture; so is the enjoyment of a man brought into the kingdom by degrees"

It is stated in an English paper, in speaking of the failure in descent in many of the families of the nobility, that in the twenty-five Barons who were appointed to enforce the observance of the Magna Charta there is not now in the House of peers a single male descendant.

An Iowa paper states that next to steamboat and railroad accidents, more people have been killed and maimed this year by harvesting and threshing machines than by any other cause.

Yancey and Parson Brownlow.

Yancey spoke in Knoxville, Tenn., on the 22d of September. Parson Brownlow was present and reports a part of his speech. Brownlow says:

"Yancey stated that the white women at the North stand over the wash-tub, and cook; that white men black boots and drive carriages, and perform all other menial services; while at the South, where we were more elevated, we make negroes perform these degrading duties! This was a most unfortunate hit for this latitude. It might do in South Alabama, or the wealthy cotton states. But every tenth man he was speaking to did not own a negro; while the wives and daughters of nine-tenths of all who heard him, wash, cook and milk cows, without ever suspecting that they were performing menial services! Even our enterprising townsmen, Rokey and Hawks, who drove their carriages to the depot, and again to the speaking, never supposed they were less elevated than those who were riding in their carriages. And, verily, if this aristocratic Southern party desire no votes from that class who black their own boots, and drive their own carriages and wagons, their share in East Tennessee will be small."

Brownlow asked Yancey if he thought the election of Lincoln would be a sufficient pretext for the dissolution of the Union. Instead of replying to the question, Yancey commenced catechising Brownlow, who answered by saying:

"I am one of a numerous party at the South who will, if even Lincoln shall be elected under the forms of our Constitution, and by the authority of law, without committing any other offence than being elected, force the vile disunionists and secessionists of the South to pass over our dead bodies in their march to Washington to break up this government."

The Perils of Aerial Navigation.

A dispatch from Albany, New York, dated September 23, says:

"Lamountain, the balloonist, met with a serious accident on his recent voyage from this city. He traveled thirty miles in twenty nine minutes, and in attempting to land at East Lanceborough, Massachusetts, was caught in a tornado and dashed against a stone wall, knocking him senseless, but breaking no bones. The basket rebounded and was elevated to an equal altitude with the balloon thus clearing the wall. It was then dragged along the ground at a fearful speed, and coming in contact with a tree, stripped it of its branches, and then tore the net-work of the balloon to atoms. It continued its course some distance, when it came in contact with another tree throwing Lamountain out, causing the balloon to collapse, and tearing it to tatters.

"Lamountain was not conscious for nearly half an hour after he was found on the top of a mountain by some men who witnessed his perilous descent. He was very badly bruised and cut, but not so seriously injured as to prevent his riding to a farm house, where he remained for twenty four hours, when he returned to Lansingburg, reaching home last night. His escape from instant death was most miraculous, as the balloon was driving along at the rate of a mile a minute when he was dashed against the stone wall. He says it was a more fearful and perilous descent than was made when he landed in Jefferson county, on his trip from St. Louis."

It must be fun to attend the charitable festivals out West. Young ladies there have adopted the delicious custom of forming a line, and for a price laid down, permitting the gentleman to take a rousing kiss of the lot. Who wouldn't be benevolent under such circumstances? The only thing we should object to would be the 'running'—one would want to linger over such a work of charity!

John B. Gough, the renowned temperance lecturer, delivered at Cooper Institute, Monday evening, his first lecture in New York since his return from Europe. The great hall of the Institute was crowded to overflowing, and the immense audience alternately laughed and wept with the irresistable humor or pathos of his stories during the whole evening.

A lot of graceless boys were one day surprised by a clap of thunder so loud and so near that they were temporarily paralyzed, but at length one of them inquired—'Dick, can you pray?' 'No.' 'Can any one of you?' 'No.' 'Well try and sing a hymn, then, for by thunder something must be done.'

The foreman of a Scotch jury recently returned a verdict as follows:

"We find the prisoner very near guilty, my Lord, but recommend him to mercy." His lordship would not receive such a deliverance, and bade the fifteen reconsider their decision, which resulted in "guilty."

Mr. Breckinridge says we live under the best government on earth. Then why does he accept a nomination at the hands of a band of fanatics who declare that "it is a rotten abolition concern, and ought to be bursted into ten thousand fragments?"

"I stand upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No you don't," exclaimed his shoemaker; "you stand upon soles of boots that have never been paid for."

Five Editors in Michigan, have been nominated for the Legislature. What a fall! They could not earn their salt probably in a decent newpaper office—else why wish to descend from their position.

Toast for the colored fair sex, given at a colored party: Here's to de colored far sex; dar color needs no paint, dar smell needs no fumery.